



UNIVERSITY OF  
ILLINOIS LIBRARY  
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN  
BOOKSTACKS









Drawn by C. Roberts ]

IS IT FOR THIS!

[See 'Desideria.'

H. Harriet

# LONDON SOCIETY.

An Illustrated Magazine

OF

LIGHT AND AMUSING LITERATURE

FOR

THE HOURS OF RELAXATION.

---

VOLUME XVI.

---

LONDON:  
OFFICE, 217, PICCADILLY, W.  
1869.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET  
AND CHARING CROSS

052  
LOND  
v. 16

## CONTENTS.

### Engravings.

		Drawn by	Page
A Clever Dog ..	..	Wilfrid Lawson.	462
A Dilemma ..	..	T. Morten.	550
A Winter's Night ..	..	Gordon Thomson.	274
At Albert Gate ..	..	Townley Green.	224
Dark or Fair ..	..	Wm. Brunton.	289, 292, 294
Down at Westminster ..	..	B. Ridley.	496
Dear December ..	..	Horace Stanton.	64
Filo and Fido ..	..	Louis Huard.	448
Going to Mudie's ..	..	William Brunton.	241
Humours of the Road ..	..	Gordon Thomson.	54
In the Heart of the Earth ..	..	C. Roberts.	49
Is it for this? ..	..	Horace Stanton.	417
London-super-Mare ..	..	Adelaide Claxton.	208
Mr. Hardcastle's Friendly Attentions ..	..	Wilfrid Lawson.	193
Nina at the Cottage Window ..	..	"	236
Nina Listening ..	..	"	386
Only for the Season ..	..	William Brunton.	105
Park Rangers ..	..	Gordon Thomson.	97
Rotten Row ..	..	Wilfrid Lawson.	327
'Saved'	..	J. D. Watson.—Frontispiece.	
Second Blossom ..	..		
Studies from Life at the Court of St. James's:—			
No. v. H.H.R. The Crown Princess of Prussia ..	..	George H. Thomas.	80
vi. H.R.H. Princess Beatrice ..	..	"	192
vii. H.R.H. The Princess of Wales ..	..	"	288
viii. Lady Elma Bruce ..	..	"	384
ix. Countess Reventlow ..	..	"	480
Too Late!	..	Wilfrid Lawson.	74
The Affair of the Red Portefeuille ..	..	A. W. Cooper	490
The Archery Lesson ..	..	Horace Stanton	169
The Crush Room ..	..	G. Cruikshank, Jun.	96
'The Dinner Party'	..	Wilfrid Lawson.	385
The Engaged Ring ..	..	R. Newcombe.	513
The last Boat of the Season from Margate ..	..	William Brunton.	353
The Love Bird of the West ..	..		365
The Sportsman's Resolve ..	..	G. B. Goddard.	528
Which of the Three?	..	Townley Green.	127
Who Comes Here?	..	H. Paterson.	319

**Tales.**

	Page	Page	
Cross Purposes.—In five Chapters ..	150	Mr. Hardcastle's Friendly Attentions,	
How Mr. Minter Won and Lost his		and what came of them— <i>continued</i> .	
Seat for Golborough .. .. ..	531	IV. Whom shall she marry ..	208
In the Heart of the Earth .. ..	50	V. After the Honeymoon ..	210
M. or N.:—		Only for a Season :—	
XIX. An Incubus .. .. ..	65	Chap. I. Dr. Secker makes a Pro-	
XX. The Little Cloud .. ..	70	fessional Visit .. .. ..	385
XXI. Furens Quid Fœmina ..	75	II. The Meet at Redford Bridge	388
XXII. Not for Joseph .. ..	128	III. The Young May Moon ..	391
XXIII. Anonymous .. .. ..	133	IV. Lady Crevillon's Letter ..	394
XXIV. Parted .. .. ..	139	V. Amongst the Fallen Grain	396
XXV. Coaxing a Fight .. ..	231	VI. Drowned in the Bay of	
XXVI. Baffled .. .. ..	235	Naples .. .. ..	399
XXVII. Blinded .. .. ..	320	VII. In the Pleasant Dyke ..	401
XXVIII. Beat .. .. ..	326	VIII. Are you Sorry? .. ..	402
XXIX. Night Hawks .. ..	330	The Affair of the Red Portefeuille ..	481
XXX. Under the Acacias ..	336		
Mr. Hardcastle's Friendly Attentions,		The Three Overheard Whispers :—	
and what came of them :—		Chap. I. The First Whisper .. ..	1
Chap. I. Bewilderment at Brighton	193	II. The Second Whisper .. ..	4
II. What happened at the		III. The Third Whisper .. ..	6
Zoological Gardens ..	197	IV. In the Forest of Fon-	
III. Riding, Dining, and Love-		tainbleau .. .. ..	9
making .. .. ..	204		

**Sketches.**

A Harp Accompaniment .. .. ..	123	Outsiders of Society, and their Homes	
Afternoons in the Park .. ..	97	in London .. .. ..	339
Ancient Hostelries :—		Parisian Clubs Past and Present ..	13
No. III. Concerning Angels, Dra-		Sketches in the House of Commons :—	
gons, and certain an-		No. I. The Front Treasury Bench	112
cient Palaces .. ..	25	II. Ditto, ditto ( <i>continued</i> ) ..	275
Dolgelly and its Attractions .. ..	56	III. The Front Opposition Bench	367
Dove Dale .. .. ..	38	Sketches from our Office Window :—	
Going to Mudie's .. .. ..	445	From Midnight to Midnight ..	418
Governesses .. .. ..	348	Summer Days among the White	
Henry Parry Liddon and Anglican		Mountains .. .. ..	144
Oratory .. .. ..	467	The Early Days of Napoleon III. :—	
Light-headed Sovereigns .. ..	212	Chap. I. .. .. ..	405
Mr. O'Reilly .. .. ..	528	II. .. .. ..	560
Opposite a Cabstand .. .. ..	491	The Matrimonial Agent .. ..	181
		Very Old People .. .. ..	90

**Miscellaneous Papers.**

	Page		Page
A Book for Fair Women .. .. ..	522	The Piccadilly Papers:—	
A Provincial Ball in France .. .. ..	455	Forster's Life of Landor .. .. ..	80
A Run to the South after Creature- Comforts .. 170, 243, 354, 424, 552		The Royal Academy .. .. ..	83
Creuznach and its Saline Cure .. .. ..	433	The late G. H. Thomas's Exhibition of Paintings .. .. .. ..	84
Codes of Ceremonial—No. II. .. .. ..	216	Mistakes in Life .. .. .. ..	86
Corsets and Corpulence .. .. ..	312	Sleeplessness and Sleep .. .. ..	188
Down at Westminster .. .. ..	289	The Palestine Exploration Fund ..	191
From Remenham Island to Henley ..	107	Crabb Robinson's Diary .. .. ..	263
Furnished Houses .. .. .. ..	449	Mr. Mill on the Subjection of Women .. .. .. ..	268
In a Kentish Meadow—A Retrospect	225	The Ventnor National Hospital ..	270
Oxford as it is .. .. .. ..	305	The Seven Curses of London ..	273
Poppies in the Corn; or, Glad Hours in the Grave Years:—		At Buxton .. .. .. ..	375
No. VIII. An Autumn Walk .. .. ..	253	At Eel-pie Island .. .. .. ..	377
IX. Old Friends .. .. ..	514	Mr. Stopford A. Brook .. .. ..	379
Public School Types .. .. .. ..	33	Notes on Books .. .. .. ..	381
Questionable Faces .. .. .. ..	511	Scarborough .. .. .. ..	477
Social Superstitions .. .. .. ..	17	Michaelmas Term at Cambridge ..	542
The Brompton Hospital for Consump- tion .. .. .. ..	44	Mornings at a Studio .. .. ..	544
The Past and Future of the Girl of the Period .. .. .. ..	463	Hunting Waterfalls .. .. ..	546
		The Regatta Week at Ryde .. .. ..	282
		The Romance of Medicine .. .. ..	497
		Young England and Young America ..	412

**Poetry.**

A Bunch of Withered Violets .. .. ..	88	Phases of London Society—A Clever Dog .. .. .. .. ..	462
A Heart Unfellowed .. .. .. ..	230	The Archery Lesson .. .. .. ..	169
A Winter's Night .. .. .. ..	550	The Engaged Ring .. .. .. ..	513
At Albert Gate—In and out of the Season .. .. .. .. ..	274	The Lay of London-super-Mare ..	417
Autumn .. .. .. .. ..	384	The Lay of the Crush Room .. .. ..	95
Dark or Fair .. .. .. .. ..	224	The Last Boat .. .. .. ..	353
Desideria .. .. .. .. ..	49	The Love Bird of the West .. .. ..	365
Flo and Fido .. .. .. .. ..	64	Which of the Three? .. .. .. ..	127
On the River .. .. .. .. ..	510	Who comes here? .. .. .. ..	319

# CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1869.

\* \* \* The Solutions to the Acrostics will appear in the February Number.

# LONDON SOCIETY.

JULY, 1869.



'I WATCHED AND WAITED.'—See 'M. or N.,' page 78.

## THE THREE OVERHEARD WHISPERS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE FIRST WHISPER.

NIGHT after night the music clashed in our rear. It was very pleasant and interesting, as we lounged about in our little garden, or took coffee in the small building that served us for a summer-house. We were living in

Paris, and, for the sake of economy, quite close to the barriers, for the rents get wonderfully cheaper as you clear away from the Champs Elysées and the Faubourg. Now close to our residence there was some place of public entertainment,

the Salle d'Artois, I think they called it. We did not much like the proximity, but there was never any noise or disturbance, and the crash of the music through the summer air was at times pleasant enough. It is astonishing what children in respect to amusement our heroic neighbours are. In the pettiest locality they get up some parody of a theatre or some imitative Mabille. I am bound to say, however, that our Salle d'Artois was a considerable ornament to our avenue, which converged, like many other identical avenues close by, to the main boulevard and the perpetual *rond point*. There was a revolving gate to the salle, or jardin, before which the inevitable gendarme lounged, and on each side there was a bowery expanse of foliage, and in the foliage were niched statues, claspedly holding lamps that shed a mild, seductive lustre. The general notion conveyed by the whole was that this illuminated pathway led you on to some ideal hall of dazzling delight; but we knew by the view from our back windows that the place was a mere barn, and that it belonged to that numerous class of entertainments of which the best part is to be seen on the outside and for nothing. A very moderate price—half a franc, I think—would give admission, and of this half franc half was to be returned to the ticket-holder in the way of *consummation*. It was, in fact, a mushroom sort of concert or casino place, of which so many spring up in the outskirts of Paris, and which provided a kind of rough entertainment for local patrons who wanted to do things cheap, and to be saved a journey into Paris.

The salle might be necessary for those people in *Les Ternes* who insisted upon some kind of amusement every night, and who, rather than not have it, would shoot for nuts or ride on horses in a whirligig. We Britishers do not require much amusement, and when we take it we like it of the very best. I don't know how often I had passed the alluring portal of the salle with its coloured lights. I don't know how

often I hadn't had the benefit of its rapid dance music. But I can truly say that the remotest intention of visiting this choice place of amusement never crossed my mind. Neither can I explain to myself up to this day how I ever came to do so.

I remember that it had been very hot all that day; that I had stopped at home trying all sorts of combinations with ice and eau de Seltz, which had the invariable effect of making things in general much hotter; that in the evening I had gone to two or three places where that day was the reception-day; that I had come back and, as my custom was, had smoked and taken coffee, looked through the '*Moniteur du Soir*' and '*Le Petit Journal*', favourite publications in our economical quarter of the city. After that, in the cool of the evening, I took my little constitutional turn round the garden, smelling the wall-flowers that were our chief horticultural ornament. Then I paused. It was *onze heures*. Being a man of regular habits, as an ordinary matter I should have gone in-doors, have tampered with my constitution with some more iced effervescent drink, and composed myself towards slumber with a book. But the music was crashing so emphatically that, to the dismay of the concierge, who, relying on my regular habits, had gone to bed, I sallied forth into the boulevard. 'I declare,' I said to myself, 'I will look up our little salle to-night. There's nobody who will know me. And I've heard the music so often that they ought to see the colour of my money.'

Near the entrance there was a narrow lane—about a stone's throw off. I think I see it now, narrow, and so dark from the huge buildings that lined it. And in the lane that night—I remember it so well—was a private cabriolet, with a dark-coloured panel, and two servants in livery, waiting in a leisurely way, as servants wait who have waited long and have long to wait. Then I paid my coin and the enchanted portal received me. I advanced up the fairy path, which came to an abrupt termination at the first

curve. I emerged on a mere shed, uncovered and opening on a bit of ground, the general effect being entirely sordid, the sordid effect harmonizing with all the accompaniments. There was some dancing going on, of an irregular and free-and-easy kind, a few only indulging in terpsichorean vagaries, while many more, seated at little or long tables, looked critically on. Not a few men were in blouses, and some women in caps, a genuine *ouvrière* class, which had been working hard all day, steadily looking forward to their evening's relaxation. Then there were some very dressy young men, with companions equally ornamented. Cigars and cigarettes were freely going. Beer appeared to be the popular beverage—the black beer or the *bière de Strasburg*, or that cheap fizzing beer of Paris which I suppose a good restaurant would hardly admit. Such as had Bordeaux, or *vin ordinaire*, were mollifying it with water and sugar. There were also one or two cadaverous men who even at that hour were partaking of the infernal absinthe. One young man I especially noticed, who was very quietly dressed, but whose very superior appearance seemed tacitly recognized. He was smoking a cigarette and sipping some maraschino.

Then the band played a fine piece of music, and played it finely too; an overture to some little-known opera of Rossini's. Afterwards one of the band went round collecting coins in a saucer—another evidence of the lowly aims of the establishment. I gave largesse, remembering that this was not the first of my obligations to the musicians. The maraschino man, whose offering was expected with ill-repressed anxiety, dropped in the delicate, glittering, slight five-franc gold piece. Presently a functionary announced that Mademoiselle Rose would favour the company with a song, and there was the heavy thud or knock which in France so ungracefully announces a new phase in an entertainment.

When Mademoiselle came forward I gave a start; for if ever Mademoiselle was equivalent to Miss, it was so here. And when she

began to sing, though the pronunciation was French, the accent was English. She sang sweetly, but without much force, as sentimental a French song as such an audience could be expected to bear. I watched her face with much anxiety. It was a very pretty face, and, to my pleased astonishment, it had an expression of goodness and honesty about it, on which I am afraid I had no right to count in such a place and amid such a company. Her dress was fastened up to her throat, close fitting, and very neat and simple. Her manner was altogether lady-like—not the imitation lady-like of many minor professionals, but genuinely and unaffectedly so. I confess I began [to entertain a very lively feeling of interest for the young cantatrice. I thought I should be glad to make her acquaintance. My motive was entirely Platonic and philanthropic. I belong to the uninteresting order of Benedictines, and my notion was that I should like my wife to make friends with this young girl, who perhaps had no English friends, and who was certainly very unfavourably situated, and save her from what I felt must be a miasmatic moral atmosphere.

When she had finished singing, she made her curtsey and took her seat at a little table near the buffet of the salon. It appeared, then, that she was not likely to retire to a green-room—indeed it was hard to see where anything at all corresponding to a green-room might have a geographical position—but, with an opera cloak thrown over her shoulders, continued an object of public admiration. I moved towards her table, and, relying on the integrity of my intentions, was about to make a self-introduction to her. I was anticipated, however, by the gentleman whom I had noticed as the only gentleman in the place, who finished his maraschino, threw away his cigarette, and came over and sat by her side. She gave him a winning smile of welcome—they were evidently no strangers—and entered into that close conversation that would evidently tolerate no intrusion. They were talking

French, which she evidently understood quite well. I waited a little longer, in the expectation that she might sing again, but there were no signs that this was likely to happen. Then, as it drew towards midnight, I left the place.

But somehow I did not care to turn in even then. I paced up and down the boulevard, smoking my cigar in the balmy starlight night. Several times I passed the entry of the jardin. The people were coming out, and by-and-by they came out in a considerable number. Then I knew the entertainment was come to a close. The carriage was still standing at the entry of the dark narrow lane, but the servants were manifestly getting under weigh for departure. I went leisurely along to the end of the avenue, and then turned once more, taking the same path. The carriage had now emerged from the lane into the boulevard, but was creeping on at a very slow pace, and presently became stationary. Turning up from the boulevard into the avenue, I came suddenly on a young girl and a man close by a bench beneath some linden trees. They were not sitting, but standing. They did not vouchsafe me any notice, but I recognised at once the songstress of the evening and the gentlemanly young Frenchman. She was leaning her head on his shoulder, and sobbing grievously as if her heart would burst. To me it seemed—but the action was so momentary that I could not be sure—that he was pointing with his hand towards the carriage that was now within sight. Of course I could not venture to say a word, or even to pause, but as I walked very deliberately past them, I heard a convulsive sob, and then in English, in a low tone—quite a whisper—

*'Oh, no, no! It cannot be until Friday!'*

When I again turned back to resume my customary round, the door of the cabriolet was being opened by a servant, and methought it was the same young man who was entering, but I could not be certain. The young girl was sitting absorbed in thought on a bench—

not the same bench, but another higher up the avenue. With a sudden impulse I moved to address her, and respectfully raised my hat. As soon as she saw me, an expression of the greatest terror passed into her face, and she arose, and fled like lightning down the boulevard, and was soon lost amid the stems of trees.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SECOND WHISPER.

I confess that, before I went to sleep that night, my mind was full of speculations on this little scene. At first I was full of commiseration about this young girl, concerning whom it was quite clear that she was lonely and that she was unhappy. Next my imaginative faculty set to work weaving a tissue of romance to suit the somewhat strange events that I had witnessed. I mentally resolved that I would make a point of dropping in at the Salle d'Artois for the next few nights, and observe how matters in general were progressing. In the morning, over the practical business of *déjeuner à la fourchette*, the little romance of last night lost all its colouring. There was nothing so remarkable that an English girl should be singing at a place of entertainment, that she should have a French sweetheart, and that her French sweetheart should make her cry. I had no business in the world to obtain a surreptitious view of those tears. Then I did not see how I could carry my evening's investigations any further. That night we were going out to dinner to meet at the apartment of some English friends who invariably kept us very late. The night following we had the offer of a private box at the Théâtre Français—an offer too good to be refused. I must postpone any inquiry, or rather let the matter drop altogether. Everybody gets familiar with the experience of letting a thing drop. There is some clue to a difficulty, but we cannot carry it out; some fresh pursuit, but we have no time to prosecute it; an interesting correspondence,

but we must give it up; a new introduction, but we cannot stay to see whither it may lead; and as grapes, hanging so high that we don't care to take the trouble of climbing for them, are probably sour, I told myself that the salle was a brutal hole not worth entering again, and that anything I thought remarkable about the girl was simply the result of my own frivolous fancy.

I may as well tell the reader what was my business and mode of life in Paris. I was a journalist, doing French work for English papers and English work for French papers. I occupied the dignified position of Paris correspondent to the 'Coketown Daily Press,' a flaming radical diurnal journal which was published in one of our great industrial centres. The proprietors insisted that I should give my casual conversations with great ministers of state and retail all the gossip that I might hear at the Imperial ball at the Tuileries. As a matter of fact, I very rarely went *au château*, and my visits were limited to occasions when, the court being absent from Paris, I obtained the usual order to go over the palace. Still I occasionally played a game of billiards with one of the attachés of our embassy, and I also knew a set of journalists to whom lists of political information occasionally oozed out. One of them, being of a metaphysical tone of mind, told me that he could 'project himself' into any political situation, and having arrived at all the data at command, he thought himself justified in making details out of his own inventive faculty. Availing myself of these hints, I proclaimed to my Coketown constituents plans of the Emperor for promoting the gradual growth of constitutionalism and the gradual approach of his frontiers to the Rhine. For the Parisian journal I edited and expounded the English news, and occasionally wrote an article on any subject of interest that might arrive.

To any one familiar with the tear and fret, the hurry and worry of a London newspaper, the change to Parisian journalism was most de-

lightful. My paper was an evening paper, and that saved the night-work. Occasionally, if it was a saint's day or fête day, and the workmen wanted a holiday, we omitted our usual issue, and it did not make much difference. Then the way of transacting business was highly pleasing to the journalistic temperament. The hours between eleven and one are perhaps the busiest to our nation of shopkeepers; but to the Parisians it is a time of great ease and negligence. They take their breakfasts at cafés and afterwards peruse the papers, sip *le petit verre*, and ogle the women that pass by. If I wanted to find my newspaper manager, M. Alphonse Kock, about midday, I knew that I had only to go to a certain café on the Boulevard des Italiens, and I should find him picking his grapes or smoking his cigarette with a glass of liqueur by his side. It was about noon that I thus sought *mon cher ami*, Alphonse, to see if he wanted a few paragraphs for his evening issue, or could give me any sparkling items whereby the 'Coketown Daily Express' might astonish the provincial mind.

'There's a girl run away from a convent,' he said. 'They brought a paragraph to the office last night. You English people always like to know any scandal about a convent.'

'There's a good deal of scandal about them at times,' I said, argumentatively.

'Ah yes, perhaps, poor little beggars!' said Alphonse. 'I don't think it does for us to notice this sort of thing in our paper. Catholic opinion is, after all, very strong in Paris.'

'Anything very sensational?' I inquired. 'Did the superior have her whipped and kept on bread and water? did some gendarme, through a grating, espy her in a dungeon? did some one pick up a piece of linen torn from her nightdress with an imploring entreaty written in blood?'

'Oh, no,' said Alphonse, laughing; 'you will not have to write another chapter of the "Mysteries of Paris". It is some convent where there is a

large and good school, but they don't say the name of it. If I recollect aright, it was neither novice nor nun, but some teacher, who had a right to go out a good deal, and went out one day and didn't come back. It's rather a spiteful paragraph, and calculated to get up a little scandal and gossip. But the ground won't do for us to tread on. But will you have the paragraph?

But as the paragraph did not seem to be sensational, I declined the offer, and was soon at work on the funds and the Suez Canal, and, what was a still more important matter, inquiring whether the Empress really intended to put down the chignon, a point on which Coketown would naturally feel very anxious.

So I went about my usual avocations that day, and that matter of last night had quite faded away from my mind. It was my custom in those days to go and hear the band play in the gardens of the Tuilleries. This lasted from five to six o'clock. It was a pleasant conclusion to the labours of the day, and gave plenty of time to dress for dinner afterwards. You paid two sous for your chair, and then a seat was provided for you in that open circular space in the midst of which the band was stationed. You heard the music better, to be sure, and you had a seat; but the heat was not so much mitigated as if you were in one of the alleys directly under the trees. The sun was very fierce that summer day, and I was driven to give up my seat. I went to a tree where I could rest myself partially, and also peruse a programme, being, as I call myself, 'constitutionally tired,' which my enemies construe as being 'habitually lazy.' In the path behind me two ladies were pacing restlessly about. Once or twice they would pause apparently to listen to the music, and then at once they resumed an eager conversation with which the music had nothing to do. I confess that I had a momentary feeling of irritation against these ladies. If people don't care for music why do they come to musical places?

They were my own countrywomen, and I morosely thought that only English people would be guilty of such bad taste. What business had they there chatting and jabbering instead of listening to the music?

Paris was at this time overflowing with English visitors, though many of the French residents were away. The Legislative sittings were just coming to a conclusion. But as these two Englishwomen once more promenaded down the path, they hardly appeared to be summer visitants belonging to any excursion of pleasure. I had done them an injustice. It was not mere 'chat and jabber,' as I had termed it. On the face of at least one of them there was an expression of terrible anxiety. The eye was wild, and the arm wildly struck out almost in an attitude of despair. As they once more passed by me, the elder one was speaking, and I heard her say in a compressed whisper of intense emotion, '*I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with any Frenchman.*'

So saying, they turned abruptly from the alley, and went through a deserted path in the direction of the river.

---

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE THIRD WHISPER.

The next night, my wife and I, and the young attaché, were at the Théâtre Français, at the Palais Royal, occupying a state box.

This was not one of the little amenities, as might be supposed, of journalism. The box had been lent to the embassy, and the embassy had given it to the attaché, and the attaché had placed it at our disposal, subject to the pleasant condition of his own excellent company.

It was a most delicious box, such as you often get in Paris, but never in London. The London box retreats into bareness, ugliness, and shadow; but behind the sittings in this box there was a perfect miniature little drawing-room—a salon, cosy with couches and glittering with mirrors, where any number of

one's friends might come round and chat between the acts.

The *parterre* was quite filled, not, as in the London pit, with a plentiful sprinkling of women and children, but with a critical audience of staid men, including, doubtless, a troop of *claqueurs*; but, nevertheless, sure to give eventually a clear discerning verdict on the merits of a new piece. It was a great night at the *Français*. There was a new piece by an eminent author, and this was also the *début* of a new pupil. Consequently, the house was completely filled, and M. Alphonse Kock and his backers were there in great force that night.

The actress was a great success; she was one who, all her industrious and innocent life, had been working for and looking forward to this night. The piece was so good that in a very brief time it was plagiarized for the London and New York stage.

In the interval between the third and fourth acts, I had taken up my lorgnette and glanced through the house, and in the stage-box I saw the aristocratic young fellow who had been talking with the pretty English singing-girl at the Salle d'Artois.

That had been on the Monday night. On the Tuesday night we had been out to dinner as I had mentioned. On Wednesday I had been concocting my lucubrations for the Coketown daily paper, which heard 'from our own correspondent' (great emphasis on the *own*), and to-day we were having this dramatic treat at the *Français*.

'Do you know,' I said to the attaché, 'who that man is in the upper stage-box opposite, with the bouquet, which I suppose he designs for Mademoiselle Reine?'

'Very likely,' returned my diplomatic friend. 'Papillon will be quite in love with Mademoiselle Reine. He's a terrible fellow, they say. Would you like to know him?' he continued. 'I can introduce you presently. I shall meet him at supper on the boulevards.'

'Who is he?' I said.

'Don't you know him? he be-

longs to the Jockey Club, and is quite a great man just now. His father made all his money on the Bourse; but he is aristocratic-looking enough for the Faubourg St. Germain.'

'He is one of the Imperialist lot, then, I suppose; a new man and a rich?'

'Oh yes, he is rich enough, if he doesn't gamble it all away. He has got money and his wife has money.'

'You don't mean to tell me that that young fellow is married?'

'Oh yes, he is. But when his wife has had a month or two at Paris he sends her home into Normandy, and stays on as a bachelor. Lots of men do that. Paris is so expensive that they cut the season down as much as they can.'

'Is he a nice fellow?'

'Nice enough, according to Paris notions; but not very nice according to your English notions. A selfish lot, I expect. Very gentlemanly, but all on the surface, like most of them.'

I am very punctual and domestic as a rule, but having seen this young fellow under such very different circumstances the other night, I felt a curiosity to meet him. I accordingly accepted the attaché's offer to go with him to the supper at the *Maison Dorée*.

I put my wife safely into the carriage which we had waiting for us, and strolled with my friend, the Honourable Mr. R—, along the boulevards to the *café* where we should meet Papillon. There were one or two men from the Jockey Club there, the successful dramatist of the evening, and the attaché with some diplomatic friends, who relieved the labours of the chancellerie with social relaxation at the *Maison Dorée*.

The supper was pleasant enough, as little Parisian suppers always are. But it is unnecessary that I should speak of it unless in reference to our gay young friend, Monsieur Papillon.

I was introduced to him, and he received me with the utmost *empressement*. His smile and his shrug were of the stereotyped Parisian character. I acknowledged, how-

ever, that his handsome face, his rich complexion, and his kindling eye would very probably make him a lady-killer, and his slightly-broken English speech, which on the whole he spoke exceedingly well, and his foreign accent would prove little hindrance to his killing English ladies. It was easy to see, from the little he said in conversation, that he was devoted to pleasure and had an utter abnegation of all principle. And so much is this the ordinary state of things in Paris, that I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be for the ultimate good of the world that Paris might be held beneath the Atlantic Ocean for a quarter of an hour.

Monsieur Papillon stared rather hard at me, as if haunted by some recollection of my face, but apparently he could not identify it. I had a momentary thought of reminding him of the Salle d'Artois; but, less from any reasonings on the subject than from an instinct, I mentally decided that it would be better not to do so.

He was certainly the most juvenile and joyous of Benedictines, and wore his married chains as lightly as if they were roses. He made one or two jocular allusions to 'madame ma femme,' stowed away safely in the department of Calvados. As supper became prolonged, Monsieur Papillon said he would send away his carriage. Presently he told one of the waiters to send his servant in to him. At once a rather ill-looking fellow entered, whom I immediately recognised as having seen the other night amusing himself with the coachman while the carriage was waiting in that dark by-street in *Les Ternes*.

Monsieur Papillon beckoned the man to him and spoke quietly a few words, in that quiet subdued tone in which people speak to servants when they do not wish to attract attention or to disturb company. Now it so happened that I sat next but one to this gentleman, my diplomatic young friend being interposed between us. I confess that I leaned back in my chair, and using him, as far as I could, as a screen, I sought to make out anything he might be

saying. The attaché spoke to me, and I gave him a mechanical answer. I strained every nerve to hear what I could of that whispered conversation. At last, slightly raising his voice, but without departing from a whisper, he said—

'Remember—the *Maison Dupont* at Fontainebleau.'

Soon after I departed. The fun of the party was growing too fast and furious for me. I was *very* married, and not able to regard con-nubial ties so slightly as that butterfly Papillon. It was a point of minor morals with me that I should get to bed by midnight. At midnight also the Salle d'Artois closed. Somehow there was an impulse on my mind that I would go and survey the ground and see what the pretty English singer was doing with herself.

A *voiture de remise* took me quickly, and I arrived at the suburban place of amusement a good twenty minutes before it closed. But the company was thinning, and in a moment I saw that the principal person I sought was not there. I took some refreshment, and then tried, not unsuccessfully, to imitate the ways of those people who make a point of maintaining friendly relations with waiters and proprietors, in the cafés they frequent.

'Had mademoiselle, the pretty Englishwoman, been singing that night?'

'Yes, but she was gone. She was gone at eleven hours.'

'Would she be there to-morrow night?'

'No—this was her last night. Her engagement was terminated.'

'How was that?' I asked next. 'She sang very nicely. Did not monsieur the proprietor think so?'

'Yes, certainly, she did sing very well—for an Englishwoman. But the public required novelties, and it did not do to keep the same singer long before them.'

'Had she been there very long?'

'Not very long.'

Here the man went away, and to my mind he did not seem to care to discuss the merits of the young lady

who had just passed away from his employ.

That night I looked amid the contents of the parcel which M. Kock had sent me from the office for the paragraph to which he had referred, but I could not find it.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINBLEAU.

The next morning while I was dressing I took a sheet of paper and wrote down the three whispers which I had overheard in the course of the last three days.

They were, of course—

(a) '*Oh no, no. It cannot be until Friday.*'

(b) '*I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with any Frenchman.*'

(c) '*Remember—the Maison Dupont at Fontainbleau.*'

The curious notion had somehow wrought itself into my mind that it was possible that these three overheard whispers might stand in a certain relation and connection to each other.

It was just possible, but the chances were utterly against the truth of such a theory. There was indeed a certain speciousness in the idea. It might not be difficult to invent a framework of circumstances into which these three whispers might be tesselated and inwrought. But it was much more easy to suppose that the different whispers belonged to different sets of circumstances standing in no sort of connection to each other. Of course, on any doctrine of chances, the odds were tremendously against the theory of any such correlation as I was supposing. Taking the three sentences in their chronological consecutiveness, what on earth could a Friday have to do with an elopement from a convent, and what on earth could an elopement from a convent have to do with any particular locality at Fontainbleau? And how extremely unlikely it must be that a gay, frivolous, and not over-reputable place like the Salle d'Artois could stand in any sort of connection with the staid solemnity

of a convent! I had indeed, it is true, certain information, beyond these whispers which might have a possible connection with their subject-matter. There had certainly been an escape from a convent. Here Kock's newspaper paragraph possibly corroborated and identified the second whisper. But I could not see in what possible connection the remark (b) could stand to (a) and (c). It was possible that (a) and (c) might stand in a definite relationship. The chances of a coincidence between the two were immeasurably better than the chances of a coincidence between the three. The existence of that charming gentleman Monsieur Papillon was a connecting link between the two. Was it also possible that his existence could be adumbrated in the second whisper? i.e., 'I should break my heart if she has eloped from the convent with a Frenchman.' And now the subject, which had been gradually growing on my mind, made me feel quite hot and feverish. It seemed to me that some woeful drama was being enacted that day in which, quite involuntarily, I was called upon to play a principal part. And this very day, of which the golden moments were slipping away so fast, was Friday, the day on which something was to happen, the scene of which was laid at Fontainbleau. I flung down impatiently a set of numbers, which had just come in by post, of the 'Coketown Daily Press,' although they contained some choice examples of my most careful observations and reasonings in politics.

'There is sometimes,' I said to my wife, 'a destiny in the overhearing of whispers. Do you remember the cranes of Ibycus?'

But my wife did not recollect the cranes of Ibycus.

'Ibycus,' I said, 'was a poet, who, travelling through a wild country, fell in company with two evilly-disposed men, who set upon him to rob and murder him, in which design they succeeded only too well. The dying poet looked around for succour, but saw nothing but some cranes hovering in the air. "Oh! ye cranes," he said, "avenge Ibycus!"'

A month or two later his two murderers were in an open-air theatre, and some cranes were visible not far off. "Behold," whispered one man to another, "the cranes of Ibucus!" Now this remark was overheard. Ibucus was bound to this city, and there was surprise and consternation that he had not arrived. It was manifest that these two men, whose physiognomy was probably hardly in their favour, knew something about Ibucus. They were seized, examined separately, and the truth coming out, were both executed. Now these providential cranes brought murderers to justice. But it is manifest, my dear, that the casual overhearing of a speech was the moving cause of the discovery, though the cranes have always absorbed the credit.'

'Well,' said my wife, 'your overheard whispers gave a time, which is to-day, and a locality, which is Fontainbleau. There may be something worse than murder going on. Why don't you go down to Fontainbleau to-day?'

I was astonished at the direct simplicity of this suggestion, which had not occurred to my mind.

'Because,' I answered, 'I don't see how a convent can have anything to do with Friday or with Fontainbleau.'

'But I thought you gentlemen, if you had a lot of data, did not mind having an *x* in it, but sought to solve its value in an equation.'

This was really clever in the wife, and I thought there was something clever in the notion. Still I was by no means prepared to fling away a day on spec and make perchance a bootless excursion. 'But don't wait dinner,' was my *ultimatum*, 'for after all I might go down to Fontainbleau.'

I presently gained the knifeboard of the Courbevoie omnibus and took three sous' worth of danger down to the Louvre. Then I continued to walk down the Rue Rivoli, bethinking myself that it was all in the direction of the railway station whence I must start for Fontainbleau.

But how astonished I was when, just as I had gained the beautiful tower of St. Jacques, I came upon

the very two women who had so greatly interested me in the garden of the Tuileries the day before yesterday.

Without the delay of a second I advanced to them and took off my hat. I turned to the elder one, who still had evident marks of grief and agitation on her countenance, and said—

'Madam, will you allow me to speak to you for a few minutes on a very important matter?'

She gave a little shriek. 'It must be about Clara, Mrs. Burns. Oh, sir, tell me where is my daughter?'

I asked them if they would step across the road, and enter into the little enclosure around the Tower. We sat down on one of the pleasant benches close by Pascal's statue. The air was scented with flowers, the little children were playing about with their *bonnes*, and there was the fountain's musical ripple.

'Is your daughter,' I asked, 'a tall, handsome girl—sings well—has fair hair and complexion, but dark eyes—about nineteen?'

'It must be she. It is the very same. Oh, sir! where is she?'

But I was phlegmatically obliged to say that I had not the least idea of her whereabouts.

They were so downcast at this that I ventured to explain that I thought it possible we might be put on the right track to find her. Then I soon succeeded in getting their little story from them.

The elder lady was the widow of a London merchant, who, having always kept up a costly and luxurious establishment, had left his family only poorly off, owing to a great depreciation in the value of his property. There were several daughters, and it was necessary that at least one or two of them should become governesses, which was hard upon girls who were accustomed to a gay, and rather fast life. Mrs. Burns, an Anglo-Parisian friend of Mrs. Broadhurst's, had suggested to her that her daughter should enter a Dominican convent, where a school was kept, on what are called in England 'mutual terms.' The young lady was to give lessons in English, and receive some lessons in French.

Board and lodging were to be provided for her, but no stipend was to be given. After a time Miss Clara Broadhurst grew exceedingly dissatisfied with her position. The early hours and the plain fare of the convent did not suit her. She had a great notion that she deserved a stipend. She had also a great notion that she had better go upon the stage, or that she might do well as a singer at public concerts. Although the living at the convent was so plain, and the rules so stringent, Miss Broadhurst was not called upon in any degree to be treated as a Roman Catholic inmate would be treated; and all her school work being finished in the morning, she had full range of liberty between the early dinner and the early tea. There appeared to be no doubt but a great deal of this time was spent in the Bois de Boulogne. It appeared that she had made several undesirable acquaintances in Paris, in the case of English and French ladies against whom Mrs. Burns could not actually allege anything, but of whom she disapproved as companions of the daughter of her friend. Latterly Miss Broadhurst had been dropping hints to her mother that she had an opening in life much more to her taste than teaching in a French convent. Then her letters grew rarer, and then they ceased. Later still she disappeared from the convent. She had gone out one afternoon as usual, and had never come back. It had evidently been a step studiously contemplated, for all her clothing and effects, for some days past, had gradually been in course of removal.

[I may here state, what subsequently transpired—that she had obtained an engagement to sing at the Salle d'Artois. I was never able rightly to make out whether she had formed the acquaintance of Monsieur Papillon previous to or during this musical engagement, but have reason to suspect that the former was the case.]

Mrs. Broadhurst had immediately been telegraphed for by her friend Mrs. Burns to come to Paris; and in a state almost of distraction she had been making inquiries every-

where in Paris about her daughter, but had not hitherto met with any success in the search.

Such is a brief outline of the hurried story which they told me, and they now looked impatiently towards me to see what consolation or guidance I could offer them. My own mind was in a state of utter incertitude. I was uncertain even on the question of identification—whether the girl I had seen was really the Clara Broadhurst who was missing. But here they were positive, and would allow no expression of doubt. I then told my trembling and astonished listeners that, assuming the identity, I knew that their Clara was intimate, and apparently deeply in love with a Frenchman; that I had heard her mention this present Friday to him in a way that looked like an assignation with him; that I knew that on this very day her engagement to sing in public terminated; and I also knew that on this very day the Frenchman was going down to Fontainebleau. The almost irresistible inference was that she was going to accompany him to that place. I also told them that it was my intention to go to Fontainebleau that very day; but I did not think it necessary to say that I was going there simply on account of the young lady unknown, for then they might be building still higher expectations that might prove fallacious. I discovered that if we moved off at once we should be in time for as early a train as Monsieur Papillon was at all likely to take. We caught our train, and in about three quarters of an hour I and my two sudden and unexpected companions arrived at Fontainebleau.

The reader will probably recollect that long straight road, with its rows of straight trees, between the station and the town of Fontainebleau. We looked eagerly to see who might be our companions in the train; but no one whom I could recognize alighted at the station. When we got into the town, and had alighted at an ugly-looking hotel, I persuaded them to have some refreshment, and I endeavoured to calm Mrs. Broadhurst's intense

nervous excitement. Then I lighted a cigar, and strolled about, settling our plan of operations. My first object was to discover where the Maison Dupont might happen to be. I easily ascertained that it was a very respectable boarding-house, kept by M. Dupont, a respectable and responsible man, situated about twenty minutes' ride from the town, on the verge of the forest. Finding that some hours must elapse before the arrival of the next train, I persuaded them to visit the palace and grounds; showed them the spot where the first Napoleon kissed the eagles, and took his farewell; showed them the pond where the third Napoleon tumbled topsy-turvy among the great carp; pointed out the Empress's gondola, which I believed was the very same that Lord Byron had used at Venice, and, in fact, exhausted all my little store of Napoleonic reminiscences. The ladies, however, were hardly in a state of mind that permitted them to do justice to my agreeable and improving vein of anecdote. I thought it best, therefore, to dismiss all notions of sight-seeing, and confine ourselves strictly to the immediate business of the day. Mrs. Broadhurst and I were immediately to proceed to the Maison Dupont, and Mrs. Burns was to return to the station and watch for the runaways. It was curious how the impression that they would arrive had now become rooted in our minds.

We drove leisurely to the locality that had been indicated to me, obtaining glimpses of flowery spaces and deep forest glades. When we arrived at the Maison Dupont, we were ushered into the pleasant presence of Madame Dupont, and, as I had agreed with my companion, I took charge of this sufficiently difficult and embarrassing business.

I asked Madame Dupont if she had any room for any more inmates.

Madame Dupont was very full and was expecting fresh arrivals. Still there was one chamber unoccupied.

Mrs. Broadhurst at once said that she would be glad to engage the room for herself.

Might I ask who were the new arrivals? We were daily expecting some friends of ours who were going to sketch in the forest.

She thought it was for a gentleman and his sister. The name was Bertrand. Her two best bed-rooms were taken for them, by telegraph. They had also wanted a private sitting-room, but she had only the use of the public rooms to offer them, but for the day at least they would have these rooms pretty well to themselves.

I will now put down in chronological order the few remarkable events of that afternoon.

Good Mrs. Burns waited for many anxious hours at that uninteresting station. It had been arranged that if they came and proceeded anywhere else than to the Maison Dupont she should follow them, and at once communicate with us by a messenger. But if they went to the Maison Dupont her mission was at an end, and she was to return to the hotel, where we would communicate with her.

The eight o'clock train from Paris duly arrived, and then, sure as fate, Mrs. Burns recognised her young acquaintance, Clara Broadhurst, leaning on the arm of a young dandified Frenchman.

'Why, Clara,' said the good lady, 'what brings you here, and how d'ye do? They told me that you had returned to England. Didn't you like the convent?

'Madame,' said Clara, very haughtily, and speaking in French, 'I am sorry that I have no time to speak to you now. I may tell you that I am engaged to marry this gentleman, Monsieur Bertrand, of Marseilles, and have come here on a visit to some of his friends.'

The gentleman had calmly ignored the stout English lady, and was hailing a voiture. Clara made a curtsey and swept past her. Mrs. Burns was petrified with astonishment. But she heard the word Dupont in the direction.

When Monsieur and his interesting companion arrived at the Maison Dupont, they were met by the smiling landlady, who told them that

she was so sorry that she had no private room for them. There was only a gentleman in a *salon*, and she understood that he was going almost directly, as soon as he had done some little business for a friend.

There was a gentleman sitting at the window, with his hat in one hand and that day's 'Galignani' in the other. This individual was the esteemed Paris correspondent of the 'Coketown Daily Express.'

As he entered I rose from my seat and faced him. 'Ah, Monsieur Papillon,' I exclaimed, 'I am so happy; what an extraordinary encounter! I had the pleasure of meeting you in very agreeable company last night on the Boulevards.'

He shook hands with me hurriedly and gave a forced laugh. 'Vous avez tort, Monsieur. I am M. Bertrand, of Marseilles, much at your service. What do you say—Papillon? it is one good joke. They call me that because I am light-hearted.'

'Just as you like,' I answered; 'it is of no importance, but I don't think our mutual friend, the Hon. Mr. B., of the English Embassy, would take such a liberty with either of us as to make an introduction under false colours.'

I noticed that he bit his lips and appeared greatly disgusted. His companion turned first towards him and then towards me her large inquiring eyes.

'Ah, B., he is what you do call one funny dog.'

'And so are you, Monsieur Papillon,' I answered. 'But how is madame, your wife—and the charming little infant in Calvados?'

He changed colour very much, and muttered a *mille tonnerres*. Then

he seized his companion's resisting hand, and said, smilingly, 'Voilà madame.'

'No, no, no,' I said, laughingly. 'That is not Madame Papillon. Unless I am greatly mistaken, that is Miss Clara Broadhurst.'

She started up, almost as if shot. 'Oh, sir! and do you know me? And is not this gentleman M. Bertrand, of Marseilles?'

'My child,' I answered, 'his name is Papillon. He is a member of the Jockey Club at Paris. His place is in the north of France, where he has left his wife.'

She cast on him a look of the most indignant reproach. Then she burst into a flood of tears and began to moan. 'Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? My mother, my poor mother! Oh, I wish I had never come to Paris! Oh, my mother, where are you?'

'I am here, my child,' said Mrs. Broadhurst, and she calmly glided from the *petite salon* adjoining, and folded her weeping daughter in her arms.

When I went up to Paris a few hours later by the night mail, among the gentlemen in the smoking compartment I recognised, with much satisfaction, my young friend, M. Papillon. He was very affable and offered me a light.

Miss Clara Broadhurst afterwards sang in a London concert-room. After a very short term of professional life, however, she married a very worthy man. I wonder, however, whether he—or indeed either of them—altogether knew about the curious incident of the *Three Overheard Whispers*.

## PARISIAN CLUBS, PAST AND PRESENT.

CLUBS of some sort or other have existed all the world over, from the earliest times: for, as Carlyle says, fellowship 'is sweet and indispensable to man.' For all sorts of objects have clubs, historical and now existing, been founded. The modern Parisian club, however, is a

very different affair from the Parisian clubs of other days, and from those clubs brought to perfection—the clubs of London. The word 'clubs,' indeed—borrowed by the French from the English—had a dark significance in the days of revolutionary Paris. In the fiery days of '92

National Assemblies were not quick enough to feel and express popular opinion, or to readily feel the pulses of the popular enthusiasm; even the press, with hot-blooded Camille Desmoulins aiding, though fierce, was indistinct. The real political life of '92 in Paris was centred in the *clubs*; the whole public belonged to one another; clubs grew like fabled dragons' teeth, each section of revolutionized Paris rejoicing in more than one. Some inspired patriots, coming up to the metropolis from remote but hotly sans-cullotic Brittany, invented the political revolutionary club. They first constituted themselves a committee 'of action'; then they founded, from that, the 'Breton Club': this soon became more than Breton, was joined by patriot deputies from all parts, was re-christened, first, 'French Revolution Club,' then 'Club of the Friends of the Constitution.' Finally, these same gregarious Breton deputies, having rented the old despoiled convent of the Jacobin monks in Rue St. Honoré—now, unhappily, a thing of memory only, for the old edifice has gone long ago—and taking their name from their place of meeting, became the 'Club of the Jacobins'—is it not world renowned? 'Sea-green' Robespierre gave cold counsel from its tribune; there sparkled flashing Desmoulins, and roared, lionlike, Danton, and croaked ill-favoured and squalid Marat, Friend of the People. And here, in the Club of the Jacobins, was born the bloody revolution which followed on the heels of the good-natured revolution. Others followed the example—there sprang up 'Constitutional' clubs for the party of Mirabeau, 'Royalist' clubs of blind and chivalrous noblesse, 'Feuillants' Club, of mild Girondists, and 'Club of the Cordeliers,' out-Heroding in its democratic fury the Jacobin Herod itself; then there was the refined, philosophic, moderate, doomed 'Girondist,' with the fine inspired face of Madame Roland beaming over the table. Soon the Club of the Jacobins becomes, as Louis XIV. was, the State: strange heretical successor to the magnificent monarch! And now it expands

and sits high on the 'Mountain,' and from aloft frowns down upon and rules the Convention.

With the Revolution, however, all these, good and bad, vanished. In the years of the Consulate and the Empire, other clubs sprang into existence—military clubs, with marshals of France as presidents; literary clubs, which listened intent upon the discourses of Madame de Staél; political clubs had, for the most part, ceased to be. But political clubs grew up again—but in the dark—towards the close of the Restoration epoch, when Charles X. became stubborn, Bourbon-like, and Polignac refused to yield; they fought their way into light in 1830, and drove the royal 'stoopid' out of France. In the time of Louis Philippe, the patriarch and 'father of his people,' an old-fashioned style of clubs resuscitated, budded, and developed; the reign of light, glittering French pleasure began once more; the clubs were now social, pleasure-loving, game-playing, absinthe-drinking, and concert-giving; and these are the features of the modern Parisian club, as contrasted with those of history.

If there be now any distinctly political clubs existing in Paris, they are not publicly known. If known, such would not be allowed by Government, especially if hostile to Government; and there would scarcely be a *raison d'être* for clubs favourable to Government. Then, the French have really very little to complain of in Napoleon III.; there is certainly no palpably grievous tyranny; there is no long despairing wail for 'bread,' as there was in the days of the first Revolution; people generally have a very fair share of justice done them in the legislature and the courts of justice; taxes are lighter than in many continental countries; the press talks with a plainness which surprises one who has been told of the repressive tendencies of the official censorship; the country is at peace, is materially prosperous, and physically robust; the opposition journals have up-hill work in finding fault with the Empire; and now the Empire appeals confidently and without fear to the

people, asking—without a doubt as to the result—that they will send up a new Legislature as faithful to the dynasty as the old. And when there is no really deep national grievance, there is no *raison d'être* for clubs of the political-fiery stamp of the Jacobins and Cordeliers—no food for them to feed and prosper on.

There may yet exist, for all the outer world knows, shrewd night-shrouded organizations, having a kinship with the political clubs of history; but certain it is that such, if any there be, have not a very extensive membership, nor great popular influence. The partisans of Count Quixote Chambord may meet in damask drawing-rooms and conspire to restore the blue Bourbon blood, in the crumbling châteaux somewhere out in the provinces; Count de Paris may just possibly have emissaries in Paris, concocting schemes with messieurs the constitutional monarchists; Favre and Simon may make midnight speeches, and have a sort of freemasonry among the republicans, with a wire reaching to volcanic St. Antoine—but none of these are probable; and if they do exist, their hope must indeed be feeble of overturning a régime which is ever watchful, is moderate from policy, and is controlled by so acute a mind as that of its present head.

The social clubs which have been alluded to are, however, in the full blaze of crowded and glittering prosperity. They are certainly brilliant, certainly fascinating; one can well see that the attractions which they offer are irresistible to the pleasure-loving French bachelor, or to the Benedict to whom home, alas! offers no allurements.

It is a place to meet and chat in; to gossip in, after male fashion—a gossip very different from that of women, by the way, neither so senseless nor so harmless—to read the papers in, where to laugh over the cartoons of the ‘Journal Amusant’ and the dry piquancy of ‘Charivari,’ the last critique on Nilsson or Patti in ‘Figaro,’ where to indulge in the post-prandian café-au-cognac or absinthe, and the other rank poisons in which the Parisian delights, de-

spite the subsequent dyspepsia; where there are billiard tables and bagatelle for all, and where, above all, the genius of play reigns paramount.

Let us enter one—the refined and classical ‘Société des Beaux Arts’: it has a high-sounding aesthetic name enough, but is in reality nothing more nor less than a club of ‘men of the world.’ As you pass in you observe the self-styled lovers of ‘the arts’ going and coming, looking, however, as little like artists or connoisseurs of art as possible. Mostly they are flashy-looking, heavy-whiskered, shining-haired, well-dressed ‘swells,’ with a gambling devil-may-care air about them; some substantial old gentlemen in gold spectacles and wigs; some greenish youths who have prematurely donned an air imitative of fashionable manhood. The club is dazzlingly lighted without and within. It has pillars at the entrance, Parthenon-like; rather overgraceful plaster statues of the Muses stand in the vestibule, intended for ornament—but somehow provocative of mirth. Within the wide, high door is a spacious hall, with mosaic floor, and resplendent from many gas globes; here and there a statue, fresco, bas-relief; the white panellings all a-gilt, an ornamentation less tasteful than obtrusive. Directly before you is a broad, richly-carpeted oaken staircase leading to a platform, where two women in faultlessly stiff white caps receive the tickets of members or recognise them as they enter, and take charge of the superfluities—the canes, hats, and umbrellas. The staircase merges into two, ascending to the right and to the left, and these conduct to the various saloons of the club.

The rooms are hardly less brilliant, the furniture hardly less sumptuous, than the royal apartments of the Tuileries; light everywhere blazes, dazzling; every imaginable luxury is provided—those numerous *little* things which together furnish the indolent with contentment. Great roaring fires mount up in the spacious fireplaces—too much heat, making the inmates drowsy, inviting to a doze on

the neighbouring luxurious sofas. In some rooms are books, magazines, and files of newspapers; in others billiard tables and bagatelle boards; in others café and restaurant establishments; in nearly all card-tables, the cards constantly shuffling and patting, flanked by files of golden napoleons.

The most beautiful of these apartments, however, is the concert hall, which, elaborately frescoed on dome and wall, has a pretty covered gallery, supported by graceful pillars, and cosy seats disposed in semi-circles and rising behind each other. A tasteful stage occupies the front, embellished with a grand piano. Here, twice a month, a classical concert is given by musicians of note; to this the club members are admitted free, and each is entitled to two additional tickets for his lady friends. At the concerts, messieurs of the club occupy the gallery, the ladies the 'parterre.' You observe one thing at the concerts which hardly confirms your idea of the great gallantry of 'our neighbour the Gaul.' The club members in the gallery, almost every one, are provided with opera-glasses; and a battery of these goggle-eyed instruments is levelled throughout the evening at the pretty young mesdemoiselles below. You observe that this frightfully impudent and bare-faced staring does not cease as a habit with age; for yonder is a dandified old fellow, who, you are very certain, must be an octogenarian, constantly ogling through a much bejewelled lorgnette the youngest and prettiest ladies in the hall, and evidently enjoying the pastime—for he is busy pointing out his especial beauties to a companion a quarter of his own age. These club concerts are, notwithstanding, popular, and are always crowded; the expense is paid from the club trea-

sury. The élite of Paris are often present, and the fashion is to dress as much as if it were a State representation at the Opera.

But the great attraction of the modern Parisian club is unquestionably the gaming, which is open, and well-nigh an universal habit. The most frequent *habitués* of the club are men, either of dissipated tastes with plenty of money, which they had rather spend over the card-table than in any other way; or else men of desperate fortunes, who would, if possible, retrieve them; or, too often, silly young fellows who can discover no higher ambition than to be the boon companions of 'swells,' and to become 'swells' themselves. There is gambling at the billiard-tables, but the great attraction is the card-table. You not seldom see white-headed, respectable-looking old 'gentlemen' standing over the card-table encouraging and urging on mere beardless boys, applauding their successful ventures, and laughing gaily at their feverish suspense. The victim of the *mariage de convenance* finds here the pleasure which home denies to him. Men go to the gaming-table and ruin themselves, because, instead of their choosing their own wives, their fathers did it for them. The Parisian club, far less innocent and healthy than those of Pall Mall, is one only of the noxious products of that bad rule of French society which forbids the free association of young men and women of equal rank; hence it is that the former are driven to spend their evenings at the club card-tables, or lounging in the cafés, or worse, if anything, in the society of women at meeting whom in the street their sisters would blush with instinctive horror and womanly disgust.

G. M. T.



## SOCIAL SUPERSTITIONS.



SOON we shall have no social superstitions, I suppose. They are destined, no doubt, to disappear with political superstitions and religious superstitions—or what people are pleased to consider as such—in the natural course of the abolition of most things. How many have gone in our own time!—or in a time within the experience of men and women still among us, and familiar at least in a reflected light.

The superstitions to which I refer, are not very important perhaps, but they mark changes in manners, and changes in manners mark changes in a great many other things. A great number have gone, as I have said. The superstitious observance of the custom of getting drunk after dinner, for instance, is among the disappearances. A great many people still get drunk, it must be confessed; but they usually pay the homage which intoxication owes to sobriety, and deny or conceal the fact.

There used to be a superstition among a certain class of fine gentlemen that it was ‘bad form’—or whatever was the equivalent phrase of the period—to be able to do anything for one’s-self, and that a state of utter apathy and indifference to things in general was the surest mark of good breeding. There may be such men about now, but they are very carefully cut, I should think; and a negative condition of mind and body would certainly not in these days be considered a sign of *bon ton*. There was a superstition once in favour of snuff-taking. Long since the days when a snuff-box was as necessary an appendage to a gentleman as his shoe buckles, the habit of putting it to use was still general, and it has disappeared only in the present generation. During the rule of snuff, smoking was the exception; and though the latter had many votaries, the ‘vice’ was a secret one—to be indulged only in out-of-the-way places. A stable or a harness-room was thought quite good enough, and the tap-room at a low tavern most appropriate. When rooms were set apart for the purpose at clubs they were always the worst in the house; and up to so late a period as to be called the other day there was no smoking-room at one of the leading clubs in London. Now, not only are smokers in clubs luxuriously provided, but every house of sufficient size and pretensions—in the country at any rate—has an apartment available for the weed; and in connexion with billiards ladies endure it with a charming docility—developed in some cases, so scandal declares, into the most practical expression of tolerance. In the old times only the most hardened offenders would venture to smoke in the streets or public places. I need scarcely say how this superstition has been disposed of in these days, when Royal Princes lead the way, and a Royal Duke may be seen on most mornings on Constitution Hill in company with an enormous regalia.

There was a superstition prevalent for many years that a gentleman

could not be properly costumed unless half strangled in an enormous stock. This machine was wonderfully and fearfully made, with a slight pretence of elasticity, but intended evidently to keep the head up, and promote an appearance of dignified apoplexy in the wearer—with the occasional effect of a divergence from appearance into reality. The custom originated through the ‘most finished gentleman in Europe’ not being proud of his neck; and it became so rigorous as to ruin any man who refused to follow it. There is only one known instance of such hardihood, however, and that is in the case of Lord Byron. It is generally supposed that society set its face against the poet because he was supposed to be an immoral man, to ill-treat his wife, and exhibit a vicious tendency in his writings. I believe nothing of the kind. Society at the time made pets of men who were far worse than Byron was even supposed to be, who got on no better with their wives, and who set quite as vicious an example in their lives as Byron was alleged to set in his writings. Society cut Byron because he turned down his collar, and that is the whole fact of the matter. Had he worn a stock he would have been one of themselves, and they would have forgiven him as they did other people.

Stocks are seldom seen now, except in the army, where, in a certain but not sufficiently modified degree, they are still the rule; at the discretion, however, of commanding officers, who may allow them to be dispensed with if they think the relaxation necessary or desirable. Nobody, in fact, wears a stock in these days unless he is obliged to do so, except a few fogies who cling to the superstition as a link to life.

‘What do you think of my uncle?’ asked a man not long since of his friend, with whom he was walking in Pall Mall. They had just met the gentleman in question.

‘Think of him!’ was the contemptuous reply; ‘why he wears a stock and buckles it behind—that’s what I think of him.’

You see by this little incident the

kind of feeling that stocks excite in the present day.

If there are superstitions among men there are superstitions among women, you may be sure, and among the latter as among the former there have been a great many that are now exploded. As regards dress and deportment there was one connected with the ideal of a lady which seems to have no believers in these times. A lady was supposed to be arrayed in the plainest manner—to wear robes of the soberest colours and the simplest cut. Anybody who deviated from the rule was supposed not to be a lady; and the French, who set the fashions then as they do now, were far in advance of the English in this respect. That this superstition no longer prevails need scarcely be pointed out. The change in the present direction has been accompanied too by some incidental superstitions which have also come to an end—or very nearly so. One was that ladies in order to attain elegance in skirts must be encased in a steel cage, absurdly—considering the derivation of the word—called a crinoline. Another was founded upon the idea that a lady could not appear out of doors without wearing upon her head a preposterous contrivance, which, had it been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii, or in some such place, without any indication of the use to which it was applied, would have been a mystery to succeeding ages, and remained perhaps a puzzle to antiquarians up to the present time. The thing I mean was called a bonnet.

What a monstrosity it was! It stood alone in creation. Nature never produced anything like it in her wildest and most colonial moods. Art could never have conceived such an object. For the bonnet was like our old friend Topsy, according to that young person’s idea of her origin. It was never born of the fancy of any one man or woman—‘I guess it growed.’ You could not indeed resemble it to anything else. It was not like a coalscuttle, to which some of its varieties have been flatteringly compared, for it would not stand on its end, if indeed

it had an end to stand on ; and for similar reasons among others it could not be supposed to be intended for a coffeepot, a breadbasket, a card-tray, a toast-rack, a mousetrap, or a warming-pan. It was certainly not like a hat ; for though it contained a place where you could put part of a head, there was nothing to indicate—in the absence of previous information—that such an uncomfortable receptacle was meant for such a use. The coincidence was altogether insufficient. You may put your head into a bag or a portmanteau, but nobody would guess those useful articles to be head-dresses on that account. The bonnet, in its ultra days at any rate, was as shapeless a monstrosity as the *Pieuvre*, first described by Victor Hugo, and since made familiar to us in collections of aquaria ; with bows and flowers for ‘feelers,’ turning up in arbitrary and unexpected places. Had we—innocent of it ourselves—found it in use among the Cherokee Indians, we should have fancied it connected with some religious rite, since it would be difficult to suppose that anybody would voluntarily wear such a thing for its own sake. That it is an exploded superstition among civilized nations is a fact for which everybody blessed with eyesight ought to be grateful. The present substitute is called by the same name ; but nobody, seeing the two things together, would guess that they were put to the same use. The bonnet of the period is a charming little decorative arrangement, which may be quite useless as far as shelter is concerned, but is scarcely more so than its predecessor, which was ineffectual against sun or rain, and had not the excuse of being ornamental instead.

Another superstition of the past was the corset. I am not quite sure that I shall be allowed to allude to such a subject, but must take my chance. I will be content, however, to observe that the garment—it can scarcely be called a garment though ; what am I to call it?—the article? —the machine? The machine will do. It was a point of faith that this machine was indispensable to the female kind, or at any rate that it

ought to be, and it was worn when not wanted as a distinction of the sex. One need not be the oldest inhabitant of any place to remember these curious contrivances of which wood or steel, and whalebone inevitably, formed such important features. Such things may exist in the present day ; but they could never have been necessities ; for the interesting wearers of the modified mysteries now in use under the same name do not seem to suffer from the absence of their predecessors. On the contrary, they evidently flourish the more for the change, look a great deal better, and must feel a great deal better if they can feel at all.

Among social observances which may be classed among exploded superstitions, I may include the circulation of wedding cards and wedding cake among the friends of married couples. The cake went first, and the cards are fast following. I am not quite sure that the omission in either case is an advantage. People always liked getting the cake, though it is a horrible thing to eat, and the cards certainly answered their intended purpose—that of marking the feeling towards old acquaintances under new conditions, and influencing them in paying congratulatory visits. Now, under the new arrangement, half the acquaintances of the bride and bridegroom are uncertain whether to call or not ; and as they are very apt to give themselves the benefit of the doubt which gives the least trouble, they frequently remain upon anomalous terms with the happy pair for an indefinite period—determined in the end perhaps by an accident.

The superstition which dictates the use of cards in general intercourse is not likely to die out. Society cannot get on without them. But calling—where you actually want to see the people—has been relieved of half its horrors by the practice of appointing certain days for being at home, and adding the attraction of tea, which, whether visitors want that refreshment or not, at least gives them something to do. A great many people would prefer that these rites should be

performed after dinner instead of before, and it would be well to allow them the alternative. I dare say we shall come to this some day. Meanwhile many take kindly to what has been called the social treadmill, and grind away for the fun of the thing. It is hard perhaps to have to drop additional cards after having dined at a house, and such *visites de digestion* are usually paid with the kind of gratitude known as a lively sense of benefits to come.

Among existing superstitions which necessitates introductions at balls in private houses has a great many heterodox enemies. They are mere matters of form, since the persons introduced are frequently no wiser as to one another's personality than they were before; and the observance has the effect of curbing individual ardour. There is no harm in them; they are often an assistance; but they should not be held necessary, and in a happier state of existence I dare say they will be dispensed with.

Among exploded superstitions upon such occasions may be reckoned speeches after supper. Where there is no regular supper to make speeches after the evil naturally cures itself; but even where there is, the bore in question is never met with except in 'offensively old-fashioned society. So much the better, say all sensible people. Speeches after dinner, when the dinner has a business object, of course can't be helped, and come under a different category.

*Apropos* to dinners I may mention a very old superstition which gave the palm to English dinners over all other dinners in the world. 'Foreign kickshaws,' compared with them, were held in contempt as unwholesome abominations. And an English dinner, when well cooked, is no doubt a very fine thing, and better for people leading an active life than, say, a French one, as a continuous arrangement. But it is the old story still — our dinners come from a sacred, our cooks from a profane source. To cook an English dinner well a person ought to be capable of cooking a French one.

The principles are the same, and the ornate variations, in the latter case, are mere matters of special attainment, easily acquired from prescribed formulæ. But the popular delusion with the common run of cooks is, that an English dinner, in order to have 'no nonsense about it,' should be essentially solid, and leave digestibility an open question. Any suggestion of an advance upon these conditions is met by the response that Mary Jane does not profess to understand foreign cookery; and an intimation, if she is disposed to be candid, that she considers 'plain English' entitled to the preference in every respect. She can never be made to understand that food prepared in the English fashion is not necessarily crude, tasteless, and injurious. Her main idea is that everything English ought to be substantial, that is to say, heavy; and in pursuance of this I have known her send up such a thing as suet pudding with particular joints. The accompaniment is well known in schools, where it is accepted as part of the discipline of the establishment—but surely nobody ever ate suet pudding as a free agent! This is perhaps an aggravated instance of infatuation, but it is quite within the compass of common 'plain cooks,' who minister to the middle classes of society. How the poor fare, who are their own cooks, is a sad consideration. That they eat at all is a marvel; and it is a still greater marvel, considering the savage character of their meals, that they do not drink twice as much as they do.

The superstition which exalts bad cookery and calls it English is less strong than it was, and among the educated classes is rapidly passing away. But unhappily the greater part of the population are not educated—even to an appreciation of the commonest comforts—and are still willing victims to a delusion unknown in any other civilized country.

The popular delusion in the matter of wines, which has endured for more than a hundred years, has a greater chance of being dispelled;

and if the mass of the wine-drinking population—so largely increased of late—still cling exclusively to port and sherry, it is surely not for want of other wines being suggested equally to their palates and their pockets. Port is now favoured by only two classes of persons—the few who will pay fabulous sums for the little that can be got of the best kind, and the many who are not yet influenced by the light wine movement, and still incline themselves—from superstitious motives—to any concoction called by the name. The former need not be converted. Their taste is entitled to the highest respect, and I trust that they will long enjoy the means to gratify it. The latter are being converted by degrees, if we may believe in statistics; for the consumption of port which comes from Portugal has sensibly decreased of late years, and it is not to be supposed that the production of the spurious article can have increased in the face of the increased facilities for obtaining the real one. The wines of all other wine-producing countries are now largely consumed in this country; and the natural conclusion is beyond a doubt—that the majority of habitual or occasional drinkers of wine do not drink port, while the minority drink it in less proportion than formerly. Sherry has made a firmer stand, and is still considered a necessary wine, whatever be the other wines which find a place in the public favour. There is a competition, too, in the market between sherry and sherry—that is to say, between sherry as usually prepared for English consumption, and sherry as it is in its natural state; and other Spanish wines which are not sherry, but which have the same character, are also entering the field of opposition. The ‘natural’ wines, as the merchants call them, have a hard fight for it at present; for the mass of wine drinkers undoubtedly prefer the old fiery mixtures. But there is a demand for the ‘dry’ qualities rapidly spreading, and palates educated to these—dreadfully doctored as they commonly are—will find out in time that they can be better

gratified by unadulterated vintages, or vintages which are at least not deprived of their original character. Between Spanish wines as they ought to be and French wines as they are—to say nothing of Italian, Hungarian, and Greek, which are making their way—the time is probably not far distant when the superstition which gave exclusiveness to port and sherry will be known no more.

Port is associated with prejudice; and prejudice of many kinds is breaking down with port. I allude especially to English prejudice—to be classed with superstition—in reference to things continental. There was an old belief that one Englishman was always able to beat three Frenchmen. That delusion must surely have exploded; and I may mention, as a matter of personal experience, that I once made the experiment with only two of our lively neighbours—and signally failed. But the superstitious sense of superiority on the part of our travelling countrymen on the Continent still prevails to a great extent; the principal exception being the members of the gentler sex, who have thrown off their traditional reserve in a remarkable manner, and dash about in out-of-doors diversions with an affability which is a wonder, not to say a scandal, and utterly confutes the stock caricatures, which, in Paris especially, still represent the *blonde misses* of Albion as embodiments of prudish affectation—wearing green veils and actual bonnets, and regarding the social freedom of France as *shocking*, quite in the old style. There has, to be sure, been lately opened a rival vein of satire, represented in periodicals like the *Vie Parisienne*, which gives the English girl in her gushing, hatty, high-heeled aspect, and has just begun to understand the joke about ‘the period;’ but this development is quite recent—the *blonde miss* still holds her own in the shop windows, and it will be years before she is accepted in her new character.

I am not quite sure that the English superstition as regards our relations towards our lively neigh-

hours has been dissipated with unmixed advantage—as far as the gentler sex is concerned. But it must be admitted, that whether through French or other influence, English women—including English girls of course—dress a great deal better than they did, and—except when they make caricatures of themselves—cannot be accused of failing to set off their beauty to the best advantage.

The mention of dress, again, suggests that an old superstition concerning costume has just exploded. I mean that which made it *de rigueur* for gentlemen, unless in some kind of uniform, to go to court in the habits as they lived of our forefathers in the middle of the reign of George III. The dress was both uncomfortable and incongruous, and nobody liked it; and the change has at least this advantage—that it enables a man to wear in the presence of his sovereign a dress of the shape to which he is accustomed in common life. But innovation begets innovation, and now we find certain levellers condemning the court dress worn by ladies as a superstition. Why, they ask, cannot ladies go to the drawing-rooms in morning dresses with high bodies? These agitators, would, it seems, get rid of the ‘feathers, blonde-cappets, and diamonds,’ and all the rest of it, at one fell swoop, on the ground that full dress happening in these days to be rather scanty, ladies who go to drawing-rooms are apt to take cold. The agitators may depend upon it that some stronger reason than this must be discovered before the ladies concerned will join the agitation, even if such a simplification would ever be permitted by the milliners. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle* is a social decree submitted to more philosophically than is the fate of most legal decrees. And if those who wear court dresses are content to suffer in one way, you may be sure that those who make them will not be content to suffer in another. So the question, I fancy, may be safely left at rest between the two.

Among superstitions which still survive, may be mentioned the be-

lief in some apocryphal period known as the ‘palmy days of the drama.’ When these days existed, and what they were like, is not easy to determine. For we find no contemporary evidence of their existence; it has never been handed down to us that ‘people have said, ‘These are the palmy days of the drama; I am content with the condition of the stage.’ On the contrary, from the earliest times of which we are able to take anything like a near view, the cry has always been that the regular drama was neglected whenever there were counter attractions in the form of French dancing girls, performing dogs or monkeys, or even such exhibitions as puppet shows. Nobody seems ever to have heard of the palmy days of the drama until they had passed away, and then the praises had a suspicious appearance of being rung for the *tempora acti* in the abstract. Great actors and actresses have lived no doubt before the Agamemnons of our own time, and their Homers have kept their fame alive; but it must be doubted if the drama—that is to say the regular drama—has had such great days for its own sake as has been made out. The days of which we have the most distinct idea are those comparatively early in the century, when enthusiastic people used to go to the pit door of Drury Lane, and wait from two o’clock in the day to see Mrs. Siddons, or the Kembles, and later still the elder Kean—buy a bill in the street, and struggle for the attainment of three hours’ intellectual ecstasy. One may suppose that the reward was greater than could be gained now by a similar process—supposing the process to be necessary; but the fact was due to exceptional circumstances; and if the public taste was high, it had not so many invitations as it has in the present day to become low. If there were better actors there were certainly worse, and the same may be said of the pieces which obtained popularity—the inferior class of which would not be listened to now, as has been proved by occasional experiments. There is a larger public in these

times; but even making allowance for the fact, a larger proportionate amount of money is spent upon the drama than used to be spent, dramatic authors make larger profits, and dramatic performers are better paid. It is true that plays of a low class, and players of a low class, sometimes succeed, as well as plays and players of a higher class—sometimes better, indeed, when a thorough hit is made. But this has always been the case; and they do not fail *because* they are of a high class. When such pieces are unsuccessful it is because there is something wrong about them—because they are cumbrous, dull, and unfitted for the stage. A great deal of false sentiment would once pass for real, and a great many situations which we have discovered to be claptrap were accepted by our forefathers in good faith. On the whole, judging by the number of theatres we have, and the number of pieces that fill them, and the standard of excellence demanded by most of the audiences, it must be a mistake to suppose that the drama has declined or is declining. Therefore the belief in the palmy days, as compared with our own—which, however, is far weaker than it was—must be ranked among the superstitions.

An alleged cause of the supposed decline of the drama is the late hour at which most of us dine. It has become later and later in the course of the last few years, and we seem rapidly arriving at the fashionable point said to have been attained by a late American president, who was such a great man that he never took his dinner until the next day! But it is made later, and worse than later because less certain, by a superstitious custom which prevails of the host fixing one time and the guests assembling at another. The inconvenience was pointed out the other day in a morning journal, and it is one which decidedly demands reform. Everybody understands that a little grace is allowed beyond the quarter-past seven, quarter to eight, or eight, set down in the invitation; but nobody knows exactly how much, unless well ac-

quainted with the custom of the particular house. And as few choose to incur the embarrassment of being too early, a great many run the hazard of being too late. The consequence is an amount of confusion and annoyance which is felt equally by host and guest. There is only one way of destroying this monstrous delusion, and saving the enormous amount of time and temper which it wastes in the course of the year; that is, to issue invitations for the exact hour at which the party is expected to be assembled, with a special provision as to punctuality until the rule becomes generally understood.

While on the subject of dinners, I may mention a custom which is surely founded upon superstition, and ought to be banished for ever from civilised society—the only society in which it prevails. Why should we be obliged to perform the not very difficult operation of dividing our food into morsels fitted for the mouth with a weapon so formidable and effective that we could employ it with the greatest ease to cut the throat of our next neighbour, from ear to ear? Had we to kill the meat in the first instance one could understand the propriety of being so armed; for the sake of carving joints that bore and birds that bewilder, such an instrument is appropriate enough. But why place it in the hands of persons who have only their own mouths to accommodate? It is enough to embarrass a nervous man, and how that very uncomfortable person, ‘the most delicate lady,’ manages to survive the responsibility is one of those marvels which can be accounted for only by custom founded on the grossest superstition. The anomaly exists but in association with European manners. The natives of the East, and semi-civilised people elsewhere, would not dream of such an enormity. I do not insist, of course, that people ought to eat with their fingers; and chopsticks are naturally unfitted for dividing a steak. But when knives are wanted—and they are not wanted, nor used, for many dishes—why should we be

made to use a murderous weapon ? One can fancy them fitted for the days of old, when knights carved at the meal in gloves of steel and drank the red wine through the helmet barred ; but in those times people used their own knives at the table, and employed them, upon occasion, in casual combats. Such is not now the custom, though there are instances of the proceeding on the part of violent persons even when engaged at the meal itself ; and the temptation is one which should not be thrown in the way of men of ungovernable tempers, exasperated, it may be, by the bad dinner of humble life. But these enormous knives are given us advisedly, and so careful is custom in measuring the supposed necessities of the case, that for the lighter descriptions of food smaller knives are given, so that you are supposed to calculate the amount of force required at every course, and always employ it accordingly. It is always a comfort to get to a little knife after a large one — it is like the sense of peace and security that comes after a fray — and no knife need be larger than the silver one put on for dessert, if indeed it need be so large ; and I need scarcely add that forks might be modified in proportion.

There are a few superstitions in

connection with our language which may be pointed out in this place. There have been a great many in most times ; but some have disappeared while others have arisen, and there are not many now remaining. Among them I will note only some peculiarities in pronunciation. We still call Derby Darby and Berkeley Barkley, Pall Mall Pell Mell, not to add other instances. Contractions, too, are not unfrequent. Thus we cannot ask if the Marquis of Cholmondeley is at home, giving the syllables their legitimate sound, without running the risk of being told by a facetious servant that he will refer us to some of his people. If we ask for the Marquis of Chumley we shall be treated at least with respect. Again, we must not say Leveson Gower, but Leuson Gore, unless we wish to be supposed out of the pale of society ; and Mr. Marjoribanks would consider us a Goth if we called him anything but Marchbanks. These are only some of the cases that might be cited. Are they not founded upon superstition ?

There are other superstitious observances in social life to which I might refer ; but I dare say I have cited illustrations enough, and the rest may suggest themselves to your mind without my assistance.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.



## ANCIENT HOSTELRIES, AND THE MEN WHO FREQUENTED THEM.

*Concerning Angels, Dragons, and certain ancient Palaces.*



LONG ago, when the elder Mr. Weller, discussing valentines, asked 'What was the use o' callin' a young woman a angel?' and added that you 'might as well call her a Griffin or a King's Arms, which is werry well known to be a collection of fabulous animals,' he displayed a deep and significant knowledge in the matter of tavern signs.

It is satisfactory to know, however, that while 'The Devil' (of which famous hostelry we have already gossiped) was only an abbreviation of a title which owed its dignity more to Saint Dunstan than to the arch-enemy, there have been, and still are, Angels which claim our respectful observation. Perhaps the most noted of the old places bearing this sign was that

which formerly stood near the entrance of Clement's Inn, opposite the railings of the church of St. Clement Danes. The locality itself was ancient enough to give an antiquarian interest to the hostelry, which, however, was not so old as the locality, though doubtless a house of entertainment stood there even in the days when Henry III. granted a piece of ground close by to Walter le Bruin, the carrier, for the purpose of erecting a forge on it. The suit and service demanded of this doughty disciple of St. Clement was that he should annually render to the exchequer a quit rent of six horseshoes, with the nails belonging to them; and when the ground afterwards came into possession of the City, the same stipulation was demanded of the sheriffs, who either themselves or by an officer of the court had to produce the horseshoes and the nails at the time of their swearing in, and to count them before the Cursitor Baron, who represented the sovereign. This custom is now, we believe, disused, and the Angel itself, an old-fashioned coaching-house, once the resort of 'gentlemen of the long robe,' has long ago disappeared under that title. On its site, however, another hostelry has risen, which is certainly quite as famous, and is probably as well known to members of the legal profession as it is to the artists and men engaged in literary pursuits whose business takes them Strandward.

The late proprietor, father of the present Mr. Carr, gave his own name to the modern representative of 'The Angel,' and it soon achieved a reputation which it still preserves as a place where a sound English dinner may be accompanied by sound French wine, a combination particularly acceptable to modern tastes, especially as 'Carr's' is distinguished for giving its customers the benefit of the reduced duties on light wines, and so has set an example to other hostelries which it is to be regretted has not been very widely followed. It may be said that this is one of the few places where the conditions of the ancient hostelry are preserved in regard to the provision of substantial fare with the liquids that our forefathers drank before the Methuen treaty banished claret and Burgundy from British tables in favour of black strap and fiery sherry, so that the best elements

of the Angel and its predecessors reappear notwithstanding the innovations of time. It may be hoped that the new law courts will leave the old site unmolested. The Inn of St. Clement was originally, it is supposed, a house of entertainment near the monastery, and received penitents who came to St. Clement's Well, the Holy well which gave its name to the adjoining street. As early as Edward II., however, it was an inn of Chancery, and the monastery having been removed, the Holy Lamb, an inn on the west side of the lane, received the pious as well as the more secular guests.

The only other 'Angel' which seems to have obtained general recognition is the Angel at Islington, but its fame, like that of the Elephant and Castle, at the end of the Borough and the top of Walworth, is connected less with its antiquity or its reputation as an hostelry than with its being regarded as a landmark and a place where travellers took coach for long or short journeys. The Elephant and Castle, by-the-by, was, half a century ago or little more, only a one-storied, low-roofed roadside inn, a picturesque place enough, with a gallery outside, and derived no small degree of its reputation from the adjoining chapel, a building inscribed in gigantic capitals 'The House of God,' and used by the followers of Joanna Southcott, pictures of whose dreams and visions were painted on the interior walls.

There have been several celebrated hostelries at Islington, however, when that ancient suburb was rightly called 'merrie,' and was celebrated, not only for its ponds where the Londoners went 'ducking,' but for its cheesecakes and custards. Pepys records how his father used to carry him 'to Islington to the old man's at the King's Head to eat cakes and ale (his name was Pitts)', and after that the once noted wells were discovered by Sadler in the garden of a house which he had opened as a public music-room. It is at Sadler's Wells, opposite the Sir Hugh Myddelton Tavern, that Hogarth laid the scene of his 'Evening.' It was in 1683 that these wells, very

much resembling the waters of Tunbridge Wells in their medicinal properties, were opened; and in 1684 appeared a squib called 'A Morning Ramble; or, Islington Wells burlesqt,' in which the author apostrophises the suburb as 'Audacious and unconscionable Islington! Was it not enough that thou hast, time out of mind, been the metropolitan of cakes, custards, and stewed pruans?'—famous for bottled ale that Regius the Huzza before one drinks the health, and statutable cans nine at least to the quart. The fame of Islington cakes is noticed by several writers, and it seems to have enjoyed an equal reputation for custards, cream, and milk. 'A man who gives the natural history of the cow is not to tell how many cows are milked at Islington,' says Dr. Johnson, and it would seem that this rural association with dairy produce is still the characteristic of the neighbourhood. It may be believed, therefore, that the hostelries were pretty well supported by the holiday-makers who wanted something either to qualify the water of Sadler's Wells or to accompany the cakes of their suburban haunt. It was in a first floor of the 'Old Parr's Head' that John Henderson is said to have made his first essay in acting, and the Old Pied Bull was still more celebrated, since it was declared to have once been a villa belonging to Sir Walter Raleigh. Then there was the Red Bull Theatre, in St. John's Street Road, originally, it is believed, the Red Bull Inn, whose ample yard having been used for acting plays or other performances, was at last converted into a regular theatre late in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was there that the king's players performed, under the management of Killigrew, till the stage in Drury Lane was ready. After this it became a kind of fencing-school, or rather a theatre for the display of strength and feats of arms. 'The Red Bull stands empty for fencers,' says Davenant in 1663; 'there are no tenants in it but spiders.' Pupils of celebrated masters of the noble art of self-defence were pitted against each other there, and the 'sets-to'

comprised bouts with ‘backsword, single rapier, sword and dagger, rapier and dagger, sword and buckler, half-pike sword and gauntlet, and single faulchion.’

When once we commence with the ‘Bulls’ we have a list of hostelries famous alike for their antiquity and for the recollections of the men who once resorted to their hospitable portals. Curious enough, two of the ‘Bull’ fraternity obtained their names from a corruption of the original sign. The Bull and Gate in Holborn was, according to Steevens, the Shakspearian commentator (who gained the information from the title-page of an old play), no other than the ‘Bullogue Gate,’ a sign adopted in compliment to Henry VIII. after the taking of Boulogne in 1544. It was a celebrated hostelry for travellers in the time of Fielding, who makes Tom Jones alight there on his arrival in London, and once more retreat there, by the advice of Partridge, during his efforts to discover Sophia. A similar corruption was that of the Bull and Mouth, which should have been Boulogne Mouth, once to be seen in St. Martin’s-le-Grand, and said by Strype to be ‘of a good resort by those that bring bone lace, where the shopkeepers and others come to buy it. In this part of St. Martin’s, he goes on, ‘is a noted meeting-house of the Quakers, called the Bull and Mouth, and where they met long before the fire.’

At the Bull’s Head in Clare Market the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe was a frequent guest. It was Radcliffe, whose skill was so great that he could afford to apply his witticisms even to royalty; for when he was called upon to attend William III., who showed him his swollen legs and asked him what he thought of them, he replied, ‘Why, truly, I would not have your majesty’s two legs for your three kingdoms.’ The blunt answer gave no little offence, but the eminent physician, who was afterwards member of parliament for Buckingham, and founded the famous library at Oxford, seemed to care very little even for royal favour. It was at the Bull’s Head, too, that the artists’ club, of which Hogarth

was a member, held its meetings. Then there is the Bull Head Tavern at Charing Cross, remarkable chiefly as being next door to the house (opening on to Spring Gardens) where Milton lived for a short time. More notorious than this was the Golden Cross, in the same locality, the resort of that consummate ruffian Dick England, who frequented that place for the purpose of picking up victims among the Irishmen who came to London by the coaches that made the house their halting-place. There have been few such consummate blacklegs as England, who contrived to make such profits by betting and gambling that he not only kept an elegant house in St. Alban’s Street, but actually engaged masters to instruct him in polite literature, and impart to him the graces of fashionable life. He was made president of the four o’clock ordinary at Monday’s coffee-house, gave large sums for the horses on which he rode about town, and carried on this elegant career in spite of his rival, George Mahon, who seems to have had less finesse than England, and perhaps was a little less ready to back his luck by an appeal to the sword. Pay or fight was England’s general rule, when the stakes were high enough to make the risk worth while; and as he was an accomplished duellist as well as a bully, he generally contrived to obtain debts of honour. At last, on the 18th of June, 1784, he challenged a brewer of Kingston, from whom he had won a large sum of money, and killed his opponent in Leicester Fields, in consequence of which he was compelled to leave the country and fled to Paris, where he contrived to convey such useful information of the revolution to our army during the campaign in Flanders, that he became a paid agent of the British cabinet. Several times he was committed to prison, and his neck was in danger of the guillotine, but he contrived to get off; and at last, expecting perhaps that his services had expiated his crime, came to England, where he was apprehended and punished with the fine of a shilling and one year’s imprison-

ment. His career had come to an end, however, for on his release he was heard of no more, but lived in comparative poverty at his house in Leicester Square. He did live, however, to beyond the ordinary term of men's lives, for he was eighty years old when he was found lying dead on a sofa by the person who went to call him to dinner.

To return to the Bulls, however, it is necessary to retrace our steps to the City, where the old Bull Inn in Bishopsgate was once the resort of rare company. We have before spoken of the adaptations of the old inn yards to the purpose of a theatre, and the Bull in Bishopsgate was one of the most famous for these early stage plays. Before Burbage and his companions obtained a patent from Queen Elizabeth for building a regular theatre, the actors found space in the yard of the Bull for their dramatic representations, and it is not unlikely that Shakespeare himself, who for some time, it is believed, lived in the parish of Saint Helen, Bishopsgate, witnessed, if he did not have any special interest in these performances. It is certain that the humorist Tarlton often played there, as he did at the old Belle Sauvage; and close to the old hostelry lived Anthony Bacon (the brother of the great essayist and philosopher), much to the anxiety of his mother, who feared lest the morals of his servants might be corrupted by the vicinity of the playhouse,—and also lamented the want of spiritual advantages in a parish which was ‘without a godly clergyman.’ The Bull is perhaps still more memorable as the place to which the celebrated Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, used to go when he made his journey to London. ‘This memorable man,’ says the ‘Spectator,’ ‘stands drawn in fresco at an inn in Bishopsgate Street, with a hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription on the said bag:

‘The fruitful mother of an hundred more.’

Well may Hobson be said to be a memorable man, since he had the honour of two epitaphs written by Milton. He was born about 1544, and inherited from his father ‘the

team ware with which he now goeth, that is to say, the cart and eight horses, harness, nag, &c.’ Monthly for many years he passed between the University and the Bull Inn, carrying letters, parcels, and occasionally passengers. To this business he added that of letting horses for hire,—indeed he is said to have been the first person in the kingdom who engaged in the trade, and his rule of never allowing any horse to leave the stable except in its proper order added to his celebrity by making him responsible for the celebrated proverb known as Hobson’s choice—‘that or none.’ So well did he thrive by this business of letting horses to the collegians, that in 1604 he contributed 50*l.* to the loan of King James I., and in 1626 he gave a large Bible to the church of the parish of St. Benedict, where he resided, while two years later he presented to the University and town the land for the Spinning House, otherwise known as Hobson’s workhouse. By that time he had acquired considerable estates, and at his death, which occurred at the age of eighty-five, in 1630, during the time that his visits to London were suspended by the authorities on account of the plague, he bequeathed, beside property to his family, money to the Corporation and the profits of the pasture land (now the site of Downing College) towards the heightening and preservation of the conduit in Cambridge. He also left money to the poor of Cambridge, Chesterton, Waterbeach, Cottenham, and Buntingford. He was buried in the chancel of the church of St. Benedict, but neither monument nor inscription marks the spot, although the author of ‘Paradise Lost’ wrote the punning elegy upon him, which says:

‘Ease was his chief disease : and, to judge right,  
He died for weariness that his cart went light ;  
His leisure told him that his time was come,  
And lack of load made his life burdensome.  
Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas ;  
Yet, strange to think, his wain was his increase.  
His letters are delivered all and gone,  
Only remains this superscription.’

He seems to have been generally esteemed, at any rate, and several portraits of him were long preserved, one of which was to be seen until the beginning of the present century at the ancient hostelry of which he was so remarkable a visitor.

There is very little of its antiquity now remaining at the Bull, however, and in a few years there may be only one or two of these quaint old inns remaining in the City, or, for that matter, in any part of London. The Four Swans, which once also stood on Bishopsgate, has made way for 'modern improvements,' and the Vine and the Green Dragon alone remain to keep their ancient comrade company. The Green Dragon is perhaps one of the best remaining examples of the old hostelry, and something like the old style is scrupulously retained there, for although the proprietor has continued to maintain the building in fresh repair, it is difficult to discover where the hand of time had imprinted it with decay. One innovation is at least a pleasant one: the queer external galleries, a little modernised in their renovation, have been enclosed with glass,—and on a trellis-work leading up to the balcony luxuriant creeping plants have been made to twine, so as to give a cool and refreshing aspect to the old inn yard in summer-time. There is, in fact, a wonderful vitality in the Green Dragon, which still opens its hospitable jaws for scores of guests who go daily to dine in its low-ceilinged rooms, with great beams at all sorts of angles, and shining mahogany tables and old-fashioned boxes, where a party of six can find comfortable elbow-room. The Dragon is great in rich soups and mighty joints of prime succulent meat and substantial eating in general,—disdaining modern embellishments and French kickshaws, and caring very little about patent methods. Contenting itself with an old-fashioned range and a good plain cook, and old wines that have stood the test of opinion for three generations: so that it may be said to flourish in a Green (Dragon) old age and is no unfit representative of its old patron who 'wealthy grew by warrantable fame.'

The demands of modern society, and especially the influence of railways, which have shortened long journeys and the enormous growth of suburban London, which provides residences for those who formerly lived near their business in the City, have gone far to diminish the number of those ancient hostgeries, once the representatives of good cheer and unquestioned comfort. Many of the old places have entirely disappeared, and new piles of building devoted to offices and mercantile warehouses have made the sites which they once occupied almost undiscoverable. Others have been suffered to go to decay, and are now used for other purposes. We spoke, in a former number, of that good old hostelry the Saracen's Head in Aldgate, where once the noted sign hung as one of London's landmarks. Since that notice was written we have learned that there is still a Saracen's Head, a tavern, kept by the daughter of the last proprietor of the venerable hostelry, and that the original sign, vast, weighty, and of terribly grim presence, now gives its name to a house in Northumberland Alley, in Fenchurch Street. More than that, the frequenters of the ancient place, or their modern representatives, have preserved their allegiance, and in the little parlour of the Saracen's Head of to-day we may still meet the sturdy North Sea pilots who came thither for their pay after a blusterous voyage that has perhaps kept them beating about the coast of Norway, with the vision of their fair hostess and the hoped-for rest and food and fire that awaited them in this queer nook of old London to cheer them in anxious watches and the driving mist and spray of their long nights at sea.

There is another house in Fenchurch Street which cannot well be left out in a gossip about London and its hostgeries; and it has contrived to combine with its quaint reputation a skilful adaptation to modern wants. It was at the King's Head, named after her royal father, that Queen Elizabeth is said to have dined on her way from the Tower after her short imprisonment; and though there may be sceptics

who are inclined to doubt the identity of the dish and platter exhibited as the veritable articles used at the table of the great princess,—and the present antique character of the handsome smoking-room is somewhat indebted to modern imitative art, it is quite certain that the old place has so kept abreast of the times that even City clerks and hurried merchants can dine there from more toothsome viands than many that graced the royal tables in the days of its first prosperity.

Strangest, and not the least interesting among the London hostgeries of our day, are those ancient palaces, which, having survived the wrecks made by time, have outlived their original state, and now open their portals for the throng of to-day to take the places once held by the men and women of the past. It is especially in that historical quarter of London known as Bishopsgate, that we find the most remarkable samples of these ancient buildings which are yet but modern hostgeries. Till lately it was Gerrard's Hall which was the more prominent example of the conversion of the old palace into the modern tavern.

Gerrard's Hall in Basingham could hardly be called a modern hostelry, however, for in the time of Stow it had been converted to that use, and until very recently the fine old place with its ball-room, its beds for seventy-eight guests, its antique chambers, and its fine Norman crypt, were among the sights of London.

It was in 1245 that John Gisors, Mayor of London, lived in this old city palace, so that we should have to go back far in English history to write the story of the venerable house. A romance, such as Bulwer has given us, might be made from the records of the men who frequented that palace built on the land that bore the name of the great family of Basing at a time when the City traders had already begun to achieve, by their wealth and industry, an influence that was not fully asserted till the Wars of the Roses had ceased and the Seventh Henry constructed the fabric for which the ground had

been cleared by the destruction of the barons and the feudal chivalry.

To communicate the names of the celebrated men who frequented a mansion, the history of which begins in the reign of Henry III., while its legendary reputation goes back into tradition, would require a separate article. It must suffice to repeat the words of the chronicler Stow, who says: 'On the south side of Basingham is one great house of old time, built upon arched vaults, and with arched gates of stone, brought from Caen in Normandy. The same is now a common hostelry for receipt of travellers, commonly and corruptly called Gerrard's Hall, of a giant said to have dwelt there. In the high-roofed hall of this house sometime stood a large fir-pole which reached to the roof thereof, and was said to be one of the staves that Gerrard the giant used in the wars to run withal. There stood also a ladder of the same length, which (as they say) seemed to ascend to the top of the staff. Of late years this hall is altered and divers rooms are made in it. Notwithstanding the pole is removed to one corner of the hall, and the ladder hanged broken upon a wall in the yard. The hosteler of that house said to me, "The pole lacketh half a foot of forty in length." I measured the compass thereof and found it fifteen inches. Reasons of the pole could the master of the hostelry give me none; but bade me read the great Chronicles, for there he heard of it. I will now note what myself hath observed concerning that house. I read that John Gisors, Mayor of London in the year 1245, was owner thereof, and that Sir John Gisors, Constable of the Tower 1311, and divers others of that name and family since that time, owned it. So it appeareth that this Gisors' Hall of late time by corruption hath been called Gerrard's Hall for Gisors' Hall. The pole in the hall might be used of old time (as then the custom was in every parish) to be set up in the summer as a maypole. The ladder served for the decking of the maypole and roof of the hall.'

Chamberlain in his history of London follows Stow, and recounts

that 'the fabulous traditions swallowed by our credulous ancestors' made Gerrard a giant whose 'skull being found would hold five pecks; and his thigh bone was six feet long, and one of his teeth weighed ten pounds troy: without considering that a person of such prodigious dimensions could not possibly inhabit a house or hall of the size this appears to have been by its remains, which are still to be seen in the arched vaults, supported by sixteen pillars built of stone brought from Caen in Normandy, and are now used for cellars, being entirely under the floor of the building.'

Gisors', or as it was still called, Gerrard's Hall, has only lately disappeared, however. The very site will soon be uncertain, and no modern hostelry marks the place where it formerly stood.

Another queer old mansion, patched and preserved in a shabby semblance to its original quaint plastered frontal and unequal gables, is now an ordinary tavern, known as the Sir Paul Pindar, in Bishopsgate. The house was, in fact, the residence of the noted knight whose name it still bears; and though there are few internal relics of the state he once held there, the edifice itself is still something of an example of the old civic mansion of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Sir Paul Pindar, who was born at Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, in 1566, received the education of a gentleman of those times; but having discovered a remarkable desire to follow commercial pursuits, he was apprenticed to an Italian merchant in the City, named Parrish, by whom he was employed as an agent in Venice, then the great mart of the world. For several years he lived in the Levant and other places abroad until, on his coming to England in 1611, his great skill as a linguist induced the company of merchants to the Levant to recommend him to King James as ambassador to the Grand Seigneur. In that office he remained nine years, to the great advantage of English interests, and probably to his own, for when he came home he brought with him a for-

tune comprised in a single diamond valued at 30,000*l.* It may easily be supposed that the eyes of the British Solomon were dazzled by such a jewel, and that he coveted it as much as was at all consistent with his reputation for wisdom and virtue; but Pindar was implacable, and would only consent to lend the 'bonnie sparkler' upon state occasions. The famous jewel and its owner survived King James, and the latter was equally desired by his successor Charles I., who at last contrived to purchase it, though it is said that it was afterwards pawned to the Queen of Bohemia during the civil troubles. Meanwhile Sir Paul, who had refused the post of Lieutenant of the Tower, preferred the more solid advantage to be derived as one of the farmers of the Customs, in which capacity he advanced large sums to the Crown, obtaining in return a great extension of the privileges of the City. He was afterwards able to provide money for the safe conduct of the unfortunate queen and her children; and indeed he seems to have been wonderfully sagacious in his speculations not only for himself but for the state. The manufacture of alum, which had been introduced at Whitby by an Italian, was taken up by him in such a way as to secure it for a monopoly to the Crown, which lasted till 1643. At length, however, the knight's affairs became so embarrassed by the troublous events of the kingdom that at his death the executors found themselves unable to extricate them, and one of them (William Toomes) who had been nominated to fulfil his testamentary intentions found the task so hopeless that he evaded it by committing suicide. The parish books of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, contain numerous entries of the worthy knight's liberality in subscribing for communion-plate, money for the poor, and venison for feasting the parochial magnates. One of the entries is, 'Given to Sir Paul's cooke, who brought the pastie, 2*s.* 6*d.*' Another account refers to the feast for which the knight sent the venison, and amounts to 19*s.* 6*d.* for 'floure, butter, pepper, egges,

making, and baking.' There is also an entry of 2*l.* paid by Sir Paul for license to eat flesh on fish days; and the last reference to the worthy knight is in 1650, when 16*s.* was paid to the glazier for mending the windows broken at his funeral. It would be difficult to imagine the present decayed building, which is all that remains of the knight's mansion, the house to which a park and garden were once attached; but there are changes almost as strange in other parts of this great city.

Not, however, in that most beautiful of all the old London palaces, Crosby Hall. Since the days when the great building and its court-yard covered nearly the whole site of Crosby Square, where it was built by Sir John Crosby on land leased from the ancient convent of St. Helen's; the neighbourhood has altered, but the great banqueting hall, with its glorious oak roof, its charming bay-window, and its fine proportions, is still much as it was in the days when the wily and unpitying Duke of Gloucester schemed for the crown in the apartments of the palace which he had then made his residence. There is no need to go at length into the

history of this fine old place, still one of the most beautiful examples of domestic Gothic architecture to be seen in Europe; while a record of its frequenters would include some of the greatest names in the most brilliant history of our country. A very full account of the ancient City palace, its occupiers and visitors, has been published by the present proprietor, who, with a worthy regard for all that is noble in its history, has preserved and restored it with only such few alterations as have also restored to its original purpose the great banqueting hall; so that City clerks and merchants, as well as visitors from all parts of London, find in the venerable building the comforts and conveniences of a modern dining-room, where economy and luxury go hand in hand, and the wines of France and Germany are restored to the representatives of the men who drank their Clary and hippocras, as well as the beer that has ever since been regarded as the drink of Britain. There is in London no more striking example of a rightly-directed enterprise than that conversion of the ancient City palace to the purposes of the modern hostelry.



## PUBLIC SCHOOL TYPES.

M R. BUCKLE in his 'History of Civilization' ventures somewhere or other to start the question what modifications the English character might possibly undergo, if, instead of being a people addicted to the consumption of beer and other equally heavy beverages, we were to emulate the continental example, and adhere to light claret and the wines that are native to the banks of the Rhine. Should we be straightway metamorphosed into a nation volatile and lighthearted even as our lively neighbour the Gaul? Would all traces of our insular phlegmatism disappear? Should we become the inheritors of natures so mobile and facile as to renounce the Conservatism which in some shape or other is one of our invariable popular characteristics? Should we, in fact, be a race of men wholly different from what we at present are? The solution of the problem is difficult enough, seeing that, amongst other things necessary to be demonstrated before we could be sure of realizing the conditions essential to the case, is the point whether it would be possible in this misty climate of ours for the bulk of the people, the toiling masses, whose labour is intellectual as well as physical, to support themselves on the airy fluids which we have mentioned in lieu of the national heavy wet.

A more pertinent inquiry for our present purpose is what would be the difference felt in the development of our national manhood if we were to sweep off from the face of the earth all trace of such institutions as our public schools and universities? How far can the countless influences of these, and especially the former, be said to be indissolubly interwoven with the complicated network of our popular life? The well-known saying of the Duke of Wellington that the battle of Waterloo was won upon the playing-fields of Eton has been repeated so often that we are almost sick of hearing it. But after all it is typical of a great truth, sym-

bolical of a mighty fact which admits of no trifling. What do the mass of parents send their sons to our public schools for? How is it that Eton and Harrow are full to overflowing—that it is almost as difficult to get a boy into either of those seminaries as to procure the entrée of the Carlton or Athenaeum? It is not that the mental training which either of these seats of learning administers is so superlatively and exceptionally good. On the contrary, with the amazing strides which national education is making throughout the country, a dull boy, or one only moderately clever—and to one of these two classes the mass of our British boys belong—has far better chance of becoming saturated with a modicum of knowledge at some of those centres of instruction whose rise is altogether a more modern affair. Ninety boys out of every hundred, it is scarcely too much to assert, are despatched duly to these great seminaries for no other purpose than that they may experience to the full the benefit of their social influences—that their characters may be strengthened and developed by the experiences of this little world, which is, after all, merely a microcosm of the great world outside. This being the function which a public school training is calculated and desired in the greater number of cases to perform, the immense force which these homes of education must possess upon the moulding of the characters of Englishmen generally is a self-evident fact.

What are the different variations of *morale*, the select types of character, which are produced under these influences? Or is it to be supposed that the development of the public school boy as a class is tolerably uniform, no matter what the particular school to which he may happen to belong—no matter whether he hail from Eton or Harrow, Winchester or Westminster, or from foundations infinitely less venerable and celebrated? As an order, doubtless, all public school

boys have certain broad social features in common which conclusively differentiate them from private school products. But the genus admits of specific subdivision, and the marks of separation visible in these subdivisions are sufficiently easy to trace.

'Eton gentlemen, Harrow bucks, Westminster scholars, and Winchester blackguards,' this is the way in which it was once fashionable, without any attempt at nicer distinctions or any question of the justice of the several classifications, to discriminate between the products of the famous institutions they enumerated. And the aphorism has about as much truth in it as such sayings usually have. It is just possible to conceive what may have originally given rise to this off-hand nomenclature—merely this, and nothing more. We must attempt a more philosophical system, and look at matters from a different point of view and with a minuter vision. When could we have a better time than at present for the completion of, at any rate, a portion of this task—when a more appropriate moment for commencing our investigation of the various and complex phenomena of public school character than now—now when the ground at Lord's is crowded with the whole of fashionable London—when what is pre-eminently *the* public school match of the year is in course of celebration, and for two days at least the young Etonian or Harrovian is indisputably the master of the situation and the hero of the hour? Look at them. See those boys of ours, how they saunter up and down the ground, threading their way in and out between the maze of carriages, knowing perfectly well that they or their schoolfellows it is who have been instrumental in emptying Belgravia and Mayfair upon Lord's ground to-day, yet, inferring from their perfect air of coolness and imperturbable stoicism of demeanour, sublimely unconscious of the fact. The society of the great schools and of the great world outside perpetually act and react upon each other. Good society hates

scenes, votes every eccentricity of manner and demonstrativeness of demeanour bad form: the schools have followed suit, and the ideal of deportment which an Eton or Harrow boy proposes to himself is of pure passionless exterior. But 'tis the old story. Expel Nature with a pitchfork, still will she assert her influence. The Etonian has schooled himself into undemonstrativeness persistently and well; but the ringing cheers which burst from those phalanges of boys in the dark-blue and light-blue ties whenever a good drive for four is made, or a clever ball bowled, tell us plainly enough that the old spirit is there as much as ever, and the enthusiasm, if greater, is only suppressed with partial success.

No wonder that England is proud of these her public school boys: no wonder that half a metropolis unites to applaud to the echo the athletic prowess of these youngsters: no wonder, too, that foreign potentates and princes should send their sons to Eton and Harrow, and when they see what Eton and Harrow can produce, devoutly say, '*Cum talis sis utinam noster essemus.*' If these lads have learned something of that self-containedness which is one of the great lessons of life; if, as they stroll to and fro over the green sward—we will call it green, if you please, if only for the poetry of the thing—*independence* and *insouciance* are stamped upon each feature of their countenance, the influence of their respective schools does not by any means end here. Pluck, endurance, honour, a detestation of what is bad style, and a horror of the *bizarre*—these are amongst the virtues which they have learned, and which leave so visible a stamp upon their features. Pretentious sometimes, conceited occasionally, now and then something of a braggadocio, your public school boy may be. These, however, are merely transient traits: time and the world will tone down much of them, or perhaps cause them to disappear altogether.

It may possibly seem that to insist upon the existence of any very perceptible separate characteristics

in the Eton and the Harrow boy is to urge a distinction which is not a difference. Nevertheless, these characteristics there assuredly are, even though it may require some attention to be aware of them. 'Eton gentlemen and Harrow bucks,' and the phrase in a rough way hits off the more salient points fairly enough. The Eton boy, whatever he is, good, bad, or indifferent, dull or clever, indolent or industrious, a 'wet bob' or a 'dry bob,' is above everything the gentleman. He never forgets that he has a reputation to maintain; that he has the traditions of generations to support; and that the lustre of the prestige which has been transmitted to him through successive secula of his predecessors must be handed down in its native purity to those who may come afterwards. Intense Conservatism is an ever-present feature in the young Etonian. The antiquity of the place, the venerable associations of which it is the centre, the memory of the illustrious personages who have been imbued with the elements of humanity and culture on the banks of the Thames—all these have exercised upon him, unconsciously very likely, precisely that degree and kind of moral influence which might have been expected. Eton, it must be remembered, has a larger number of customs peculiar to itself, a greater quantity of stock phrases symbolical of corresponding practices, and withal a vaster fund of reverence for these than any other public school in the world. Even an Eton master, however averse to the institution, for certain reasons connected with its operative effects, he might be, would not have it in his heart to interfere with the time-honoured usages of 'the long glass' and 'tap.' There is nothing surprising, therefore, if these accidents of usage, with the respect that they elicit and the observance they demand, have exercised an influence, not merely limited to the place in which they exist, sacred and inviolable, and have produced a frame of mind which the Eton boy carries home with him from school for the holiday, and a species

of moral attitude which he at once occupies towards the outside world. The merit of an ordinance consists in its age; that is the principle which has been impressed upon him by the training of his school life: that is one of the great results obtained from the social and educational conditions to which he has been submitted. Now there is little or nothing of this vein of sentiment in the Harrow boy. The history of the school which the pious yeoman founded is indeed reputable, even glorious: but its past is not the past whose memories wreath themselves around the venerable motto *Floreat Etona*. The atmosphere of the place is different. Byron's oak still flourishes in the Harrow churchyard: but this, and much else like this, is of yesterday. There is none of that perpetuation of ancient events in modern celebration which at Eton is everything. Mr. Disraeli, whose insight into our social life is as keen as it could well be, has precisely hit off this side of Etonian existence in the conversations he has recorded between his schoolboys in 'Coningsby.'

There is indeed at Harrow and in the products which bear the imprimatur of sturdy John Lyle's school, a something which reminds one of Talleyrand's remark when he stepped into the brougham of a friend to whom that vehicle was a very recent acquisition, *Il sont de neuf*. The Harrovian will, indeed, refer to the roll-lists of his school, and then give the names of titled magnates and territorial magnates galore. It matters not. Eton ever has been the school of England, and so long as such institutions continue to exist, ever will be. When the Middlesex Seminary was an obscure establishment, the shades of pious Henry had achieved a European reputation. Harrow has gained her distinction rather from her popularity with the aristocracy of wealth than the aristocracy of birth. With Eton it has been exactly the reverse. 'Eton gentlemen and Harrow bucks:' the expression is perfectly correct, and tends to an undeniable truth. Dandyism, in the majority of cases, is the cha-

racteristic of the *nouveaux riches*: it is the attempt to supply by art what has been denied by nature. Dandyism, or, if we may be allowed the expression, buckism, is not confined to the mere wearing of clothes. It is visible in the manners of the man, as well as originated in the shop of the tailor. A consciousness of weakness prompts its manifestation. If we may be allowed to avail ourselves of a somewhat cockney metaphor, the difference that exists between Eton and Harrow is much that which is to be found between Mayfair and Belgravia. We take them each as they are: we like them both: and after all, as we have above hinted, to the mass of spectators the Etonian and Harrovian may appear in identical development. Even here we have but been able to assign to each traits which are scarcely apparent to the superficial gaze. Still, let the intelligent reader at this period, when both types of schoolboys are in town, ask one or two of each to dinner; and he will add his testimony to the justice of our remarks. He will see that there is something of the old style in the Eton boy that the Harrow has not, and will note the presence of a certain *je ne sais quoi* air, a subtle essence, which defies definition; an indescribable air of finish which, as it is eminently Etonian both in its birth and its development, so, too, is conspicuous in the Harrovian only by its absence.

What is a public school? We have completely outgrown the ancient answer which informed us that there were five institutions, and five only, to which the term was applicable. Judged according to that dictum, we should exclude from the category Rugby, Marlborough, Cheltenham, and a host of those other seminaries whose size and importance rival if they do not surpass that of Westminster, Winchester, and Charterhouse. For our present purpose we must prefer the newer foundations to the older. The Charterhouse boy is not a type at all, and much the same may be said of 'the Westminster scholar.' Nor is the reason far to seek. The

purity, nay, the very *personelle* of any school is preserved exactly in proportion as the number of boarders preponderate over the number of day scholars. National character, we are told, is but the result of a continued identity of social conditions. If that identity is weakened in degree or abbreviated in duration, the result is that the national character at once becomes less strongly defined. In the case of schools we can only have this continuity when the day scholars are in a minority, and that minority a very considerable one. If you once introduce a heterogeneous element in the shape of a body of boys whose school life is perpetually interrupted by life elsewhere, the result is that the whole spirit and the entire genius of the thing are lamentably destroyed. You fail to produce a distinct and separate type: you have a mongrel and an amalgam. Schoolboy life, to have its full influence, necessarily involves the idea of a considerable quantity of boys passing their time together. And if this condition is essential for the realization of the type, it is also essential for the preservation of anything like school discipline. When the parental inclination perpetually clashes with the magisterial authority; when the father and the pedagogue are brought into competition; and when the boy feels that he can appeal from the one to the other, farewell, not only to the production of a distinct class of schoolboy, but to the validity of all wholesome discipline. Westminster and Charterhouse have both suffered in the highest degree from this confusion of elements. The Eton boy is a distinct type, so is the Harrow: possibly even the Winchester: even about the youngster who hails from the home which learning has beneath the shades of the venerable abbey, there still linger some few traces of individuality: but as for your alumnus of Charterhouse, the whole case is different.

It is scarcely to be denied that both Westminster and Charterhouse have to pay a heavy price for their central sites and their metropolitan

homes. A school ought to be removed as far as possible beyond the reach of their influence. It ought to be self-contained: if it is desired to develop a separate and distinct phase of character it must be self-contained; and it ought, socially speaking, to be acted upon by external force only in an infinitesimal degree. The neighbourhood of Westminster and Charterhouse must inevitably tell heavily against them. Eton and Harrow look for their models within their own academical walls: the schoolboy whose school is merely a school in a town, and not the institution of the place, naturally takes his cue from the more imposing examples of exoteric existence. To say that a schoolboy uses slang, and that he is slangy, is to say two very different things. The former may be true of Eton and of Harrow, the latter certainly is not. Herein, as in a nutshell, is to be found the great distinction between the two large classes of our public school boys. Those frequent expeditions to the questionable resorts in the vicinity, the experience which has been picked up in places where 'life' (of a certain kind) is to be seen, are not favourable to the agreeable development of the schoolboy character. For the proper application of these remarks to the disciple of Westminster and Charterhouse the works of Mr. Thackeray may be consulted *passim*.

Let us look at the young Rugbean—quite a different specimen from any of those which we have already contemplated. He is a stout-hearted, brave young Englishman enough—and when we have said that, we have said all. Dr. Arnold we reverence as much as any man living: Heaven forbid that we should utter any words save those of the profoundest respect touching his memory; but Dr. Arnold is one thing and Arnold and Water is another. This is the title which Arnold's Cambridge scholars earned at the time: it is a title, their right to which Rugby boys, as a body, have since done little to disprove. With the enervating waters of their own assumption they have diluted

the flavour of their exemplar, till they have almost extinguished the latter, and we can mainly discriminate the former. *Corruptio optimi pessima fit*: and we may be sure that this saying would in a very singular degree hold true in the case of Rugby's great head master. The real fact is, that the present generation of Rugby boys considers itself entitled to live on the reputation of the past; that the aegis of Arnold's name sheds over them a certain glow of infallibility; and that for this reason they possess a kind of moral superiority over the rest of the world. Recognition of the nobility of manly strength has become with them a species of objectionable cant. Conceit, a wanton air of independence, a monstrous egotism, an unpleasantly patent self-consciousness—these are among the social attributes of your Rugby boy. Is that what Arnold wished?

If the Etonian and Harrovian are pre-eminently the polished stones, the *edition de luxe*, hot-pressed, cream-papered, and gilt-edged, of public school life, the Wykehamist is as pre-eminently the rough diamond, and the rude copy. About him there is nothing of that studied regard of the amenities of existence which make either of the others so socially pleasant. The Eton and the Harrow boy whom we see at Lord's is indeed a *boy*, but we feel that the lad is a gentleman, and we treat him as such. On the other hand, young Winchester impresses us as a 'cub.' We have no wish to be otherwise than rigidly impartial in this classification of ours. We are wholly unprejudiced. The point of view which we take is completely that of the outsider, and we speak not of special and exceptional instances, but merely of those cases which may be supposed roughly to constitute the rule.

Marlborough is an excellent school. If you want your son to get on, to be certain of a scholarship at Oxford, to acquire a power of interminable quotation of authorities at lecture, send him to the Wiltshire seminary. If, on the other hand, you wish to give him a good

social training, to see him acquire a pleasing address, to gain the reputation of a pleasant friend and an agreeable companion, despatch him elsewhere. All the faults which Rugby possesses Marlborough has magnified tenfold. But the reason is simple enough. Marlborough has carried all her notions of internal administration from the prototypes of the Warwickshire school. In the first instance, all her best masters came thence, and the only public school of which they knew anything was Rugby. The academical achievements of Marlborough have been something marvellous, and speak volumes to the industry of her masters, and the aptitude of

her pupils. Her triumphs in the cricket-field have not been contemptible. But these measures have not had the effect of militating against the entire applicability of anything we have said or could say *apropos* of the social characteristics of the Marlburian, past, present, or future. The boy is a good classic and a capital cricketer; but ask him to dine, and he will bore you to death with his ridiculously doxophilistical airs in about ten minutes. Perhaps after all this is merely natural. Marlborough is a very young school, and its prosperity is precocious, and its precocity is unfortunate in its results.

### DOVE DALE.

**I**N many points of view Derbyshire is an excellent region for travel or sojourn in the Long Vacation. It is very accessible from town; the whole of it lies within a manageable compass; it boasts of some of the most celebrated landscapes in English scenery; it contains some of the most famous palaces of our nobility; it has districts crowded with a manufacturing population, and secluded vales that have hardly altered since the time of the Stuarts. If you go to Wales, or the western country of Devon and Cornwall, or the Rhine, or Switzerland, it is scarcely possible that you can work the map exhaustively, and there is always some critical prig who will authoritatively assure you that you have missed the particular places which, beyond all others, you ought to have seen. But if you go to Derbyshire at all, it is worth while to do it thoroughly; and you may do it thoroughly within the limits of a moderate furlough. Derbyshire is called a Midland county, but in reality, in character and climate, it rather belongs to the cluster of northern counties. You will see no district so pretty until, a hundred miles further on, you come to the Lake country. As soon as you have cleared out of the huge

station at Derby, you perceive how greatly the character of the scenery has changed for the better. You have left the wide expanse of dull flat country behind you, and now you catch glimpses of rocks and rivers, mountains and dales—picturesque bits that suggest idylls in themselves; then anon tall chimneys and the illumination of furnace fires. At Ambergate, the line to Matlock and Buxton, and thence to Manchester, branches off; and if you would do Derbyshire thoroughly, you must grow very familiar with this line of railway—the prettiest line that the whole railway map of England can display. I happily knew the district in old days, before it was polluted with the amount of pollution which even the prettiest line unavoidably brings with it. Chesterfield is a convenient station for head-quarters for some days. The crooked spire is a familiar object to travellers to the north; concerning which spire there is an ingenious theory, that it is not a crooked spire at all, but that the crookedness is an optical delusion. A dull and stationary town is Chesterfield—perhaps the dullest and most stationary in England; but it is surrounded by a network of villages—Brampton, Brimington,

Whittington, Staveley, &c., where there is an increasing population. Staveley has lately made itself famous for its resistance to Unionist tyranny—presenting a singular admixture of glimpses of wild sylvan beauty, with the usual sordid phenomena that belong to a region of coal-pits and iron-pits. Now, let me reckon up the Derbyshire sights which you can 'do' from Chesterfield. There is Bolsover Castle, which you may take on your way to Hardwick Hall. You will not see a more thoroughly English park, so well timbered with gnarled and giant oaks, in all the country, than Hardwick Park; and the stately old ivied hall has as noble a site as the Great Keep of Windsor itself. The lord of Hardwick is the Duke of Devonshire; and you have not been long in Derbyshire before you discover that the Duke of Devonshire is the king of the country. Other dukes there are who have dukeries here, as Bolsover Castle, belonging to the Duke of Portland, and Haddon Hall, belonging to the Duke of Rutland; but his grace of Devonshire, who in Devonshire does not own, I believe, an acre, is the lord of many a wide fair prospect in Derbyshire. The last reigning duke might have been surnamed the Magnificent; he had hundreds of thousands a year, and died hundreds of thousands in debt. The present duke, although little known to fame, is considered by many people to be the cleverest man in England. He was Senior Wrangler, or something of that kind, at Cambridge, and was chosen to succeed the late Prince Consort as Chancellor of the University. When he was complimented on his degree, he answered that no particular credit was due to him, as he had only given some attention to studies to which he had been always partial! The duke inherits both the genius and the blood of the philosopher Cavendish.

From Chesterfield it is quite a manageable walk to Chatsworth. Chatsworth is almost the imperial realization of a splendid dream. The old duke used to delight to look from his private windows at the great crowds that used to come

from our industrial centres to spend a long-lived summer day amid the glories of his domain. The river winds in front of the palace, beneath a fine bridge, through the lawn-like park, and the background is formed by dense woods that climb the hills and close the horizon. There are the huge conservatories through which you might drive a carriage and pair, which suggested to Paxton, the Chatsworth head-gardener, the idea of a Crystal Palace. The Chatsworth story is, that the future great man, when a poor lad, gained the magnificent duke's patronage by some adroitness in giving him a light for a cigar. The gardens are most elaborately beautiful, and the treasures of art in the palace, collected reckless of cost by a most skilled *virtuoso*, have a value very rarely surpassed; yet, after all, I think most persons will give the preference to the less adorned and more natural beauties of Hardwick. Haddon Hall, only a few miles from Chatsworth, is a place of entirely opposite, and even antagonistic attractions. It has been long dismantled for human habitation, except when there has perchance been some festive gathering in this part of the shire, when once more there is an illumination through the ancient windows, and revelry in the corridors and halls. But the exquisite beauty of the site is always fresh, the river winding in more sinuous folds than the Asian Maeander; the old stone staircase, the mediæval court, the lonely chapel, the echoing gallery, the princely garden-terrace, the hidden postern-door, whence the lady, heiress of the house, stole away with the lucky page far away over the Derbyshire hills. Not far, also, is the pretty town of Bakewell, where you may lounge at leisure over the bridge; and if you are staying at the Rutland Arms, you may obtain license to fish, and refresh yourself—at least I did—with a huge venison pastry at my hostel. There is another hostel, the very ideal of an Elizabeth inn, at the pretty village of Rowsley, just outside the Chatsworth grounds. From Rowsley, a few minutes in the train will take

you to the little country village of Matlock, and the fashionable little town of Matlock Bath. The scenery is very good, but it is minute, and the whole of Matlock can comfortably be examined and disposed of in the course of the afternoon. It is to be mentioned with regret, that the pretty water at the base of the enormous cliffs, though called a river, is often nearly stagnant, and appears to be considerably peopled with water-rats. If you go direct from Chesterfield to Matlock, you should turn a little aside from the direct road to see the picturesque village of Ashover. I have never seen this village noted in any guide-book, but in early days I used to consider the village a kind of Happy Valley of Rasselas ; and in the deep seclusion and the romantic character of the scenery, it is very well deserving of a visit. You may go from Matlock to Buxton by rail ; but you will do better if you take the road from Bakewell to Buxton. This road, particularly if the journey is made in the opposite direction, is a glorious bit of travel. When you are at Buxton, you are in the neighbourhood of the Peak country, which ought to be thoroughly explored. At Castleton you attain the finest scenery which Derbyshire can boast, and it is quite worth while to descend the cavern, boat along the subterranean river, and allow the guides to show all the different points, and to tax all their experiments with powder.

These, then, are the most noticeable points of Derbyshire scenery, and, whatever else is neglected, these are not to be omitted. But there still remains one beautiful locality, rather remote and difficult of access from that remarkable group of show places for which Chesterfield or Bakewell is a convenient centre, which will amply repay your visit, and grow upon you the more your sojourn is prolonged. Almost opposite Haddon Hall, on the road between Bakewell and Rowsley, a lane strikes up the country. As you pass along this lonely road, you cannot fail to be struck with the thoroughly sylvan, thoroughly English character of the

landscape. There is something so sequestered and untravelled about this route which fulfils every aspiration to those who would desire something else than the usual worn paths. The late September days are most pleasant to travel in ; the air balmy and cool ; but the days close in early, and the road to Dove Dale is a very long road, and the intervening hills are very steep hills. Almost in the dark, the pony-carriage—for such was my humble conveyance on my most recent visit—had to go through a large pond, depth unknown, on the opposite side of which the path to Dove Dale is resumed. Tissington, which breaks the monotony of a long drive, is a pretty village, and, in some points of view, a memorable village ; for here the well dressings, for which Derbyshire is memorable, have their chief seat of celebration. On Holy Thursday, after prayers in the parish church, and a sermon duly preached, parson and parishioners proceed to the different wells, and after that the well-flowering is performed. A hymn is sung at each well ; and each well is decked with abundant flowers, woven into chaplets and designs, and the day is kept as a holiday. The imagery and associations attached to wells and fountains of water is of the simplest and most elevating kind ; and we are glad to find that this innocent holiday is treated as a precious reliquary of the past, and held in due esteem. When we have left Tissington behind us, we descend down the steepest and most awkward of hills into the dale. We are reminded of the dialogue between *Viator* and *Piscator*.

*VIATOR.* ‘ What have we here—a church ? As I’m an honest man, a very pretty church ! Have you churches in this country, sir ? ’

*PISCATOR.* ‘ You see we have : but had you seen none, why should you make that doubt, sir ? ’

*VIATOR.* ‘ Why, if you will not be angry, I’ll tell you : I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom.’

Here, then, is Dove Dale at last, the loved of such poets as Byron

and Montgomery, by such men as Chantrey and Sir Humphry Davy, by many other famous men whose names must be unrecorded here—beloved through a wide circuit of the midland shires by youth and maiden as the pleasantest scene of summer revel—especially beloved by the worthy brotherhood of anglers, ‘men of meek and peaceable and gentle natures.’ For many miles the river is the boundary between Derbyshire and Staffordshire, the walk through the dale being on the Derbyshire side. The beautiful scenery of the dale is some three miles long. It is not often that scenery so beautiful is prolonged to such continuance. To walk up the whole extent, and return and rest a while and examine minutely the points of the landscape, and explore adjacent scenery that well deserves attention, and thoroughly to imbibe the spirit of the beauties and purity of the scene, like holy matrimony, is a matter to be not lightly taken in hand, but ought to be done deliberately and advisedly. It is a long, winding valley, and the soft air, with gentle violence, blows full of balm along the gorge. The foliage feathers down to the water’s edge, or grassy hills arise on, often enough, the bare, dark, precipitous, worn, granity tors. Some strike boldly to the sky, some threateningly bend forward as if to strike and overwhelm. Some of these tors break up into pinnacles, scarps, bulky fragments that would seem to totter to their fall; some have been hurled backward, in the primitive convulsion of nature, and are hollowed into holes and caves. The stone ferns are here; here, too, is the grey lichen, and the overgrowth of underwood is all about. The hazels trail their boughs in the streams; the clumps of birch trees adorn the slopes, but the segregated tors form neither shadow nor foliage, naked, mysterious, stern, defiant. Each has its separate name, many their tradition, a few their genuine stories of peril and deathly accident. The constant river laves their bases and reflects their forms evermore, unchanged, rapid and clear in its course, even as the bird, which lends

it a name, shoots, rapid and clear, through the unclouded sky overhead.

The images left by Dove Dale are of a peculiarly clear and vivid nature: you have an exact embodiment of the simple poetic vision of green pastures and still waters. Nor of these alone. The precipitous mountain overhangs the prospect, the gorge closes in, the rocks hang down their festoons, the high tors rise, innumerable and fantastic. The dark pure river, dark from its mossy bed, hurries onwards, growing more and more silvery on the way, to lose itself in the broad Trent. So narrow is the path by the marge, made difficult by the roots of the trees that spring up by the water side whose green crowns wave far below the summits of the tors, by the protuberant hills whose bases are thickly clustered around by ferns and wild flowers. Then, the rocks retire back from the river, and leave a clear space of lawn, not unprotected by the shadow of abundant foliage, where you may realize that old delight to which Horace and the Horatian tribe have always been so prone, stretched on the living turf, listening to the strain of the living water. You have a book in your hand befitting the lazy season and the enchanted spot, and whether you read, or whether in thought and reverie the book escapes from your listless grasp, or whether you sleep under the open eye of heaven, it is all equally well with you. ‘Sleep, my son; sleep in the sun is good,’ wrote the old Greek dramatist. Is it merely reverie, or is it the summer noonday dream, that the old days of the seventeenth century are renewed for you, and yonder little group, sitting down on the brink of yonder shore, assume the garb and talk the dialect of a long-vanished day? That good old man, brow so broad, hair so silvery, speech so honest and courteous, must needs be, methinks, the well-loved Izaak Walton. That surely must be the young Izaak, who is making a sketch of that range of tors which the country fancy has called ‘The Apostles.’ There is another young man there, in sword and velvet and with courtly phrase, I am

afraid with an eye that wanders towards yonder country lass; an air that, though refined, has something reckless and dissipated in it, who is gentleman and scholar and yet reckless and uneasy, but he, too, listens to the elder man and calls him ‘father.’ He looks over the shoulder of the younger man with approval of the light touches, and murmurs to himself as he lays his languid limbs on the grass—

‘ Oh ! my beloved nymph, fair Dove,  
Princess of rivers ! how I love  
Upon thy flow’ry banks to lie;  
And view thy silver stream,  
When gilded by the summer beam.’

Ah, yes ! That must be Charles Cotton, the lord of Beresford Hall hereabouts, and yet distracted by duns and bailiffs, and glad to hide, if the rumour be true, in a neighbouring cavern. I am afraid there is a dark future before him—if certain rumours be true, prison and suicide; but just now he is innocent and happy, tranquillized by the concordant voices of the beloved stream and ‘my father Walton.’ Yes, the full river of speech flows from the lips of the old man eloquent, not otherwise than as the Dove itself murmurs on, musical and rapid. But in his talk the old man is most intent upon his fishing. He does not think so much of his son’s little sketch, a new-fangled and unbusiness-like amusement most befitting that idle Italian people of whom his friend Wotton, the late Venetian ambassador, discourses him so largely. You do not find in Walton any poetical, or at least any artistic, pictorial talk; he never gives you word-paintings of the river landscapes he knows so well; there is not even a syllable whispered of these strange rocks and tors; trout and grayling have more solid and substantial charms in those clear, wise, twinkling eyes. He is talking the talk, which, if we could only set it down, would bring the early Stuart days as vividly before us as Pepys has recalled the later Stuart times. He is acute and practical enough, the fair-dealing merchant who keeps the hosiery shop at the corner of Chancery Lane, and re-

tired on his modest profits to the rural district of Clerkenwell. He is telling his friends what capital three days’ fishing he had last month, when he had his annual holiday at Eton, and his friend the worthy Provost took him to his fishing-lodge at Black Pots, and afterwards showed him Savile’s superb edition of ‘Chrysostom’ in the Eton library. Or perhaps he is giving reminiscences of a life peculiarly rich in such—of the days he spent beneath the beeches of the park of Farnham Castle with the good Bishop of Winchester—how in the evil time of the Commonwealth, on a biting cold day, he met the great Sanderson, and took him into a public-house, where they had bread and cheese and beer together, and the good bishop told him how he comforted his soul in adversities with the Psalms of David; how he used to greet friend Dean Donne Hunter at St. Paul’s; and how he went down to the old church at Chelsea to hear the dean preach the funeral sermon of Lady Danvers, the mother of that poet and scholar George Herbert, who, we may feel sure, was likewise one of the rapt auditory. Wisely, religiously, and quaintly does he talk, and there is also a fund of infinite observation and delicate humour about him. Likewise those trout—surely larger and fresher than caught now-a-days—will be keenly looked after, the very worms handled ‘as though he loved them,’ for he has an eye to his modest supper and the cool tankard of good Derbyshire beer which will be its accompaniment. He will perhaps quote to his friends the favourite text which he took as the motto of his ‘Angler’: ‘Simon Peter saith, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee.’ Perhaps he lovingly dwells on the glory of the setting or the rising sun, as he did in his matchless book: ‘And this, and many other like blessings we enjoy daily; and for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made the Sun, and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers

and stomachs and meat and content  
and leisure to go a-fishing.'

Thus much is dreamful reverie  
and half memory, half fancy. You  
are awakened from the images of  
the past by the pleasant, gleeful  
sounds of the living present. Kate  
and Arabella are having a duet, and  
the splendid voices with trumpet  
distinctness sweep through the  
gorge. You, my young friend, that  
saunter by with that silken lady  
fair, I can forgive you that half-  
fierce military glance at a mere  
listless lounger, because I know you  
will be docile and submissive enough  
all the afternoon to those fine and  
glancing eyes. Only do not pretend  
that you two must spend a whole  
hour among the tors pretending to  
search for a suitable place for lunch,  
when there is none that might not suit.  
But they do this sort of  
thing in Arcadia, and you two are  
*Arcades ambo*. Yonder stout gentle-  
man thinks that the finest sight here  
will be the sight of the well-spread  
lunch cloth on the ground, and he  
and the rest of the parties, like Mr.  
Tennyson, 'will not shun the foaming  
grape of Eastern France.' And here  
are the children and maidens  
of the place, offering fruits, and  
ferns, and flowers, and other  
mementoes for a happy Dove Dale  
time. I wonder to myself if any one  
of you is like Wordsworth's Lucy.  
I wonder where Lucy dwelt. Was  
it at the picture-village of Ilam  
yonder, or at Dove-head, where the  
fountain of the stream first gushes  
forth, or Narrow-dale, or Hope-dale,  
or Mill-dale?

'She dwelt among the untrodden ways,  
Beside the springs of Dove,

'A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

'A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye;  
Fair as a star when only one,  
Is shining in the sky.

'She lived unknown, and few could know,  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and oh  
, The difference to me!'

I arise up and go to my hostel,  
the Izaak Walton. Ah, my military  
friend! when you come to my time  
of life you will think that a good

dinner indoors is just as enjoyable  
and much more comfortable than  
out on the grass. I ask carefully  
whether Izaak Walton ever really  
lived here. They point out to me  
what part of the house is modern, and  
they take me to a long, low room,  
which might have been the room  
where he and his friends had their  
'evenings,' and it has that steady,  
seventeenth-century-look about it,  
that I mean to adhere to this belief  
and maintain it. Anon we must go  
to the fishing house which Cotton  
built for Walton—read the inscrip-  
tions which they read 'piscatoribus  
sacrum,' look through the windows  
which they looked through, enjoy  
as they enjoyed this, 'a kind  
of peninsula with a delicate clear  
river about it.'

Before I conclude this paper I  
will quote from my 'Florilegium' a  
fine passage I recently disinterred  
from a work now little read. In  
Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature,'  
which was mere bookwork concocted  
for the booksellers, we suddenly meet  
with a beautiful passage in re-  
ference to Izaak Walton which  
might well compare with the  
choicest parts of 'The Traveller' or  
'Deserted Village': 'Happy Eng-  
land! where the sea furnishes an  
abundant and luxurious repast, and  
the fresh waters an innocent and  
harmless pastime; where the angler,  
in cheerful solitude, strolls by the  
edge of the stream and fears neither  
the coiled snake nor the lurking  
crocodile; where he can retire at  
night, with his few trouts—to borrow  
the pretty description of old Wal-  
ton—to some friendly cottage, where  
the landlady is good and the daugh-  
ter innocent and beautiful; where  
the room is cleanly with lavender in  
the sheets and twenty ballads stuck  
about the wall! There he can enjoy  
the company of a talkative brother  
sportsman, have his trout dressed  
for supper, tell tales, sing old tunes,  
or make a catch! There he can talk  
of the wonders of nature with  
learned admiration, or find some  
harmless sport to content him, and  
pass away a little time, without of-  
fence to God or injury to man.'

F. A.

## THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.

I SUPPOSE there are few of us who have not noticed that palatial building abutting on Onslow Square, in the Brompton Road, which is, in fact, one of the handsomest and most interesting of London hospitals, and which both testifies and appeals to large-hearted charity, in that noble phrase, dear to every patriotic Englishman, 'Supported by voluntary contributions.' There have been few hours more sadly pleasant than those which I have spent in the repeated inspection of the hospital and in familiarizing myself with its most interesting details. To me those trim gardens, those spacious wards, those long galleries, that exquisite chapel, are as interesting as could be any picture-gallery, palace, or museum in all Europe. There is a human interest also, of a strong personal and dramatic kind, which can never be realized in any delineation of fictitious suffering. In the thought of the suffering alleviated, the consolations conferred, the useful knowledge stored up by such an institution, there must be a source of the deepest gratification to every lover of his kind.

But let me first tell a plain story very plainly. A generation ago it was generally thought that consumption was altogether an incurable disease. The hospitals were altogether slack to open their gates to cases hopeless and helpless. Those institutions could hardly afford to receive the inmate whose case would be long, lingering, and ultimately fatal. But it was felt by kindly hearts that this very set of circumstances was such as to give the poor sufferer a peculiar claim on sympathy and kindness. The tremendous preponderance of chest diseases over all other diseases filled the country with patients whose simple direful histories made them worthy recipients of the benefits of such an institution. It so providentially happened that about the time that this hospital arose a very remarkable stride was made by medical science in the treatment of

this disease. About the year 1840 a little work, published by a provincial medical man, Mr. Bodington, of Sutton Coldfield, indicated a simple and decided curative method, and even medical science, that had been skilful in diagnosis but mainly despairing and feeble in treatment, grappled with great energy with the difficulties presented by such cases, devising many palliatives and even methods of cure in the earlier stages. Consequently the hospital was commenced under happy auguries, and has enjoyed a long career of extensive usefulness. Every means of cure or alleviation that human ingenuity could suggest or unstinted liberality procure has been freely tried. No comfort or even expensive luxury is withheld if, in medical opinion, it is likely to prove beneficial. I see that even champagne is administered in some cases, a wine that stands high on the list of medicines. Looking down the report, I noticed that some good Christian had sent the hospital sundry presents of champagne. And those who have an unlimited enjoyment of wines, fruit, and game would perhaps have better appetites and better digestion if they knew that they had sent off basket or hamper to our hospital. It must be quite a paradise to poor patients. With narrow means, in ill-ventilated dwellings, they have scanty chances of recovery, and suddenly they are transferred to a palatial abode, where the best medical skill in London is at their disposal—where the best food and medicine are regularly supplied—where every circumstance of diet, clothing, temperature, is accurately tested—and where pleasant occupation and relaxation are abundantly provided. Indeed if I were to hint any criticism on the management of the institution, which I should do with the utmost diffidence, I should imagine that on the whole the treatment generally is of too generous and stimulative a kind. I am afraid that they must feel the contrast very keenly when their term—

three months, in rare instances prolonged to six—is completed, and they have to return to their own homes. Great efforts have been made to mitigate and improve the condition of the patients both before and after their admission as actual inmates. A period of from two to ten weeks ordinarily elapses between the giving of a letter of recommendation and the admission of a patient. But the recommended person at once becomes an out-patient; and some benevolent ladies are now conducting an auxiliary institution at the Manor House, Chelsea. This institution is designed for those who are waiting their turns for admission to the hospital, or who, after leaving it, shall need a refuge till they can re-establish their health or find suitable employment. They have a cheerful home, with a large sheltered garden, and the use of a good kitchen, but they have to provide their own means of living until a larger expansion of Christian plans permits an extension of this as of many other Christian schemes. A similar institution is the Rose Fund in connection with the hospital. Mr. Philip Rose had so large a share in the origin and progress of the hospital that he may be justly regarded as its founder. It was very natural that his associates in this good work should desire some permanent commemoration of it in a portrait for the new board-room, and a subscription was rapidly filled up for this desirable purpose. But when the good man heard of it he earnestly requested that the design might be abandoned, and the subscription went towards a Rose Fund to give help in money and clothing to patients leaving the hospital. There is only one addition which we should much desire to see made to the admirable accessories to the hospital. We should very much like to see a convalescent hospital on the cottage plan, which on the whole appears to us preferable to the ordinary plan, established in some desirable neighbourhood on the south coast. The other day, passing through the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, I

noticed the building of such a cottage hospital in progression, and I believe that there are similar institutions at Bournemouth, Seaford, and other places; and I should like to see one, on a large scale, directly affiliated to the Brompton Hospital.

We will now stroll about the hospital and go a little into details. We see the patients, feeble folk, like the coney-suns, sunning themselves in the grounds or resting on the benches. They have been saved any stress of exertion by the use of the lift; and the hospital lift, unlike those at some great hotels, is never out of order. You may enter into converse with the inmates; but I need hardly say that any conversation of this kind must be managed with skill and delicacy. Any community of suffering will at once create a kind of freemasonry. Part of the ground floor, on a level with the gardens, contains the dispensary and the rooms for out-patients. The number of these out-patients has rapidly increased from year to year, as the great advantages of the institution have become apparent; and at the present time they can hardly fall much short of the rate of ten thousand annually. The only drawback to this is to be found in the reflection that very many persons will be resorting to this charity who can well afford to pay a doctor of their own—a serious and growing detriment to the medical profession. The remedy is that the governors should be cautious in issuing their letters of recommendation. This department is now quite separate from the house. The ventilation is by means of an ingenious apparatus invented by Dr. Neil Arnott. They also make a point of using fires in addition to this apparatus for the sake of cheerfulness and warmth. The same steam serves the kitchen, warms the baths, turns the spit, grinds the coffee, and raises the lift. The temperature, pleasant and equable, is carefully maintained. It is very pleasant to move about the long, spacious, well-lighted corridors. For a short time you might even forget that you were in a hospital at all, and think that you were lounging in a pleasant gallery de-

signed for recreation. You feel this especially in the lower floor, designed for female inmates, adorned with so many little feminine graces. They are walking about, chatting together on easy chairs and soft couches. There are bookshelves about with well-worn books thereon; religious literature, useful literature, and also a fair amount of novels and newspapers. They take in both dailies and weeklies also, and they shall have at least this monthly magazine as well. The chaplain says that there is always a demand for literature, and that books and periodicals prove most acceptable presents. Each gallery has separate bookcases, which divide off the general contents of the library. It is a pleasant sight to see the inmates at tea, such of them, at least, as are able to gather together to the social meal in the gallery. It is a very social meal at the hospital. Formerly the dietary consisted only of coffee or cocoa, but now tea and butter have been added, and tea and butter are most important items in the evening meal of the poor. These worthy people have also a passion for watercresses. They have to buy their watercresses, but then, in the purchase of watercresses, even a halfpenny goes a long way. Many of them have solids ordered in addition. The tables are frequently adorned with flowers, perchance the gift of kindly friends. But even at this time we see the forms of the medical attendant and his clinical clerk flitting through the gallery to the different wards. The inmates have the advantage of the constant attention of an excellent chaplain, and the supervision of a committee, kind-hearted and sympathising. Every Monday evening, from January to May, entertainments are given to them, lectures, dissolving views, readings, music, legerdemain, &c.; and it is satisfactory to know that the committee are satisfied that they have proved eminently successful in cheering and enlivening the patients. The second floor is given up to the men; the attics to the nurses and servants; the lower rooms to the clinical assistants. The west wing is called the Victoria gallery, and

her gracious Majesty has not only been the patroness, but always the firm friend of the institution. The gallery of the east wing is called the Jenny Lind gallery: it will be remembered how munificently Madame Goldschmidt gave the brilliant services which enabled the committee to begin this part of the edifice. On the second floor, the gallery is called after Prince Albert, who in 1844 laid the foundation-stone of the hospital. The east gallery is most deservedly named after the Rev. Sir Henry Foulis. Sir Henry also built, at his own expense, the exquisite chapel attached to the hospital. It is luxuriously fitted up, but in the peculiar case of an invalid congregation, luxury becomes a necessity. The chapel might well belong to some collegiate or cathedral edifice; a dim, religious light is suffused through the painted glass; modest ornamentation is not wanting, and the building has a thoroughly ecclesiastical character.

There is, of course, a very great difference among the patients. Some are so exceedingly ill that they are unable to leave their rooms and only come here to die. Such thoroughly hopeless cases ought very rarely to be admitted, as in very advanced cases the treatment must fail to benefit the sufferers, must depress their fellow-patients, and will probably be excluding a more hopeful cases. At other times the disorder has made such a slight advance that it is almost difficult to believe that they are really ill. With all of them there seems to be the same cheerful, submissive, grateful converse; fervent acknowledgments of the kindness they receive, and the evidence of that softening, purifying result so often produced by a prolonged illness. Sometimes in the case of a tall, graceful girl, the hectic flush is hardly to be distinguished from youthful loveliness. It has always been noted how consumption has a natural affinity for the fairest blossoms. Nothing can be more gratifying than to detect the genuine blush of returning health. Most pitiable is the case of little children, very little children indeed, who are suffering

in their chests. They die off, like the flowers of the field, almost as peacefully and unconscious of danger. I have had some interesting conversation with patients. One, I remember, had been a shopman in a very fashionable draper's shop in the West-end. The work involved late hours, bad air, constant movement, and the lifting of heavy weights. I imagine that drapers' assistants, as a class, are very liable to phthisis. The same causes are, however, operating towards the same result in a variety of directions. Work too prolonged, and the want of open breathing-spaces; workshops and dwelling-houses ill-constructed, overcrowded, unventilated, are main causes; sometimes hereditary weakness, or casual illness, perhaps of that most suspicious kind, a neglected cold.

I suppose that, as a rule, nothing can be drier or more unnecessary reading than to look over the list of subscriptions and donations to a charity; yet as I looked over this list I found in it many points of interest. I see, for instance, that at the fashionable church which almost adjoins the chapel very large sums have been collected, which makes the incumbent a governor almost to an unlimited extent. Then I see how much the poet Robert Montgomery did for the institution. One of the wards, I observe, is called after his name. He was not a good poet, but still he was not so bad a poet as Macaulay made him] out to be; for in that case his poems would not have run through so many editions. But he was a good man, and did good work as a clergyman and theological writer. His sympathies were enthusiastically enlisted on behalf of the chapel; and I am sure that Macaulay, who in his later years had an increasing passion for benevolence, on this ground would have co-operated heart and soul with the man whom he reviewed too slashingly to be altogether just. I see here a large subscription from a very gifted man. I am much afraid that his own chest is far from sound, and thus we have the effect of the blessed bond of sympathy. I see a man subscribing an unwonted sub-

scription for one of his hard character; but I know how he has lost the flowerets of his own home, and this tells me something. Again and again I notice sums 'From an In-Patient,' 'From an Out-Patient.' Let no man say that gratitude is an extinct virtue. The sums are modest, but the love has been deep and prompt. Here is a list of preachers. I observe that the largest sum raised at a collection was after a sermon by the Bishop of Oxford, except, perhaps, the Bishop of Peterborough. I believe it is calculated that the bishop can get in this way just as much money again as anybody else. I see that our political leaders subscribe, Lord Derby, Lord Stanley, Mr. Disraeli, Earl Russell; literary men, like Dickens and Ruskin; artists, as Millais, and so on. Some of the entries are affecting enough. Thus, 'In Memory of G. F. M., 1000.' Then we have 'A Thank-offering,' in remembrance, perhaps, of a happy recovery. Then, again, we have a large sum under the head 'Offerings to Almighty God in the house of J. W. B., whose death was occasioned by abscess in the lungs.' Then comes an anonymous thousand pounds from one who will not let her left hand know what her right hand doeth. There are several subscriptions with the affecting words 'In memoriam,' or 'In memory of Annie H., from her sorrowing parents.' Then some one slips a five-pound note into the alm's box, 'God's gift to his poor.' The initial letters of the alphabet are very liberal; and large sums come in from that ever-useful being, 'A Friend,' who repeatedly proves himself to be a friend indeed. The City Companies] come out nobly. What glimpses and glances of sorrow and goodness do we obtain, which indeed I should hesitate to bring out from their almost privacy, save that the fragrance of their example may be spread abroad—the fragrance of this ointment be diffused.

And if society maintains this palatial hospital, it must be recollected also that the hospital does much for society. It must be remembered also how, in its thoughtlessness and extravagance, or by its stern, necessary

commands, society does much to feed the hospice with the victims of consumption. The poor mechanic, inhaling the poisonous dust, or perchance the sempstress, working through the night in disobedience to the law of the land, but obeying the more inexorable law of fashion and its wants, have sent their contributories to the disabled ranks of the diseased. This is one of the reasons why the wealthy should largely contribute to such an object. Those especially who, perchance in Italian homes, or in southern isles, are drooping with hectic languishing, will surely have some chord of sympathy touched for those afflicted thus; and assuredly their costly remedies will not be less efficacious if they thus propitiate heaven with charity and self-denial. It would not be difficult to prove to demonstration how such an hospital is most helpful to the vital interests of society. It affords a school of medical study for the most complex, insidious, and widely prevalent of disorders. Its medical offices are valued as posts of honour; its experience is of the highest importance to students, and attendance here is accepted by great institutions as an integral part of medical education.

It may be said that the cure of consumption is the greatest problem in therapeutics; and if ever a cure is to be discovered it will be, in all probability, through that process of careful observation and accurate induction which can only be secured by a vast hospital of this kind. For my own part I hardly doubt, but somewhere in the realm of nature there is an antidote to tubercle as sure as the discovered prophylactic against

small-pox. Then, through the accumulation of facts, some happy genius will reach to a dim surmise, and then to a daring guess, and afterwards to a scientific verification. This belongs to that wisdom which is hidden on every side around us, that man by searching may find it out. Already the progress of medical knowledge in recent years has been most marvellous in devising various palliatives for this illness, and in effecting its curability in the earlier stages; and we may venture to believe that remedies of a more specific character than those hitherto attained may before long be discovered. And albeit it may be some happy accident, like Newton's falling apple, or Jenner's discovery of inoculation, that may lead to the greatest *Eureka* of modern medicine, yet it is more consonant with probabilities and experience that such a glorious result should accrue from the methods of reasoning and observation practised at the Brompton medical school of consumption. It may be said that already modes of treatment have been tried, remedies tested, experiments made, results registered, that have been of the highest practical importance in the diagnosis and treatment of this disease throughout the country. So true is it that in our complex system of society there is a wonderful system of reciprocal good or evil. All members suffer or rejoice with the suffering and rejoicing member; and the golden deeds that ascend heavenwards in acts of charity descend in fertilizing showers of mercy upon the earth, both on the just and on the unjust, the evil and the good.

F. A.



## D E S I D E R I A !

Is it for this my life has weary grown,  
 And yellow leaf instead of bloom appears ?  
 For this, that care upon my head has thrown  
     The early snow, that tells of early tears ?  
 Is it for this I seem so lonely now,  
     Though he is ever near and at my side,  
 To tempt me towards despair, and tell me how  
     My days are narrow'd and the world so wide ?  
 The day is dearest, when the daylight's dying,  
 And sorrow sweetest, if she's softly sighing  
     Low to my heart, forget  
     All that is past—but yet,  
     Is it for this ?

Is it for this I gave them up my hand  
     Because they preach'd to me of duty so ?  
 A hand exchanged for laces and for land ;  
     For old Sir Thomas was thrown in, you know.  
 Is it for this he stifled me with furs,  
     And wedged my fingers knuckle-deep with rings,  
 And brought me down among his cows and curs,  
     A wife, but with what wild imaginings !  
 The days seem longer when the moonlight lingers,  
 And will not touch the landscape with her fingers,  
     So that each tender ray,  
     Deep to my heart can say,  
     Is it for this ?

Is it for this I've said farewell !—farewell !  
     Sweet love lie buried, for you may not wake ?  
 Dear murdered love, as these worn eyes will tell  
     As tears repentant from mine eyelids shake.  
 For this I sit surrounded by his plate,  
     And wish myself the time a beggar-maid.  
 For this respect grows daily nearer hate,  
     And still the debt of duty is not paid.  
 The gloaming's tenderest when I am lonely ;  
 For then to me the breezes whisper only  
     Soft to my soul, regret  
     Dies in the end ; but yet,  
     Is it for this ?

Is it for this the children I could kiss  
     About my knees and bosom cannot cling,  
 And call me woman's sweetest name : for this  
     Hushed is the lullaby my lips would sing.  
 Ah, me ! what might have been were doubly dear  
     Both for its love and its anxiety ;  
 For I would rather love and starve a year  
     Than live in wealth unloved eternally.  
 My life seems sweeter when I dream I'm nearer  
 The end of all, than all things which is dearer ;  
     Then will my parting breath  
     Whisper, come kindly death,  
     It is for this !

C. W. S.

## IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH.

I THINK we created some excitement at Falmouth. Unconventional in our attire, merry in our deportment, excited in our demeanour, and altogether imbued with that excellent Mark Tappleian philosophy of being 'jolly under any circumstances,' it is small wonder that we did create some excitement at Falmouth. We have none of us a word to say against Falmouth—a charming, health-giving, and delightful spot, in the most beautiful of all English counties, Cornwall,—indeed, we are all of us inclined to mark with a white stone the day that the Falmouth expedition was proposed in a certain smoking room, of which history knoweth not, but individuals a very great deal. The little army that invaded the place of which I am speaking, where the sea is of the bluest and the harbour of the grandest description, was mixed in its tastes, talent, and temper. In this consisted our jollity. We gave and took; smothered our absurdities; advertised our excellences; offended no one, and seldom laid ourselves open to giving offence. I am not egotistical, for I am speaking of the party in its collective form. We behaved prettily on all occasions. It was too hot to put ourselves out of temper, and the society too pleasant to suggest boredom. If young Cecil, the budding poet, chose to read Tennyson's Idylls—backed up most strongly by Isaline Langworthy, with the fair hair and blue eyes—on the pleasant cliff underneath the castle, we raised no objection. Those who cared to hear Cecil spout listened; and those who detested poetry went to sleep. If the famous Farquharson, briefless barrister, orator, and sucking politician, chose to discuss Mr. John Stuart Mill and the female franchise, women's rights and the rest of it—backed up most strongly by Maude Carruthers, with the raven hair and olive complexion—we allowed him to rap his knuckles on the table, and talk us into a semi-idiotic state of stupor.

If Harry Armstrong found delight in bringing his London manners into Cornwall, and preferred the society of a certain soft-eyed little divinity who sold newspapers and gum-arabic in the town to our sweet society, we allowed him to make excuses for deserting us, and, with the exception of a little innocent and unavoidable 'chaff,' he was free to 'spoon' all day in the stationer's shop for aught we cared. We excused Lilian Corner's scales and morning exercises, for the sake of her Heller, Hiller, Schubert, and Chopin; her tarantellas, moonlight sonatas, and reveries, with which we were favoured in the evening if we behaved ourselves very prettily. The 'irrepressible Edgar,' as we used to call the youngest male member of our community, was allowed to give full vent to his overflowing spirits all day long, provided he woke us betimes in the morning to get our matutinal plunge in the blue waters that curled themselves refreshingly into 'Summer Cove.' And what of our host and hostess? Theirs indeed was a rule of love; and as they allowed us to do exactly as we liked, we were the more considerate in meeting their wishes and pulling all together.

We had vainly imagined that we had seen everything worth seeing in the environs of Falmouth, and enjoyed ourselves as much as is consistent with human nature, when our party received a valuable addition. A certain sweet songstress of whom the world has heard, and of whom the world will ere long hear a great deal more, came down amongst us to breathe her native air, and get new inspirations and health from the woods and caverns, and rocks and sea-music, with which we were surrounded.

But the songstress did not come alone. She brought her sweet voice and all our old pet songs; the songs set to words which were poetry, and the words wedded to music which breathed of love, and was therefore quite unsaleable; she

brought her cheery manner and her indomitable pluck—she has been in the saddle during the late American campaign for days and days, has this sweet songstress of mine,—and she brought her brother.

Her brother was such a good fellow that I must really introduce him with a little bit of a preface. He was, if I may make use of an expression, most puzzling at school, and most useful in after life—a walking oxymoron. He was an Englishman, and not an Englishman. An Englishman he was in heart, and speech, and bearing; but destiny had stolen him away from his native land years ago, to shed his cheeriness on other climes.

So much, however, did he love the old country, that once in every three or four years he wended his way back again—the lucky swallow!—his pockets full of gold, and his heart full of love, to spend a holiday in England and a little fortune in generosity.

During these holiday trips he never left his sister or his parents; and as his sister and his parents had chosen to run down to Falmouth, like a dutiful fellow, Washington followed them thither.

We were at breakfast when Washington burst in upon us at Falmouth; and breakfast at Falmouth was not such an early meal as it might have been. With that generosity and unselfishness which is characteristic of Englishmen, I will at once exculpate the whole male portion of our party.

The irrepressible Edgar was bound to wake us in the morning; and we were always on our backs in the sea by eight o'clock. But the women! oh, those dear women! Well, generally speaking, we had but little to complain of. They were cheerful, and bore the fatigue which strong-legged men not unfrequently impose upon fragile women without a murmur; but they were not proof against the nightly exercise of that highly necessary, but eminently female organ, the human tongue! At ten o'clock, deceptive yawns were chorussed forth, to take us off our guard, and persuade us to allow them to go to

bed. Not an objection was urged. The poet perhaps looked somewhat more lachrymose than usual, and the orator came to a dead stop in an able harangue on the 'Female Franchise,' but Isaline's hand was squeezed by the poet, and Maude's eyes followed by the orator, without another murmur at ten o'clock.

I am bound to confess that I don't altogether consider that the poet or the orator were quite fairly treated. Ten minutes after Isaline and Maude had disappeared in a bevy of beauty, the strangest, wildest, and most discordant noises proceeded from the upper regions.

That strange freemasonry of women which exists solely and entirely in the upper regions, at a time which should be devoted to sleep and rest, puts aside all thoughts of weariness previously assumed. Then commence the monkey-tricks of women. They wrestle and they plunge, they dance fandangoes in limited attire, they vie with one another in feats of agility and fancy; they talk, they do one another's hair, they do anything but that for which they left the sweet society of males—go to sleep!

The consequence is that, having devoted the freshest part of the night to folly, they have to devote the smallest part of the night to sleep. And when the morning comes, the great hungry men, ravenous from fresh air and salt water, have to fling pebbles and sand and gravel up at the windows in the upper regions, from which the tantalizing syrens will never emerge.

And so it came about that Washington found us at breakfast at an unorthodox hour, and we all got outrageously chaffed. We very soon saw that there were to be no half-measures with Washington. He did not intend allowing the grass to grow under his feet. His stay in England was limited, and that which had to be done was evidently to be 'done quickly.'

I must say that, up to the time of Washington's arrival, we had not made the most of our time. In the little smoking room in which the expedition had been arranged, all sorts of excursions and drives, and

pic-nics and sails, had been mapped out.

But once at Falmouth, we dreamed away our time. It was very pleasant. We bathed till breakfast, and basked till lunch, and lounged till dinner, and sang and strolled till tea, and talked till bed-time; and so day after day slipped away, and Washington found us at breakfast prepared for another day's dream.

I suppose we wanted a leader. Energy—that is to say, personal energy—was out of the question. Washington assumed the vacant directorate and led us. It was a case of

'Ibimus! Ibimus! utcumque precedes Washington.'

To tell the truth, it was Washington who persuaded me to go into the heart of the earth.

He did not begin rashly or impetuously. He did not frighten me with an accurate description of the 'man-engine,' and the 'bucket,' and the interminable ladders; but in a light and airy way—before all the girls, by-the-by—he led the conversation gently up to mines and mining adventures. He told us how the Princess of Wales, and a talented contributor to 'Punch,' had been down the Botallack; and then taking stock of me, after a preliminary examination of my biceps and a general examination of other muscular developments, he asked me how I should like to be introduced to the Wheal Isabel.

'Of all things in the world,' I said, 'provided she be young and good-looking. But why Wheal? Is it a sign of endearment or a token of respect? Am I to understand from the mysterious word Wheal that Isabel is a Cornish Countess, or a Gipsy Queen? Introduce me to the Wheal Isabel? Certainly! Wheal or woe Isabel, could anything unfortunate be synonymous with such a charming appellation?'

'Hold hard!' he said; 'this Cornish air of ours has filled you too full of ozone. Restraine your ardour. Isabel is not an enchanting maiden fashioned by your poetical imagination. She is no gardener's

daughter, no maid of Tregedna, no coast mermaiden, no Cornish beauty. She is black, deep, dirty, and terrible. She will cause you a ten-mile ride, trouble, fatigue, and some little expense; but the Wheal Isabel is worth knowing.'

'In heaven's name, then,' said I, 'who or what is she?'

'The Wheal Isabel,' said he, 'is one of the largest mines in this magnificent district; and if you would like to be introduced to her you shall.'

'Coal?' said I, shuddering.

'Or tin?' echoed the mucilaginous Armstrong.

'Gold, no doubt,' whispered Isoline in my ear.

'Nonsense,' said Washington; 'copper.'

I very soon saw that at this very early period of the entertainment there was no getting out of an introduction to Wheal Isabel.

The curiosity of the women was fairly aroused. And that was quite enough.

In an instant the programme was mapped out entirely to the satisfaction of the girls. We were all to ride over to the Wheal Isabel under the mentorship of Washington, and I was to be the unhappy victim sacrificed on the copper altar.

Friend Washington, who, at one time, had been all cockahoop about the dangers and daring of the expedition, got out of it, or rather of the fatiguing part of it, with that irritating air of indifference peculiar to leaders of expeditions.

'You know, my dear fellow, I have seen these kind of things so often before, that it is really hardly worth while the trouble of changing one's clothes for it,' said he, with that charming tone of superiority which is so comforting to the man who knows that he is about to make a fool of himself for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. 'But I would advise you to go down,' he added, suspicious that I would back out of it at the last moment. 'You will never regret it.'

And then he cleverly magnified me into a hero, whereat the girls said pretty and complimentary things, and the expedition was

finally arranged. Our cavalcade was not altogether pretty to look at, but I think it may be safely termed a good one to go. Falmouth was not great in saddle-horses.

We had a 'bus-horse, a hearse-horse, a fly-horse, a wall-eyed horse, and a broken pummel. With these excellent assistants to a ten-mile ride along the Cornish roads, we started, amidst much laughter of parents, and cheering of neighbouring butcher boys, on our journey to the Wheal Isabel.

Very black and barren grew the land as we neared the Queen of Copperdom. The trees somehow or other left off growing; the fields seemed sown with ashes instead of grass; tall chimneys emitted huge volumes of smoke, and deserted shafts, broken wheels, and grimy-looking monsters met us at every turn.

When four cross roads met amidst a labyrinth of shafts and out-houses in the centre of a blackened heath we drew rein.

'I think this must be the place,' said Washington. He was right. A stalwart Cornishman came out to meet us, and to him we presented our credentials, addressed to the Captain of the Mine.

The captain was somewhat disappointed, I think, when he found that we were not all to be indoctrinated into the mysteries of mining. Miners are after all but men, and the laughing merriment of our joyous girls had already won over the rough heart of the honest miner.

'No, it is only this gentleman,' said the treacherous Washington, with the old tone of superiority again. 'I have been down mines scores of times.'

This was all very well of Washington vaunting his superiority in this way, but why should he, by implication, assert that I was a fool because I was a novice, and because I had *not* been down a mine?

I was quite prepared to go through all the dirty work, but I wanted to be thought a hero, not a jackass.

The girls stood by me bravely. Their sympathy relieved me from some of the humiliation I felt, and

they seemed determined, at all events, that I should not go down into the heart of the earth without a cheer.

I was handed over to the tender mercies of a sub-captain, who hinted that it would be as well if two other miners were told off as a private escort, to guard me through the lower regions.

'It's as well to have two or three with you, sir,' said he; 'they treat you with more respect down below, and they're a rough lot, I can tell you.'

I assented, of course. At such a time it would, by no manner of means, be politic to dissent from anything or anybody.

For the next hour or so my life was in the hands of the slaves of the Wheal Isabel.

The sub-captain led me into a little out-house, where he personally superintended my toilette. I had imagined that it would merely be necessary to put a rough canvas suit over my ordinary clothes. But I was very soon disabused of this notion.

'We must have everything off, sir,' said my guide, in a soothing medical tone, as if he were about to operate on me. 'It's an awfully dirty place down there.'

The costume will bear description. I was first encased in flannel, clean, of course; and over this came an old clay-stained, muddy, stiff miner's suit. My feet were wrapt in two flannel dusters and then thrust into a pair of old miner's shoes, miles too big for me. On my head was placed a very stiff billy-cock hat, literally as hard as iron, smeared with tallow grease. On the brim in front the captain dabbed a lump of clay, and into this he stuck a farthing rushlight. About half a dozen more rushlights were suspended to my waist, and I was then pronounced ready for action.

On our way across the open to the hut in which our party was resting, my attendant asked me which way I intended to go down. Asked me, indeed! as if I knew what the good fellow was talking about. I was only anxious not to look a fool and to do exactly what I was told. I must own that I felt a perfect child in his hands.

'Will you go down,' said he, 'by the ladders, or by the bucket, or by the man-engine?'

He might just as well have asked me the Hindostanee for Wheal Isabel.

'The ladders,' said he, by way of explanation, 'are the most tiring and the most tedious. You will take a good hour to get down by the ladders. The bucket is a dirty way of going down; besides, in this mine, it is used alone for bringing up the rubble and the ore, and any interference with this arrangement stops the working of the mine. Now the man-engine is the quickest way, and it is the way all the men here go down. Would you like to try it?' and then he added, looking at me, 'but you must be very careful.'

This was the first suggestion that had been made to me that there was any danger in my undertaking. Now the principle of the bucket and the ladders I naturally understood, but I had no more idea what a man-engine was than the man in the moon. My mentor, for some mysterious reason of his own, kept on quietly pressing the superior advantage of the man-engine. And so I consented. If I had only known then, at that quiet moment, away from the laughing girls and the heroic Washington, what I was undertaking, and the mortal agony I was about to endure, my prudence would most certainly have got the better of my pride, and I should have been whizzed quietly down in the dirty bucket.

But as it was, in my ignorance and in the innocence of my heart, I decided for the man-engine; and in a minute more I was ushered into the hut.

My quaint appearance was the signal for a loud burst of laughter. Some would 'never have known me, would you?' others pronounced me a fright; but one little soft angelic voice declared me to be 'a handsome young miner.'

'You're sure you are all right?' said the same little confiding voice. 'Have you had some brandy?'

'All right,' said I, feeling very pale. 'I should think so. Particularly now.'

'But how are you going down?' said the sweet voice; 'the captain has been telling us all about it.'

'By the man-engine.'

'For mercy's sake, don't! it's very dangerous if you're not accustomed to it. He told me so.'

That tone of entreaty persuaded me more than ever that I would take the most dangerous route. It was very brutal, I know, but at such a time I would sooner have died than shown the white feather.

They escorted me towards the infernal machine like a criminal on his road to execution.

'Set it a going, Bill,' said the sub-captain; and then in a few terse sentences he explained the principle of the engine.

Two parallel horizontal bars provided with iron steps at intervals of about ten yards, were for ever working up and down—up and down. The method of getting down the shaft was by passing from bar to bar and from step to step, the very instant the word 'Change' was given. It was essentially requisite to change the moment the word of command was given, and to make no bungle or shuffle about the operation. The engine waited for no man. There was no possibility of calling a halt, and no saving hand to catch one if a miss was made. All one's safety rested with one's self. One false step or false clutch at the next rung, and it would have been all over with me. Now this fun was all very well with the daylight shining down the shaft, when one could see the iron steps and see the handles, but in the pitch darkness it was simply awful. The rushlight in one's hat gave little or no light; and it was ten chances to one if the water dashing off the sides of the shaft did not extinguish it.

They practised me at first for a turn or two about a hundred yards up and down the shaft, and even in the daylight I bungled a little.

'You must change quicker, sir,' said my guide; 'if the iron steps knock against you it will be all up with you.'

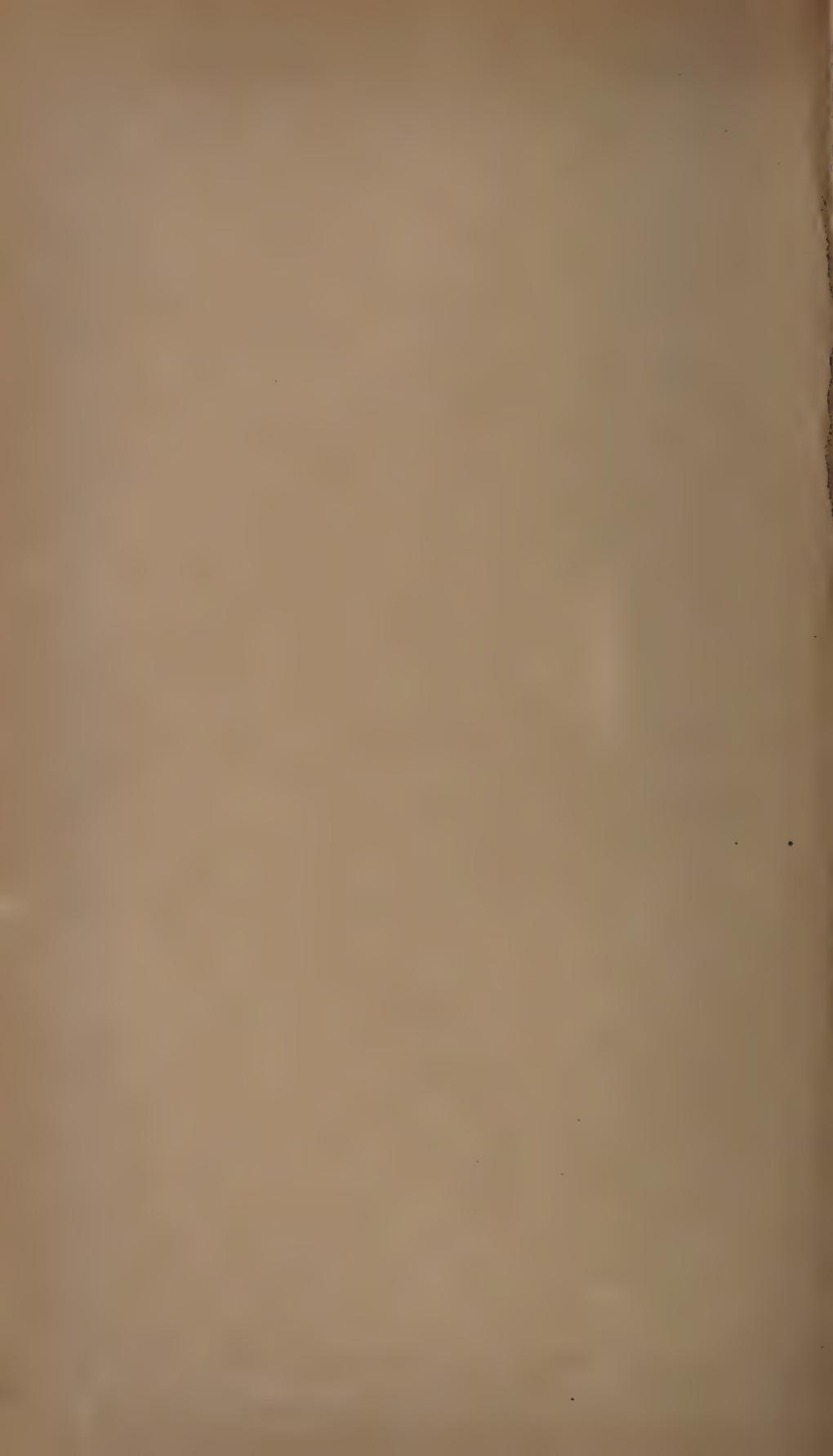
I was very pale, I know, after the first short practice. I felt that



Drawn by Gordon Thomson ]

## IN THE HEART OF THE EARTH.

[See the Story.]



I was doing a madcap act; I know that the men ought to have stopped me; the little voice, now quite trembling, begged me not to go; but I bit my lips and vowed I would not show the white feather.

'Do you think you are all right, sir?' said my guide. 'Will you go? You must decide now finally.'

'All right,' I said.

And then the bell rung, and down we went. I saw the little face—it was the very last thing I saw—and upon my honour I really and truly felt that I should never see that little face again except by a miracle.

But there was no time then to think of anything but my own safety.

That terribly monotonous word 'Change' came ringing out from the dark depths of the shaft, uttered by the sub-captain on the next ledge below me. And I knew that my life depended upon every change.

Hours, days, years, yes, and centuries, seemed to pass between every change. It was like a hideous nightmare. The awful suspense between every word of command; the feeling that something terrible might happen next time; the loneliness of my situation, the darkness of the shaft, the rush of the water, the glimmer of the rush-lights going down; the sad hollow echo of the captain's voice giving the word of command, and exhorting me to be careful, now kindly, now fearfully; all these things combined made up as hideous a day-dream as it is possible to conceive.

For full five and twenty minutes I was in this awful suspense, and in that time went through about five hundred changes.

At last, half blinded with beads of cold perspiration, and nearly dead with fright, I heard the welcome bell ring again, and I was safe on the first ledge of the mine.

The man-engine went no further, and the rest of the journey had to be accomplished by ladders. I never told the men what I suffered, but in a rough kindly way I was congratulated on my feat.

'I never thought you would have

come, sir,' said one. 'It frightens most after the first turn.'

'Can't you signal up that we are all safe,' said I, thinking of the little face.

'Yes, sir, to be sure.'

And they did.

The signal came back again, 'Thank God!' and all the miners took off their hats at the last signal. They are pious fellows, these Cornish miners.

I was quite two hours away from my friends, groping about, now on my hands and knees, now down ladders from ledge to ledge, now in a stooping position, now erect in the dark mysterious corridors I found in the heart of the earth. It was hot—stifling hot, hotter than the very hottest room in a Turkish bath. But the stalwart, half-clad men working away at the ore were so interesting, and the metal sparkled so on the ground, and the scene was so strange and fascinating, that I could not tear myself away.

On and on I went, still for ever walking on. I was very thirsty, and would have given anything for a draught of beer. But no stimulants of any kind are found in the heart of the earth. I was allowed however to put my mouth to the bung-hole of a water-barrel, and very refreshing was the draught.

'You can walk on like this for hours, sir,' said the captain, seeing I was tired, and still determined not to give in.

'Is it pretty much the same?

'I think you have seen all now,' said he.

So we went back.

'Which way will you go?' said my guide.

I was very tired.

'In the bucket,' I said, without any hesitation.

With my pockets laden with copper ore, and in the rough embrace of a stalwart miner—for it was close quarters for two in the bucket—we were swung up to the daylight.

Dash went the bucket against the sides of the shaft, through which the water oozed and trickled and splashed. Lighter and lighter it became, until, at last, I saw above

me the clear, blue, cloudless sky; and, half-dazzled with the glaring light, and blinking like an old owl, I arrived safe and sound on terra firma.

They greeted me with another loud peal of laughter, louder and merrier than the last. My appearance was certainly not prepossessing. I was covered with red mud from head to foot, hot, dishevelled, wild, and weary. And then 'I smelt so pah!' as Hamlet says. However, a refreshing cold bath, a hair-brush, rough towels, and a change of clothes soon made me presentable; and after an excellent luncheon in the board-room of the owners of the

Wheal Isabel, we were all very soon trotting away towards Falmouth.

\* \* \* \* \*

One word more. A brooch made from the copper ore I brought up from the mine rests on the neck of the owner of the little face which is looking at me as I write from a distant corner of the room. Sometimes when I am out of sorts—which is not very often now—I wake up suddenly from a disturbed dream in my old arm-chair, and fancy somehow that the little face is gone, that there is a strange singing in my ears, and from a dark unearthly vault a voice keeps moaning, 'Change.'

### DOLGELLEY AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

DOLGELLEY was built in the good old times, ages before the independent souls of burgesses were vexed by the restrictions of local boards, and when every Welshman's house was not only his castle, but a castle he could erect, very cheaply, just where he liked to pitch it. I use the word 'pitch' advisedly, for the architecture of Dolgелley has been described, very quaintly, by an old gentleman, after dinner, with the aid of a decanter and a handful of nutshells, thus: 'You see this decanter, that is the church.' Then taking the shells and pouring them over the decanter, he continued, 'and these are the houses!' And if you were to try for a week you could not describe the place better. It can scarcely be said that there is a street in the whole town, and yet Dolgелley is the capital of Merionethshire, and (now) possesses two railway stations. The main thoroughfare in the direction of one station is just 12 ft. 6 in. wide, and has no straight length of more than a dozen yards; and the inhabitants are jubilant because they see their way—in the erection of a market-hall—towards widening a right-angle corner to something approaching eighteen feet! The town, instead of streets, comprises a series of little squares, intersected by narrow lanes, and the houses are wholly built of large,

heavy grey stones, with material enough in them to supply mansions for a town twice the size, as mansions are now run up. Fancy all this in a place where, during the summer months, coaches and cars are rattling about all the day long, and far into the night too, and you will fancy a place the reality of which you will find nowhere but at Dolgелley.

I trust I have made the place look quaint enough, if somewhat dull and heavy in its proportions. But it is not to study architecture or to plan street improvements that people crowd to Dolgелley. The town lies in the very centre of attractions the like of which cannot be approached unless we cross the Channel, and then it is an even question whether they can be surpassed. When I speak of the crowds that throng Dolgелley, I refer chiefly to the traffic of last summer, for until that time there was no railway within miles of it: now there are two, the London and North Western (*via* Cambrian) and the Great Western. Both routes run through charming scenery, but the former goes further into Wales, consequently its tourist tickets are more extensive. By one or the other passengers can book for a month from all the great towns of England at exceedingly cheap rates, and it was noticeable, last

summer, that the landlords—those too often dreadful ogres—were wise in their generation, and, as a rule, did not disgust the tourist with outrageous charges.

But I am travelling away from the attractions that surround Dolgelley. First and foremost of course arises—

'That form sublime, that draweth upward ever  
To airy points its far receding slopes—  
Cathedral mountain,'mid the thousand shrines  
That lift their gorgeous steeples all around,  
Replete with heavenward praise, where every  
morn

The wild winds ring for worship—,\*

Cader Idris—to which these lines refer—is indeed a glorious mountain. Thousands of foreigners (*i. e.* non-Welshmen, natives rarely go up) have ascended its slopes, whilst those who know how to pronounce its name can be counted by dozens. 'Have you been up Kayder I-driss?' you will hear a cockney cousin ask over his pipe in the billiard-room of the Ship Hotel, naturally leading to the subject he feels so virtuous about, the achievement of the mountain. A little talk ensues, and perhaps the courteous landlord (of course a Jones) politely corrects a couple of mistakes by remarking, 'We Welshmen always say Cad-er Id-ris,' and the host is right. Then, as a natural sequence, the talk follows as to the meaning of the name, and sometimes a hot contest results. Some say that 'Idris' was a warrior, some that he was a philosopher, others that he was both: all that he used the mountain as an observatory, either to keep his eye on military tactics below, or on the stars above. Then as to 'Cader' there is a difference of opinion, those inclined to the military view holding that it means 'fortress,' those favouring the philosopher notion believing it to mean 'chair.' The latter opinion is the most generally received, but I am not aware that there is even a Welshman who believes that the Eisteddfod has produced a professor who can fill such a chair of philosophy! And this is saying much, for the Welshmen of the Eis-

teddfodau\* are by no means deficient in self-esteem! Cader Idris has formed a bone of contention in other ways. And in using the word bone I steer clear of the geologists, who have had their quarrel over its rugged steeps. A writer in a semi-scientific periodical, three years ago, was very angry with the compilers of those wonderful productions facetiously termed 'Guide-books,' and says: 'It is to be regretted that Guide-book writers, in describing Cader Idris, should copy the errors of one another, so as to leave the tourist in ignorance of what he may really expect in making the ascent of the mountain.' This promised well, but the writer left the mountain pretty much as he found it, all he did being to defend the theory of 'Watery Geology' against the belief of 'Volcanic Craters.' He was smartly commented upon in the 'Merionethshire Standard' by a local geologist, who preferred fire to water, and I think had the best of it. The height of the mountain, too, is sometimes disputed. Some authorities place it second only to Snowdon, but a larger number hold that it really is less in altitude than Arran-Fowddy (near Bala), Rhinog Fawr (between Harlech and Barmouth), and Diphwys, another mountain of the same district. But what it lacks in height Cader assuredly makes up in grandeur, and by all it is esteemed as the most beautiful of the Cambrian heights. I don't propose describing the ascent of the mountain. With the aid of a stout walking-stick and good lungs it may be done on two legs in three hours; feeble folk can readily, and without the slightest feeling of danger, accomplish the same end on four legs in about the same time. For this purpose ponies, that won't go astray if you try and make them, can be had at the hotels at the charge of six shillings each, conductor included, the latter generally an active boy who does not object to make himself generally useful if there is the prospect of a small gratuity. Charming views are

\* 'Eisteddfodau' is the plural of Eisteddfod. The final 's' after the latter word is a common error made by English writers.

\* From 'Three All Saints' Summers,' by the Rev. W. Walsham How, of Whittington, Oswestry.

to be obtained at various stages in the ascent, which form ample excuses for resting. One or two lakes are passed, notably Llyn-y-Gader, the 'Lake of the Chair,' where so fine an echo can be produced that the wonder is the Swiss style of cows'-horn music has not been imitated. At the top you cannot see so far as from Snowdon, but what is to be seen is more varied; not that the view is by any means limited. South we have Flimlimon and the Brecknock Beacons, east the Arran and Bala Lake—that wonderful sheet of water that is one day to supply the town of Liverpool with the element it so greatly needs—and far away beyond the Arran range the Berwyn is plainly visible, and, on moderately clear days, that centre of the proud Salopian's toast, 'the Wrekin,' adds a charm to the landscape. To the north Snowdon shuts up the view, and westerly there is the beautiful bay of Cardigan and the broad Atlantic. It is even said that the Cader view embraces more distant attractions; but the tourist telescopes provided by Guide-book writers are notoriously strong in their magnifying power, so I prefer confining myself to the capacity of visions like Sam Weller's, that are limited in their powers. And after all what does it matter? The eye can but be filled with beauty, and here the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, may glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, to the utmost content of his heart.

There are several paths by which you can descend from the Chair of Idris. The hotel-keepers of course say that unless you take a guide you will speedily find very short ones indeed. And there is a measure of truth in what they say, for the mists so suddenly arise in the mountain districts that it is always safer to have a trustworthy man at your elbow who knows his way with his eyes shut. Still, I have gone up from Dolgelley to the top, and down to Talyllyn—that charming resort of lazy anglers—without a guide and without difficulty, that is, without difficulty in tracing the route, for the Talyllyn ascent is very rough and steep. Another favourite ascent

is from Barmouth (a rising watering-place—not yet spoiled—visited by Mr. Mark Lemon last summer, and photographed in 'Punch'). But my object is not so much to go into details, which can be gathered by the visitors in the several localities, as to induce tourists who rush to Switzerland first to see what 'Greater Britain' can produce; and having said so much about Cader Idris I will complete Mr. How's exquisite description of it, and proceed to note a few more of the attractions of Dolgelley.

—Let me add  
My puny voice to all the mighty chant  
That down thy sculptur'd aisles a thousand  
streams  
Chant as they march white-vested. Temple  
vast,  
Great dome, instinct with awe and thought  
profound,  
Whose silent regions and unmeasur'd space  
Distil a sense of power and majesty,—  
Whose mighty walls of fretted rock, and slopes  
That front all aspects of the hollow sky,—  
Whose forms that in their changes infinite  
Make thee complete in unity—whose vastness  
And grandeur, that do unimpair'd embrace  
The exquisite perfection of each part  
Wrought with minutest skill—whose noon-  
day glory  
Scor'd with black shades of deep-cut masonry—  
Whose vaults with lavish beauty studded,  
boss'd  
With cluster of huge angles, feather'd o'er  
With foliage of all grace—whose marble  
floors  
Of airy lakes, that see the starry hosts  
March nightly by,—whose proud head wreath'd  
round  
With lightning storms,—whose sudden shout-  
ing rush  
Of hurricane, and tumult of swift winds,—  
Whose winter torrents, and whose glazed  
snows—  
Yea, and whose gem-like flower most delicate  
Nurs'd in a cleft of rock amid the spray  
Of waterfalls—all gloriously exalt  
Thine awful Architect: I would bow low,  
Great mountain, in thy vast and silent courts,  
Filling my soul with worship unto Him  
Who built thee for a temple to His praise.'

One of the strong attractions of Dolgelley to a large class of the community is the mineral wealth of the district; and many a Pater-familias, while his wife and daughters are hunting for ferns and wild flowers, is himself—with an eye to something more practical—'prospecting' for copper, lead, or gold. The gold fever in the district half a dozen years ago was something re-

markable, and I am surprised no popular account of it has been published. The natives tell me that certain mines had been worked for lead and copper for many years, the ore obtained being carried away into Flintshire, where it was smelted, small quantities of silver being extracted. It was supposed that gold existed in the quartz so plentifully found in the rocks—indeed sundry specks had been visible to the naked eye—but no one seemed to think that the quantity would pay for the labour of extraction. Events proved otherwise, and now the general impression is that some of the Merionethshire copper formerly smelted in Flintshire has been converted into rather more valuable kettles and saucepans than are usually to be met with in ordinary domestic life.

The gold fever commenced about 1860, and in this way. A Mr. Williams became the purchaser of the Vigra and Clogau mine, which is situated in a narrow valley in the mountains, five miles from Dolgelley on the Barmouth road. This had been worked for copper for a considerable period, but Mr. Williams tried for gold. Curious stories are told of the hopes, fears, and disappointments of the owner and his manager, John Parry, when one morning—it is said on the very day they had agreed to abandon the search, ruin staring them in the face—Parry made such a discovery as turned the heads of the whole community. The excitement was pardonable, for in a ‘bunch’ he turned out what proved to be *thirty-six thousand pounds worth of gold!* At once the fever raged. Nothing was talked of by day or dreamed of by night but

‘Gold! and gold! and gold without end!’,  
Gold to lay by, and gold to spend,  
Gold to give, and gold to lend,  
And reversions of gold *in futuro!*’

the hero of a new El Dorado. The landlords who had possession of the heights into the sides of which the gold-seekers wished to burrow were besieged for leases. Cabinet ministers and leading statesmen came down to Dolgelley to join in the search for gold. One of the most democratic of Radicals, and one of the most popular men in England, became the chairman of a company under agreement with a Conservative of the Conservatives, and—socially—the most popular man in Wales. Yes; for once John Bright and Sir Watkin Wynn were in the same lobby, and the Castell-Carn-Dochan, the mine in question, held out when all the others, save one, had collapsed. Capitalists sank their manufactured gold in the hunt for the raw material, and limited liability companies, with almost unlimited resources, put up the perfection of machinery, engaged the most knowing hands, native and foreign, and thought they were laying the foundation of colossal fortunes.

But, alas for the dreamers and the workers! The finding of the nuggets at Clogau was a piece of good fortune not to be repeated. True, that company did net a profit of 20,000*l.* a year for two or three years after, but the bulk of the new ventures were failures, and now even the Vigra and Clogau barely pays its working expenses. The others are all closed. ‘Ah, sir,’ said an intelligent police-officer to me one night as I smoked my pipe on his beat at Dolgelley, ‘if they had looked in their Bibles they would have found that gold was not to be discovered like other metals.’ This was a Cave-of-Adullam allusion to me—I wonder whether Mr. Bright had thought of it—so I ‘gave it up.’ The sergeant explained: ‘Don’t you know, sir, it says in Job, “There is a vein for the silver and a place for gold”? so we are not led to expect to follow it up as we can some other minerals.’ This is true, as the speculators found it. Many mines were opened—the Imperial, the Sovereign, the Prince of Wales, the Saint David, the Cambrian, the East Cambrian, &c. &c. Speedily the hill-sides

To say that the day of discovery was ‘marked by a white stone’ in the history of Dolgelley would merely be stating the literal fact, for soon every man you met would have a lump of quartz in his pocket and a scheme in his head, the realization of which would make him

resounded with the clang of the iron stamps crushing the quartz, and all was life, hope, and activity. Like dogs, the mines had their day. Their big names were of no avail, and it was soon found that the 'Imperial' quartz yielded but a very short measure of gold; the patron saint of Wales was not propitiated by the venture dedicated to St. David; the 'Sovereign' absorbed more of its namesake than it produced stuff to make; and the East Cambrian, having produced little under the 'stamps' of iron, soon came under the hammer of the auctioneer. Vigra and Clogau is still worked, and every now and then other ventures are revived. Visitors to the district will do well to explore some of these, and they may, as I have done, occasionally pick up a bit of quartz containing visible specks of the genuine metal: they will always insure a charming walk.

And it is in charming walks and rides that Dolgelley is so especially attractive. You cannot go out from the town, in any direction, without being surprised into some new beauty. Taking the road to Machynlleth for the distance of a mile, a lane diverges to the left to Dolserau, the residence of Mr. Charles Edwards, ex-member for Windsor. Opposite the gates leading to the house a pathway called the 'Torrent Walk,' on the Caerynwch estate, winds up to a considerable height, down the side of which falls a most romantic little river which rises in the Cader range. Mr. Meredith Richards (grandson of the late Baron Richards) kindly allows the public to enjoy this beautiful retreat, and a more delightful way of spending a summer morning than in visiting it we cannot imagine. The walk mounts, sometimes by steps and sometimes by slopes, always in the sound and generally in sight of the mountain torrent, and both sight and sound of the water bounding over and between the immense boulders beneath are, on a hot day, wonderfully refreshing. Seats are placed at the most attractive points, and the ferns and wild flowers are so well protected by the public that they are allowed to grow in the very

cracks of the steps. The foliage around and above affords an agreeable shade, and here and there are peeps into the world without perfectly bewitching. After a mile or so of this quiet enjoyment the Machynlleth road is again reached, and, following it, the explorer soon reaches the Cross Foxes tavern, where he may just as well refresh himself if he wishes to prolong his walk, as I should most earnestly advise him to do. Leaving the Cross Foxes, and going due east, there is a steep ascent of a mile, when the summit of one of the grandest of the minor passes of Wales is attained. Blwch-Oerdrws (Cold-door-pass), as this is called, is almost unknown to the world of tourists. From the summit the view towards Dolgelley must be seen to be appreciated. Cader Idris rises a magnificent centre to the panorama, and the 'glorious estuary of the Mawddach'\* up to Barmouth completes one of the grandest bits of Welsh scenery I know. Turning your back to this enchanting view, and walking on, after another mile of tolerably level ground, you begin to descend the pass, a place of gloomy grandeur, where, it is said, the friends of Owain Glyndwr assembled after the death of their chief 'for the purpose of making compacts to enforce virtue and order.' Some of the mountains here assume fantastic shapes, notably one on the right, which resembles a crouching lion of huge proportions. The pretty valley of Cerrist is reached in another mile, and the pedestrian enters on a cheerful turnpike road, with a sparkling river on one side and a fine amphitheatre of mountains beyond. A mile or two of this lands the visitor at Dinas Mawddy.

Now if you were to search Great Britain over and have to say where would be the most unlikely place to see a railway station you would say 'At Dinas Mawddy.' And yet there you find one. The place is perhaps the smallest city in the world, indeed any one might be pardoned for calling it a very insignificant village, but city it is, as the word 'dinas'

\* So described by the late Mr. Justice Talfourd in his 'Vacation Rambles.'

implies. When you once get there from the Cold-door-pass you may naturally wonder how you are to find another door for egress, for the hamlet is, to all appearance, quite shut in by mountains. The very novelty of its position holds people there for a few weeks in the summer, especially if they are fond of the gentle art, for the Dovey, one of the best fishing rivers in Wales, runs through the valley. To Sir Edmund Buckley, M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme, Dinas owes its railway. That gentleman is the great landowner of the district, has built a mansion at the head of the city, and has made the line at his own cost, chiefly for the development of the slate traffic. The county abounds in minerals, and many distinguished Englishmen have their fingers in Merionethshire mineral pies! I may say, in passing, that the late Lord Palmerston was the chairman of a company at Festiniog, and I have heard an old miner tell with glee how he clothed the genial lord with suitable raiment, and stuck a candle into his hands, to arm him for an exploration of the levels. But this is a digression. Sir Edmund Buckley's railway runs through Mallwyd and Cemmes, a couple of Dovey fishing stations, to the Cambrian system, a distance of seven miles. By means of this line Dinas, where a few years ago not a word of English was spoken, has been introduced to the outer world. I remember one day standing on the side of one of the hills that shut in Dinas with a farmer of the neighbourhood who had lived there all his life, and his son who had just returned from a year's residence in London. Jones junior's 'comparisons were odorous,' and his nose turned up at everything Welsh. The London he had left seemed to be almost like the London Dick Whittington expected to find. At last Jones senior cut the lad short by pointing to the grand old mountains around, which the setting sun had lit up with a halo of gold, and asking him, 'John, did you see anything like this in London?' John hadn't, and we all silently enjoyed the wonderful transformation scene.

I hinted in the earlier part of my

paper that Englishmen made rather a mess of Welsh names. It has often occurred to me that the Guide-book people would do a great service to the travelling public if they would give an index of names of Welsh towns, villages, mountains, streams, and passes, with the proper pronunciation attached. The queries of tourists are sometimes perplexing. One day I was journeying by the Cambrian railway from Newtown to Machynlleth, when a gentleman in the carriage asked me where he was to change for *Malwed*. I said I knew Wales pretty well, but I thought there must be some mistake; at least there was no such place as *Malwed* known to fame. He replied, 'Oh, yes, there must be, for I am advised that there is a public conveyance from one of the stations to it.' I called the guard, and asked him. 'Malwed, Malwed,' he muttered; 'blest if the gent mustn't mean *Mathlewed*.' And the gent did—*Mallwyd*, the fishing station on the Dovey, being the required haven. This difficulty of pronunciation has been got over in some places by the slaughter of the Welsh entirely, and the adoption of an English approximation to the sound. Thus in one of the best known of valleys the guards and porters at the railway station call out '*Llangol-l'en*.' What would the bard who wrote—

'While the maid of Llangollen smiles sweetly  
on me,'

say if he could hear his lines thus barbarized?

But I have strayed from Dolgelley, and as we are at Dinas we may as well make a detour and go back by way of Bala. You will get about as good a notion of Welsh scenery in this walk as in thrice the distance on most of the beaten tracks. First you have a pass, Bwlchygroes, described by the Guide-books as 'elevated and terrific' then a mountain, Arran Benllyn—which, however, you do not ascend: then a waterfall; and lastly a lake with a river running through it! Once at Bala the Great Western Railway Company will take you to Dolgelley in an hour.

These railways rather bother old

stagers who used to 'do' Wales by coach and walking-stick. Occasionally you see them with their representatives of this generation, fighting their battles o'er again, and shaking their heads over the effeminity of first-class cushions. They hardly know where they are, and the Guide-books don't help them, for the latter, instead of being entirely rewritten, are patched; old and new routes being so mixed as to perplex the sons and utterly to confound the fathers. 'Ah, my boy,' I heard an old gentleman say to his grandson, one day when the train pulled up at a station between Bala and Dolgelley, 'I remember this place (Drwsynant), but we walked to it from Dolgelley, and earned the oat-cake and crw-dâ we enjoyed at the inn! Very likely the inn is a limited-liability hotel now, and oat-cake a thing unheard-of.' Then followed the inevitable sigh over the world's changes. I advised the grandson, as the evening was fine, to get out at Drwsynant, and walk the seven miles to Dolgelley. I hinted that he would find the old inn unchanged, the oat-cake still served, and the crw as good as ever. I also told him that he would enjoy the valley of the Wnion and the view of Cader Idris as much as any one could have done in the last generation; but the misguided youth preferred the cushions and remained.

Drwsynant puts me in mind of a funny story about a former Sir Watkin Wynn, said to have been true in the old coaching days. A tourist of an inquiring turn of mind joined the coach at that place on its way to Bala. Inside he found a stout gentleman enjoying a nap. When he woke, the tourist asked whose was the farm they were passing. 'Mine,' was the reply, and the gentleman again slept. Another wakeful moment, and another question: 'Who may that mountain belong to?' 'To me,' followed by another doze. Again came a wakeful moment, and the question, 'Do you know who is the owner of that valley?' with the answer, 'I am not sure, but I think most of it's mine.' No more questions were asked, but when the coach reached Bala the

tourist bolted into the house, saying — 'I have been riding with either a prince, a madman, or the devil.' 'You are right,' replied a native. 'You have been riding with the "Prince in Wales" and a devil-ish good landlord!'

I have not much more to say about Dolgelley, or rather I am not going to say much more. If the travelled visitor wishes to revive the sensation of a Swiss Pass, he can do so on the pathway winding up the side of Moel Cynwch; and at the summit the view towards Barmouth will remind him of the Rhine. If he wishes less arduous means of attaining pleasure, he can take a car to Tyngroes, a capital little hostelry, half a dozen miles from Dolgelley, where he can eat his dinner at the head of a delightful little valley, with Moel Orthrwm, 'The Hill of Sacrifice,' before him and the Mawddach bounding along below. And there are less attractive modes of enjoyment than this, let me remark, in propitious weather. After dinner he may take a lazy walk to Rhaiadr Du, 'The Black Cataract,' a rather considerable waterfall, with everything that Nature can add in the surroundings to make it beautiful. A farther effort—still within the compass of the lazy—will bring the tourist to Pistill-y-Cain, a really grand fall. If you want thoroughly to enjoy the luxury of doing nothing, an hour or two under the shade of the trees near these falls on a hot summer's day is, to my mind, the very perfection of it. Under the designation of 'Nothing,' of course I include a pipe, if you are of the male kind, or a crochet-needle, if feminine.

The Guide-books tell us that Dolgelley possesses 'some good public buildings,' and the county gaol is mentioned as a sample. Beautifully situated in one of the most charming spots in the neighbourhood, it is unquestionably the ugliest building in Merionethshire, which is saying much. 'You Dolgelley folks can worship your gaol, if you like,' said a joking visitor one day to a townsman, 'for you will not break the commandment.' 'How so?' asked the other. 'Because it is

not in the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth,' was the reply, with the addition, 'indeed it is a precious deal more unsightly than anything that is!' The church is described as 'substantial, with a fine tower.' Substantial it certainly is, but of the fineness of the tower the less said the better: some of the memorial windows in the nave are very fine indeed. There is only one building in Dolgelley that visitors will care to look at, and that is Owain Glyndwr's old Parliament House. There it is with its carved timbers almost as sound as they were five hundred years ago.

No visitor should leave Dolgelley without taking a peep at the primitive method the local manufacturers have of making flannels and tweeds. The mills are situated in some of the most romantic spots in the valley, and form favourite subjects for artists. Inside they are as novel as outside they are picturesque. The labour is performed entirely by hand, and wonderfully durable is the fabric produced. The price at which the tweeds are sold is something ridiculous. I bought stuff for a complete suit of what was termed the 'Wynnstay fishing-cloth,' for sixteen shillings! and the cloth has this merit to the economical—when it begins to look shabby you may turn your coat and—as is often the case after this process—your outward appearance will be improved! One of the manufacturers (of course a Jones!) showed me amongst his list of patrons the names of Alfred Tennyson, Francis Newman, Mark Lemon, and other notabilities, and it seems more than probable, now that steam is applied to locomotion in the county, it will soon follow in the manufacture of flannels.

I have said that there is not much in Dolgelley to attract. There is one novelty attaching to the place that I must not conclude without mentioning. One day I asked my landlord what was the population of the place? 'Five thousand,' he replied, 'including jackdaws!' This is quite true: there are so many

one would think every man, woman, and child in the town must have its 'familiar.' The inhabitants are obliged to have their chimneys swept periodically, whether they have had fires in their grates or not, to clear out the nests. The inhabitants profess to detect two distinct breeds in the daws—'Churchmen and Dissenters'—which they say never mix, and which never agree. I should qualify this by saying that they do agree in one thing, which is to make a precious row in the early summer's morning just when tired tourists want to sleep. It's of no use to swear. The Cardinal of Rheims would be powerless to make the Dolgelley daws moult a feather!

And now to leave this beautiful valley and these glorious hills. It is hard to do so, but holidays must be short-lived luxuries, if they are to be luxuries at all. My object has been to induce the public to explore one of the most lovely spots in Wales; not to gallop through the Principality as if all enjoyment depended on seeing everything mentioned in the Guide-books. This spot I now leave, and—

'Round the purpled shoulder, like a pageant,  
One by one the mountain summits die:  
Even as earth's narrow outlines near us  
Hide the infinite glories from the eye.  
'Homeward once again. Ah! vanish'd moun-

tains—  
Like old friends, your faces many a day  
O'er the bowery woods shall rise before me,  
And the level corn-lands far away.

'By the dreamy rippling in the sunlight,  
By the windy surgings of the shore,  
Up the thymy sheep-tracks through the  
heather,

I must wander, glad of heart, no more.

'Yet I bear with me a new possession;  
For the memory of all beauteous things,  
Over dusty tracks of straiten'd duty,  
Many a waft of balmy fragrance brings.

'Was it thriftless waste of golden moments  
That I watched the seaward-burning west,  
That I sought the sweet rare mountain-flowers,  
That I climbed the rugged mountain-crest?

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Let me rather deem that I have gather'd,  
On the lustrous shore and gleamy hill,  
Strength to bravely do the daily duty,  
Strength to calmly bear the chancing ill.'

And with these exquisite lines, by the Rev. W. W. How, I take my leave of the reader. A. R.

## FLO AND FIDO.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

FLO is devoted to sketching,  
 She's painting the slow-setting sun,  
 But Fido, he fain would be stretching  
 His legs in a walk or a run.  
 Flo finds it ample enjoyment  
 The beauties of Nature to trace,  
 While Fido—oh, pleasant employment—  
 Must gaze in his mistress's face,  
 With a whine now and then,  
 As if asking her when

She will lay by her sketch-book and come for a race.

Of all save her picture forgetful  
 Flo finds the time rapidly go,  
 While Fido—rude dog—has grown fretful,  
 And weary of looking at Flo.  
 He is longing like mad for a scamper,  
 And wishing the picture were done;  
 The waiting cools down, like a damper,  
 His natural spirits and fun.

So he makes this remark,  
 In the form of a bark,

'Pray leave off that drawing and let's have a run '

Oh, Fido! would I were your proxy,  
 I'd sit there and worship all day!  
 I'd dream of no heterodoxy  
 Like wishing to scamper away.  
 You—fortunate dog—are permitted  
 To contemplate Flora the fair;  
 You may stare, but you'll never be twitted  
 With hints that it's vulgar to stare.

You ill-mannered cur,

While you're sitting near her,

What taste to be wishing that you were elsewhere!

Why Fred, Tom, Augustus, and Harry  
 (The ground that she treads on they love)  
 Would be proud, sir, to fetch or to carry,  
 As you do, her kerchief or glove—  
 Would feel themselves amply rewarded  
 By one of the smiles she gives you,  
 They'd jump at the least chance afforded  
 To lie at her feet as you do!

Oh, Fido, fie, fie!

You're more happy than I,

If you only your exquisite happiness knew.

Come, leave off that fretting and whining—  
 What numbers of fellows I know  
 Would, their liberty gladly resigning,  
 Like you, become servants of Flo!  
 For to gaze on sweet Flora, unhidden,  
 As long as her sketching endures,  
 Is a bliss which to man is forbidden—  
 Which your blest position insures.

Ay, with Flo for my wife

I could lead 'a dog's life'—

Provided, of course, 'a dog's life' is like yours!

[See the Verso.]

FLO AND FIDO.

Drawn by Horace Stanton.

H. H. DOWD.





## M. OR N.

'Similia similibus curantur.'

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'CERISE,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

## CHAPTER XIX.

AN INCUBUS.

IT is not to be supposed that any gentleman can see a lady in the streets of London and remain himself unseen. In the human, as in meaner races, the female organ of perception is quicker, keener, and more accurate than the male. Therefore it is that a man bowing in Pall Mall or Piccadilly to some divinity in an open carriage, and failing to receive any return for his salute, sinks at once into a false position of awkwardness and discomfiture. *Il a manqué son coup*, and his face assumes incontinently the expression of one who has missed a woodcock in the open, and has no second barrel with which to redeem his shot. As Dick saw Lady Bearwarden in Oxford Street, we may be sure that Lady Bearwarden also saw Dick; nor was her ladyship best pleased with the activity he displayed in avoiding her carriage and escaping from her society. If Mr. Staunmore had been the most successful Lovelace who ever devoted himself to the least remunerative of pursuits, instead of a loyal, kindhearted, unassuming gentleman, he could hardly have chosen a line of conduct so calculated to keep alive some spark of interest in Maud's breast, as that which he unconsciously adopted. It is one thing to dismiss a lover, because suited with a superior article (as some ladies send away five-foot-ten of footman when six-foot comes to look after the place), and another to lose a vassal for good, like an unreclaimed hawk, heedless of the lure, clear of the jesses, and checking, perhaps, at every kind of prey in wilful, wanton flight, down-wind towards the sea.

There is but one chance for a man worsted in these duels à l'outrance, which are fought out with

such merciless animosity. It is to bind up his wounds as best he may, and take himself off to die or get well in secret. Presently the conqueror finds that a battle only has been won, and not a territory gained. After the flush of combat comes a reaction, the triumph seems somewhat tame, ungraced by presence of the captive. Curiosity wakes up, pity puts in its pleading word, a certain jealous instinct of appropriation is aroused. Where is he? What has become of him? I wonder if he ever thinks of me now? Poor fellow! I shouldn't wish to be forgotten altogether, as if we had never met, and though I didn't want him to like me, I never meant that he was to care for anybody else! Such are the thoughts that chase each other through the female heart when deprived of sovereignty in the remotest particular; and it was very much in this way that Lady Bearwarden, sitting alone in her boudoir, speculated on the present doings and sentiments of the man who had loved her so well and had given her up so unwillingly, yet with never a word of reproach, never a look nor action that could add to her remorse, or make her task more painful.

Alas! she was not happy; even now, when she had gained all she most wished and schemed for in the world. She felt she was not happy, and she felt, too, that for Dick to know of her unhappiness would be the bitterest drop in the bitter cup he had been compelled to drain.

As she looked round her beautiful boudoir with its blue satin hangings, its numerous mirrors, its redundancy of coronets, surmounting her own cipher, twisted and twined into a far more graceful de-

coration than the grim, heraldic Bruin which formed her husband's cognizance, she said to herself that something was yet required to constitute a woman's happiness beyond the utmost efforts of the upholsterer's art—that even carriages, horses, tall footmen, quantities of flowers, unlimited credit, and whole packs of cards left on the hall table every day, were mere accessories and superfluities, not the real pith and substance of that for which she pined.

Lady Bearwarden, more than most women, had, since her marriage, found the worldly ball at her foot. She needed but to kick it where she would. As Miss Bruce, with nothing to depend on but her own good looks and conquering manners, she had wrested a large share of admiration from an unwilling public; now as a peeress, and a rich one, the same public of both sexes courted, toadied, and flattered her, till she grew tired of hearing herself praised. The men, at least those of high position and great prospects, had no scruple in offering a married woman that homage which might have entailed their own domestic subjugation, if laid at a spinster's feet; and the women, all except the very smartest ladies (who liked her for her utter fearlessness and sang-froid, as well as for her own sake), thought it a fine thing to be on intimate terms with 'Maud Bearwarden,' as they loved to call her, and being much afraid of her, made up to her with the sweet facility and sincerity of their sex.

Yet in defiance of ciphers, coronets, visiting cards, blue hangings, the homage of lords, and the vassalage of ladies, there was something amiss. She caught herself continually looking back to the old days at Ecclesfield Manor, to the soft lawns and shady avenues, the fond father, who thought his darling the perfection of humanity, and whose face lit up so joyfully whenever she came into the room; the sweet delicate mother from whom she could never remember an unkind look nor an angry word; the hills, the river, the cottagers,

the tenants, the flower garden, the ponies, and the old retriever that died licking her hand. She felt kindly towards Mrs. Stanmore, and wondered whether she had behaved quite as well to that lady as she ought, recalling many a little act of triumphant malice and overt resistance which afforded keen gratification to the rebel at the time. By an easy transition, she glided on to Dick Stanmore's honest and respectful admiration, his courtesy, his kindness, his unfailing forbearance and good-humour. Bearwarden was not always good-humoured—she had found that out already. But as for Dick, she remembered how no mishap nor annoyance of his own ever irritated him in the slightest degree; how his first consideration always seemed to be *her* comfort and *her* happiness; how even in his deep sorrow, deceived, humiliated, cut to the heart, he had never so much as spoken one bitter word. How nobly had he trusted her about those diamonds! How well he had behaved to her throughout, and how fondly would he have loved and cherished her had she confided her future to his care! He must be strangely altered now, to avoid her like this. She was sure he recognised her, for she saw his face fall, saw him wince—that at least was a comfort—but never to shake hands, never even to stop and speak! Well, she had treated him cruelly, and perhaps he was right.

But this was not the actual grievance, after all. She felt she would do precisely the same over again. It was less repentance that pained her, than retribution. Maud, for the first time in her life, was beginning to feel really in love, and with her own husband. Such an infatuation, rare as it is admirable, ought to have been satisfactory and prosperous enough. When ladies do so far condescend, it is usually a gratifying domestic arrangement for themselves and their lords; but in the present instance the wife's increasing affection afforded neither happiness to herself nor comfort to her husband. There was a 'Something' always between them, a

shadow, not of suspicion nor mistrust, for Bearwarden was frank and loyal by nature, but of coldness. She had a secret from him, and she was a bad dissembler; his finer instincts told him that he did not possess her full confidence, and he was too proud to ask it. So they lived together, a few short weeks after marriage, on outward terms of courtesy and cordiality, but with this little rift of dissatisfaction gradually yet surely widening into a fissure that should rend each of these proud unbending hearts in twain.

'What would I give to be like other wives,' thought Maud, looking at a half-length of her husband in uniform, which occupied the place of honour in her boudoir. 'What is it? Why is it? I would love him so, if he would let me. How I wish I could be good—*really* good, like mamma was. I suppose it's impossible now. I wonder if it's too late to try.' And with the laudable intention of beginning amendment at once, Lady Bearwarden rang sharply to tell her servants she was 'not at home to anybody till Lord Bearwarden came in, except'—and here she turned away from her own footman, that he might not see the colour rising in her face—'except a man should call with some silks and brocades, in which case he was to be shown up stairs at once.'

The door had scarcely closed ere the paper-cutter in Maud's fingers broke short off at the handle. Her grasp tightened on it insensibly, while she ground and gnashed her small white teeth, to think that she, with her proud nature, in her high position, should not be free to admit or deny what visitors she pleased. So dandies of various patterns, afoot, in tea-carts, and on hacks more or less deserving in shape and action, discharged themselves of their visiting-cards at Lady Bearwarden's door, and passed on in peace to fulfil the same rite elsewhere.

Two only betrayed an unseemly emotion when informed 'her ladyship was not at home': the one, a cheerful youth, bound for a water-

party at Skindle's, and fearful of missing his train, thanked Providence audibly for what he called 'an unexpected let off'; the other, an older, graver, and far handsomer man, suffered an expression of palpable discomfiture to overspread his comely face, and, regardless of observation, walked away from the door with the heavy step that denotes a heavy heart. Not that he had fallen in love with Lady Bearwarden—far from it. But there was a Somebody—that Somebody an adverse fate had decreed he must meet neither to-day nor to-morrow, and the interval seemed to both of them wearisome, and even painful. But Maud was 'Somebody's' dear friend. Maud either had seen her or would see her that very afternoon. Maud would let him talk about her, praise her, perhaps would even give her a message—nay, it was just possible she might arrive to pay a morning visit while he was there. No wonder he looked so sad to forego this series of chances; and all the while, if he had only known it, Fate, having veered round at luncheon-time, would have permitted him to call at Somebody's house, to find her at home, enchanted to see him, and to sit with her as long as he liked in the well-known room, with its flowers and sun-shades and globes of goldfish, and the picture over the chimney-piece, and its dear original by his side. But it is a game at cross-purposes all through this dangerous pastime; and perhaps its very *contres* are what make it so interesting to the players, so amusing to the lookers-on.

Lady Bearwarden grew fidgetty after a while. It is needless to say that 'the man with some silks and brocades' to be admitted by her servants was none other than 'Gentleman Jim,' who, finding the disguise of a 'travelling merchant' that in which he excited least suspicion in his interviews with her ladyship, had resolved to risk detection yet once more, and had given her notice of his intention.

We all remember Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, and the grip of that merciless rider tightening closer

and closer the longer he was carried by his disgusted victim. There is more truth in the fable than most of us would like to allow. If you once permit yourself to set up an 'Old Man of the Sea,' farewell to free agency, happiness, even tolerable comfort, from that time forth! Sometimes your burden takes the shape of a renewed bill, sometimes of a fatal secret, sometimes of an unwise attachment, sometimes only of a bad habit; but whatever it be, the further you carry it the heavier it seems to grow; and in this case custom does not in the least degree reconcile you to the infliction. Up with your heels, and kick it off at any price! Even should you rick your back in the process, it is better to be crippled for life than eternally oppressed by a ruthless rider and an intolerable weight.

Gentleman Jim was becoming Lady Bearwarden's Old Man of the Sea. More than once of late he had forced himself on her presence when it was exceedingly inconvenient, and even dangerous to meet him. The promised interview of to-day had been extorted from her most unwillingly, and by threats, implied if not expressed. She began to feel that she was no longer her own mistress—that she had lost her independence, and was virtually at the command of an inferior. To a proud nature like hers such a situation seemed simply intolerable.

Lord Bearwarden seldom came in much before it was time to dress for dinner; but young men's habits are not usually very regular, the monotonous custom of doing everything by clockwork being a tedious concomitant of old age. Maud could not calculate on his absence at any particular hour of the day unless he were on duty, and the bare notion that she should *wish* thus to calculate fretted and chafed her beyond measure. It was a relief to hear the door-bell once more and prepare to confront the worst. A London servant never betrays astonishment, nor indeed any emotion whatever beyond a shade of dignified and forbearing contempt. The first footman showed Lady Bearwarden's

suspicious-looking visitor into her boudoir with sublime indifference, returning thereafter leisurely and loftily to his tea. Maud felt her courage departing, and her defeat, like that of brave troops seized by panic, seemed all the more imminent for habitual steadiness and valour. She took refuge in an attempt to bully. 'Why are you here?' said Maud, standing bolt upright, while Gentleman Jim, with an awkward bow, began as usual to unroll his goods. 'I have told you often enough this persecution must finish. I am determined not to endure it any longer. The next time you call I shall order my servants to drive you from the door. Oh! will you—*will* you not come to terms?

His face had been growing darker and darker while she spoke, and she watched its expression as the Mediterranean fisherman watches a white squall gliding with fatal swiftness over the waters, to bring ruin and shipwreck and despair. It sometimes happens that the fisherman loses his head precisely at the wrong moment, so that foiled, helpless, and taken aback, he comes to fatal and irremediable grief. Thus Lady Bearwarden too found the nerve on which she prided herself failing when she most wanted it, and knew that the prestige and influence which formed her only safeguards were slipping from her grasp.

She had cowed this ruffian at their first meeting by an assumption of calm courage and superiority in a crisis when most women, thus confronted at dead of night by a house-breaker, would have shrunk trembling and helpless before him. She had retained her superiority during their subsequent association by an utter indifference as to results, so long as they only affected character and fortune, which to his lower nature seemed simply incomprehensible; but now that her heart was touched she could no longer remain thus reckless, thus defiant. With womanly feelings came womanly misgivings and fear of consequences. The charm was lost, the spell broken, and the familiar

spirit had grown to an exacting master from an obedient slave.

'That's not the way as them speaks who's had the pith and marrow out of a chap's werry bones,' growled Jim. 'There wasn't no talkin' of figure-footmen and drivin' of respectable tradesmen from folks' doors when a *man* was wanted, like this here. A *man*, I says, wot wasn't afeard to swing, if so be as he could act honourable and fulfil his bargain.'

'I'll pay anything. Hush! *pray*. Don't speak so loud. What *must* my servants think? Consider the frightful risks I run. Why should you wish to make me utterly miserable—to drive me out of my senses? I'll pay anything—anything to be free from this intolerable persecution.'

'Pay—pay anythink!' repeated Jim, slightly mollified by her distress, but still in a tone of deep disgust. 'Pay. Ah! that's always the word with the likes of you. You think your blessed money can buy us poor chaps up, body and heart and soul. Blast your money! says I. There, that's not over civil, my lady, but it's plain speaking.'

'What would you have me do?' she asked, in a low, plaintive voice.

She had sunk into an arm-chair, and was wringing her hands. How lovely she looked, now at her sore distress. It imparted the one feminine charm generally wanting in her beauty.

Gentleman Jim, standing over against her, could not but feel the old mysterious influence pervading him once more. 'If you was to say to me, Jim, says you, I believe as you're a true chap!—I believe as you'd serve of me, body and bones. Well, not for money. Money be d——d! But for good-will, we'll say. I believe as you thinks there's nobody on this 'arth as is to be compared of me, says you, and see, now, you shall come here once a week, once a fortnit, once a month, even; and I'll never say no more about drivin' of you away; but you shall see me, and I'll speak of you kind and h'af-fable; and whatever I wants done

I'll tell you, do it; and it *will* be done; see if it won't! Why—why I'd be proud, my lady—there—and happy too. Ay, there wouldn't walk a happier man, nor a prouder, maybe, in the streets of London!'

It was a long speech for Jim. At its conclusion he drew his sleeve across his face and bent down to rearrange the contents of his bundle.

Tears were falling from her eyes at last. Noiselessly enough, and without that redness of nose, those contortions of face, which render them so unbecoming to most women.

'Is there no way but this?' she murmured. 'No way but this? It's impossible. It's absurd. It's infamous! Do you know who I am? Do you know what you ask? How dare you dictate terms to *me*? How dare you presume to say I shall do this, I shall not do *that*? Leave my house this minute! I will not listen to another syllable!'

She was blazing out again, and the fire of pride had dried her tears ere she concluded. Anger brought back her natural courage, but it was too late.

Gentleman Jim's face, distorted with fury, looked hideous. Under his waistcoat lurked a long, thin knife. Maud never knew how near, for one ghastly moment, that knife was to being buried in her round white throat.

He was not quite madman enough, however, to indulge his passions so far, with the certainty of immediate destruction. 'Have a care!' he hissed through his clenched teeth. 'If you and me is to be enemies, look out! You know me—leastways you ought to. And *you* know I stick at nothing.'

She was still dreadfully frightened. Once more she went back to the old plea, and offered him, fifty pounds, a hundred pounds. Anything!

He was tying the knots of his bundle. Completing the last, he looked up, and the glare in his eyes haunted her through many a sleepless night.

'You've done it now!' was all he muttered. 'When next you see me you'll wish you hadn't.'

It speaks well for Jim's self-com-

mand that, as he went down, he could say, 'Your servant, my lord,' with perfect composure, to a gentleman whom he met on the stairs.

## CHAPTER XX.

### 'THE LITTLE CLOUD.'

Lord Bearwarden, like other noblemen and gentlemen keeping house in London, was not invariably fortunate in the selection of his servants. The division of labour, that admirable system by which such great results are attained, had been brought to perfection in his as in many other establishments. A man who cleaned knives, it appeared, could not possibly do anything else, and for several days the domestic arrangements below stairs had been disturbed by a knotty question as to whose business it was to answer 'my lord's bell.' Now my lord was what his servants called rather 'a arbitrary gentleman,' seeming, indeed, to entertain the preposterous notion that these were paid their wages in consideration of doing as they were bid. It was not therefore surprising that figure-footmen, high of stature and faultless in general appearance, should have succeeded each other with startling rapidity, throwing up their appointments and doffing his lordship's livery, without regard to their own welfare or their employer's convenience, but in accordance with some Quixotic notions of respect for their office and loyalty to their order.

Thus it came about that a subordinate in rank, holding the appointment of second footman, had been so lately enlisted as not yet to have made himself acquainted with the personal appearance of his master; and it speaks well for the amiable disposition of this recruit that although his liveries were not made, he should, during the temporary absence of a fellow-servant, who was curling his whiskers below, have consented to answer the door.

Lord Bearwarden had rung like any other arrival; but it must be allowed that his composure was somewhat ruffled when refused admittance by his own servant to his own house.

'Her ladyship's not at home, I tell ye,' said the man, apparently resenting the freedom with which this stranger proceeded into the hall, while he placed his own massive person in the way; 'and if you want to see my lord, you just can't—that I know!'

'Why?' asked his master, beginning to suspect how the land lay, and considerably amused.

'Because his lordship's particularly engaged. He's having his 'air cut just now, and the dentist's waiting to see him after he's done,' returned this imaginative retainer, arguing indeed from his pertinacity that the visitor must be one of the swell mob, therefore to be kept out at any cost.

'And who are *you*?' said his lordship, now laughing outright.

'Who am I?' repeated the man. 'I'm his lordship's footman. Now, then, who are *you*? That's more like it!'

'I'm Lord Bearwarden himself,' replied his master.

'Lord Bearwarden! Oh! I dare say,' was the unexpected rejoinder. 'Well, that *is* a good one. Come, young man, none of these games here: there's a policeman round the corner.'

At this juncture the fortunate arrival of the gentleman with lately-curled whiskers, in search of his 'Bell's Life,' left on the hall-table, produced an *éclaircissement* much to the unbeliever's confusion, and the master of the house was permitted to ascend his own staircase without further obstruction.

Meeting 'Gentleman Jim' coming down with a bundle, it did not strike him as the least extraordinary that his wife should have denied herself to other visitors. Slight as was his experience of women and their ways, he had yet learned to respect those various rites that constitute the mystery of shopping, appreciating the composure and undisturbed attention indispensable to a satisfactory performance of that ceremony.

But it did trouble him to observe on Lady Bearwarden's face traces of recent emotion, even, he thought, to tears. She turned quickly aside when he came into the room, busily

ing herself with the blinds and muslin window-curtains; but he had a quick eye, and his perceptions were sharpened besides by an affection he was too proud to admit, while racked with cruel misgivings that it might not be returned.

'Gentleman-like man that, I met just now on the stairs!' he began good-humouredly enough, though in a certain cold, conventional tone, that Maud knew too well, and hated accordingly. 'Dancing partner, swell mob, smuggler, respectable tradesman, what is he? Ought to sell cheap, I should say. Looks as if he stole the things ready made. Hope you've done good business with him, my lady? May I see the plunder?' He never called her Maud; it was always 'my lady,' as if they had been married for twenty years. How she longed for an endearing word, slipping out, as it were, by accident—for a covert smile, an occasional caress. Perhaps had these been lavished more freely she might have rated them at a lower value.

Lady Bearwarden was not one of those women who can tell a lie without the slightest hesitation, calmly satisfied that 'the end justifies the means'; neither did it form a part of her creed that a lie by implication is less dishonourable than a lie direct. On the contrary, her nature was exceedingly frank, even defiant, and from pride, perhaps, rather than principle, she scorned no baseness so heartily as duplicity. Therefore she hesitated now and changed colour, looking guilty and confused, but taking refuge, as usual, in self-assertion.

'I had business with the man,' she answered, haughtily, 'or you would not have found him here. I might have got rid of him sooner, perhaps, if I had known you were to be home so early. I'm sure I hate shopping, I hate tradespeople, I hate—'

She was going to say 'I hate everything,' but stopped herself in time. Counting her married life as yet only by weeks, it would have sounded too ungracious, too ungrateful!

'Why should you do anything

you hate?' said her husband, very kindly, and to all appearance dismissing every suspicion from his mind, though deep in his heart rankled the cruel conviction that between them this strange, mysterious barrier increased day by day. 'I want you to have as little of the rough and as much of the smooth in life as is possible. All the ups and none of the downs, my lady. If this fellow bores you, tell them not to let him in again. That second footman will keep him out like a dragon, I'll be bound.' Then he proceeded laughingly to relate his own adventure with his new servant in the hall.

He seemed cordial, kind, good-humoured enough, but his tone was that of man to man, brother officer to comrade, not of a lover to his mistress, a husband to his lately-married wife.

She felt this keenly, though at the same time she could appreciate his tact, forbearance, and generosity in asking no more questions about her visitor. To have shown suspicion of Maud would have been at once to drive her to extremities, while implicit confidence put her on honour and rendered her both unable and unwilling to deceive. Never since their first acquaintance had she found occasion to test this quality of trust in her husband, and now it seemed that he possessed it largely, like a number of other manly characteristics. That he was brave, loyal, and generous she had discovered already; handsome and of high position she knew long ago, or she would never have resolved on his capture; and what was there wanting to complete her perfect happiness? Only one thing, she answered herself; but for it she would so willingly have bartered all the rest—that he should love her as Dick Stanmore did. Poor Dick Stanmore! how badly she had treated him, and perhaps this was to be her punishment.

'Bearwarden,' she said, crossing the room to lean on the arm of his chair, 'we've got to dine at your aunt's to-night. I suppose they will be very late. I wish there were no such things as dinners, don't you?'

'Not when I've missed luncheon, as I did to-day,' answered his lordship, whose appetite was like that of any other healthy man under forty.

'I hoped you wouldn't,' she observed, in rather a low voice; 'it was very dull without you. We see each other so seldom, somehow, I should like to go to the play to-morrow—you and I, Darby and Joan—I don't care which house, nor what the play is.'

'To-morrow,' he answered, with a bright smile. 'All right, my lady, I'll send for a box. I forgot, though, I can't go to-morrow, I'm on Guard.'

Her face fell, but she turned away that he might not detect her disappointment, and began to feed her bullfinch in the window.

'You're always on Guard, I think,' said she, after a pause. 'I wonder you like it: surely it must be a dreadful tie. You lost your grouse-shooting this year and the Derby, didn't you? all to sit in plate armour and jack-boots at that gloomiest and stuffiest of Horse Guards. Bearwarden, I—I wish you'd give up the regiment, I do indeed.'

When Maud's countenance wore a pleading expression, as now, it was more than beautiful, it was lovely. Looking in her face it seemed to him that it was as the face of an angel.

'Do you honestly wish it?' he replied, gently. 'I would do a great deal to please you, my lady; but—no—I couldn't do *that*.'

'He can't really care for me; I knew it all along,' thought poor Maud, but she only looked up at him rather wistfully and held her peace.

He was gazing miles away, through the window, through the opposite houses, their offices, their washing-ground, and the mews at the back. She had never seen him look so grave; she had never seen that soft, sad look on his face before. She wondered now that she could ever have regarded that face as a mere encumbrance and accessory to be taken with a coronet and twenty thousand a year.

'Would you like to know why I cannot make this sacrifice to please

you?' he asked, in a low, serious voice. 'I think you *ought* to know, my lady, and I will tell you. I'm fond of soldiering, of course. I've been brought up to the trade—that's nothing. So I am of hunting, shooting, rackets, cricketing, London porter, and dry champagne; but I'd give them up, each and all, at a moment's notice, if it made you any happier for ten minutes. I *am* a little ambitious, I grant, and the only fame I would care much for is a soldier's. Still, even if my chance of military distinction were ten times as good I shouldn't grudge losing it for your sake. No: what makes me stick to the regiment is what makes a fellow take a life-buoy on board ship—the instinct of self-preservation. When everything else goes down he's got that to cling to, and can have a fight for his life. Once, my lady, long before I had ever seen you, it was my bad luck to be very unhappy. I didn't howl about it at the time, I'm not going to howl about it now. Simply, all at once, in a day, an hour, everything in the world turned from a joy to a misery and a pain. If my mother hadn't taught me better, I should have taken the quickest remedy of all. If I hadn't had the regiment to fall back upon I must have gone mad. The kindness of my brother officers I never can forget; and to go down the ranks scanning the bold, honest faces of the men, feeling that we had cast our lot in together, and when the time came would all play the same stake, win or lose, reminded me that there were others to live for besides myself, and that I had not lost everything, while yet a share remained invested in our joint venture. When I lay awake in my barrack-room at night I could hear the stamp and snort of the old black troopers, and it did me good. I don't know the reason, but it did me good. You will think I was very unhappy—so I was.'

'But why?' asked Maud, shrewdly guessing, and at the same time dreading the answer.

'Because I was a fool, my lady,' replied her husband—'a fool of the very highest calibre. You have, no

doubt, discovered that in this world folly is punished far more severely than villainy. Deceive others, and you prosper well enough; allow yourself to be deceived, and you're pitched into as if you were the greatest rogue unhung. It's not a subject for you and me to talk about, my lady. I only mentioned it to show you why I am so unwilling to leave the army. Why, I dare not do it, even to please you.'

'But'—she hesitated, and her voice came very soft and low—'you, —you are not afraid—I mean you don't think it likely, do you, that you will ever be so unhappy again? It was about—about somebody that you cared for, I suppose.'

She got it out with difficulty, and already hated that unknown Somebody with an unreasoning hatred, such as women think justifiable and even meritorious in like cases.

He laughed a harsh, forced laugh.

'What a fool you must think me,' said he; 'I ought never to have told you. Yes, it was about a woman, of course. You did not fancy I could be so soft, did you? Don't let us talk about it. I'll tell you in three words, and then will never mention the subject again. I trusted and believed in her. She deceived me, and that sort of thing puts a fellow all wrong, you know, unless he's very good-tempered, and I suppose I'm not. It's never likely to happen again, but still, blows of all sorts fall upon people when they least expect them, and that's why I can't give up the old corps, but shall stick by it to the last.'

'Are you sure you haven't forgiven her?' asked Maud, inwardly trembling for an answer.

'Forgiven her!' repeated his lordship; 'well, I've forgiven her like a Christian, as they say—perhaps even more fully than that. I don't wish her any evil. I wouldn't do her a bad turn, but as for ever thinking of her or caring for her afterwards, that was impossible. No. While I confided in her freely and fully, while I gave up for her sake everything I prized and cared for in the world, while I was even on the verge of sending in my papers because it seemed to be her

wish I should leave the regiment, she had her own secret hidden up from me all the time. That showed what she was. No: I don't think I could ever forgive that—except as a *Christian*, you know, my lady!'

He ended in a light sarcastic tone, for like most men who have lived much in the world, he had acquired a habit of discussing the gravest and most painful subjects with conventional coolness, originating perhaps in our national dislike of anything sentimental or dramatic in situation. He could have written probably eloquently and seriously enough, but to 'speak like a book' would have lowered him, in his own esteem, as being unmanly no less than ungentlemanlike.

Maud's heart ached very painfully. A secret then, kept from him by the woman he trusted, was the one thing he could not pardon. Must this indeed be her punishment? Day by day to live with this honourable generous nature, learning to love it so dearly, and yet so hopelessly, because of the great gulf fixed by her own desperate venture, risked, after all, that she might win *him*! For a moment, under the influence of that great tide of love which swelled up in her breast, she felt as if she must put her whole life's happiness on one desperate throw, and abide the result. Make a clean breast, implore his forgiveness, and tell him all.

She had been wandering about while he spoke, straightening a table-cover here, snipping a dead leaf off a geranium there, and otherwise fidgetting to conceal her emotion. Now she walked across the room to her husband's side, and in another minute perhaps the whole truth would have been out, and these two might have driven off to dinner in their brougham, the happiest couple in London; but the door was thrown wide open, and the student of '*Bell's Life*,' on whose whiskers the time employed in curling them had obviously not been thrown away, announced to her ladyship, with much pomp, that her carriage was at the door.

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Maud,

'and your aunt is always so punctual. You must dress in ten minutes, Bearwarden. I'm certain I can. Run down this moment, and don't stop to answer a single letter if it's a case of life and death.'

And Lady Bearwarden, casting all other thoughts to the winds in the present emergency, hurried up stairs after the pretty little feet of her French maid, whose anxiety that her lady should not be late, and perhaps a certain curiosity to know the cause of delay, had tempted her down at least as far as the first landing, while my lord walked to his dressing-room on the ground-floor, with the comfortable conviction that he might spend a good half-hour at his toilette, and would then be ready a considerable time before his wife.

The reflections that chased each other through the pretty head of the latter while subjected to Justine's skilful manipulations, I will not take upon me to detail. I may state, however, that the dress she chose to wear was trimmed with Bearwarden's favourite colour; that she carried a bunch of his favourite flowers on her breast and another in her hair.

A brougham drawn by a pair of long, low, high-stepping horses, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, is an untoward vehicle for serious conversation when taking its occupants out to dinner, although well adapted for tender confidence or mutual reprimand on its return from a party at night. Lady Bearwarden could not even make sure that her husband observed she had consulted his taste in dress. Truth to tell, Lord Bearwarden was only conscious that his wife looked exceedingly handsome, and that he wished they were going to dine at home. Marriage had made him very slow, and this inconvenient wish lasted him all through dinner, notwithstanding that it was his enviable lot to sit by a fast young lady of the period, who rallied him with exceeding good taste on his wife, his house, his furniture, manners, dress, horses, and everything that was his. Once, in extremity of boredom, he caught sight of

Maud's delicate profile five couples off, and fancied he could detect on the pale pure face, something of his own weariness and abstraction. After that the fast young lady 'went at him,' as she called it, in vain. Later, in the drawing-room, she told another damsel of her kind that 'Bruin's marriage had utterly spoilt him. Simply, ruination, my dear! So unlike men in general. What he could see in her I can't make out! She looks like death, and she's not *very* well dressed, in my opinion. I wonder if she bullies him. He used to be such fun. So fast, so cheery, so delightfully satirical, and as wicked as Sin!'

Maud went home in the brougham by herself. After a tedious dinner, lasting through a couple of hours, enlivened by the conversation of a man he can't understand, and the persecutions of a woman who bores him, it is natural for the male human subject to desire tobacco, and a walk home in order to smoke. Somehow, the male human subject never does walk straight home with its cigar. Bearwarden, like others of his class, went off to Pratt's, where, we will hope, he was amused, though he did not look it. A cigar on a close evening leads to soda water, with a slice of lemon, and, I had almost forgotten to add, a small modicum of gin. This entails another cigar, and it is wonderful how soon one o'clock in the morning comes round again. When Lord Bearwarden turned out of St. James's Street it was too late to think of anything but immediate bed. Her ladyship's confessions, if she had any to make, must be put off till breakfast-time, and alas! by her breakfast-time, which was none of the earliest, my lord was well down in his sheep-skin, riding out of the barrack-gate in command of his guard.

'Fronte capillata post est Occasio calav!'

Bald-pated Father Time had succeeded in slipping his forelock out of Maud's hand the evening before, and, henceforth, behind his bare and mocking skull, those delicate, disappointed fingers must close on empty air in vain!



Drawn by Wilfield Lawson.]

TOO LATE!

Sec. 1. or N.



## CHAPTER XXI.

FURENS QUID FEMINA.

We left Tom Ryfe, helpless, unconscious, more dead than alive, supported between a man and woman up a back street in Westminster: we must return to him after a considerable interval, pale, languid, but convalescent, on a sofa in his own room under his uncle's roof. He is only now beginning to understand that he has been dangerously ill; that according to his doctor nothing but a 'splendid constitution' and unprecedented medical skill have brought him back from the threshold of that grim portal known as death's door. This he does not quite believe, but is aware, nevertheless, that he is much enfeebled, and that his system has sustained what he himself calls 'a deuced awkward shake.' Even now he retains no very clear idea of what happened to him. He remembers vaguely, as in a dream, certain bare walls of a dim and gloomy chamber, tapestried with cobwebs, smelling of damp and mould like a vault, certain broken furniture, shabby and scarce, on a bare brick floor, with a grate in which no fire could have been kindled without falling into the middle of the room. He recalls that racking headache, that scorching thirst, and those pains in all the bones of a wan, wasted figure lying under a patchwork quilt on a squalid bed. A figure, independent of, and dissevered from himself, yet in some degree identified with his thoughts, his sufferings, and his memories. Somebody nursed the figure, too—he is sure of that—bringing it water, medicines, food, and leeches for its aching temples; smoothing its pillow and arranging its bed-clothes, in those endless nights, so much longer, yet scarce more dismal than the days,—somebody, whose voice he never heard, whose face he never saw, yet in whose slow, cautious tread there seemed a familiar sound. Once, in delirium, he insisted it was Miss Bruce, but even through that delirium he knew he must be raving, and it was impossible. Could that be a part of his dream, too, in which

he dragged himself out of bed, to dress in his own clothes, laid out on the chair that had hitherto carried a basin of gruel or a jug of cooling drink? No, it must have been reality surely, for even to-day he has so vivid a remembrance of the fresh air, the blinding sunshine, and the homely life-like look of that four-wheeled cab waiting in the narrow street, which he entered mechanically, which, as mechanically brought him home to his uncle's house, the man asking no questions, nor stopping to receive his fare. To be sure, he fainted from utter weakness at the door. Of that he is satisfied, for he remembers nothing between the jolting of those slippery cushions and another bed in which he found himself, with a grave doctor watching over him, and which he recognised, doubtfully, as his own.

Gradually, with returning strength, Tom began to suspect the truth, that he had been hoccusSED and robbed. His pockets, when he resumed his clothes, were empty. Their only contents, his cigar-case, and Miss Bruce's letter, were gone. The motive for so desperate an attack he felt unable to fathom. His intellect was still affected by bodily weakness, and he inclined at first to think he had been mistaken for somebody else. The real truth only dawned on him by degrees. Its first ray originated with no less brilliant a luminary than old Bargrave.

To do him justice, the uncle had shown far more natural affection than his household had hitherto believed him capable of feeling. During his nephew's absence, he had been like one distracted, and the large reward offered for discovery of the missing gentleman sufficiently testified his anxiety and alarm. When Tom did return, more dead than alive, Bargrave hurried off in person to procure the best medical advice, and postponing inquiry into his wrongs to the more immediate necessity of nursing the sufferer, spent six or seven hours out of the twenty-four at the sick man's bedside.

The first day Tom could sit up

his uncle thought well to enliven him with a little news, social, general, and professional. Having told him that he had outbid Mortlake for the last batch of poor Mr. Chalkstone's port, and stated, at some length, his reasons for doubting the stability of Government, he entered gleefully upon congenial topics, and proceeded to give the invalid a general sketch of business affairs during his retirement.

'I've worked the coach, Tom,' said he, walking up and down the room, waving his coat-tails, 'as well as it could be worked, single-handed. I don't think you'll find a screw loose anywhere. Ah, Tom! an old head, you know, is worth a many pair of hands. When you're well enough, in a week or so, my lad, I shall like to show you how I've kept everything going, though I was so anxious, terribly anxious, all the time. The only matter that's been left what you call *in statu quo* is that business of Miss Bruce's, which I had nothing to do with. It will last you a good while yet, Tom, though it's of less importance to her now, poor thing! —don't you move, Tom—I'll hand you the barley-water—because she's Miss Bruce no longer.'

Tom gasped, and hid his pale thin face in the jug of barley-water. He had some pluck about him, after all; for weak and ill as he was he managed to get out an indifferent question.

'Not Miss Bruce, isn't she? Ah! I hadn't heard. Who is she then, uncle? I suppose you mean she's—she's married.' He was so husky, no wonder he took another pull at the barley-water.

'Yes, she's married,' answered his uncle in the indifferent tone with which threescore years and odd can discuss that fatality. 'Made a good marriage, too—an excellent marriage. What do you think of a peerage, my boy? She's Viscountess Bearwarden now. Twenty thousand a year, if it's a penny. I am sure of it, for I was concerned in a lawsuit of the late lord's twenty years ago. I don't suppose you're acquainted with her husband, Tom. Not in our circle, you know; but a most respectable young man I

understand, and likely to be lord-lieutenant of his county before long. I'm sure I trust she'll be happy. And now, Tom, as you seem easy and comfortable, perhaps you'd like to go to sleep for a little. If you want anything you can reach the bell, and I'll come and see you again before I dress for dinner.'

Easy and comfortable! When the door shut behind his uncle Tom bowed his head upon the table and gave way completely. He was unmanned by illness, and the shock had been too much for him. It was succeeded, however, and that pretty quickly, by feelings of bitter wrath and resentment, which did more to restore his strength than all the tonics in the world. An explanation, too, seemed now afforded to much that had so mystified him of late. What if, rendered desperate by his threats, Miss Bruce had been in some indirect manner the origin of his captivity and illness—Miss Bruce, the woman who of all others owed him the largest debt of gratitude (like most people, Tom argued from his own side of the question); for whom he had laboured so unremittingly, and was willing to sacrifice so much. Could it be so? And if it was, should he not be justified in going to any extremity for revenge? Revenge—yes, that was all he had to live for now; and the very thought seemed to put new vigour into his system, infuse fresh blood in his veins. So is it with all baser spirits; and perhaps in the indulgence of this cowardly craving they obtain a more speedy relief than nobler natures from the first agony of suffering; but their cure is not and never can be permanent; and to them must remain unknown that strange wild strain of some unearthly music which thrills through those sore hearts that can repay good for evil, kindly interest for cold indifference; that, true to themselves and their own honour, can continue to love a memory, though it be but the memory of a dream.

Tom felt as if he could make an exceedingly high bid, involving probity, character, good faith, and

the whole of his moral code, for an auxiliary who should help him in his vengeance. Assistance was at hand even now, in an unexpected moment and an unlooked-for shape.

'A person wishes to see you, sir, if you're well enough,' said a little housemaid who had volunteered to provide for the wants of the invalid, and took very good care of him indeed.

'What sort of a person?' asked Tom, languidly, feeling, nevertheless, that any distraction would be a relief.

'Well, sir,' replied the maid, 'it seems a respectable person, I should say. Like a sick-nurse, or what-not.'

There is no surmise so wild but that a rejected lover will grasp at and connect it with the origin of his disappointment. 'I'll see her,' said Tom, stoutly, not yet despairing but that it might be a messenger from Maud.

He certainly *was* surprised when Dorothea, whom he recognized at once, even in her Sunday clothes, entered the room, with a wandering eye and a vacillating step.

'You'll never forgive me, Master Tom,' was her startling salutation. 'It's me as nursed you through it; but you'll never forgive me—never! And I don't deserve as you should.'

Dorothea was nervous, hysterical, but she steadied herself bravely, though her fingers worked and trembled under her faded shawl.

Tom stared, and his visitor went on,

'You'd a-died for sure if I hadn't. Don't ye cast it up to me, Master Tom. I've been punished enough. Punished! If I was to bare my arm now I could show you wheals that's more colours and brighter than your neckankercher there. I've been served worse nor that, though, since. I ain't a-goin' to put up with it no longer. Master Tom, do you know as you've been put upon, and by who?'

His senses were keenly on the alert. 'Tell me the truth, my good girl,' said he, 'and I'll forgive you all your share. More, I'll stick by you through thick and thin.'

She whimpered a little, affected by

the kindness of his tone, but tugging harder at her shawl, proceeded to further confessions.

'You was hocussed, Master Tom; and I can point out to you the man as did it. You'd a been murdered amongst 'em if it hadn't been for me. Who was it, d'ye think, as nussed of you, and cared for you, all through, and laid out your clothes ready brushed and folded, and went and got you a cab the day as you come back here? Master Tom, I've been put upon too. Put upon and deceived, as never yet was born woman used so bad; and it's my turn now! Look ye here, Master Tom. It's that villain, Jim—Gentleman Jim, as we calls him—what's been at the bottom of this here. And yet there's worse than Jim in it too. There's others that set Jim on. Oh! to believe as a fine handsome chap like him could turn out to be so black-hearted, and such a soft too. She'll never think no more of him, for all his comely face, than the dirt beneath her feet.'

'She!' repeated Tom, intensely interested, and therefore preternaturally calm. 'What d'ye mean by *she*? Don't fret, that's a good girl, and don't excite yourself. Tell your story your own way, you know, but keep as quiet as you can. You're safe enough here.'

'We'd been asked in church,' replied Dorothea, somewhat inconsequently. 'Ah! more than once, we had. And I'd ha' been as true to him, and was, as ever a needle to a stitch. Well, sir, when he slighted of me, and leaves of me, why it's natural as I should run up and down the streets a-lookin' for him like wild. So one day, after I'd done my work, and put things straight, for I never was one of your sluttish ones, Master Tom—and your uncle, he's always been a kind gentleman to me, and a h'ffable, like yourself, Master Tom—according, I comes upon my Jim at the Sunflower, and I follows him unbeknown for miles and miles right away to the West-end. So he never looks behind him, nor he never stops, o' course, till he comes to Belgrave Square; and he turns

down a street as I couldn't read its name, but should know it again as well as I know my own hand. And then, Master Tom, if you'll believe me, I thought as I must have dropped.'

'Well?' said Tom, not prepared to be satisfied with this climax, though his companion stopped, as if she had got to the end of her disclosures.

'Well indeed!' resumed Dorothea after a considerable interval, 'when he come that far, I know'd as he must be up to some of his games, and I watched. They lets him into a three-storied house, and I sees him in the best parlour with a lady, speaking up to her, but not half so bold as usual. He's not often dashed, Jim isn't. I will say that for him.'

'What sort of a lady?' asked Tom, quivering with excitement. 'You took a good look at her, I'll be bound!'

'Well, a real lady in a muslin dress,' answered Dorothea. 'A tall young lady—not much to boast of for looks, but with hair as black as your hat and a face as white as cream. Very 'aughty too an arbitrary, and seemed to have my Jim like quite at her command. So from where I stood I couldn't help hearing everything that passed. My Jim, he gives her the very letter as laid in your pocket that night, as you—as you was taken so poorly, you know. And from what she said and what he said, and putting this and that together, I'm sure as they got you out of the way between them, Master Tom, and gammoned me into the job too, when I'd rather have cut both my hands off, if I'd only known the truth.'

Tom sat back on his sofa, shutting his eyes that he might concentrate his powers of reflection. Yes, it was all clear enough at last. The nature and origin of the outrage to which he had been subjected were obvious, nor could he entertain any further doubt of Maud's motives, though marvelling exceedingly, as well he might, at her courage, her recklessness, and the social standing of her accomplice. It seemed to

him as if he could forgive every one concerned but her. This poor woman who had fairly thrown herself on his mercy: the ruffian whose grip had been at his throat, but who might hereafter prove as efficient an ally as he had been a formidable enemy. Only let him have Maud in his power, that was all he asked, praying him to spare her, kneeling at his feet, and then without a shade of compunction to ruin, and crush, and humble her to the dust!

He saw his way presently, but he must work warily, he told himself, and use all the tools that came to his hand.

'If you can clear the matter up, Dorothea,' said he, kindly, 'I will not visit your share in it on your head, as I have already told you. Indeed I believe I owe you my life. But this man you mention, this Gentleman Jim as you call him, can you find him? Do you know where he is? My poor girl! I think I understand. Surely you deserved better treatment at his hands.'

The kind words produced this time no softening effect, and Tom knew enough of human nature to feel sure that she was bent on revenge as earnestly as himself, while he also knew that he must take advantage of her present humour at once, for it might change in an hour.

'If I could lay my hand on him,' answered Dorothea, fiercely, 'it's likely I'd leave my mark! I've looked for him now, high and low, every evening and many arternoons, better nor a week. I ain't come on him yet, the false-hearted thief! but I seen her only the day before yesterday, seen her walk into a house in Berners Street as bold as you please. I watched and waited better nor two hours, for, thinks I, he won't be long follerin'; and I seen her come out agin with a gentleman, a comely young gentleman; I'd know him anywhere, but he warn't like my Jim.'

'Are you sure it was the same lady?' asked Tom, eagerly, but ashamed of putting so unnecessary a question when he saw the expression of Dorothea's face.

'Am I *sure*?' said she, with a short gasping laugh. 'Do you suppose as a woman can be mistook as has been put upon like me? Lawyers is clever men, askin' your pardon, Mr. Ryfe, but there's not much sense in such a question as yours: I seen the lady sir, and I seen the house; that's enough for me!'

'And you observed the gentleman narrowly?' continued Tom, stifling down a little pang of jealousy that was surely unreasonable now.

'Well, I didn't take much notice of the gentleman,' answered Dorothea, wearily, for the reaction was coming on apace. 'It warn't my Jim I know. You and me has both been used bad, Master Tom, and it's a shame, it is. But the weather's uncommon close, and it's a long walk here and I'm a'most fit to drop, askin' your pardon, sir. I wrote down the number of the 'ouse, Master Tom, to make sure—there it is. If you please, I'll go down stairs, and ask the servants for a cup o' tea, and I wish you a good arternoon, sir, and am glad to see you lookin' a trifle better at last.'

So Dorothea departed to enjoy the luxury of strong tea and unlimited gossip with Mr. Bargingrave's household, drawing largely on her invention in explanation of her recent interview, but affording them no clue to the real object of her visit.

Tom Ryfe was still puzzled. That Maud (he could not endure to think of her as Lady Bearwarden)—that Maud should, so soon after her marriage, be seen going about London by herself under such questionable circumstances was strange, to say the least of it, even making allowances for her recklessness and wilful disposition, of which no one could be better aware than himself. What could be her object? though he loved her so fiercely in his own way, he had no great opinion of her discretion; and now, in the bitterness of his anger, was prepared to put the very worst construction upon everything she did. He recalled, painfully enough, a previous

occasion on which he had met her, as he believed, walking with a stranger in the Park, and did not forget her displeasure while cutting short his inquiries on the subject. After all, it occurred to him almost immediately that the person with whom she had been lately seen was probably her own husband. He would not himself have described Lord Bearwarden exactly as a 'comely young gentleman,' but on the subject of manly beauty Dorothea's taste was probably more reliable than his own. If so, however, what could they be doing in Berners Street? Pshaw! How this illness had weakened his intellect! Having her picture painted, of course! what else could bring a doting couple, married only a few weeks, to that part of the town? He cursed Dorothea bitterly for her ridiculous surmises and speculations—cursed the fond pair—cursed his own wild unconquerable folly—cursed the day he first set eyes on that fatal beauty, so maddening to his senses, so destructive to his heart; and thus cursing staggered across the room to take his strengthening draught, looked at his pale, worn face in the glass, and sat down again to think.

The doctor had visited him at noon, and stated with proper caution that in a day or two, if amendment still progressed satisfactorily, 'carriage exercise,' as he called it, might be taken with undoubtedly benefit to the invalid. We all know, none better than medical men themselves, that if your doctor says you may get up to-morrow, you jump out of bed the moment his back is turned. Tom Ryfe, worried, agitated, unable to rest where he was, resolved that he would take his carriage-exercise without delay, and to the housemaid's astonishment, indeed much against her protest, ordered a Hansom cab to the door at once.

Though so weak he could not dress without assistance, he no sooner found himself on the move, and out of doors, than he began to feel stronger and better; he had no objection in driving beyond change of scene, air, and exercise; but it will

not surprise those who have suffered from the cruel thirst and longing which accompanies such mental maladies as his, that he should have directed the cabman to proceed to Berners Street.

It sometimes happens that when we thus 'draw a bow at a venture' our random shaft hits the mark we might have aimed at for an hour in vain. Tom Ryfe esteemed it an unlooked-for piece of good fortune that turning out of Oxford Street he should meet another Hansom going at speed in an opposite direction, and containing—yes, he could have

sworn to them before any jury in England—the faces, very near each other, of Lady Bearwarden and Dick Stanmore.

It was enough. Dorothea's statement seemed sufficiently corroborated, and after proceeding to the number she indicated, as if to satisfy himself that the house had not walked bodily away, Mr. Ryfe returned home very much benefited in his own opinion by the drive, though the doctor, visiting his patient next day, was disappointed to find him still low and feverish, altogether not so much better as he expected.

---

## THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

---

FORSTER'S LIFE OF LANDOR.\*

M R. FORSTER has in his time rendered many and massive services to English literature and history, although we must, by way, even here, enter our *caveat* against the one-sided political character of his histories. But, on the whole, he has perhaps written no better book than this, which, for the subject and its treatment, is the most interesting book he has done. Walter Savage Landor was a very king among men, standing head and shoulders above his contemporaries. He was never a popular writer. The 'Imaginary Conversations,' indeed, is a work with which most general readers are on some terms of acquaintance. A few stray lines of his poetry have also passed into the language, and are universally known. But besides this Landor very rarely penetrated beyond the esoteric circle of gifted men who entertained for him a most passionate admiration, and who claimed for him a higher place than was granted to him by the mass of his contemporaries, but perhaps not higher than will be conceded by a later age. But, at the same time, a very strong personal interest has

always belonged to this most wonderful old man. To him, if to any man, belonged a most strongly-marked individuality. He was a man who was always a law to himself, which means that he was lawless in respect to others; daringly but irregularly great—great both in his attainments and his originality; headstrong, violent, imprudent, but chivalrous, tender, and generous to the highest conceivable degree. It was well known that he was obliged to leave England under a cloud, under an extraordinary amount of well-earned obloquy. Mr. Forster has written his work with a fairness and impartiality to which biography in general is almost a stranger. He has told us, with kindness and candour, of the errors of a great man most fatally misguided as guided only by his own will, but the general result of his work will be to make Landor infinitely better understood by his countrymen, and greatly to raise the general estimate of his character.

It is essentially a literary biography, and the reader will find much keen and delicate criticism of Landor's varied writings. Its value as a thoughtful literary work will in this respect be considerably

\* 'Walter Savage Landor.' A Biography. By John Forster. Two vols. Chapman and Hall.



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.



enhanced, though its immediate popularity may perhaps be depreciated. But with occasional assistance of much service from such illustrious coadjutors as Southey, Julius Hare, Sir Frederick Pollock, Dickens, Browning, Algernon Swinburne, Mr. Forster has given us an intellectual portraiture of Landor of the highest degree of finish and perfection. We are told that it was at Landor's house that Dickens first devised the conception of Little Nell in the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' and Mr. Forster tells us that Dickens depicted Landor in the portraiture of Boythorn in 'Bleak House.' But the cheery loudness and playful explosiveness of the Boythorn in fiction point to some unpleasant facts in the Landor of reality—the swift wrath, the utter impracticableness, the unwisdom, the unrest. At Oxford, although he was a thorough scholar, that would have delighted the hearts of dons, he was sent away because he foolishly discharged a gun against a don's window. He displeased the best parents in the world by such a wish as that the French would hang George the Third between two such thieves as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. When his good mother heard this speech, she immediately rose from her seat and boxed her precocious son's ears. It would be hardly too much to say that throughout life Landor was always making such speeches and always getting his ears boxed. At the same time Landor was a man whose knowledge of Greek was prodigious, and who wrote Latin poetry, not only with the Latinity, but with the freshness and independence of a Latin-born poet. There was one man who loved both his letters and his liberalism, and this was Dr. Parr, who, in spite of all his persecutions, passed an intensely enjoyable life, and left a large fortune behind him. Landor was only twenty-three when he brought out his great poem, beloved by poets, of 'Gebir.' He was at Paris when Bonaparte was First Consul, and had a good opportunity of observing him narrowly. It was wonderful to hear Landor, in his old

age, describing Napoleon Bonaparte as a slim young man. In later life, when living in Bath, he had a visit from the nephew, the present Emperor. He sent Landor his work on 'Artillery:' 'Témoigne d'estime de la part du Prince Napoléon Louis B., qui apprécie le vrai mérite quelque opposé qu'il soit à ses sentiments et à son opinion.' Mr. Forster has an interesting note, saying that at the very time when Landor thus met Louis Napoleon in Bath (1846), 'there was in a boarding-school twelve miles off, on the Clifton Downs, a pretty girl—grand-niece to a maiden lady living in a very small house at Dumfries—who is now Empress of France.'

But we must return to the earlier current of Landor's days, although our space does not permit us to make even an abstract of Mr. Forster's volumes. For some time Landor resided, an alien and exile from home, in South Wales, and, with a strongly-marked attachment to localities, he always looked back kindly on the neighbourhood of Swansea. In due time he succeeded to the family estates in Staffordshire; and if he had been capable of the least prudence and restraint he might have been a wealthy squire to the end of the chapter. But he soon began to be extravagant and to be in love. He found a heroine whom he chose to call Ionē, 'a name translated far too easily into Jones;' and presently another young woman crops up called Ianthē. The time was not altogether ill spent, for he visited Spain, he wrote a tragedy, and he formed a lifelong friendship with Southey, charming the poet's heart by an offer to be at the cost of printing epics as fast as he should write them. He fixed his heart upon Llanthony Abbey and its estates, and to complete this purchase he had to make complicated arrangements, parting with his ancestral estate, causing his mother to part with hers, and having to obtain a private Act of Parliament. In after years, Landor came to a very pretty place, on which he gazed with enthusiasm and longed to possess, and he was told that it was part of his own

ancestral estate which he had sold in order to purchase Llanthony. It became necessary that he should give Llanthony a mistress. Accordingly he married a young lady on the high ground that she had very few pretensions and no fortune. 'The marriage took place before the end of May. It had all been arranged and settled after the manner of the eternal friendship between Cecilia and Matilda in the "Anti-jacobin." A sudden thought had struck him and the thing was done. He had married a pretty little girl, of whom he seems literally to have had no other knowledge than that she had more curls on her head than any other girl in Bath.'

Landor made a sad business both of his wife and of his estate. There were great difficulties in both, but so much more might have been made of both. There was too great a difference in their ages, and Landor had not the tact and skill to compose this and still greater differences. 'I must do the little wife the justice to say,' wrote his brother Robert, one of the justest and wisest of men, 'that I saw much of her, about three years after her marriage, during a long journey through France and Italy, and that I left her with regret and pity.' Similarly the Welsh among whom he had settled himself were people requiring judicious and adroit management, a system of which Landor was utterly incapable. Landor was as unstable as water. He intended to rebuild the abbey, but he didn't; to build himself a fine residence, but he didn't; to plant a million of trees, but he didn't; to reform and civilize the Llanthony world, but he didn't. He found it the speediest escape out of his troubles to run away both from his wife and his estate; but he discovered afterwards that it was not so easy to make an escape from such troubles. Mr. Forster speaks of the evil and stubborn qualities of the Welsh; but Landor ought to have made the best and not the worst of things. Bullied by the Welsh, he thought of establishing himself as a French citizen in some provincial town of France. The plan was given up, and after

a dreary section entitled 'Private Disputes,' dealing with lawsuits and annoyances, we find him migrating to Italy, and after many wanderings settling down in Florence. He had the Medicanean palazzo there, but he contrived to make himself obnoxious to the authorities, and received orders to quit Tuscany. He managed, however, a charming villa at Fiesolé, associated with Michael Angelo and Machiavelli, with Galileo and with Milton. It was bought very cheaply. It is pleasant, too, to read, when we hear of Landor's unbounded generosity to others, that his generous friend Ablett advanced him the money for the purchase, and would have forced it upon him as a present. When the money was after various years repaid Ablett refused to accept any money for its use.

Years after Landor had left the place Charles Dickens visited it. He drove out to Fiesolé, and asked the coachman to point out to him Landor's villa. But we will let Mr. Dickens speak for himself. 'He was a dull dog, and pointed to Boccaccio's. I didn't believe him. He was so deuced ready that I knew he lied. I went up to the convent, which is on a height, and was leaning over a dwarf wall looking at the noble view over a vast range of hill and valley, when a little peasant girl came up and began to point out the localities. "Ecco la Villa Landora!" was one of the first half-dozen sentences she spoke. My heart swelled almost as Landor's would have done when I looked down upon it, nestling among its olive-trees and vines, and with its upper windows (there are five above the door) open to the setting sun. Over the centre of these there is another story, set upon the housetop like a tower; and all Italy, except its sea, is melted down into the glowing landscape it commands. I plucked a leaf of ivy from the convent garden as I looked; and here it is. "For Landor, with my love." So writes Mr. Dickens to our biographer. From this paradisaical retreat he tears himself away by voluntary

self-banishment. He quarrelled with his wife, and in the course of this quarrel acted with the most absurd inconsistency. He says that his wife used language to him which was intolerable in the presence of his children. It seems probable that Landor's complaint against his wife was well founded; but what can we think of him as a father for deserting his children for so many years and surrendering them entirely to a parent whose conduct he deliberately disapproved? Even while in Italy he had made flying visits to England, refreshing himself with old family associations and literary companionship, and taking with him many worthless pictures which had been imposed upon his want of taste. He now settled himself at Bath, where he continued for one-and-twenty years the greatest of its local celebrities. It is unnecessary to speak at length of the sad events that drove him away from Bath. He mixed himself up in a miserable quarrel about a governess, and speedily found himself involved in an action for libel. He was a man who had always put passion before reason, but would ultimately return to a better mind. This better mind seemed to desert him at the last, and Landor was now a different being to the Landor who had once been. When he published his 'Dry Sticks Faggoted,' strongly against Mr. Forster's remonstrance, he wished to add on the title-page, 'By the late W. S. Landor,' which in one sense might have been truly said, and was with difficulty dissuaded. The slander business originated in Landor's desire to have the declivity of life smoothed for him by the companionship of charming young ladies. He had formerly promulgated his opinion on this subject in that favourite 'Imaginary Dialogue,' in which Epicurus shows two handsome Athenian girls of sixteen and eighteen his new garden, and expounds to them his philosophy. But, as Mr. Forster somewhat grimly remarks, 'Everything depends in such a case upon the choice of your Ternissa and Leon-tion.' With Landor irascibility

grew into madness; you were either a fiend or an angel with him. In his usual insensate way he violated an undertaking not to reproduce the libel, and was cast in damages for a thousand pounds with costs. He was determined not to pay, but to settle his property on his children and to flee the country. In the last part of his design he easily succeeded, but the opposite lawyers were too sharp for him and got their money. On his flight he stopped in London at Mr. Forster's, and Mr. Dickens, who went to see him in his bedroom, 'came back into the room laughing, and said that he found him very jovial, and his whole conversation was upon the characters of Catullus, Tibullus, and other Latin poets.' Then he went back to Italy, living six years longer. His domestic unhappiness involved him in a great deal of misery, but Mr. Browning very nobly came to his help and did him infinite service. 'Whatever he may profess,' says Mr. Browning, 'the thing he really loves is a pretty girl to talk nonsense with.'

There has hardly been for years past a literary biography so full and perfect as this by Mr. Forster. It would be easy to cull many passages of very great literary and social interest. One only criticism, which we advance with much diffidence, is, that there might have been more compression and the book be brought within narrower limits. Also, upon the whole, we are doubtful whether Landor sufficiently deserved such an elaborate biography. Although he is probably destined for a still higher fame than he has as yet received, the thoroughly Greek character of his mind will only insure him an audience fit and few. Besides his Greek we are afraid he was a thorough heathen. In intellectual power he touched the nadir; in moral power he sunk almost below zero.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We would not that the Royal Academy should gloriously inaugurate the second century of its bright existence within its new and noble halls without a word of greet-

ing from the Peripatetic. The edifice itself forms the most remarkable item of the present exhibition. The critics have now all had their say, and, of course, have been obliged to be critical; but allowing the grumble that there is only one spacious room for the sake of the banquet, we believe also that the smaller rooms form admirable galleries. There has also been a great deal of grumbling about the pictures, and it may be granted both that there have been some unfair disappointments, and also that some of the Academicians have much too liberally availed themselves of the space which is constitutionally at their disposal. Still I maintain, contrary to much very positive opinion, that the exhibition of this year is, as an exhibition, exceedingly good. There are paintings here which, in the effect which they produce upon the spectator, and in the memories which they leave behind, are rarely equalled. There are few more delightful employments than the gradual accumulation of notes to one's fresh copy of the Catalogue, now in tinted cover and *minus* the choice quotation as motto. We are not disappointed in the names there, nor yet in the results to be associated with the names. We go at once to Landseer, Poole, Millais, Creswick, Cope, O'Neil, Frith, Goodal, and a few other celebrated men, and then we leisurely work through the new or rising names to see with whom may rest the palm on account of the '*ingenium et labor.*' But though pleasant to make annotations, it would hardly be fair, at this time of the day, to transfer the annotations to print; otherwise we would like to discuss at length the savage power shown in Landseer's greatest but painful picture of the Swannery attacked by Sea-eagles; Millais's stately women and beautiful children, when perhaps, the drapery allows him to work rather too rapidly; the exquisite oriental pictures of Lewis, where (in 157) many worthy souls puzzle themselves to find out the letter; Poole's Lorenzo and Jessica, and so on; to point out our favourites to the friendly reader, and entreat him to admire them with us.

As each man takes his special favourite, we will avow that Faed's little picture, '*Alone by Herself,*' in the simplicity of its pathos and poetry is unique in the exhibition. As an example, too, of sound honest study expended on a fine passage of literary history we greatly like Mr. Crowe's '*Penance of Dr. Johnson, 768.*' He stood in the rain all day in the market-place at Uttoxeter, to expiate the sin of disobedience to his father. Many have laughed over the incident, but the truest criticism was that of an old lady, '*And let us hope the sin was expiated.*'

Next to Mr. Woolner's works, perhaps the most interesting specimen is the Princess Louise's excellent head and bust of the Queen. Here the intimate knowledge of her mother has supplied touches unattainable to the sculptor. The Princess stands in the first rank of amateur art, and perhaps something more. But we have only time to greet the new halls, and bid them, literally, adieu. We had only assigned ourselves a very brief space for this, and the space is full.

#### THE LATE G. H. THOMAS'S EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

From the various exhibitions we can only devote a brief space to the exhibition of the pictures of the late Mr. G. H. Thomas, not unmindful of the genius and good taste with which he so often adorned our pages. We may venture regretfully to think, that with all his excellence he had hardly reached his culminating point when he was cut off by premature death. In his numerous works there is abundant proof of the conscientiousness, thoroughness, study, and thought which are often such large constituents in genius, and which corresponded so well with the well-known high and kindly nature of the man. No one had a swifter and more discerning eye than her gracious Majesty, to observe and give judicious encouragement to this artist's extraordinary ability. The Queen's numerous contributions to this exhibition give it one of its best charms, and attest how much she

valued the numerous compositions that were done at her command. Going carefully through this collection of 170 pictures and drawings, one is greatly struck by the immense versatility they display. The faces of little children and of fair women, manly energy in all the life and movement of the human figure, pastoral landscape with rivulet or river, bits of sea or woodland, the glorious sky of Italy or the sky hardly less glorious of England on a deep summer day—touches of pathos, of humour, of tenderness, of reflection, are everywhere around us, of a pretty uniform high order of excellence. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the artist has seized very different departments, such as foliage in the 'Apple-blossom,' or horses, such as in the wonderful painting of 'Masterless,' or, again, French subjects as in the 'Dimanche,' in a way so thorough and earnest that he might have concentrated his artist life in any one of the directions indicated. Some of the pictures suggest more or less criticism, but with this we do not here propose to trouble our readers. A great interest attaches to those cases where we are able to compare the earlier studies with the finished design, or to note the point where the cunning hand of the limner was arrested. It gives a peculiar interest to the collection to know that throughout his later career the gifted industrious artist was struggling against disease.

We were greatly struck with the picture which is first in the Catalogue, 'The Train.' Frith's 'Railway Station' was a great picture, but our artists have not yet done for modern locomotion what their predecessors have done for the road. The rail may seem a prosaic and commonplace subject, but Mr. Thomas shows us how much beauty it may yield. It is a long railway cutting through woodland arched by a viaduct. An express train comes tearing along at full speed. A group of rustics, women and children, are watching with wondering, half-fearful faces. The time is evening, and the long wreath of curling steam contrasts well with

the leaden clouds, and through a rent in them the blood-red sun looks down upon the picture. The subject is real enough in all conscience, but it has both poetry and mystery. The painting to which we have alluded above, 'Masterless' (9), is, to our mind, the most remarkable in the collection. It is his most ideal painting. It is also his last, a prophecy of what might have been in the future. The sun sets in a wild tempest of glory on a barren heath, and over this comes careering, in mad infuriated flight, a riderless horse; the cloaks and holsters have slipped aside; the startled eye and smoking nostril seem to tell us that he is flying from the horror of the battle-field in wild search for his master, and that the weakness of fatigue will soon check his speed. The picture of animal suffering and fidelity amid the desolation of war and nature is exceedingly touching and suggestive, and instinct with that dramatic action which this artist develops so peculiarly well.

We proceed from pictures to groups of pictures. It so happened that we had just returned from a run in the Isle of Wight, reviving former impressions, and so were able to judge freshly of the numerous sketches from the island, Shanklin, Freshwater, Alum Bay, &c., and their extraordinary fidelity to special details. The numerous landscapes have a truth at once frankly recognised by memory and the heart. Those of our readers who, when staying at Boulogne, had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the inner life of the camp will enjoy wonderfully the picture of the 'Ball.' We perceive that this is about to be engraved on steel. The grisette in 'Dimanche' would do for Victor Hugo's 'Fantine' in that bright summer day at St. Cloud. The pictures in the collection which are historical, as time goes on will acquire a constantly increasing value. They are mainly the Queen's property. We observe that (170) 'The First Distribution of the Victoria Cross' is also to be engraved.

This collection in the Lawrence Gallery, New Bond Street, has cer-

tainly a unique interest. It should be studied as a whole, with its stamp of distinctive individuality. The labours of a life-time are brought together, in graduated steps of excellence; we trace a life-history throughout their diversities and affluence of skill. As a collection, we have said enough to intimate our opinion that it is one of the most remarkable ever submitted to the public, and we may also add that in its hints and teachings indicative of progressive steps in true work and workmanship, it has a real educational value.

#### MISTAKES IN LIFE.

I met with a very able man some time ago who ingeniously argued that there were no such things as mistakes in life. He was in everything an optimist: 'Whatever is, is right.' I should have been glad to have coincided in a view of things so eminently cheerful and consolatory. I put the case rather coarsely and practically to him. 'Suppose you broke your leg.' My friend replied with much fervour that such an accident would really prove an excellent thing for him. Now there is a case 'on the books' in which a broken leg turned out to be a signal advantage. There was a good bishop who was arrested in the Marian times and ordered to be brought up to London. He was noted for his implicit belief in a providential order of things. Coming up to town on his way he fell and broke his leg. When he was asked whether that accident was for the best, he unhesitatingly replied 'Certainly.' Which turned out to be the case, for he was detained on the road, and while he was detained Queen Mary died. His broken leg saved him from the stake. My friend was not arguing the matter on theological grounds, for I am afraid he clings to the dreary negations of positivism, or his notion might have required a different line of discussion. He was discussing the matter on the principles of the broadest philosophy, and according to this there was nothing to prevent his breaking his leg if he thought that a desirable consummation. He

would, I think, regret such a step as a very serious mistake in life. So far from the optimist theory being true, there is nothing of which human life produces a more plentiful crop than mistakes. I remember that Sir James Graham refused to join a vote of censure on a ministry that was thought to have committed a great mistake, because he was conscious, he said, that he had made so many mistakes himself. That is the most brilliant man, not who makes the most brilliant hits, but who makes the fewest mistakes. This is, I believe, an axiom with all military writers. Some of Napoleon's finest fighting was a mistake, and I believe it can be proved to demonstration that the Duke of Wellington made several conspicuous blunders on the field of Waterloo. He won, not because he made no blunders, but because Napoleon made more.

Lord Derby once got himself into ill odour by repeating the cynical French saying that a certain line of conduct was worse than a sin, for it was a mistake. This is not a real antithesis, because, both etymologically and in substance, the two words are synonymous. The old Greeks took sin, or what they regarded as such, to be a blunder and a mistake. We see this often enough in common experience. I never see a case of deliberate jilting—when an honest man is thrown overboard by a heartless flirt, or an honest girl is jilted by some light-of-love—but I know that there is an unpleasant kind of Nemesis hovering in the air. There were few more impressive speeches than that in which the late Lord Cranworth sentenced Rush, the Jermy-hall murderer, to be hung, and told him that if he had kept his promise of marrying the principal witness against him, the policy of the law would have sealed her lips, and in all probability he would have been acquitted. There is no doubt but the wretched man felt that he had made a very material mistake in life.

But we are not concerned with matters so melodramatic as this. When men come to a certain age they begin to analyse emotions, to

criticise past transactions, and become deeply meditative on the past. They will sometimes make you dreamy half confidences, and tell you that there was a time when at a certain point the path of life became bifurcated, and they turned to the left hand when they ought to have turned to the right. That was their fatal error. Everything would have gone well with them if they had not made a particular mistake. Now I believe there is a great deal of confusion of thought on this subject. Men confound what is accidental with what is essential. They think that a particular act was isolated and accidental, whereas, as a matter of fact, it is simply part of an orderly sequence of events. It is the legitimate consequent of antecedents—it is the logical outcome of a certain tone and character. A man is killed while hunting or drowned while bathing. It is often called an accident, while it is often nothing of the kind. The horse did not suit him, the style of country did not suit him, hunting had altogether ceased to suit him. Or the man bathed too far from land or amid currents or amid rocks. And in either case the man knew that he was running a kind of risk, but the risk seemed remote, and the thought *I will chance it* occurred to his mind. And in time he ran through his chances and got killed. So I have met some youths who have only missed some sublime academic distinction through some slight mistake of their own—or of the examiners. They had read all their books most carefully except some particular author, and on that author they were wrecked. The real fact is that our scholar was an inaccurate and desultory reader, and this led to a fall in his class. Another man might have got a good thing if he had only applied in time, but another 'had stepped in before him.' In point of fact the man was unpunctual and unbusinesslike; he had not suffered much from such bad habits before, but all at once they had 'eventuated' in such a catastrophe. Another man makes a marriage which turns out to be unwise or unhappy; but the fellow had

been loafing about for years, not caring to whom he made love so that he carried on that exciting pastime. And then he met some one who at least had the tact to play the game a stroke more skilfully than himself, and so he got mated and checkmated at the same time.

In most instances we see that there has been a confusion of thought. The mistake is, in fact, the sum of a series of mistakes—the last factor in a long line of figures. It is not an isolated blunder, but the reaping of a sowing. Sometimes there is something very touching in the confessions which one hears from those who would desire to tell their stories, or perhaps in those confessions which a man makes to himself. When a man has invested all his money in Overend and Gurney one hardly likes to enter into an elaborate argument to prove that this was not an isolated blunder, but the natural result of a wrong twist of mind—this desire for a high return of money, this thirsting for the profits of the trader, this unpatriotic contempt for the safe and solid Three per Cents. Sometimes, however, there is the comfortable office of explaining to a troubled mind that the mistake is not a great one after all. I am sitting in dim college rooms, where luxury and art have been grafted on the noble library, where the painted oriel and the vase, bronzes, and gems minister to an aesthetic sense. My companion pale and thin, now a little old and worn. He tells me that he is a disappointed man, that he made a great mistake in life. He laid a wide and deep foundation, but he has reared no superstructure. He meant—as other men have meant and carried out their meaning—to have done supremely well at Oxford, and so to have climbed on to statesmanship or the bar; but he became so good a scholar as to be good for nothing else besides. Law did not come easy to him, oratory was impossible; so he threw up the experiment and came back to Oxford to take pupils, to fulfil the humble offices of the college dons, to edit editions of one of the fathers. There is no fame

for him, and as he is a layman, no wife or child or pleasant rural home. I deny that my friend has made a mistake. We have need of men such as he is who in gentle culture, refinement, and intelligence should be in the van of society. They, even more than our nobles, according to Burke's image, form the true Corinthian capital of the pillar of the state. Then again I find a man who is immersed in business. The claims of his work upon him are so enormous that he cannot take repose, or even if he takes repose he cannot do so with a glad, full heart, but strictly subordinates his leisure to his work, as we wrap precious things in wool and linings. He, too, is troubled with some vague, remorseful notions that he has made mistakes in life. He had no business to enter on a life that gives him no leisure. I tell him that our business in this world is to be busy; that his activity is of more use to others and to himself than his leisure would be, and there will be rest in due time. Perhaps he will tell me—I have heard such things said—that he ought to have married a girl with money, and then he might rest without having to work so hard for his family. I would hardly venture in formal terms to combat such an unmanly argument. Suppose all men should wish to marry girls with money: here is an *argumentum ad absurdum* to begin with. I am impatient with men who are impatient of work. The cleverest and wealthiest and most illustrious of Englishmen are amongst the hardest workers. You tell me, my small-

minded friend Jones, that you are harassed, and overworked, and too anxious, and have a multiplicity of botherations and cares, and that all this has come upon you because at a critical time you made a mistake in life. It is the proper state of life that such a state of things should be, and that which has brought it about cannot be a mistake.

I know that my philosophy will seem shallow enough to those who know that they have made mistakes that are not susceptible of such light healings, or perhaps of any healings. Yet even the mistake that has evoked the clear vision of remorse or the sincere tear of repentance is not unsusceptible of alleviating considerations. I have heard it said that a man cannot be a great author till he has had a great sorrow; which is true so far as it embodies the truth, that the great mistake which leads to great sorrow also yields fruit that may counterbalance the original fault. As Schubert, the great musician, said, in sorrow there is something that fructifies the intellect and purifies the mind, while joy deadens intellect and heart; as our own Tennyson says, the soul, as a weapon, must be forged through baths of hissing tears for shape and use; as the large-hearted and glorious poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, said in her allegorical poem of the god Pan—.

‘ Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
A beast as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man.  
The true gods weep for the grief and the pain,  
For the reed that grows never more again  
As a reed by the reeds of the river.’

### A BUNCH OF WITHERED VIOLETS.

**C**COLOURLESS, tumbled, and faded,  
Scentless and dead,  
Withered stalks and old thread,  
But I'd give my life could I lie where they did.

Found as I looked for some trifle  
In some odd place—  
Rushed the blood to my face,  
And a cry to my lips that I scarce could stifle.

Last week I thought it was ended,  
Over and done;  
That I'd conquered and won;  
Now they've opened the wound, and it can't be mended.

Coolly and calmly I'd reckoned  
Thinking for hours;  
And a bunch of old flowers  
Sent my coolness and calmness adrift in a second.

Back it all came madly rushing—  
Ball-room and ball,  
And the seat in the hall  
Where I asked, and she gave, half averted and blushing.

Sitting apart through the Lancers,  
Somehow I dared—  
And she gave them, half scared,  
And looked round, and then out came the rest of the dancers.

Scarcely a word was spoken,  
Only she gave;  
And I went home her slave,  
Yet proud as a king, with my sacred token.

She had worn them, I know, from eleven—  
Worn them till three,  
When she gave them to me;  
And I think they had been for four hours in heaven.

Can you guess where it was that she wore them  
Nestled away?  
Why it is that I say  
I could kneel down this minute and worship before them?

Can you guess why some dry leaves and cotton  
Thrill through my heart?  
Why my pulse gave that start,  
When I found those dead blossoms, a while forgotten?

They lay close to some beads that kept falling  
Only to rise  
'With her laugh and her sighs.'

Can you guess why the memory still is entralling?

Tennyson's fair 'Miller's Daughter'—  
Read it and learn  
Why my cheeks throb and burn.  
Did she think, as she gave, of that song I had taught her?

Yet she was wrong in her kindness;  
I wrong to take;  
But she gave for my sake,  
And I asked, though I knew it was madness and blindness.

Blindness, because on the morrow  
All must be o'er;  
*There could never be more;*  
And though she would forget, I could only reap sorrow.

Here are the flowers all faded,  
Scentless and dead,  
Withered stalks and old thread;  
But I'd give my life could I lie where they did.

## VERY OLD PEOPLE.

A CORRESPONDENCE of a singular kind is going on in the public journals, on a subject which was originally started by the late Sir George Lewis, the eminent statesman and acute thinker—*Is there any person more than a hundred years old?* The very statement of such a question seems absurd; for we are no more in the habit of doubting this fact than that Daniel Lambert was very fat, or General Tom Thumb very short. And yet this was the question which Sir George propounded. He expressed a doubt whether there is any thoroughly conclusive evidence—evidence which would satisfy both a logician and a lawyer—of a person having over-lived one hundred years. He declared that, in every case he had examined, there was some loophole or other, some point left insufficiently verified. When this matter was started in ‘Notes and Queries,’ it brought forward a multitude of rejoinders; and when, at different periods since, it has occupied attention in the ‘Times,’ the challenge has been accepted by a still larger number of eager combatants. Country clergymen, especially, and others acquainted with the literature of tombstones and parish registers, have been very earnest in their assertion that centenarianism is a fact which ought not for an instant to be doubted.

Let us notice, first, some of the alleged facts; and then, the reasons which have suggested incredulity on the subject. A book was published about the beginning of the present century, containing notices of more than seventeen hundred persons reputed to have lived to the age of a hundred or upwards; but the author or compiler was so ready to swallow anything marvellous, so indisposed to cautious inquiry, that we will dismiss him altogether. We will gather a few instances from chronicles, obituaries, and registers of various kinds, sufficient to show the general nature of the belief on this subject. Let us leave untouched the decade between 100 and 110 years old; seeing that Sir George

Lewis admitted before he died that even *he* had been convinced by some of the instances adduced: that is, he could detect no flaw in the evidence that a few persons had lived to an age between 100 and 110. We will start from the last-named date, and so travel onwards.

Popular statements assign the age of 110 to John Locke, who was baptized in 1716 when three years old, and buried at Larling, in Norfolk, in 1823; to an old woman at Enniskillen, who was born in 1754, and was alive in 1864; to Philip Luke, who had been cabin boy under Lord Anson so far back as the time of George I., and was living at Larne in Ireland in 1826; and to Mary Ralphson, who followed her soldier-husband to the wars in the time of George II., fought by his side in the uniform of a wounded dragoon who had fallen close to her, and died in 1808 at Liverpool. Then there was Betty Roberts, who was born at Northop in Flintshire in 1749, and was living at Liverpool in 1859 with a brisk young fellow of 80 as her son. The age of 111 has been claimed for John Craig, who fought at Sheriffmuir in 1715, and died at Kilmarnock in 1793; and for the Rev. Richard Lufkin, who died at Ufford in Suffolk in 1678, and who preached a sermon the very Sunday before his death. Concerning the age of 112, there was Toney Procter, who was negro servant to an English officer at Quebec so far back as 1759, and yet lived to see the year 1855; and there was Isabel Walker, who died in 1774, and whose engraved portrait is in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society at Perth. But a more curious instance was that which was connected with a convivial meeting held at a tavern in the metropolis in 1788, to celebrate the centenary of the revolution of 1688; an old man said he was 112 years old, and remembered the revolution as having occurred when he was a lad: of course his *convives* chaired him in triumph. The age of 113 is claimed for Michael Boyne, who died at Armagh in 1776; Mrs.

Gillam, who died in Aldersgate Street in 1761; a man in whose memory a tombstone was put up in Roche Abbey Church in 1734, and whose son lived to be 109; and the Rev. Patrick Machell Vivian, vicar of Lesbury, near Alnwick, who was born in 1546, and wrote a letter in 1657 (when 111 years old), in which he said, 'I was never of a fat, but a slender mean habit of body.' Two other instances are, William Carter, who had been a sergeant in the army, and who died in 1768; and Patrick Grant, a veteran of the Battle of Culloden, who survived till 1824. If we want evidence of the age of 114, we are referred to a tombstone in Mucross Abbey, Killarney, which bears the epitaph—'Erected by Daniel Shine, in memory of his father, Owen Shine, who departed this life April 6th, 1847, aged 114 years. Pray for him.'

We now go on to another group of five years. What say the advocates of 115? Nothing that we need dwell upon here; but among those for whom have been claimed the age of 116 years, we find Robert Poole, who died at Tyross, in Armagh, in 1742; John Lyon, whose death took place at Bandon in 1761; and Mrs. Mary Power, aunt of the late Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil. David Kerrison, a soldier of the American Revolution, died at Albany in 1852 at the age of 117; which was also the age claimed for Donald M'Gregor, a Skye farmer in the last century. Mr. John Riva, a stockbroker, died in 1771 at the age of 118, having been accustomed to walk to office till within a few days of his death; and if the parish register of Irthington, in Northumberland, is to be relied upon, of similar age was Robert Bowman, when he died in 1829. In a hospital at Moscow, there was an old man, who was wont to say that he enlisted in the Russian army in the time of Peter the Great; if so, he could hardly have been less than 119 at the time when an English traveller visited him a few years ago. Mr. Sneyd, in 1833, saw a gaunt, large-limbed, exceedingly wrinkled old woman at Lanslebourg,

in Savoy, who said she was born in 1714, and remembered events that took place in 1721.

Of course when we come to ages between 120 and 130, we must not expect the instances to be very numerous; but let us jot down a few from various authorities. The age of 120 has been claimed for Ursula Chicken (what a chicken!), who died at Holderness in 1722; William Jugall, a faithful old servant of the Webster family, at Battle Abbey, in Sussex, who died in 1798, and to whom a monument was erected in Battle churchyard; Mr. Charles Cottrrell, who died at Philadelphia in 1761, leaving a wife (aged 115), to whom he had been married ninety-eight years; and a Duchess of Buccleugh, who (according to a volume published by the Rev. John Dun, of Auchinleck) had 'lived twenty years a maiden, fifty years a wife, and fifty years a widow,' and died in 1728. 'Blackwood's Magazine' spoke in 1821 of a Mr. Charles Leyne, who had just then died at the age of 121 in the United States, having lived there under four British sovereigns before the rupture in 1774: he left a widow 110 years old. A hoary-headed negro, who was one of the lions of New York at the time of the International Exhibition of 1853 in that city, was said to be 124 years old; but we do not know whether this was one of Mr. Barnum's wonders. The Bodleian Library contains a news-letter of June 1, 1724, in which is a paragraph to the effect, that, as the courtiers were going to St. James's to be presented to George I., they were attracted by a venerable woman, who stated herself to be 124 years old; she had kept a shop at Kendal during the Civil Wars in the days of Charles I., and was the mother of nine children at the time when the unfortunate monarch was executed (1649). An epitaph in All Saints' Church, Northampton, celebrates the name of a person who died in 1706 at the age of 126. A 'History of Virginia,' which gives a tough list of very aged persons in that state, includes the name of Wonder Booker, a slave who received the first of these two names because he was a

wonder; he worked in his master's garden till 117 years old, and died in 1819 at the age of 126, having been born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Owen Tudor, who boasted of being descended from Henry VII., died at Llangollen, 1771, at the age of 127. This was also recorded as the age of John Newell, who died at Michaelstown in 1761; he claimed to be the grandson of the celebrated old Parr (of whom we shall speak presently). The 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1772 recorded the death of Mr. Abraham Strodtman, at the age of 128. London claimed to have an inhabitant of the same age in 1724, in the person of Mrs. Jane Skrimshaw.

Another decade, embracing ages between 130 and 140, is not without its records in the pages of county histories and antiquarian publications. William Beatty, a soldier who had fought at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, died in 1774 at the age of 130. Peter Garden figures in an engraving contained in the Perth Museum as having died in 1775 at the age of 131. Mrs. Keith, who died at Newnham in 1772 at the age of 133, left behind her three daughters, one of whom was a fair damsel of 109. Louis Mutel, a free negro in St. Lucia, was reputed to be 135 years old when he died in 1851; although he married so late in life as 55, he survived that event eighty years. 'Silliman's Journal' mentions one Henry Francisco in a more circumstantial manner than is usual in this class of records. He was born in 1686, left France in 1691, witnessed the coronation of Queen Anne in 1702, fought under Marlborough, then went to America, was wounded and taken prisoner during the American war, and was living near Albany in 1822, at the age of 136. The venerable age of 138 is put down for one Joan M'Donagh, who died at Ennis, in Ireland, in 1768.

We may well suppose that lives of seven score must be few and far between, even when credulity comes to our aid. A parish register at Everton, Bedfordshire, mentions the Rev. Thomas Rudyard, vicar of that

parish, as having died at the age of 140 during the reign of Charles II. A negro, named Easter, is set down as having attained a like age in 1854. But the most famous instance was that of the Countess of Desmond—a subject of much and eager controversy. Whether such a person ever lived at all, and whether, if she lived, there is any really trustworthy evidence of her age, are questions which have been treated at full in no less important a work than the 'Quarterly Review.' The popular account, at all events, is, that she was born in the second half of the fifteenth century; that she married the Earl of Desmond in Edward IV.'s time; that she had three complete dentitions or sets of natural teeth during her long career; that she appeared at the court of James I. in 1614; and that she was wont to go to market on foot almost down to the day of her death at the age of 140.

But we have now to speak of venerable persons who are claimed to have exceeded the longevity even of the tough old Countess. A slab on the floor of Abbey Dore Church, Herefordshire, records the death of Elizabeth Lewis, in 1715, at the age of 141; and the parish register of Frodsham, in Cheshire, contains the name of Thomas Hough, who, if the Roman numerals are correct (cxli), died at the same age. During a celebrated heraldic contest in 1385, between Lord Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor, it became important to obtain the oldest available living testimony concerning the holding of certain titles and insignia; and among the witnesses brought forward were Sir John Sully, aged 105, and especially John Thirlwall, an esquire of Northumberland, aged 145. Whether the judges had any doubt of the correctness of this alleged age we are not told. There are, considering the circumstances, remarkably full details concerning another veteran of 145, named Christian Jacobson Drachenberg. He was born in Sweden in 1626, lived chiefly as a sailor till 1694, and was then made a captive by Barbary corsairs. Being kept as a slave till 1710 he made his escape, and served again as a seaman till 1717, when

he was 91 years old. At the age of 106, being indignant at incredulity expressed concerning his age, he walked a long distance on purpose to procure a certificate of the year of his birth. In 1735 he was presented to the King of Denmark; and in 1737 he married—a brisk bridegroom of 109 to a blooming widow of 60! He walked about in the town of Aarhuus in 1759 at the age of 133; but his eyelids hung down so completely over his eyes that he could not see. Thirteen more years were in store for him, seeing that he did not die till 1772, when he had completed his 145th year. The case was considered sufficiently important to deserve a place in Mr. Charles Knight's 'English Cyclopædia,' where there is an article on 'Drachenberg,' attributed to one of the most trustworthy of our literary men. In Boate and Molyneux's 'Natural History of Ireland' a notice occurs of Mr. Eckelstan, who was born in 1548, and died at Philips-town in 1696, figures which, if correct, denote an age of 148.

The number 150 is rather a suspicious one in these matters; for, being what is called a 'round' number, persons are often tempted to use it without much regard to strict accuracy. Francis Consit, who had been a burthen to the parish of Malton during great part of his life, was said to be 150 when he died in 1768. Lywarch Hên (a Welshman apparently) had the same age imputed to him; as had likewise Sir Ralph Vernon, who was born towards the end of the thirteenth century, and lived nearly to the middle of the fifteenth. If the parish register of Minshull, in Cheshire, which says that one Thomas Damme lived to 'sevenscore and fourteen years,' is correct, this looks very much like 154. The most celebrated personage, however, who exceeded 150 years was that renowned Old Parr, who always seems to be making and taking 'life pills,' and whose portraits seem intended to show how vigorous and venerable we shall all become if we will only take the pills in question. The testimony as to Thomas Parr's age seems to be tolerably complete. He was born in

Shropshire in 1483, remained a bachelor till 80 years old, married in 1563, lived with this first wife thirty-two years, became a widower in 1595, married again in 1603 when he was 120 years old, and lived to see the year 1635. In that year the Earl of Arundel visited him, and was so struck by his appearance as to invite him to come to his town mansion. The old man found this lionizing too much for him; he was brought by very easy stages in a litter to London, with an 'antique-faced merry-andrew' to keep him cheerful on the way; but the fatigue, the crowds of visitors who came to see him, and the luxuries which were pressed upon him in London, carried him off at the wonderful age of 152. He was buried on November 15th, 1635, at Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory. When presented on one occasion to Charles I., the monarch said to him, 'You have lived longer than other men; what have you done more than other men?' To which Parr replied, 'I did penance when I was a hundred years old.' The truth even went beyond this statement; for he was guilty of a peccadillo when a hundred and five years of age, and did penance in a white sheet at the door of the parish church of Atterbury, his native village.

Shall we go beyond *eight* score? Let us see. There was one John Hovin, who died in 1741 at the alleged age of 172, and who left a widow destined to live till her 164th year. There was Tairville, who, if Martin's 'Description of the Western Isles' is to be relied on, died in the Shetland Isles at the age of 180. There was Peter Torton, who gained renown in 1724 as having survived till 185; and there was Jane Britton, who, as we are informed by the parish register of Evercrick, in Somerset, for 1588, 'was a maiden, as she affirmed, of 200 years.' Leaving this blushing maiden and her compeers, we may observe that the only well-authenticated case (if it is authenticated) of eight score and upwards was that of Henry Jenkins. He was born in the year 1501.

When a boy he carried a horse-load of arrows to Northallerton to be employed by the English army in resisting the invasion by James IV. of Scotland; and he lived to see the year 1670, when he died at Ellerton-upon-Swale, in Yorkshire, at the age of 169.

Now what are we to think of all these alleged cases of extreme old age? The grounds on which scepticism has been expressed concerning them are numerous. It has been pointed out that most of the instances are among the humbler classes of Scotch, Irish, and negroes, where registers and formal entries are but little attended to. The middle and upper classes, among whom authentic records are more plentiful, take but a small part in the marvels of longevity. 'Can actuaries,' it is asked, 'refer us to a single instance of an assured person living to a hundred and forty, thirty, twenty, ten, ay, to one hundred and ten?' The *legal* evidence is almost always deficient. If an entry of birth or baptism is found in a family Bible, there is no proof that it was written at the time of the event, or that the dates were correctly set down. In one case a clergyman, investigating an alleged instance of centenarianism, found that the Bible which contained the entry was only sixty years old, and that no other testimony was forthcoming. Registers of birth were not formally and legally established till after the year 1830; all such registers before that date were voluntary and therefore uncertain. Even parish registers are not always reliable, for many of them, giving the year of death, mention the age of the deceased but do not name the year of birth, so that there are not two dates to correct each other. Sometimes tombstones are re-chiseled to restore the half-decayed epitaphs; and then the village mason, puzzled at some of the partially-obliterated figures, makes a guess at them, and puts in the date or the age which seems to him nearest like the original. There is a tombstone in Conway churchyard recording the fact that Lowry Owens Vaughan died in 1766 at the age of 192, and that

her husband, William Vaughan, died in 1735 at the age of 72. Now a recent observer of the tombstone has remarked that the lady must (if this be true) have been nearly a hundred years old when William Vaughan married her; and as the figures on the stone have a rather freshly-cut appearance, he prefers the supposition that 192 was an incorrect recutting of an earlier incision. The 'Worcester Chronicle,' in 1852, drew attention to a tombstone in Cleve Prior churchyard which recorded the death of a person at the startling age of 309; this is supposed to have been an ignorant mason's way of expressing 39, that is 30 and 9—a kind of error not infrequent among the humbler classes. The 'Times' noticed in 1848 that the register of Shoreditch parish contained an entry of Thomas Cam, who died in 1588 at the age of 207, having lived in twelve reigns. An investigator afterwards pointed out that Sir Henry Ellis, in his 'History of Shoreditch,' put down the age at 107; and an examination of the register elicited the fact that '1' had been altered to '2' quite recently by some mischievous person who probably wished to poke fun at the antiquaries. Instances of the following kind are known to have occurred. A young married couple have a son whom they name John, and who dies in infancy; twenty years afterwards another son receives the similar name of John; and then, in neighbours' gossip eighty years afterwards, one John becomes confounded with the other, and a man really eighty years old figures in popular repute as a centenarian. Some aged persons like to be considered older than they are, on account of the celebrity it gives them; and they do not shrink from a few 'crammers' to bring this about. The Rev. Mr. Fletcher, as he was called, who was first a farmer, then a soldier, then employed in the West India Docks, and then a Methodist local preacher, used to say that he was over a hundred years old: he drew great crowds to hear such a phenomenon preach. He probably believed himself to be as old as he said, and at his death his age was

recorded as 108; but a subsequent investigation showed that he was much less instead of much more than a centenarian. The writer of this paper knew of an old woman many years ago who obtained notoriety for being (in her own words) 'a hundred all but two,' and for being able to hold a sixpence horizontally between her nose and chin; but he doubts whether there was

any evidence of her age beyond her own assertion.

There can be no question that this kind of incredulity renders service, in so far as it induces more careful examination into the testimony for alleged facts of longevity. Nevertheless centenarianism (and a few years beyond the even hundred) rest on too many and too varied data to be quite overthrown.

---

### THE LAY OF THE CRUSH ROOM.

HIE! Flunkeys from Belgravia!  
Tight Tigers from Pall Mall!  
From far and near you'd best appear,  
    To meet the coming swell.  
A blaze of jewell'd splendour,  
    Of panoply and pride,  
All down the crimson staircase  
    Queen Fashion soon will glide.  
From every side they gather,  
    From box as well as stall.  
Here, 'midst the flounced commotion,  
    Persistent linkmen bawl;  
Wigged coachmen lash their horses;  
    Lean, powdered footmen shout  
Strange names along the crush room,—  
    The Opera's coming out!

Sweet maidens, fair as lilies,  
    O'er the Aubusson sweep;  
Bent upon fascination  
    To-night, before they sleep;  
See! chaperones preparing  
    For crushes and for balls,  
And treats, in everlasting seats,  
    Against wax-lighted walls.  
Awakened from their slumbers  
    Old gentlemen repair  
To quiet 'rubs,' in cosy clubs,  
    Or comfortable chair.  
Young prigs caress moustaches,  
    Old toadies wince with gout;  
King Bore attends them to the door,—  
    The Opera's coming out!

Fond youth with tearful eyelid,  
    Proud girl with lips that play,  
This crowd, which grows and gathers,  
    Will break and ebb away:  
And then the words he whispered,  
    And she stood still to hear,  
Will keep her—well—from sleeping,  
    And make him laugh next year.  
Good night! and one is trembling.  
    Good night! and both in doubt,  
Will all be well? Ah! who can tell?—  
    The Opera's coming out!

See how they mix together  
In scarcely elbow room :  
The grandson of the Duchess  
With the daughter of the groom !  
Fair necks with jewels glitter,  
Which envious glances meet ;  
Some furnished from Golconda,  
And some from Hanway Street !  
Roll upon roll, in masses  
Of hair, are heads arrayed,  
Which Nature has presented,  
Or drawn on the Arcade.  
The daughters sigh ; the mothers eye ;  
But still the linkmen shout,  
' Queen Fashion's carriage stops the way,'—  
The Opera's coming out !

C. C.



# LONDON SOCIETY.

AUGUST, 1869.

AFTERNOONS IN 'THE PARK.'



THERE is a passage in old Pepys's Diary, written two centuries and odd ago, which, thanks to the permanence of our English institutions, would do very well for the present day: 'Walked into St.

James's Park and there found great and very noble alterations . . . . 1662, July 27, I went to walk in the Park, which is now every day more and more pleasant by the new works upon it.' Such eulogistic

language is justly due to Mr. Layard and his immediate predecessor at the Board of Works. Suppose that I live at Bayswater, and my business takes me down to Westminster every day, it is certainly best for me that, instead of taking 'bus, or cab, or underground railway, I should, like honest Pepys, saunter in the Park and admire the many 'noble alterations.' I venture to call poor Pepys honest because he is so truthful; but never thinking that his cipher would be discovered he has mentioned in his Diary so many unprintable things, that I am afraid we must use that qualifying phrase 'indifferently honest.' Several gentlemen who live at Bayswater and practise at Westminster may find that the phrase suits well, and a man's moral being may be all the better, as through lawns and alleys and copses, where each separate step almost brings out a separate vignette of beauty, he traverses in a north-westerly direction the whole length of our Parks. He turns aside into St. James's Park, and then goes through the Green Park and crosses Piccadilly to lounge through Hyde Park, and so home through Kensington Gardens. The alterations this season in Hyde Park are very noticeable. All the Park spaces recently laid out have been planned in a style of beauty in harmony with what previously existed; a beauty, I think, unapproachable by the many gardens of Paris, or the Prado of Madrid, the Corso of Rome, the Strado di Toledo of Naples, the Glacis of Vienna. The most striking alterations are those of the Park side near the Brompton road, where the low, bare, uneven ground, as if by the magic touch of a transformation, is become exquisite garden spaces with soft undulations, set with starry gems of the most exquisite flowers, bordered by freshest turf. The palings which the mob threw down have been all nobly replaced, and more and more restoration is promised by a Government eager to be popular with all classes. Most of all, the mimic ocean of the Serpentine is to be renewed; and when its bottom is levelled, its depth diminished, and

the purity of the water secured, we shall arrive at an almost ideal perfection.

As we take our lounge in the afternoon it is necessary to put on quite a different mental mood as we pass from one Park to another. We pass at once from turmoil into comparative repose as we enter the guarded enclosure encircled on all sides by a wilderness of brick and mortar. You feel quite at ease in that vast palatial garden of St. James. Your office coat may serve in St. James's, but you adorn yourself with all adornments for Hyde Park. You go leisurely along, having adjusted your watch by the Horse Guards, looking at the soldiers, and the nurses, and the children, glancing at the island, and looking at the ducks—the dainty, overfed ducks—suggesting all sorts of ornithological lore, not to mention low materialistic associations of green peas or sage and onions. Those dissipated London ducks lay their heads under their wings and go to roost at quite fashionable hours, that would astonish their primitive country brethren. I hope you like to feed ducks, my friends. All great, good-natured people have a 'sneaking kindness' for feeding ducks. There is a most learned and sagacious bishop who won't often show himself to human bipeds, but he may be observed by them in his grounds feeding ducks while philosophising on things in general, and the Irish Church Bill in particular. Then what crowded reminiscences we might have of St. James's Park and of the Mall—of sovereigns and ministers, courtiers and fops, lords and ladies, philosophers and thinkers! By this sheet of water, or rather by the pond that then was a favourite resort for intending suicides, Charles II. would play with his dogs or dawdle with his mistresses; feeding the ducks here one memorable morning when the stupendous revelation of a Popish plot was made to his incredulous ears; or looking grimly towards the Banqueting Hall where his father perished, when the debate on the Exclusion Bill was running fiercely high. But the reminis-

cences are endless which belong to St. James's Park. Only a few years ago there was the private entrance which Judge Jeffreys used to have by special licence into the Park, but now it has been done away. There were all kinds of superstitions floating about in the uninformed Westminster mind about Judge Jeffreys. What Sydney Smith said in joke to the poaching lad, 'that he had a private gallows,' was believed by the Westmonasterians to be real earnest about Jeffreys—that he used after dinner to seize hold of any individual to whom he might take a fancy and hang him up in front of his house for his own personal delectation. I am now reconciled to the bridge that is thrown midway across, although it certainly limits the expanse of the ornamental water. But standing on the ornamental bridge, and looking both westward and eastward, I know of hardly anything comparable to that view. That green neat lawn and noble timber, and beyond the dense foliage the grey towers of the Abbey, and the gold of those Houses of Parliament, which, despite captious criticism, will always be regarded as the most splendid examples of the architecture of the great Victorian era, and close at hand the paths and the parterres, cause the majesty and greatness of England to blend with this beautiful oasis islanded between the deserts of Westminster and Pimlico. Looking westward too, towards Buckingham Palace—the palace, despite exaggerated hostile criticism, is at least exquisitely proportioned; but then one is sorry to hear about the Palace that the soldiers are so ill stowed away there; and the Queen does not like it; and the Hanoverian animal peculiarly abounds. We recollect that once when her Majesty's was ill, a servant ran out of the palace to charter a cab and go for the doctor, because those responsible for the household had not made better arrangements. In enumerating the Parks of London, we ought not to forget the Queen's private garden of Buckingham Palace, hardly less than the Green Park in extent, and so belonging

to the system of the lungs of London.

But we now enter the great Hyde Park itself, assuredly the most brilliant spectacle of the kind which the world can show. It is a scene which may well tax all your powers of reasoning and of philosophy. And you must know the Park very well, this large open drawing-room which in the season London daily holds, before you can sufficiently temper your senses to be critical and analytical—before you can eliminate the lower world, the would-be fashionable element, from the most affluent and highest kind of metropolitan life—before you can judge of the splendid mounts and the splendid caparisons, between fine carriages and fine horses—fine carriages where perhaps the cattle are lean and poor, or fine horses where the carriages are old and worn; the carriages and horses absolutely gorgeous, but with too great a display; and, again, where the perfection is absolute, but with as much quietude as possible, the style that chiefly invites admiration by the apparent desire to elude it. In St. James's Park you may lounge and be listless if you like; but in Hyde Park, though you may lounge, you must still be alert. Very pleasant is the lounge to the outer man, but in the inner mind you must be observant, prepared to enjoy either the solitude of the crowd, or to catch the quick glance, the silvery music of momentary merriment, then have a few seconds of rapid, acute dialogue, or perhaps be beckoned into a carriage by a friend with space to spare. As you lean over the railings you perhaps catch a sight of a most exquisite face—a face that is photographed on the memory for its features and expression. If you have really noticed such a face the day is a whiter day to you; somehow or other you have made an advance. But it is mortifying, when you contemplate this beautiful image, to see some gilded youth advance, soulless, brainless, to touch the fingers dear to yourself and look into eyes which he cannot fathom or comprehend. Still more annoying to

think that a game is going on in the matrimonial money market. I sometimes think that the Ladies' Mile is a veritable female Tattersall's, where feminine charms are on view and the price may be appraised—the infinite gambols and curvettings of high-spirited maidenhood. But I declare on my conscience that I believe the Girl of the Period has a heart, and that the Girl of the Period is not so much to blame as her mamma or her chaperone.

But, speaking of alterations, I cannot say that all the alterations are exactly to my mind. It is not at all pleasing that the habit of smoking has crept into Rotten Row. The excuse is that the Prince smokes. But because one person, of an exceptional and unique position, doubtless under exceptional circumstances, smokes, that is no reason why the mass should follow the example. Things have indeed changed within the last few years; the race is degenerating in politeness. In the best of his stories, 'My Novel,' Lord Lytton makes Harley, his hero, jeer at English liberty; and he says: 'I no more dare smoke this cigar in the Park at half-past six, when all the world is abroad, than I dare pick my Lord Chancellor's pocket, or hit the Archbishop of Canterbury a thump on the nose.' Lord Hatherley's pocket is still safe, and we are not yet come to days, though we seem to be nearing them, when a man in a crowd may send a blow into a prelate's face. We have had such days before, and we may have them again. But smoking is now common enough, and ought to be abated as a nuisance. Some ladies like it, and really like it; and that is all very well, but other ladies are exceedingly annoyed. A lady takes her chair to watch the moving panorama, intending perhaps to make a call presently, and men are smoking within a few paces to her infinite annoyance and the spoiling of her pleasure. Her dress is really spoilt, and there is the trouble of another toilet. Talking of toilets, I heard a calculation the other day of how many

the Princess of Wales had made in a single day. She had gone to the laying of the foundation stone of Earlswood Asylum, and then to the great State breakfast at Buckingham Palace, and then a dinner and a ball, and one or two other things. The Princess truly works very hard, harder indeed than people really know. I went the other day to a concert, where many a one was asked to go, and the Princess was there, in her desire to oblige worthy people, and sat it all through to the very last with the pleasantest smiles and the most intelligent attention. Let me also, since I am criticizing, say that the new restaurant in the Park is a decided innovation, and that to complete the new ride, to carry Rotten Row all round the Park, is certainly to interfere with the enjoyment of pedestrians. It is, however, to be said, in justice, that the pedestrians have the other parks pretty much to themselves. There is, however, a worse error still, in the rapid increase of the *demi-monde* in the Park. A man hardly feels easy in conducting a lady into the Park and answering all the questions that may be put to him respecting the inmates of gorgeous carriages that sweep by. These demireps make peremptory conditions that they shall have broughams for the Park and tickets for the Horticultural, and even for the fêtes at the Botanical Gardens. This is a nuisance that requires to be abated as much as any in Regent Street or the Haymarket. The police ought to have peremptory orders to exclude such carriages and their occupants. Twenty years ago there was a dead set made in Cheshire, against the aspirants of Liverpool and Manchester, by the gentry of that county most famous for the pedigrees of the gentry, who wished to maintain the splendour of family pride. For instance, the steward of a county ball went up to a manufacturer who was making his eighty thousand a year and told him that no tradesman was admitted. That was of course absurd; but still, if that was actually done, an inspector should step up to the most fashionable

Mabel or Lais, and turn her horses' heads, if obstreperous, in the direction of Bridewell or Bow Street. Anonyma has ruled the Park too much. The favourite drive used to be round the Serpentine; but when the prettiest equipage in London drew all gazers to the Ladies' Mile, the Serpentine became comparatively unused, and the Ladies' Mile, ground infinitely inferior, became the favourite until the renovated Serpentine or change of whim shall mould anew the fickle, volatile shape of fashionable vagary.

At this present time Mr. Alfred Austin's clever satire 'The Season'—the third edition of which is just out—recurs to me. The poem is a very clever one, and it is even better appreciated on the other side of the Channel than on this, as is evidenced by M. Forques' article on the subject in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' We will group together a few passages from Mr. Austin's vigorous poem,\* belonging to the Parks.

'I sing the Season, Muse! whose sway extends  
Where Hyde begins beyond where Tyburn ends;  
Gone the broad glare, save where with borrowed  
bays

Some female Phæton sets the drive ablaze.  
Dear pretty fledglings! come from country nest,  
To nibble, chirp, and flutter in the west;  
Whose clear, fresh faces, with their fickle frown  
And favour, start like Spring upon the town;  
Less dear, for damaged damsels, doomed to wait;  
Whose third—fourth? season makes half desperate,

Waking with warmth, less potent hour by hour  
(As magnets heated lose attractive power).  
Or you, nor dear nor damsels, tough and tart,  
Unmarketable maidens of the mart,  
Who, plumpness gone, fine delicacy feint,  
And hide your sins in piety and paint.

'Incongruous group they come; the judge's hack,  
With knees as broken as its rider's back:  
The counsel's courser, stumbling through the  
throng,

With wind e'en shorter than its lord's is long:  
The foreign marquis's accomplished colt  
Sharing its owner's tendency to bolt.

'Come, let us back, and, whilst the Park's alive,  
Lean o'er the railings, and inspect the Drive.  
Still sweeps the long procession, whose array  
Gives to the lounger's gaze, as wanes the day,  
Its rich reclining and reposeful forms,  
Still as bright sunsets after mists or storms;

'The Season: a Satire.' By Alfred Austin. New and revised edition (the third). London: John Camden Hotten. 1869.

Who sit and smile (their morning wranglings  
o'er,  
Or dragged and dawdled through one dull day  
more),

As though the life of widow, wife, and girl  
Were one long lapsing and voluptuous whirl.  
O poor pretence! what eyes so blind but see  
The sad, however elegant, ennui?  
Think you that blazoned panel, prancing pair,  
Befoil our vision to the weight they bear?  
The softest ribbon, pink-lined parasol,  
Screen not the woman, though they deck the  
doll.

The padded corsage and the well-matched hair,  
Judicious jupon spreading out the spare,  
Sleeves well designed false plumpness to impart,  
Leave vacant still the hollows of the heart.  
Is not our Lesbia lovely? In her soul  
Lesbia is troubled: Lesbia hath a mole;  
And all the splendours of that matchless neck  
Console not Lesbia for its single speck.  
Kate comes from Paris, and a wardrobe brings,  
To which poor Edith's are "such common  
things;"

Her pet lace shawl has grown not fit to wear,  
And ruined Edith dresses in despair.'

Mr. Austin is sufficiently severe upon the ladies, especially those whose afternoons in the Park have some correspondence with their 'afternoon of life.' I think that the elderly men who ape youthful airs are every whit as numerous and as open to sarcasm. Your ancient buck is always a fair butt. And who does not know these would-be juveniles, their thin, wasp-like waists, their elongated necks and suspensory eye-glasses, their elaborate and manufactured hair? They like the dissipations of youth so well that they can conceive of nothing more glorious, entirely ignoring that autumnal fruit is, after all, better than the blossom or foliage of spring or early autumn. All they know, indeed, of autumn is the variegation and motley of colour. The antiquated juvenile is certainly one of the veriest subjects for satire; and antiquated juveniles do abound of an afternoon in Rotten Row. Nothing we can say about a woman's padding can be worse than the padding which is theirs. All their idiotic grinning cannot hide the hated crows'-feet about their goggle, idiotic eyes. They try, indeed, the power of dress to the utmost; but in a day when all classes are alike extravagant in dress, even the falsity of the first impression will not save them from minute

criticism. Talk to them, and they will draw largely on the reminiscences of their youth, perhaps still more largely on their faculty of invention. What a happy dispensation it is in the case of men intensely wicked and worldly, that in youth, when they might do infinite evil, they have not the necessary knowledge of the world and of human nature to enable them to do so; and when they have a store of wicked experience, the powers have fled which would have enabled them to turn it to full account! At this moment I remember a hoary old villain talking ribaldry with his middle-aged son, both of them dressed to an inch of their lives, and believing that the fashion of this world necessarily endures for ever. Granting the tyranny and perpetuity of fashion—for in the worst times of the French revolution fashion still maintained its sway, and the operas and theatres were never closed—still each individual tyrant of fashion has only his day, and often the day is a very brief one. Nothing is more becoming than gray hairs worn gallantly and well, and when accompanied with sense and worth they have often borne away a lovely bride, rich and accomplished, too, from some silly, gilded youth. I have known marriages between January and May, where May has been really very fond of January. After all, the aged Adonis generally pairs off with some antiquated Venus; the juvenilities on each side are eliminated as being common to both and of no real import, and the settlement is arranged by the lawyers and by family friends on a sound commercial basis.

It is very easy for those who devote themselves to the study of satirical composition, and cultivate a sneer for things in general, to be witty on the frivolities of the Park. And this is the worst of satire, that it is bound to be pungent, and cannot pause to be discriminating and just. Even the most sombre religionist begins to understand that he may use the world, without trying to drain its sparkling cup to the dregs. Hyde Park is certainly not

abandoned to *idlesse*. The most practical men recognise its importance and utility to them. There are good wives who go down to the clubs or the Houses in their carriages to insist that their lords shall take a drive before they dine and go back to the House. And when you see saddle-horses led up and down in Palace Yard, the rider will most probably take a gallop before he comes back to be squeezed and heated by the House of Commons or be blown away by the over-ventilation of the House of Lords. A man begins to understand that it is part of his regular vocation in life to move about in the Park. And all men do so, especially when the sun's beams are tempered and when the cooling evening breeze is springing up. The merchant from the City, the lawyer from his office, the clergyman from his parish, the governess in her spare hours, the artist in his love of nature and human nature, all feel that the fresh air and the fresh faces will do them good. There was a literary man who took a Brompton apartment with the back windows fronting the Park. Hither he used to resort, giving way to the fascination which led him, hour after hour, to study the appearances presented to him. The subject is, indeed, very interesting and attractive, including especially the very popular study of flirtation in all its forms and branches. If you really want to see the Row you must go very early in the afternoon. Early in the afternoon the equestrians ride for exercise; later, they ride much in the same way as they promenade. The Prince for a long time used to ride early in the afternoon, if only to save himself the trouble of that incessant salutation which must be a serious drawback on H. R. H.'s enjoyment of his leisure. Or, again, late in the evening, it is interesting to note the gradual thinning of the Park and its new occupants come upon the scene. The *habitué* of Rotten Row is able, with nice gradations, to point out how the cold winds and rains of the early summer have night after night emptied the Park at an earlier hour, or how a *féte* at the Horticultural, or a gala

at the Crystal Palace, has sensibly thinned the attendance. As the affluent go home to dress and dine, the sons and daughters of penury who have shunned the broad sunlight creep out into the vacant spaces. The last carriages of those who are going home from the promenade meet the first carriages of those who are going out to dine. Only two nights ago I met the carriage of Mr. Disraeli and his wife. I promise you the Viscountess Beaconsfield looked magnificent. Curiously enough they were dining at the same house, where, not many years ago, Mr. Disraeli dined with poor George Hudson. When Mr. Hudson had a dinner given to him lately, it is said that he was much affected, and told his hosts that its cost would have kept him and his for a month.

The overwhelming importance of the Parks to London is well brought out by that shrewd observer, Crabb Robinson, in his recent Diary. Under February 15, 1818, he writes: ‘At two I took a ride into the Regent’s Park, which I had never seen before. When the trees are grown this will be really an ornament to the capital; and not a mere ornament but a healthful appendage. The Highgate and Hampstead Hill is a beautiful object; and within the Park the artificial water, the circular belt or coppice, the few scattered bridges, &c., are objects of taste. I really think this enclosure, with the new street leading to it from Carlton House [Regent Street] will give a sort of glory to the Regent’s government, greater than the victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo, glorious as these are.’ Here, again, almost at haphazard, is a quotation from an American writer: ‘So vast is the extent of these successive ranges, and so much of England can one find, as it were, in the midst of London. Oh, wise and prudent John Bull, to enoble thy metropolis with such spacious country walks, and to sweeten it so much with country air! Truly these lungs of London are vital to such a Babylon, and there is no beauty to be compared to them in any city I have ever seen. I do not think

the English are half proud enough of their capital, conceited as they are about so many things besides. Here you see the best of horse-flesh, laden with the “porcelain clay” of human flesh. Ah! how darlingly the ladies go by, and how ambitiously their favoured companions display their good fortune in attending them. Here a gay creature rides independently enough with her footman at a respectful distance. She is an heiress, and the young gallants she scarce deigns to notice are dying for love of her and her guineas.’

But, after all, is there anything more enjoyable in its way than Kensington Gardens? You are not so *négligé* as in St. James’s, but it is comparative undress compared with Hyde Park. Truly there are days, and even in the height of the season too, when you may lie down on the grass and gaze into the depth of sky, listening to the murmurous breeze, and that far-off hum which might be a sound of distant waves, and fancy yourself in Ravenna’s immemorial wood. Ah, what thrilling scenes have come off beneath these horse-chestnuts with their thick leaves and pyramidal blossoms! And if only those whispers were audible, if only those tell-tale leaves might murmur their confessions, what narratives might these supply of the idyllic side of London life, sufficient to content a legion of romancers! It is a fine thing for Orlando to have a gallop by the side of his pretty ladylove down the Row, but Orlando knows very well that if he could only draw her arm through his and lead her down some vista in those gardens, it would be well for him. Oh, yielding hands and eyes! oh, mantling blushes and eloquent tears! oh, soft glances and all fine tremor of speech, in those gardens more than in Armina’s own are ye abounding. There is an intense human interest about Kensington Gardens which grows more and more, as one takes one’s walks abroad and the scene becomes intelligible. See that slim maid, demurely reading beneath yonder trees, those old trees which artists love in the morning to come

and sketch. She glances more than once at her watch, and then suddenly with surprise she greets a lounger. I thought at the very first that her surprise was an affection ; and as I see how she disappears with him through that overarching leafy arcade my surmise becomes conviction. As for the nursery maids who let their little charges loiter or riot about, or even the sedater governesses with their more serious aims, who will let gentlemanly little boys and girls grow very conversational, while they are very conversational themselves with tall whiskered cousins or casual acquaintance, why, I can only say, that for the sake of the most maternal hearts beating in this great metropolis, I am truly rejoiced to think that there are no carriage roads through the Gardens, and the little ones can hardly come to any very serious mischief.

Are you now inclined, my friends, for a little—and I promise you it shall really be a little—discourse concerning those Parks, that shall have a slight dash of literature and history about it? First of all, let me tell you, that in a park you ought always to feel loyal, since for our parks we are indebted to our kings. The very definition of a park is—I assure you I am quoting the great Blackstone himself—‘an enclosed chase, extending only over a man’s own grounds,’ and the Parks have been the grounds of the sovereign’s own self. It is true of more than one British Caesar—

‘Moreover he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours and new-planted orchards  
On this side Tibur ; he hath left them you  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures  
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.’

Once in the far distant time they were genuine parks with beasts of chase. We are told that the City corporation hunted the hare at the head of the conduit, where Conduit Street now stands, and killed the fox at the end of St. Giles’s. St. James’s Park was especially the courtier’s park, a very drawing-room of parks. How splendidly over the gorgeous scene floats the royal banner of England, at the foot of Constitution

Hill, which has been truly called the most chastely-gorgeous banner in the world! If you look at the dramatists of the Restoration you find frequent notices of the Park, which are totally wanting in the Elizabethan dramatists, when it was only a nursery for deer. Cromwell had shut up Spring Gardens, but Charles II. gave us St. James’s Park. In the next century the Duke of Buckingham, describing his house, says : ‘The avenues to this house are along St. James’s Park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand and flourishing limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying between them.’ It was in the Park that the grave Evelyn saw and heard his gracious sovereign ‘hold a very familiar discourse with Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall.’ Hero Pepys saw ‘above all Mrs. Stuart in this dress with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life.’ Or take a play from Etheridge.

‘Enter SIR FOPLING FLUTTER and his equipage.

‘Sir Fop. Hey! bid the coachman send home four of his horses and bring the coach to Whitehall; I’ll walk over the Park. Madam, the honour of kissing your fair hands is a happiness I missed this afternoon at my lady Townly’s.

‘Leo. You were very obliging, Sir Fopling, the last time I saw you there.

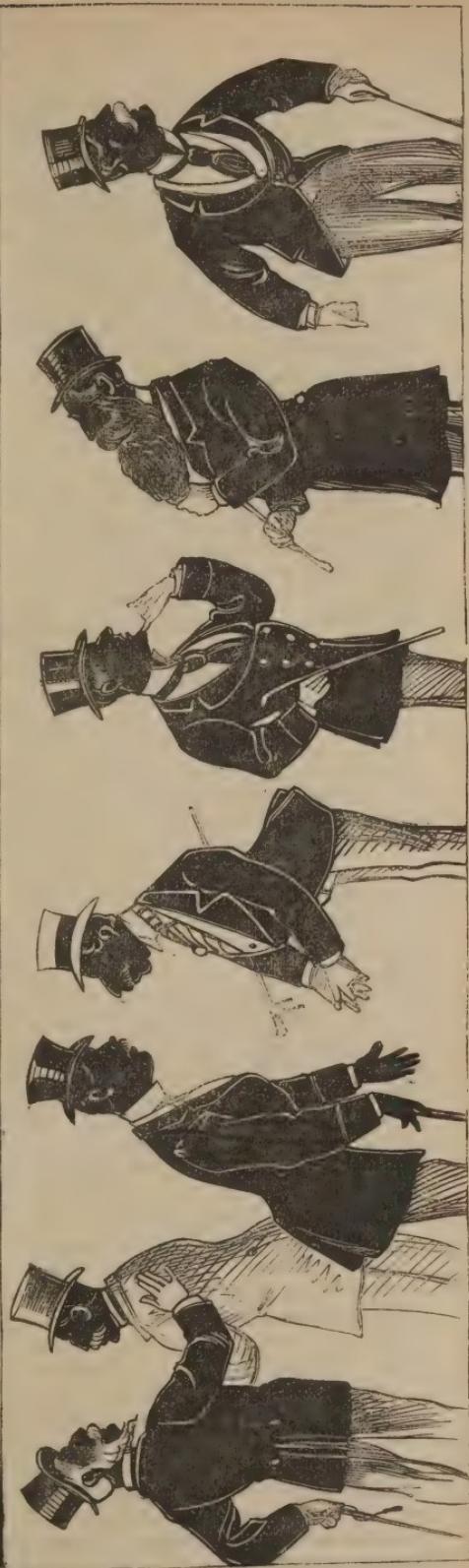
‘Sir Fop. The preference was due to your wit and beauty. Madam, your servant. There never was so sweet an evening.

‘Bellinda. It has drawn all the rabble of the town hither.

‘Sir Fop. ’Tis pity there is not an order made that none but the *beau monde* should walk here.’

In Swift’s ‘Journal to Stella’ we have much mention of the Park: ‘to bring himself down,’ he says, that being the Banting system of that day, he used to start on his

PARK RANGERS.



walk about sunset. Horace Walpole says: 'My lady Coventry and niece Waldegrave have been mobbed in the Park. I am sorry the people of England take all their liberty out in insulting pretty women.' He elsewhere tells us with what state he and the ladies went. 'We sailed up the Mall with all our colours flying.' We do not hear much of the Green Park. It was for a long time most likely a village green, where the citizens would enjoy rough games, and in the early morning duellists would resort hither to heal their wounded honour.

Originally Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park were all one. Addison speaks of it in the '*Spectator*', and it is only since the time of George II. that a severance has been made. Hyde Park has its own place in literature and in history. There was a certain first of May when both Pepys and Evelyn were interested in Hyde Park. Pepys says: 'I went to Hide Park to take the air, where was his Majesty and an innumerable appearance of gallants and rich coaches, being now a time of universal festivity and joy.' It was always a great place for reviews. They are held there still, and the Volunteers have often given great liveliness to the Park on Saturday. Here Cromwell used to review his terrible Ironsides. It was Queen Caroline who threw a set of ponds into one sheet of water, and as the water-line was not a direct one, it was called the Serpentine. The fosse and low wall was then a new invention; 'an attempt deemed so astonishing that the common people called them ha-has to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk.' It is said that a nobleman who had a house abutting on the Park engraved the words

'Tis my delight to be  
In the town and the countree.'

Antiquaries may find out countless points of interest, and may be able to identify special localities. Once there were chalybeate springs in a sweet glen, now spoilt by the canker of ugly barracks. It was on the cards that the Park might

have been adorned with a rotunda instead. Most of the literary associations cluster around Kensington Gardens, concerning which Leigh Hunt has written much pleasant gossip in his '*Old Court Suburb*' A considerable amount of history and an infinite amount of gossip belong to Kensington Palace, now assigned to the Duchess of Inverness, the morganatic wife of the Duke of Sussex; gossip about George II. and his wife, about Lord Hervey, the queen and her maids of honour, the bad beautiful Duchess of Kingston, the charming Sarah Lennox, Selwyn, March, Bubb Doddington, and that crew, whom Mr. Thackeray delighted to reproduce. There is at least one pure scene dear to memory serene, that the Princess Victoria was born and bred here, and at five o'clock one morning aroused from her slumbers, to come down with dishevelled hair to hear from great nobles that she was now the queen of the broad empire on which the morning and the evening star ever shines.

I am very fond of lounging through the Park at an hour when it is well-nigh all deserted. I am not, indeed, altogether solitary in my ways and modes. There are certain carriages which roll into the Park almost at the time when all other carriages have left or are leaving. In my solitariness I feel a sympathy with those who desire the coolness and freshness when they are most perfect. I have an interest, too, in the very roughs that lounge about the parks. I think them far superior to the roughs that lounge about the streets. Here is an athletic scamp. I admire his easy liteness and excellent proportion of limb. He is a scamp and a tramp, but then he is such on an intelligible aesthetical principle. He has flung himself down, in the pure physical enjoyment of life, just as a Neapolitan will bask in the sunshine, to enjoy the turf and the atmosphere. In his splendid animal life he will sleep for hours, unfearing draught or miasma, untroubled with ache or pain, obtaining something of a com-

pensation for his negative troubles and privations. If you come to talk to the vagrant sons and daughters of poverty loitering till the Park is cleared, or even sleeping here the livelong night, you would obtain a clear view of that night side which is never far from the bright side of London. I am not sure that I might not commend such a beat as this to some philanthropist for his special attention. The handsome, wilful boy who has run away from home or school; the thoughtless clerk or shopman out of work; the poor usher, whose little store has been spent in illness; the servant-girl who has been so long without a place, and is now hovering on the borders of

penury and the extreme limit of temptation; they are by no means rare, with their easily-yielded secrets, doubtless with some amount of imposture, and always, when the truth comes to be known, with large blame attachable to their faults or weakness, but still with a very large percentage where some sympathy or substantial help will be of the greatest possible assistance. As one knocks about London, one accumulates *souvenirs* of all kinds—some perhaps that will not very well bear much inspection; and it may be a pleasing reflection that you went to some little expenditure of time or coin to save some lad from the hulks or some girl from ruin.

### FROM REMENHAM ISLAND TO HENLEY.

THE racing over that long mile and a quarter between the Temple on Remenham Island and Henley old bridge, the scene of some of the 'quickest things' ever rowed by amateur oarsmen, lost little prestige this year. Most of its ancient traditions were fully borne out, and the thirty-first meeting took place in weather quite as rough, as cold, and as wet, as those who have 'assisted' any time within the last quarter of a century could have prognosticated. The first day opened gloomily, and brought us a March wind which chilled the air until the sun dispersed the clouds, spread its tempering influence, and made even hanging about the tow-path quite pleasant. Thursday, however, was an unmistakable up-river day. From an early hour in the morning rain had fallen, and continued without cessation to literally pour down till near the time fixed for racing to commence. Then luckily the clouds broke, and for a couple of hours or so there was a lull. The Lion Garden, however, was soon deserted again by the few ladies who had been daring enough to attempt to brave the elements, a brace of sharp showers driving them back to the Grand Stand, where they remained during the

remainder of the day, although it was afterwards fine and warm. The attendance did not reach anything like that of the previous year; but the 'campers out,' and those who made a night of it on the river, appeared quite as numerous. We paid a visit of inspection on the second morning of the regatta as far as Hurley Lock, and found canvas spread in all directions, the occupants here and there raising a corner and gazing moodily at us as at intruders on their solitude. Peace be to them! We had no thought of disturbing their reflections, which must have been of the most cheerless description after a night of damp and dew followed, as dawn appeared, by a severe soaking of many hours' duration. There is no greater discomfort than bivouacking in wet weather: ask those who spent the first night in tents on Wimbledon last year for their opinion. Many were literally washed out of their beds, and had to apply many a time and oft to the black dudeen and the wicker cask for consolation. The heavy rain had also the effect of flooding the tow-path with pools of water, and after the trampling of hundreds of feet of reducing it to the consistency of dough, so that the 'go-

ing' was not quite so agreeable as it might have been. Ere the racing was over most of the runners were plentifully bespattered from their faces downward, while their nether garments were quite lost in mud, making the wearers altogether hardly recognisable. But enough of this: much requires to be said of the sport and the space at our disposal is limited.

A strong breeze from N.N.W. on Wednesday made choice of stations a matter of the utmost importance, and early in the day the Berkshire or inside berth was altogether out of favour, the Buckinghamshire side being in great request, notwithstanding that on ordinary occasions it is considered adverse in a great degree to the chances of any crew unlucky enough to draw it. First on the programme stood the opening heat of the Grand Challenge Eights, for which the Oxford Etonians, the Eton College crew, and the Cambridge Lady Margaret, came to the post, to decide which should do battle against the London Club, who last year defeated the Eton 'boys' in the final struggle by half a clear length, after making the fastest recorded time, *viz.*, 7 min. 20 sec. Nearly half an hour was spent before the Eights could drop to their places, the wind forcing their heads to leeward as often as they got into position. At last, when something like straight, they were started, the school crew, with an extremely rapid stroke, gradually assuming the lead, and off Remenham Farm they were nearly clear. After this the Etonians, who had been sheltered all the way by the foliage on the Buckinghamshire shore, began to creep up, and weight also telling in their favour, they soon managed to get on even terms, then to draw slowly away, until at Poplar Point they were half a length to the good. Eton, however, had now all the best of the water, and with a mighty effort they visibly reduced their opponents' lead; but the Oxford crew, all tried oarsmen, shot away again when called on, and finished three-quarters of a length in advance, after a splitting race all the

way. Lady Margaret we have not mentioned. Suffice it to say they were never 'in the hunt.'

Next followed the trial heat of the Wyfold, in which the Oscillators, a London Club crew, and Staines came together. The first-named gained an easy victory, and the contest, if contest it can be called, served to point out the three defective places in the London Eight, of which so much had been said. Next came the first heat of the Diamond Sculls, and produced the race of the meeting. The ultimate result had been looked on as a 'foregone conclusion' for Long of the London Club, the performances of Crofts, of Kingston, who had won the sculls in 1867, and of Yarborough, an Oxonian, and the pretensions of Calvert and Bunbury, two Eton boys, being alike ignored. Long had been tried in the previous week; and notwithstanding whispers that he was scarcely so fast as during last season, his partisans never lost confidence or ceased laying odds on him. The Kingston man had the benefit of the station, and coming away at a cracking pace, led off Fawley Court by a clear length, Long being apparently demoralised, as he was palpably sculling a slow stroke, and, worse than that, a short stroke. His 'coach,' however, who rode up the bank succeeded at length in making his admonitions heard, and lying down to the work before him in something like his old style, Long began to hold his own then, notwithstanding that he was receiving an ugly wash from Crofts, to creep up. From this point a really memorable struggle took place. Inch by inch the Londoner drew on his opponent, and stoutly contested though the race was, neither gave signs of flagging. After making the crossing, a foul seemed almost imminent, but just prior to rounding the Point, Long used his right-hand scull strongly, and probably lost himself the race by going outside Crofts, instead of hugging the shore as he had evidently previously intended. Every stroke brought them nearer the goal, and slowly but surely Long

decreased the gap. Crofts, however, rowed in thoroughly plucky style to the end; and although within twenty yards after passing the judge, Long had got his boat's nose in front, he was behind at the actual moment of passing the post, and lost a magnificent race by a bare five feet, the finish reminding us of the dead heat in 1862 between W. B. Woodgate and E. D. Brickwood.

Early in the race it seemed as if Long was quite 'taken aback' by the rapidity and power of Crofts' sculling, but from the half distance he amply atoned for any shortcomings in this respect; and though apparently incapable of a spurt at any point, his lengthy stroke told in the end, and it was his misfortune rather than his fault that the few feet which separated the boats at the finish should have been against him.

Yarborough had almost a walk over against McClintock-Bunbury in the second heat of the Sculls; and the trial heat of the Town Cup, a local race, ended in the victory of the Eton Excelsior crew; whilst in the first heat of the Ladies' Plate, Lady Margaret had no difficulty in disposing of Radley. Then followed a heat of the Stewards' Fours, which decided who should meet the London Club, the holders, on the second day. Three crews contended, the Oxford Radleians, the old Etonians, and a Kingston boat. On paper the Etonian crew seemed to have the best of it, but as they were all stale after their hard race against Eton school for the Grand Challenge Eights, the 'Rads' were slightly the favourites in some quarters. They got a bad start notwithstanding the advantages of the Berks station, for the wind had now gone down, and off Remenham Barn were nearly a length to the bad, the Etonians being in the van with Kingston near the centre, second. After rowing half way the latter had dropped astern, and the Radleians going up to the leaders at every stroke managed to head them at Poplar Point. The previous heavy work done by the Etonians now evidently told, and after being

once 'collared' they were soon shaken off, the Radleians shooting forward and passing the judge a clear length ahead. In the race for the Goblets two pairs only started, viz. Long and Stout on behalf of London, and Calvert and Bunbury for Eton. This was one of the 'real morals' of the meeting, and without being extended, the Londoners, although their opponents got nearly clear at one time, won by upwards of three lengths. This ended the opening day's sport.

On Thursday the deciding heat of the Grand Challenge was first set for decision. Prior to the regatta London had been slight favourites; but the mediocre performance in the Wyfold of three of their men set off against the excellent rowing of the old Etonians, and the fact that the latter had drawn the Berks station, caused speculation to veer round, and before the start odds were laid on them. The Londoners came out with the lead, and drew slowly away until off Fawley Court they were two-thirds of a length in advance. Here the Etonians began to hold their own, then to gain a trifle, and little by little to decrease the gap, until at the second barrier from the finish the boats had become strictly level. The Londoners, however, were now clearly trapped, and all Gulston's gallant rowing could not save them, as the slack water under the Berkshire shore gave Woodhouse a great advantage, and he rapidly went away and won by a clear length in 7 min. 30 sec. The Wyfold final produced an excellent race from end to end between those old rivals the Oscillators and the Kingston. Passing Fawley Court, the Oscillators had drawn clear, and might have taken their opponents' water, but this they refrained from doing; and the Kingston having the best of the course all the way managed, when served by the station, to decrease their opponents' lead materially. They could never, however, quite get up, and were beaten by a trifle over half a length, after a tight struggle. Next came the final heat of the Ladies' Challenge Plate. The Eton 'boys,' who were the holders,

had all the sympathy of spectators, and the cheering was especially enthusiastic as they rowed away at the start, were clear early in the race, and won easily from the Lady Margaret by nearly half a dozen lengths. Eton Excelsior were indulged with a mild canter against the Henley crew in the final heat of the Town Cup, and the race for a Presentation Prize open to fours without coxswains, the steering being managed on the American principle, proved a rather hollow affair after passing Fawley Court, the old Radleians winning easily by a couple of lengths from the Oscillators. In the deciding heat of the Diamond Sculls, Yarborough opposed Crofts; and although the former was known to be a 'sticker,' his chance was hardly fancied. He steered badly after going a quarter of a mile, and was defeated with ease by three or four lengths. In the Visitors' Challenge Fours, Lady Margaret, stroked by Goldie, had again to succumb, this time to the University College, Oxford, crew, in which Tinné made his only appearance during the two days. University came right through, and won by three lengths. The Stewards' Fours brought another certainty for the London Club, whose rowing was in perfect unison and a treat to witness, the Radleian crew being a couple of lengths in the rear at the finish.

Of the eight open events producing races, it will be thus seen that the London Club won two out of the five for which they competed. Before the regatta their success in the Sculls, Goblets, and the Stewards', had been 'put about' as certain; while it seemed quite probable they would continue to hold the Grand Challenge, and perhaps win the Wyfold. They began badly by being nowhere in the latter; and the succeeding defeat of Long for the Sculls rendered their partisans in a not very pleasant frame of mind. They had, however, ample reason for entrusting Long with their confidence; and had the race to be rowed again, we should look to him to produce the victor, although Crofts is both fast and a 'stayer.'

Probably the real reason of Long's defeat is that he was overworked. Had he contented himself with training for two or even for three races he must have come to the post in far different condition. But it is too much to expect of nature that it will not feel strained by the large amount of rowing and sculling entailed by practice in an eight, a four, a pair, and a sculling boat. Several others of the London men also looked pale and worn; and, indeed, had the weak points in the Eight been looked to earlier, we should have anticipated a different result from that of the Grand Challenge. In the Stewards' and the Goblets, they proved immeasurably superior to their opponents; but the four who represented the club in the Wyfold had not the slightest pretensions. The victory of the Oxford Etonians over the holders in the Grand Challenge was hailed with great glee by University men; and to some extent atoned for their defeat in the trial heat of the Stewards' by the old Radleian crew on the previous day. The Londoners showed the latter but little consideration in the final; and, as we saw on the following Saturday at Pangbourne, clearly proved themselves pounds better than the Etonian crew into the bargain. Lady Margaret deserve every credit for entering; and it is a great pity they were not successful, in one race at least. Eton School sent, as they always do send, a fine crew to the post; and although the 'boys' suffered defeat in the Grand Challenge they were rewarded with victory in the race for the Ladies' Plate. The final heat of the Wyfold between those ancient enemies the Oscillators and Kingston was one of the best races of the meeting, and, although the former won, both crews showed the utmost gameness. The Oscillators, however, had in turn to submit to the superior prowess of the Old Radleians in the race without coxswains; while, for the Visitors' Challenge Cup, University Coll. (Oxford) literally walked away from the Cambridge crew, as did Eton Excelsior from all opponents in the Town Cup.

Messrs. Geo. Morrison and A. P. Lonsdale had the screw steam-yacht *Ariel*, belonging to Mr. Blyth, of Maidenhead, placed at their disposal, thus dispensing with the necessity of eight-oared cutters. The watermen who have been previously employed were naturally in high dudgeon at losing the couple of days' work; but they, like other people, must learn sooner or later that improvement will assume its sway.

The amusements were varied on the second day by the 'ducking' of a Welsher, who had with native impudence taken up his stand behind the Lion Garden. He made himself particularly offensive from the first; and as the racing progressed, and a little money was entrusted to him on a contingency, gradually became more unruly, refusing at length to refund even the amount staked by a winner. Unwary man, what had he done? Verily a hornet's nest was gathering about his ears. The law, in the form of a rural 'blue,' was appealed to, but he declared himself utterly powerless; and there was apparently nought left for the backer but to 'grin and bear it.' On the bridge, however, a solemn conclave was held the same night, and, after 'sweet converse,' a little plan was laid, in the event of the reappearance of the defaulter on the morrow. He unblushingly came again, and others beside him, and they partook heartily of strong waters and smoked bad cigars, and rudely chaffed the personal appearance of the men who leaned half out of the neighbouring windows. Better had they gone away while there was yet

time; better still had they never come! The Nemesis was at hand. A mild-looking undergraduate took long odds to a 'skiv,' so long, in fact, that it was almost certain he would not be paid if he won, and went away. His star was in the ascendant; the crew of his choice came in first, and he applied for his winnings. Of course he did not get them, but in lieu was met with horrible imprecations, and told that the firm he had wagered with was bankrupt. In vain he expostulated, and mentioned that it would be better for all parties concerned that he should be paid. But no; his debtor was obdurate; the money was not forthcoming. Then the mild graduate faced his friends, and gave the signal. A dozen strong arms seized the Welsher, and he was borne in the direction of the town-pump. That venerable institution, however, refusing its offices, the proximity of the Thames was suggested, and 'To the bank!' was the cry. The yokels, who had gathered in large numbers, enjoyed the fun amazingly, and for a trifling douceur dropped the offender off the embankment, and afterwards put him well under the broad waters of Father Thames three or four times. Then he stood up and wept passionate tears, and was in due time left to go on his way a wetter, and, we trust, a wiser man. Probably after this lesson we shall hear of no more 'Welshers at Henley.' It were better if the Government could deal with such rascals; but, as it refuses, it is hard indeed if the public are to be robbed and the thieves escape in the open day entirely scot-free.

H. B.



## SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## NO. I.—THE FRONT TREASURY BENCH.

I KNOW of hardly any more pleasant and intellectual enjoyment than attending the debates in the House of Commons, when the speaking is good and party spirit runs high. I would exhort those who are tired of the Opera, and yet want some intellectual excitement, to frequent the House. It is much livelier than the Royal Institution, and much more interesting than those monotonous law-courts, which have only an occasional interest, and for which there now seems a steady distaste. There are different ways of getting into the House. Of course the royal way is to turn aside, half-way up the hall, and go through the door under the tall lamp, reserved for members and guarded by a policeman. The simplest and most obvious course for outsiders is to get a member's order. But after you have got your order, you don't know what your order may get you; perhaps the chance of balloting for your place amongst the hundreds who cannot be admitted. You wish you were a Westminster boy, with a prescriptive right to a place,—which has proved such a stimulus to many of them. Perhaps you get in under the Speaker's private gallery. Better still: perhaps the Speaker may be influenced by some member to put you in 'under the gallery,' where you are on the floor of the House, and as well off as if you were a member. If you happen to belong to the press, you are much better off than most members. The daily papers are treated most liberally with little square cards of admission; one for the reporter, one for the editor, and one for the leader-writer; not to mention that they have a snug room all to themselves, in the rear. The ladies are worse treated of all behind their grating. But although the House chivalrously cheers every proposition to remove it, there is a dexterous count out when the question comes forward in a practical shape. A lady once vindictively took a baby behind that

objectionable grating, whose shrill scream might remind the House of more than one honourable member. The true remedy would be that a 'person' like Miss Becker, or Miss Sheddern, or Dr. Mary Walker should have a seat in the House, to avenge the wrongs of the trampled sex. Or suppose we displaced the front Treasury Bench, and allowed two dozen ladies to have seats in the House, just as some two dozen bishops represent in the Lords the vast body of the clergy. By the way, the bishops, in their billowy lawn, in their quarter of the House of Lords, attacked so ruthlessly by Radicals on the Irish Church Bill, reminded me very much of Landseer's picture in the Academy this year, the 'Swannery invaded by Sea Eagles.'

The House of Commons has more and more been becoming a place of fashionable recreation — for those who can get there; and one rather regrets the old simple system of a half-crown to the doorkeeper. A friend of mine strolled to the House of Commons one evening, and, finding no doorkeeper at the door, in the calmest manner possible he walked into the body of the room and took his seat among the members. I believe he stayed there undetected for an hour. He had not even the countryman's poor excuse of ignorance. It was a bit of bravado, a repetition of which might be attended with very awkward consequences. It is to be hoped, for the sake both of members and of visitors, that the plan for a new House, by taking in a quadrangle, may be carried out. Beyond the sacred seats reserved for the ministers, and other leaders, there is, on a field-night, almost as great a crush to get into the House itself as to get in, or under the gallery. A very good thing is told of a man named Fergusson, in the great Reform debates of 1832. All members were then naturally anxious to get good places, which could then only be

done by labelling their places with their names. Fergusson went down one morning so early as seven o'clock, thus to secure his place, that being the hour at which the servants cleaned the place. To his great surprise, he found that the debate, which he had left a little after midnight, was still going on, the feeling of the House having become general in favour of a division. Fergusson was just in time to vote, and obtained immense credit with his constituents for having sat through the live-long night in his zeal for the cause of Reform. However, a grand field-night at the Commons is very well worth sitting through. It is not, indeed, so good as the Lords. The scene is infinitely less imposing, and the debating is not so good by any means. When the Lords have a grand debate they do it grandly. They will not tolerate any second-rate speaking, except when listening to some man who has large claims to be heard; whereas, in the other House there is a great deal of twaddle talked in the dinner hour, and at all times really good speaking in the Commons forms the exception, while in the Lords it rather forms the rule. As for the Commons, they rush in and out of the House like rabbits in a warren, if I may quote an irreverent similitude, and at dinner time, if a man persists in addressing them, the House has been likened to a great hungry beast, that will fret, and roar, and threaten to devour. Then what an unseemly rush comes off at the last! Plato used to say that the Sophists studied the humours of society as one might study the temper of a wild beast. And yet the House is very good-humoured and manageable. If a man gives a significant glance at the clock, a silent contract is made, and it is understood that the member has really something to say and will not be long in saying it. The great hero of the day just now is, of course, Mr. Gladstone. One ought to see him on such an occasion as when he came down the other night from a party at Marlborough House in breeches and black silk stockings and shoes with buckles. Only the

powdered hair and the pigtail were wanting, and the old days of George III. would seem revived, and 'the People's William' might be a living resemblance of that great statesman whom his friends called 'Sweet William,' and his enemies 'the bottomless Pitt.'

There can be no doubt but in the present day the study of the Debates in Parliament gives the most valuable of all the literature that deals with the wide domain of polities. The newspaper press, which claims, with some show of reason, to be the Fourth Estate, cannot, to our mind, for a moment compare with the parliamentary discussion on which newspaper discussion is substantially based. I imagine that newspaper articles are deteriorating, and parliamentary speeches are improving. A newspaper article is good for the constituency of that newspaper alone; whereas a parliamentary speech holds good for all newspapers and all constituencies. As a matter of fact, writing is a more careful and deliberate process than speaking; but somehow the two systems have changed places. We have now an immense quantity of prepared speeches and of extemporey writing. The parliamentary speaker knows that he has to address an illimitable audience, under all the responsibility that attaches to the fullest publicity that attends his words and votes. The consequence is that the speaker is under every inducement to do his best; and a literary article is rarely composed with that amount of study, and thought, and effort which is frequently lavished upon the preparation of a parliamentary speech. When you have read through a parliamentary debate, and then turn to the leading article on it, you perceive at once that you have passed from an exhaustive discussion to a thin and superficial comment on it. No one speaker has brought out the whole truth, but the whole truth has been brought out in the course of the debate. In making a comparison between the debating power of the two Houses, I was speaking of the absolute and not the relative proportion. The

Lords hardly manage an adjourned debate more than once in a year or two. But the stream of debate in the Lower House is full and continuous; they have more speakers and more speeches, and the absolute amount of very good parley immeasurably transcends, as a whole and in amount, that talked in the Lords. In adjusting the constitutional question of the relations between the Houses, which has been so much discussed this season, it ought to be recollect—*an argument which I have not seen discussed*—that the Peers, although they are supposed to hold aloof from politics, did virtually exert their political strength in the late elections in the persons of their friends and relatives, and so they were virtually included in the general minority.

Mr. Gladstone has certainly aged during the last few years. His hair is whiter, his countenance more wan. But he is in office; and to him office is happiness. Since he has been Premier his temper has been particularly good. He has only been in a passion once. He showed, for instance, to great advantage when Colonel North rose to put a badgering question about Mr. Bright in the Commons, the same night that Lord Cairns made a badgering speech on the same subject in the Lords. Lord Granville knows the House of Lords thoroughly, and can play upon its every chord as upon a musical instrument; but he is no match in eloquence for the hard-headed, clear-voiced Cairns, especially when the feeling of the House was set in such a determined hostility against the horrible Bright. Lord Granville, in substance, only said that John Bright was a John Bull; but perhaps Bull was not so good a name as Bully. But with Mr. Gladstone there was no competition of oratory. Colonel North put his question, and seemed rather frightened at putting it, like a nervous man shutting his eyes when he is going to fire—a frequent predicament in the House of Commons. The putting of this question illustrated that intense love of personalities in which

the House of Commons habitually indulges. A debate on India has never the interest which belongs to some personal imputation. Although the Lords were hearing Cairns, and just about to hear Lord Derby, the Commons' House was full almost to overflowing, and the Speaker made a great favour of putting me under the gallery—the much coveted space which the exigencies of the House have caused so greatly to be curtailed this season. Gladstone slipped in by the door behind the Speaker's chair, as is his wont. He vouchsafed no greeting that I saw to any other member than John Bright. He took the question in as pleasant a way as Lord Palmerston himself could have done. Mr. Bright had steadily refused to agitate the country while the Irish Church Bill was under discussion by the House of Lords. He himself had written a letter not unlike Mr. Bright's; but, to his mortification, it was only printed in small type, and had not received any particular attention. The little speech was very soon over—some seven or eight minutes—and then the House was, so to speak, at a single gulp, quite emptied.

And now let us rapidly run through the occupants of that front Treasury Bench, and in separate instances we will go more into detail afterwards. Of Mr. Gladstone we have recently spoken at such length in these pages, that we shall content ourselves with merely some incidental mention.\* The great Triumvirate of that Bench is made up of those three masterly orators, Gladstone, Bright, and Lowe. That is their proper order in oral eloquence; but in written eloquence the order would be Lowe, Bright, and Gladstone. Despite their immense preponderance of ability, these men are as little liked, and more abused than any in the House. The policy of the Tories towards the Treasury Bench is the former policy of the Italians towards Italy. Italy was an artichoke, to be eaten leaf by leaf. The Treasury Bench is to be devoured man by man.

\* See Paper on Mr. Gladstone in our February Number.

There are no men towards whom feelings of a livelier animosity exist, even on both sides of the House, than towards the Triumvirate. It is a standing wonder how Mr. Bright and Mr. Lowe can belong to the same Cabinet; and some men say that the wonder cannot last very much longer. There is a feeling of undisguised hostility towards Mr. Lowe in every direction, which his manner does so much to intensify and so little to disarm. Mr. Lowe's Budget speech, which was expected to be a failure, turned out a success; but his set Irish speech, which was expected to be a success, was a decided failure. Once before the Tories succeeded in hunting him from office, although there was really no solid pretence for the procedure that drove him into an involuntary resignation. It is quiet on the cards, even if the boasted majority does not dwindle down, that Ministers may be beaten in detail, and that Mr. Lowe may be the earliest victim. There have already been rumours that Mr. Bright has proffered his resignation to the Cabinet. We have no confidence in such rumours ourselves, but they are certainly not without significance.

There is never any mistaking Mr. Lowe. He is an *Albino*, and the most near-sighted of men; so near sighted, indeed, that the story goes that this was the ecclesiastical blemish that prevented his obtaining ordination at Oxford. He will there be long remembered as a private tutor with an enormous amount of business; and he candidly told the Oxford University Commissioners that he took more pupils than was good either for himself or for them. Seeing the avenues to distinction so crowded as to be virtually closed, Mr. Lowe, the same year that he was called to the bar, went out to Australia to practise, and there obtained a large share both of barristerial and senatorial renown. When, after eight years, he returned to England and sent a clever leader to the 'Times,' the sagacious conductors of the *Jupiter* at once perceived the great value of their ally, and retained him to write as many leaders as he

chose. He was certainly luckier than one man of whom we have heard, who had to proffer thirty or forty leaders before he could get one accepted, and settled down steadily into the staff. Luckier also than another and very eminent man, who, chagrined that his article was altered, rejected himself, and could never obtain his restoration. Luckier still than another, who was curtly informed that he was 'wrote out.' We have heard marvellous anecdotes of the extraordinary facility with which Mr. Lowe could fling off the happiest leaders for the 'Times.'

With his usual happiness in the attainment of his means, he was speedily elected for Kidderminster. When he first rose to address the House, apparently a silvery octogenarian, but in reality having hardly closed his eighth lustrum, a murmur of 'The Times, the Times,' went round, but he was listened to with the greatest attention. He fully vindicated his Australian reputation and the fame of the great journal with which he was connected. It was a success as easy as it was brilliant. He had a pitiless force of argument—the chain of argument being as complete as a demonstration of Euclid's—and a manner perfectly self-possessed. In this same first year of parliamentary life he climbed the first rung of the official ladder. He was kept on the intermediate rungs too long before he climbed towards the top. Had he been an aristocrat he would have been included in Lord Palmerston's intensely aristocratic Cabinet; as it is, he must have endured some mortification in seeing inferior men passing over his head. But he knew his strength and could bide his time, feeling sure that the occasion would come, and that the man would be equal to the hour.

The occasion came. Mr. Lowe, in the mean time, had parted with his seat at Kidderminster, being shamefully maltreated by the roughs—Mr. Bright has said that he never has forgiven his broken head there—and now enjoyed that snug seat for Calne which had once given Macaulay an entrance into Parlia-

mentary life. He had vigorously opposed Mr. Locke King's bill for lowering the suffrage, and he could with perfect consistency oppose the single-barrelled bill of the Russell-Gladstone ministry. It is not too much to say that Mr. Lowe's speeches formed the great feature of those memorable debates of 1866, to which must be added his one great oration of the following year. Mr. Disraeli, by his luminous speeches, certainly proved that he thoroughly understood the whole Reform question best of all living men; and the lightning of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence never flashed more vividly than in his celebrated reply; and Mr. Bright presented his extraordinary union of Saxon eloquence and genuine humour; and Mr. Hardy's vehement force was applauded to the echo by his party; and there were many others on whom one might dwell with more or less emphasis of praise. But, to our mind, the series of Mr. Lowe's speeches formed essentially the crowning ornaments of those great debates. The fancy, the vigour, the antithesis, the epigram, the irony and wit, the energetic force, the strength and subtlety, the scholarship, the genius, took the House and the country by storm: they are the Philippians of British oratory; and, looking through the arid wilderness of Hansard, there is no oasis where the mind and memory linger so gratefully, which at the present day are as replete with interest and instruction as when they were delivered in the vast excited audience of Parliament, and thrown broadcast over the world. As he picks his way down to Westminster with rapid, quiet steps, the eyes blinking, the lips moving, he is constructing those terse, pointed sentences which will arouse an incessant storm of laughter and applause. The habitual expression of his face has been defined as a mixture between a sneer and a giggle; and it is a joke against him that when other members devour oranges in the House he prefers lemons. Mr. Lowe is popularly said to be a man without a heart, or, rather, one whose heart is a mere bit of muscular

tissue. Admiring his genius and moral courage, I much regret his unpopularity, which it is not wise for him almost to court as he does. Most people felt a little jubilation when they saw the stately manner in which Mr. Disraeli—to whom Mr. Lowe is always a *bête noir*—administered a rebuke to him the other day at the Trinity House dinner. It is impossible in this country that any man should ever make his mark as a popular statesman without being a man capable of genuine sympathy. It is much to be intensely clever; but intense cleverness alone never moved the national heart. To all outward seeming Mr. Lowe is incapable of sympathy. It is said that his manner of receiving a deputation is becoming a standard joke. He goes on reading his correspondence—which is so immense that it must necessarily leave him very little leisure—holding the papers close to his eye; and if he is asked a question his answer invariably is, 'I don't know. I shouldn't tell you if I did. It is very wrong of you to ask the question.' The other day a deputation, consisting of managers and clerks of savings-banks, came to him, pointing out that their vocation may soon be gone, that those institutions would cease to exist. 'And why should they exist?' asked Mr. Lowe. The answer was worthy of Cardinal Richelieu. When a poor man pleaded that 'a man must live,' 'Je ne vois pas la nécessité,' said the Cardinal.

Mr. Bright ought, at least, to receive a chapter to himself; and it is only in a very partial way that we can deal with him now. Take him for all in all, he is perhaps the greatest orator that England possesses. Members of the House will say—perhaps even the most esoteric Gladstonites—that they would rather hear Bright than any other living speaker. As a parliamentary orator Mr. Gladstone is, we think, fully his equal. But then Mr. Gladstone is at home on the front Treasury bench as he is at home nowhere else. So to speak, he is there on his native heath. However effective he may be at times when lecturing, or on the stump, it is in Parliament

that he shows to the greatest advantage and is most thoroughly at home. But Mr. Bright is most at home when he sees six thousand people before him; and he buttons up his coat, and has a look in his eye which means mischief. Mr. Bright is emphatically the Tribune of the People. He is a born orator, an orator, moreover, who has improved his vast natural powers by intense cultivation. Naturally he speaks the purest and most nervous Saxon; but when he was laid aside by bronchitis he evidently applied himself most assiduously to the study of literature, and then was added to his style a delicacy, a ripeness, a fulness, which that style had not previously possessed in so ample a degree. We do not know the process of alchemy with which Mr. Bright constructs those wonderful speeches. We have been told that he learns them off by heart. We should find great difficulty in believing this; but, at the same time, it is, at least, quite clear that large sections of them have been carefully prepared, and that sentences constructed with such consummate art cannot have been the result of the inspiration of the moment. Mr. Bright also conciliates hearty sympathy from the fact that he has won his way to his lofty eminence by the sheer stress and force of genius. Altogether there is no man who has taken his seat on the Treasury bench who so entirely retains his individuality and independence. We have heard a touching story, that when Mr. John Bright, cotton-spinner and manufacturer, of Rochdale, was a widower, sunk in grief by the loss of his young wife, he was sought out by his acquaintance, the late Mr. Cobden, who, as an anodyne to his sorrow, besought him to join with him, heart and soul, in his crusade against the Corn Laws. Cobden and Bright, the calico-printer and the cotton-spinner, became household names in England, and a power in the State. When the Anti-Corn-Law League was transferred from Manchester to London they emerged from a provincial to a national celebrity. At a meeting at the Crown and Anchor,

in the Strand, in 1842, Mr. Bright made the first of those great speeches which have expanded into volumes, which furnish us almost with the highest extant examples of British oratory. It was in the same year that Mr. Bright, as the member of a deputation, waited on the President and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, at that time being the Earl of Ripon and Mr. Gladstone. Then, for the first time, they met face to face. Did any prescient flash tell the two men of the sympathy and intimacy that should hereafter arise between them? The kaleidoscope has wrought its changes, and Mr. Bright is now President of the Board of Trade, and the young Vice-President has become Prime Minister. It was in 1843 that he sat in Parliament as member for Durham. Four years later he was member for Manchester, as a colleague of Mr. Milner Gibson. For ten years he continued to represent Manchester, until he was ejected in 1857, in that general election which supported Lord Palmerston with so full a tide of popular enthusiasm. Mr. Bright had rendered his name synonymous with the Peace-at-any-price theory—a theory which the nation indignantly repudiated. He has maintained the peace doctrine with the utmost courage and force, and in the teeth of the most violent storm of opposition. On the subject of the Crimean war he placed himself in antagonism with the whole aroused spirit of the nation; but Mr. Bright never shrinks from the loudest blast of opposition. To him such acts as an incentive, and not as a deterrent. It braces his nerves, it strings his energies. In the long run such intrepidity tells heavily and distinctly. To his gallantly-earned reputation for boldness and honesty Mr. Bright is indebted for that vast moral weight which he enjoys among countless thousands all over the country.

For ourselves, while believing that Mr. Bright is essentially an honest man, we doubt how far such moral weight is duly his. It will be seen that we desire to give him most ungrudging and unbounded praise for his magnificent achievements;

but it appears to us that his career has involved him in some of the most grievous inconsistencies which it is possible to imagine. Technically a man of peace, Mr. Bright is really and truly a man of war. Technically he would turn aside with infinite loathing from the spectacle of the slightest bloodshed; but amid the remoter links of the chain of causation he has been busy in promoting those causes which in all ages of the world's history have mostly kindled conflagration, and unleashed the dogs of war. To set race against race, class against class, order against order, is the natural result of his long oratorical career. Just as wide waters gain immense force by shooting through a narrow gorge, so Mr. Bright's eloquence gains intense force by reason of that very narrowness of mind through which that eloquence is presented. Mr. Bright is a Paganini, who can play with matchless skill, but can only play upon a single string. He is essentially narrow and *bourgeois*, with a mind which presents a total *tabula rasa* in respect to the associations and traditions of our national history. It is a pity, also, that Mr. Bright mars his real greatness by an occasional want of generosity and straightforwardness. There was something absolutely mean and ungenerous in the way in which he assaulted Mr. Disraeli on his mention of the Queen's name, and made the latter say, with terrible emphasis, that he put himself in the hands of *gentlemen*. Let us hope, however, that Lord Lytton's kindly prophecy will be fulfilled in respect to the President of the Board of Trade:—

'Let Bright responsible for England be,  
And straight in Bright a Chatham we should  
see!'

Mr. Cardwell is a man who is a highly favourable specimen of a bureaucrat. He has for many years sat for Oxford, with a very safe seat, except once when he lost it, until Mr. Neate was unseated on petition, and once when it was seriously challenged by the late Mr. Thackeray. Mr. Cardwell, a double-first at Oxford, went the Northern Circuit for a time, but, wisely abandoning it, the obscure

barrister became a very eminent politician. He was just the kind of man for whom Sir Robert Peel would feel a kindness, and he was not only quite a favourite among 'Peel's Boys,' and pushed onwards in the path of political advancement, but Sir Robert left him one of his literary executors in conjunction with Earl Stanhope. We cannot say that to our mind this literary executorship was ever satisfactorily fulfilled, or that the executors quite cleared up that dubious cloud which appears to have attached itself to the memory of this great statesman. It appears probable that the times were too recent to allow of the publication of all the documentary evidence designed for his exculpation from the charge of political tergiversation brought against him. As a Peelite of the Peelites Mr. Cardwell has a special affinity for Mr. Gladstone, and he is as heavy ordnance to the Cabinet, but as a speaker he is dispiriting to a degree.

But there has been no parliamentary rise so rapid because so entirely unexpected as that of Mr. Göschen. His name tells us that he is of German origin, his grandfather being, we understand, a Leipsic publisher. He is perhaps the most distinguished of the pupils whom the present Archbishop Tait educated at Rugby. He went to Oriel, and took a first class in the schools, and then quietly settled down as a merchant in the paternal office at Austin Friars. Among the City men Mr. Göschen made a great reputation. The City is by no means indifferent to academic culture; on the contrary, it has a high and even exaggerated sense of its importance, and Mr. Göschen's first class must, in no poor way, have backed up his practical business talents. He also did himself infinite credit by a publication entitled the 'Theory of Foreign Exchange.' In 1863 he was first returned as one of the members of the City of London, and so satisfied were his constituents with their careful choice that last election they returned him at the head of the poll. He had only been a year and

a half in the House when he was made Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and he had hardly held that office for a couple of months when he was made a Cabinet Minister as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Such promotion is almost the most rapid on record. It naturally elicited a great deal of criticism. What had this young man done to be passed over the heads of his seniors, especially a senior of such undoubted powers as Mr. Layard? And even supposing that he possessed such transcendent ability, what particular scope for his ability would be found in such a sinecure office as the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster? When Mr. Göschen became a Cabinet Minister he brought all his engagements with the flourishing commercial house of Göschen to a close, believing that in this country statesmanship and trade are incompatible crafts. We imagine, however, that Mr. Göschen must financially be a loser by this honourable exchange. He had been a Cabinet Minister for five months when he went out in the summer of '66, when his chief, Earl Russell, who had given him his much-canvassed promotion, made his final retirement from office. He is now once more reinstated in the Cabinet, with an apparently better chance of a longer continuance in office, as President of the Poor Law Board. This office belongs to a department of public affairs which confessedly is in a most unsatisfactory condition, and which will give Mr. Göschen abundant scope for all his energies. It can hardly be said that up to the present point he has quite justified the expectations that have been formed respecting him. He is supposed to have half a dozen important Bills on hand, but the Irish Bill seems effectually to have stopped the way of all other legislation. Still Mr. Göschen manifestly possesses great statesmanlike qualities, and has probably a great career before him.

If Lord Hartington had not been Lord Hartington, it is hard to believe that he would ever have been a Cabinet Minister: but the

heir of the dukedom of Devonshire and the earldom of Burlington is a power in the state. He is not, indeed, so clever a man as his father—by no possibility can he ever be so clever and so learned—but he is a very fair debater, which his father is not. It is positively painful to hear the Duke of Devonshire stammering through one of his most sensible speeches, repeating half of each sentence and in a high state of stammering; and it is hardly to be regretted that he speaks so rarely. But he is an astonishing man, inheriting a large portion of the genius of the philosopher Cavendish, Second Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman at Cambridge—and, as his son Lord Hartington has been heard to say—knowing everything and forgetting nothing. Not so wide and profound in knowledge—not, indeed, under the suspicion of possessing a twentieth part of such knowledge—Lord Hartington has yet talent and presence, and may do his party and the country efficient service. He fought last autumn the most splendid contest of the whole General Election, the house of Cavendish being pitted against the house of Stanley, and he experienced that kind of defeat which is hardly less honourable than a victory. He might have been excluded from Parliament, but a private gentleman, of a benevolent and philanthropic turn, thought it a thousand pities that the son of a duke should be without a seat in Parliament, especially when a seat in the Cabinet probably depended on it, and so patriotically eliminated himself from the House to make way for Lord Hartington. The outgoing Member declared that he had no personal motive, and his very appellation—Green Pryce—was suggestive of the fact; but in the world of politics, as elsewhere, 'sinners lend to sinners hoping to receive as much again.' It will be remembered that Lord Hartington moved, in 1859, the want of confidence motion which ejected the Derbyites from power. He also belonged to Lord Granville's special mission to Russia, in 1856, on the

occasion of the Czar's coronation; his cousin, the last Duke, had been Ambassador to Russia with extraordinary splendour, and had been a personal friend of the Czar Nicholas.

But we must now turn to the new blood of which Mr. Gladstone has made a liberal infusion.

Mr. Childers is another Australian; he, marrying some twenty years ago, sailed away to Australia to try fortune at the antipodes, and he learned statesmanship in the very first Legislative Assembly that met for the colony of Victoria. He only arrived in Australia the year before Mr. Lowe quitted it, and side by side they first became members of the British Cabinet. He only entered Parliament in 1860, so his success has been as rapid as his career has been full of force and ability. We believe it is something wonderful to reflect in how many different companies Mr. Childers has been attached as director or as chairman. He turned his financial talents to account as Financial Secretary to the Treasury. But it was in reference to the Admiralty that Mr. Childers achieved a special reputation. His first Government post was that of junior Lord of the Admiralty, and afterwards he always sustained an unceasing system of vigilant criticism upon all Admiralty detail. Synthesis is harder, always, than analysis; and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Childers can do all the great things which he gave us to understand by implication to be susceptible of accomplishment.

Mr. Bruce is another of the *novi homines*, that is to say, of those who are comparatively untried and are sitting in the Cabinet for the first time. As Secretary of State for the Home Department he takes precedence of the other Secretaries of State. He is connected with some illustrious names, for he is nephew to the late Lord Justice Knight Bruce, whose legal fame will long live in the law courts, and he married a daughter of Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, and also the niece of Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of

Scinde. For seventeen years he represented Merthyr Tydvil, a very unsavoury locality to represent, unpleasing and ungrateful, and threw him over eventually in favour of a dissenting minister. It is rather hard lines upon the Church of England and on Roman Catholics, that while any Dissenting or Presbyterian minister can sit in Parliament, this is not permitted to any one who has received episcopal ordination. When he had been in Parliament for ten years, Lord Palmerston—having certainly taken plenty of time to turn over the matter in his mind—made Mr. Bruce Under-Secretary in the very department where he is now Secretary of State. When the Tories succeeded in ejecting Mr. Lowe from his office of Vice-President of the Council, Mr. Bruce became the virtual Minister of Education, having to give way to Lord Robert Montagu on the accession of the Derby Government. Mr. Bruce has moved with the times, and—possibly under some electoral pressure—has recently become a convert to the doctrine of the Ballot. As Mr. Gladstone, under the tuition of Mr. Bright, is obviously inclining this way, it is not hard to see in what direction we shall have another parliamentary conflict. It is quite pretty to see how the new Cabinet ministers are plucking up under the genial sunshine of prosperity. With a strong Government and a popular Premier, they are evidently calculating on a prolonged tenure of power. Mr. Bruce, who has been described as a 'hesitating, under-his-breath-talking, diffident gentleman,' has lost those amiable characteristics, and comes out every inch a Cabinet minister. Mr. Childers, steady and stalwart and 'bearded like a Pard,' fills both the eye and the imagination, and gives us fully to understand how he will demolish any pseudo-Childers who may inveigh against Admiralty expenditure.

Now here are the great law-officers of the Crown, the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General. We will take the Solicitor-General first, as being in every respect the more important of the two.

That was Sir John Duke Coleridge's own very decided opinion when he at first refused to serve under Sir Robert Collier, until his hesitating 'No' was, in a most lady-like way, converted into a very well-satisfied 'Yes.' The Solicitor-General is probably the finest advocate at the bar. He has also some statesmanlike qualities, and has a very considerable reputation in the House of Commons. His maiden speech, three years ago, on the subject of University Reform, was the most successful maiden speech made for many years within the House. Sir John has never advanced beyond the point indicated by that speech; indeed one or two speeches which he made were comparative failures, but on the whole he has maintained his reputation. He is a man who in a very thorough way has maintained the honour and independence of the English bar. His practice is now immense, and he has conducted very heavy cases with great ability, and in a manner that has obtained for him the highest credit. In the Saurin case, especially,—which made such an extraordinary inroad upon his time that he described it as an exercise of poverty to himself and Mr. Mellish—his speeches and the general management of the case were beyond all praise. But Sir John is much more than a very successful barrister. He has larger studies, wider sympathies, stronger convictions, both ecclesiastical and political, than most barristers are accredited with. He gave the other day, in a brief compass, a most excellent enunciation of the morality of advocacy: 'It was one of the first rules of the profession that a man, whether guilty or innocent, whether the victim of unjust prejudice or not, should be able to retain the services of an advocate, in order to see that justice was done him. It was because the bar had not the right to make selections and to form their own opinions on cases, that the profession he belonged to was the profession of a gentleman. If the bar were to identify themselves with their clients, and to exercise their own judgment in respect to the cases submitted to them, they would be open to the

base charge of selling their convictions and opinions, which no person, with a knowledge of the facts, could venture to impute to them now.' It was this reputation at the bar, and the wide reputation which he enjoys beyond the limits of his profession, which have greatly determined Sir John's reputation in Parliament. The lawyer whom he most resembles in his career is Sir Alexander Cockburn, who, by a single great effort, made his parliamentary and forensic reputation equal. But neither at the bar or in Parliament will the Solicitor-General ever be the equal of the Lord Chief Justice of England. 'There were giants in those days,' but giantdom is almost over. The barristers hardly take ten per cent. of the profits made by solicitors, and a deterioration must be the inevitable result. Sir John Coleridge was long the rival of Sir John Karslake, on the Western Circuit, and after the latter had become a law adviser of the Crown he was the undisputed leader. It was said that the solicitors generally went to Karslake for law, and to Coleridge for eloquence. That is Sir John Karslake, on the other side, much knocked up, it is said, by his excessive work when Attorney-General; but though he has never made the set speeches in which his honourable and learned friend indulges, he is every whit as great a favourite in the House from his handsome presence and pleasant manner. The work of law officer involves heavy work and heavy gains. Lord Hatherly, the Chancellor, when, as Sir W. P. Wood, he became Solicitor-General, resigned the office in less than a twelvemonth, because 'it entailed upon him so large an amount of late work, and so interfered with his domestic life and comfort of home.' A Solicitor-General, however, must not mind late work, and domestic life and the comforts of home must not have too potent a charm for him. Sir John Coleridge burst upon the House in a character which one would least expect from a barrister, as a remarkable instance of ingenuousness and innocence. Such a successful surprise could not, however,

bear repetition. Moreover, though so courteous and urbane, Sir John has always got his spurs in fighting order. He wears steel beneath his glove. After the fashion of the P.R., he will shake hands handsomely with an opponent before performing the operation of blacking his eyes. When Mr. Fawcett, the other day, asked some question about his appearing as counsel for the Gurneys—Mr. Fawcett is the blind member, rather a straight, sallow man, earnest, thoughtful-looking, and wears spectacles—Sir John fell upon him with absolute savagery, and showed that sleekness and purr have less agreeable accompaniments. Sir John has an hereditary reputation to support, which he has nobly vindicated; and though he will probably attain a higher post than that held by his father, it is impossible that he can exceed the measure of reverence and affection with which Judge Coleridge was justly regarded by his contemporaries.

Sir J. P. Collier is a man of much versatility and talent. As member for Plymouth, where his family are of good standing in the wine trade, he represents an important and popular constituency. The Attorney-General is a man of many accomplishments. We believe that he has exhibited at the Royal Academy. Both as a lawyer and in Parliament he has at times acquitted himself respectably. He has conducted cases very nicely; especially when Müller was tried for the railway murder, he conducted the prosecution at the Old Bailey very ably. He might have been one of the three puisne judges appointed under the Government of Mr. Disraeli, but he wisely reserved himself for greater things. He had a strong political claim on the office of Attorney-General, which it was found impossible to ignore. Nevertheless, this was probably the weakest appointment made by Mr. Gladstone

on his accession to power. It failed to command weight either with the profession or with the country. In glancing over the Law Reports you very rarely find the name of the Attorney-General except on Crown business. Sir John Coleridge spoke the other night amid laughter of the supposititious ease of barristers selected as law officers of the Crown, whom no persons would engage in any important case, and the confidence of the Crown being extended only to those to whom nobody else would extend confidence! It is not to be supposed that the Solicitor-General meant this as a satire upon his chief, whose appointment he strongly condemned—it was, indeed, whispered that his friends expected that he would be Attorney-General himself or possibly Lord Chancellor *per saltum*—but there is an old proverb about the cap fitting. But both these lawyers pale altogether in reputation before that great statesman-barrister, Sir Roundell Palmer, who, in moral elevation, is unsurpassed in the House, through his glorious disinterestedness in refusing, through a scruple which most politicians would easily overcome, the most splendid prize within the reach of the subject, and which would have placed him next to the throne itself. He now commands almost the veneration of the House and the country: a thoughtful, quiet, self-restrained, self-balanced man is Sir Roundell in repose, but treasures of force are stored up within that quiet exterior. He can be humorous, as when he attacked Mr. Layard on the Courts of Justice question; and intense emotion, though held in check, can be blended with severest reasoning, as in that masterly speech on the Irish Church, which, in intellectual and moral power, has been the greatest effort this session in the House of Commons.

(*To be continued.*)



### A HARP ACCOMPANIMENT.

NOW that the newspapers are teeming with advertisements of fast-sailing packets, cheap excursion trains, combinations to secure to companies of tourists all the advantages that can be obtained during a swift inspection of continental cities and a trundle through celebrated picture-galleries, cathedrals, and museums, it is confusing to the man who learns daily that 'everybody is out of town' when he sees so many people in the streets, and he hardly knows which to admire most, the elasticity of language or the vast population represented by 'nobody.'

If everybody is out of town, what becomes of nobody who still throngs the hot, dusty streets, crowds the penny steamboats, struggles to the roofs of omnibuses, slakes his thirst at the metropolitan luncheon-bars, opens and shuts shops and warehouses for the sake of appearances, and generally pervades all London, just as though he had any right to be within the cab radius and on the stones, when he is supposed to be concerned in what we all join in calling the 'general exodus,' and to be enjoying the holiday season, that leaves town empty and gives a pathetic interest to the last entertainments of the season?

We all know where everybody goes, although we are a little puzzled to learn from special correspondents that in a corporate capacity everybody resembles Sir Boyle Roche's bird in the ability to be in two places at one time. 'Everybody is here,' writes the gay chronicler at Biarritz; and 'I like to go to Margate because one meets everybody there,' says the confidential correspondent describing the glories of the Hall by the Sea. 'The clubs are empty; everybody has left the Row and gone to Baden, Homburg, and the other places where the pursuit of health is mitigated by the amusements to be found in the Kursaal,' declares the fashionable intelligencer who thinks he was once in the Poultry, or Mile End,

or Shoreditch, or some of those places east of Temple Bar.

We have seen everybody at Chiswick, at Hampton Wick, at Henley-on-Thames, at South Kensington, and half a dozen other places, but tell us when and tell us where does nobody go when the sun scorches the pavement in Regent Street and the fountain at the Royal Exchange runs dry?

Well, to a good many places; but before you are thoroughly in the secret you must know nobody and be quite out of everybody's society for a time at all events. To begin with, it will be as well to commence a course of explorative wanderings in back streets and rather slummy neighbourhoods; to become familiar with certain taverns where, in rooms decorated with symbolic devices, benefit societies, more or less philanthropic in their aims, and more or less 'united' in their determinations, hold their meetings; to lurk about the doorways of 'halls' or lecture-rooms not unconnected with particular callings, and study the highly-ornamental announcements that 'the annual excursion of the "Loyal Amalgamated Clickers," the "Reinvested Association of the Regular Buffers," or the "Woodmen of Trees No. 1, 2, and 3," to that well-known place of resort the Old Welsh Harp at Hendon will be held on Monday: tickets, including the fare there and back and tea in the romantic pleasure-grounds, 3s. 6d.'

'In addition to the beauties of nature for which that well-known resort is celebrated, there will be added to the attractions of the grounds the games of Aunt Sally, archery and rifle-practice, pony and donkey-riding, boating on the magnificent lakes, and choice angling for lovers of "the gentle art."

'N.B.—The party will start at ten o'clock precisely in six of Plodder's celebrated four-horse covered light vans, and a first-rate band of music will accompany the excursion.'

Should you be in any mysterious

way connected with nobody employed in a printing-office, or with nobody who is a member of, say the Co-operative Association of Unmitigated Brass Button Stampers, you will still find that the music of the Old Welsh Harp has an attraction which leads the imagination to an annual 'wayzgoose' dinner or to a celebration sometimes called a bean-feast, but which more frequently takes the genteel appellation of festival. It is on some such occasion as this that you see nobody in full force, and the resources of the well-known hostelry at Hendon are displayed to the utmost advantage.

Not that the pleasure-grounds are without interest when a few ardent sportsmen alone are engaged in 'pulling out the two-pounders' from the great lake. There is a gentleman known to everybody when everybody is in town for his extraordinary performances in the character of 'the Perfect Cure,' whose quiet hours of recreation and relief from saltatory exercise are spent in piscatorial pursuits; and if that is not a genteel way of mentioning the fact Mr. Stead goes a fishing at Hendon it is difficult to say what would be. Our model for this form of expression is to be found in the posters and handbills before referred to, and by them we are able to form a style at once ornate and emphatic. When nobody individually goes to the Old Welsh Harp there are plenty of objects for pleasant meditation. The natural history of the place is richly represented in the first room to which you are directed; that pleasant bright parlour where specimens of the remains of great jack, and every eminently-edible freshwater fish in which the chain of lakes abounds, occupy honourable positions in plate-glass sarcophagi, while the ornithological collection, increased weekly by the unerring gun of Mr. Warner, the genial proprietor, would have delighted the heart of Gilbert White of Selborne.

It is true that the live creatures are not all to the manor born; and the Australian piping-crow, who welcomes you with a tune like the notes of a magic flute, and barks

like a hospitable dog, may be said to share with the wild cat, which lives in a tree and will come down to be stroked and fed, the foreign honours of the place; but live hound and pointer, stuffed king-fisher and gaunt bittern, alike attest a place which nobody declares is 'the same as being a hundred miles in the country.'

Then there is philosophic contemplation for the reflective mind in the walks and terraces, the rustic seats and tables, the empty arbours carefully built with rural thatches, but recognising the demands of civilization by being each provided with a special gas-lamp of its own which gives them rather a watch-box air, but at the same time inspires confidence. Far beyond, on level pasture and undulating field, stands a real farm, not a toy affair, made to look rustic by pictorial artifice, mind you, but a thorough good sixteen hundred acres, or thereabout, with fine lush grass and herds of dappled kine grazing even down to the edge of the glassy spring whence the river-fed lakes are brimmed. New milk, in a regiment of great tin vessels ready to be sent to London underground, represents the produce of the place. You, that is to say, everybody, may have had some intimation of Hendon in connection with the race-course,—itself a kind of outlying connection of the Harp, which figuratively plays so many tunes; but do not fancy, even after you have run down and staked a new hat on your favourite pony, and having won or lost have scuttled up to town again after a hasty refreshment at the roadside hostelry which has so much behind it, that you have seen the place as nobody has. Nobody goes down to enjoy his holiday when everybody has done with racing for the season, or has not yet begun it, and there is much to see at the village itself even apart from the Harp, if indeed Hendon can be separated from that most musical association. Whether you take your way by Edgeware or by Hampstead across the Heath to the village on the Brent—whether the Harp be silent or only represented by the

musical cadence of the parlour-bell, or the singing of birds in the trees, or the casual performance of an itinerant negro troupe who are on the tramp, you are reminded of a happy combination of the contemplative and the festive element. Witness that farm-like kitchen where row after row the great tea-cups of blue ware attest the temperate habits of the visitors; where, disdaining the coddling appliances of patent stoves, the presiding nymph of the culinary art stands proudly before a genuine old-fashioned range, and surveys the succulent joints, the tenderly-embrained chickens, the juicy and piquant ham, the savoury goslings, the innocently-suggestive custards, and the freshly-odorous pies with a consciousness of being equal to any occasion, ay, even to the Associated Corporation of Unmitigated Brass Button Stampers, whose annual celebration has been long ago heralded at their head-quarters—a rather dingy hall at the top of a wholesale warehouse—by a distribution of five hundred tickets. These five hundred, representing nobody while in town, where the recollection of the long line of burnished omnibuses waiting to convey them are a glory to the neighbourhood for the entire summer, are now on the road, the leading vehicles dashing along behind four spanking greys apiece, and the others bringing up the rear with the professional brass band, which is already in the full harmony of that concerted melody composed expressly for such occasions, and entitled '*Come to the Welsh Harp*', with an emphasis on the *to* admirably expressed by the trombone. Remarkable are the hats of the 'Associated' as exhibiting every variety of male head-dress, from the brightly-burnished 'best velvet' at ten and six to the 'leghorn fancy' or the variegated cricketing cap; for some of them mean cricket, while their wives sit and mind the children or stroll about the grounds until dinner is ready. Others have evidently some faint sense of a rowing costume, by the exhibition of a good deal of blue-striped shirt and a nar-

row-brimmed straw hat: a fishing-rod here and there proclaims the ardour for sport which finds its representative in every British breast; and though the majority adopt the usual black coat, sprigged-velvet waistcoat, blue and crimson satin tie, and hard-looking hat that leaves a red rim on the forehead of the wearer, which are distinctive of respectability and the severe responsibilities of paternity and citizenship, there is sufficient variety of costume, especially in the women's dresses, to add gay flecks and patches of colour to the trim garden walks and flowery slopes and mounds of the pleasure-ground. The insatiable propensity of the true Briton for refreshments is manifest directly the first team is drawn up in true sporting style at the door of the famous hostelry. 'Our worthy host,' as Mr. Warner is generally termed in newspaper records of these events, is at the door, and his ruddy face and burly figure towers above most of the 'Unmitigated,' who are already seeking the bar, and thronging out into the garden with glasses and tankards. Let us be honest chroniclers and add that shandy gaff—a frothy but refreshing compound of ginger-beer and ale—is most in request, and that as a little of it goes a long way, and there is a sort of gentility in drinking it from the long-stemmed glasses, the ladies prefer it to headier and more expensive beverages. For two or three hours the great company disperses into groups, some of which, with women and children, make family parties under the trees, content to breathe the sweet, invigorating air, to catch the gleam and glow of flowers, the glory of sunlight through trees and on water, and to listen to the soothing hum of the distant farm-yard, broken now and then by the shot of a distant gun, or the shouts and laughter of the cricketers and donkey-riders in the next fields behind the long row of arbours.

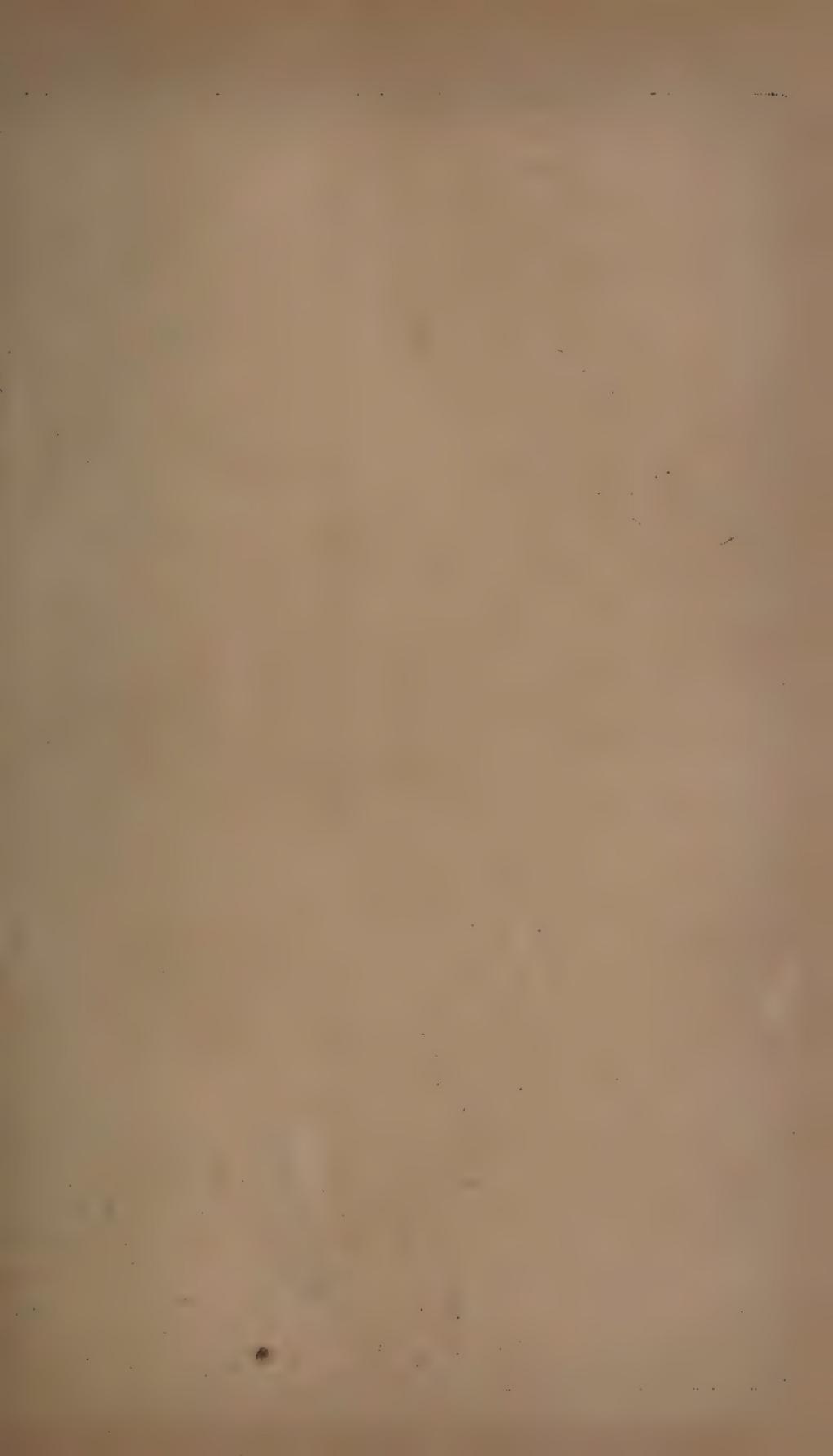
Some few are already gathered in the vast dining-room, a building that might be a baronial hall or a temporary church, or a model school without the desks and forms, but is

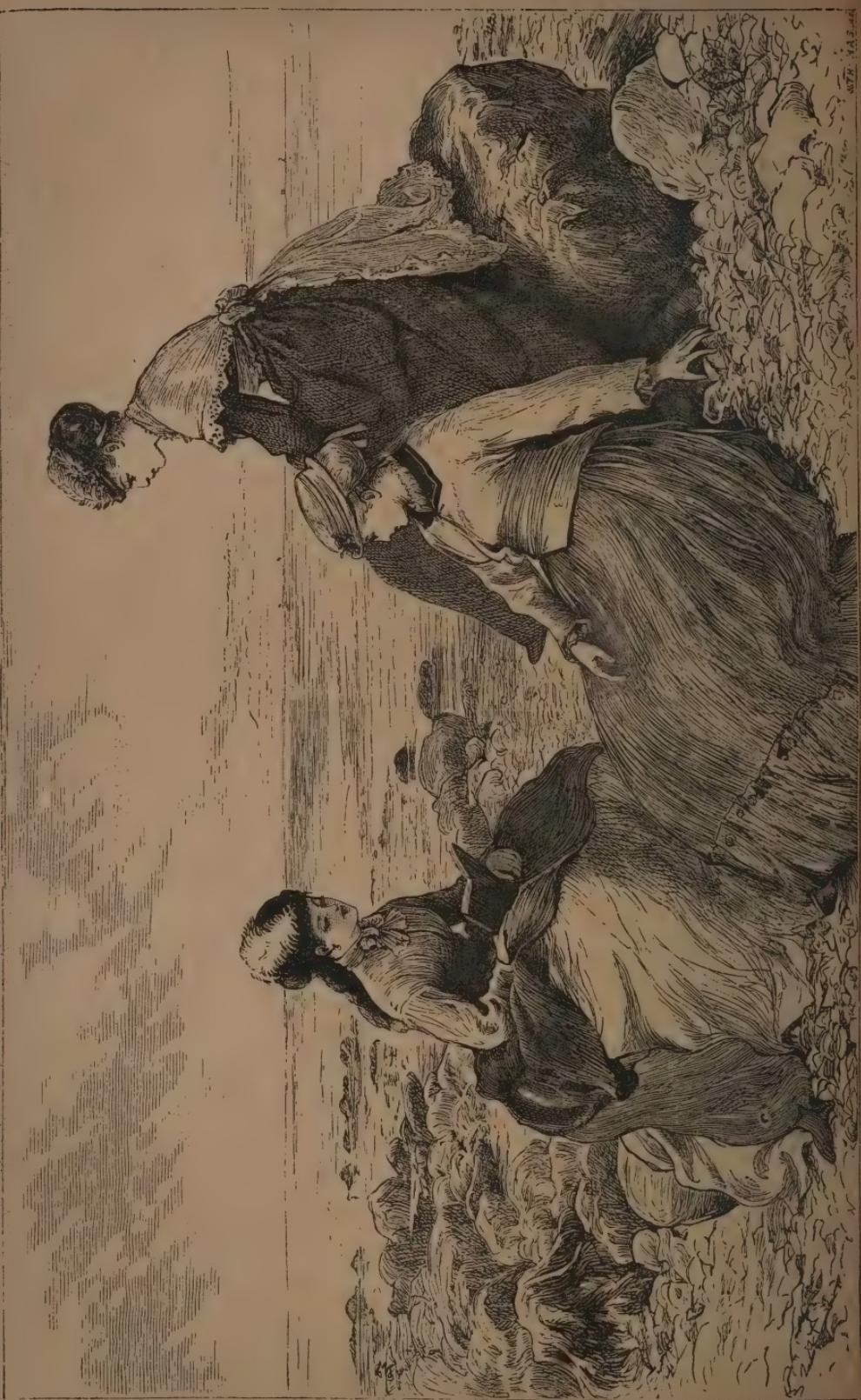
in reality like neither, since beneath its lofty, high-pitched roof are long rows of gleaming tables, and scores of grand, polished Windsor chairs, each with ample width of arm and cunningly-devised bottom rails which will encradle a hat and preserve it uninjured. Here a detachment of invincible waiters in a complete uniform of clean shirt-sleeves and straw hats are busy spreading snowy drapery, and covering it with gleaming glass and china, flowers, fruit, deep-tinted wine, and suggestive sauces. Already those who have incontinently strayed towards the precincts of the kitchen—an outbuilding from the house, and lying in concealed contiguity to the hall itself—have detected appetising odours, and, regretting that premature indulgence in biscuit and cheese, are wondering whether the property usually attributed to sherry and bitters has any foundation in fact. Before they have made up their minds to try, the clanging of a mighty bell warns those who are far a field that there is but half an hour or so to wait, and after due application of soap and water and clean towels the company files in, the band having already shown itself worthy of the utmost confidence by playing its best and loudest while the dishes appear as if summoned by magic, and the plates are shuffled and dealt like a pack of cards in a conjuring trick. Fish, flesh, and fowl, boiled, stewed, and roast—five mortal courses from salmon to strawberries—surely nobody has an appetite which can exceed that of the co-operatives who may now be spoken of as everybody, since they are of the great aggregate which is ‘out of town.’ It would be

impossible to describe that dinner, but it is pleasant to sit there with a fine sense of having eaten both wisely and well, and to watch the earnest endeavours of the more sportive guests to ‘try the waiters.’ They may try and try again, but those agile purveyors to the public mouth are well up to their work, and so far from there being any sign of giving in, either on their part or on the part of the Old Welsh Harp, fresh relays of toothsome viands come in smoking hot, when everybody is faint with the recollection of his achievements, or cool salads and dish of crystal ice refresh the faltering and reassure the doubtful. Meanwhile the band, which has mightily strengthened itself, is at it once more, and in the enthusiastic loyalty of the well-fed, the usual patriotic toasts are celebrated with such a national anthem as for a moment startles the birds in the distant corn, and causes the big-eyed cows in the pastures to lift their slow necks and send back a melodious bellow in response.

So with ‘Here’s success to the Old Welsh Harp, and let us hope, ladies and gentlemen, that we may meet here again this time next year,’ the assembly is once more scattered, once more reunited in clusters at the tables where tea and watercresses befit the tender seriousness of the evening hour. Then a few scattered notes from the cornet, a clattering of hoofs, a hurried demand for parting drinks and fusees and screws of best birdseye, and everybody is gone back to town to become nobody once more; while the notes of the Welsh Harp are hushed in the silence of the summer night.







## WHICH OF THE THREE?

(ILLUSTRATED.)

**W**HICH of the three so sweet, I wonder,  
Do sensible bachelors long to woo,  
By wavelets' wash and ripple, and under  
The haze of a sky which is blue—so blue!  
**A** magnet thrill at the heart should beckon  
The passionate boys to the rocks to see  
Such deep-sea treasures, and pause to reckon,  
Their chance and choice of the maidens three.

Which of the three? 'tis weary choosing,  
A tale which Paris of old begins,  
For two must bitterly hate for losing,  
And only one can adore who wins.  
**A** golden apple, the swain on Ida  
Bestowed on the fairest maid, but he  
Would please how few did he dare decide a  
Reward for the best of my maidens three.

Which of the three? their faces surely  
Are best of books for a man to read;  
When Millicent's eyes look down demurely,  
My butterfly gentlemen, pray take heed!  
For eyes of blue, though the dark lash hide them,  
Deceive like songs which a syren sings;  
But blue or black let us sit beside them,  
And, like the butterflies, burn our wings.

Which of the three? the long wave hushes  
Its voice in pleasure about their feet;  
The seagull stoops, and his white wing brushes  
Their golden hair; on the rocks, their seat,  
The sea anemones bloom; their dresses  
The impudent breezes love to toss  
In sweet disorder, and toy with tresses  
Which tell too truly a ribbon's loss.

Which of the three? the query's idle,  
'Twixt dark and fair, or short and tall,  
Would any one choose if he dared to sidle,  
And sit a monarch amidst them all?  
**A** Mormonite tone the ozone instilleth  
To those who are happily surnamed 'young';  
For there on the sand, to the man who willeth,  
Is a throne three beautiful maids among.

Which of the three? if I needs must choose one,  
To rank all maids in the world above,  
I'd take nor care if the world abuse one,  
That maid whose attitude whispers love.  
And then when summer returned, I'd wander  
No more alone by the dear old sea;  
But all that was best in the world I'd squander  
On her—the best of the maidens three.

## M. OR N.

*'Similia similibus curantur.'*

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'CERISE,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

*'NOT FOR JOSEPH.'*



BUT Dick Stanmore was *not* in a hansom with Lady Bearwarden. Shall I confess, to the utter destruction of his character for undying constancy, that he did not wish to be?

Dick had been cured at last—cured of the painful disease he once believed mortal—cured by a course of sanitary treatment delightful in its process, unerring in its results; and he walked about now with the buoyant step, the cheerful air of one who has been lightened of a load lying next his heart.

Medical discoveries have of late years brought into vogue a science

of which I have borrowed the motto for these pages. *Similia similibus curantur* is the maxim of homœopathy; and whatever success this healing principle may obtain with bodily ailments, I have little doubt of its efficacy in affections of the heart. I do not mean to say its precepts will render us invulnerable or immortal. There are constitutions that, once shaken, can never be restored; there are characters that, once outraged, become saddened for evermore. The fairest flowers and the sweetest are those which, if trampled down, never hold up their heads again. But I do

mean, that should man or woman be capable of cure under sufferings originating in misplaced confidence, such cure is most readily effected by a modified attack of the same nature, at the risk of misplacing it again.

After Dick Stanmore's first visit to the painting-room in Berners Street, it was astonishing how enthusiastic a taste he contracted for art. He was never tired of contemplating his friend's great picture, and Simon used laughingly to declare the amateur knew every line and shade of colour in his Fairy Queen as accurately as the painter. He remained in London at a season which could have afforded few attractions for a young man of his previous habits, and came every day to the painting-room as regularly as the model herself. Thus it fell out that Dick, religiously superintending the progress of this Fairy Queen, found his eyes wandering perpetually from the representation on canvas to its original on Miss Algernon's shoulders, and gratified his sense of sight with less scruple, that from the very nature of her occupation she was compelled to keep her head always turned one way.

It must have been agreeable for Nina, no doubt, if not improving, to listen to Dick's light and rather trivial conversation, which relieved the monotony of her task, and formed a cheerful addition to the short, jerking, preoccupied sentences of the artist, enunciated obviously at random, and very often with a brush in his mouth. Nor was it displeasing, I imagine, to be aware of Mr. Stanmore's admiration, forsaking day by day its loudly-declared allegiance to the Fairy Queen in favour of her living prototype, deepening gradually to long intervals of silence, sweeter, more embarrassing, while far more eloquent than words.

And all the time, Simon, the chivalrous, painted on. I cannot believe but that, with the jealous instinct of true affection, he must have perceived the ground slipping away, hour by hour, from beneath his feet—must have seen the ship that carried all his cargo sailing

VOL. XVI.—NO. XCII.

further and further into a golden distance to leave him desolate on the darkening shore. How his brain may have reeled, and his heart ached, it is not for me to speculate. There is a decency of courage, as there is an extravagance of bravado, and that is the true spirit of chivalry which bleeds to death unmoved, beneath its armour, keeping the pale knightly face turned calm and constant towards the foe.

It was a strange trio, that, in the painting-room. The garden of Eden seems to have been originally intended for two. The third was doubtless an intruder, and from that day to this how many a paradise has been lost by admittance of the visitor who completes this uneven number, unaccountably supposed to be so productive of good fortune.

Curious cross purposes were at work in the three heads grouped so near each other opposite the painter's glowing canvas. Dick perhaps was the least perceptive and therefore the happiest of the party. His sense of well-being, indeed, seemed enhanced by his previous troubles: like a man who comes out of the cold into the glow of a comforting fire, he abandoned himself without much reflection to the positive enjoyment of pleasure and the negative solace of relief from pain.

Simon, always painting, fought hard to keep down that little leavening of self which constitutes our very identity. Under the cold impassive vigour he was so determined to preserve, he registered many a noble vow of fortitude and abnegation on behalf of the friend he valued, of the woman he loved. Sometimes a pang would shoot through him painfully enough while he marked a change of Nina's colour, a little flutter of manner, a little trembling of her hands, and felt that she was already more affected by the presence of this comparative stranger than she had ever shown herself by his, who had cared for her so tenderly, worshipped her so long. Then he bent all his faculties on the picture, and like

K

a child running to seize its mother's gown, took refuge with his art.

That mistress did not fail him. She never does fail the true worshipper, who kneels consistently at her shrine. It is not for her to scorn the homage offered to-day because it has been offered in faith and loyalty during many a long past year. It is not for her to shed on the new votary her sweetest smiles only because he *is* new. Woo her frankly, love her dearly, and serve her faithfully, she will insure you from being cozened out of your reward. Had she not taken care of Simon at this period, I scarcely know what would have become of him.

Nina, too, lived in a golden dream, from which it was her only fear that she must soon awake. Ere long, she sometimes thought, she must ask herself, who was this stranger that brought with him a flood of sunshine into the homely painting-room? that steeped for her unconsciously and without effort, every day in happiness, every morning in hope? She put off asking the question, having perhaps a wholesome recollection of him, who, going to count his treasure of fairy gold, found it only withered leaves, and let herself float with the stream, in that enjoyment of the present which is enhanced rather than modified by misgivings for the future. Nina was very happy, that is the honest truth, and even her beauty seemed to brighten like the bloom on a flower, opening to the smile of spring.

Simon marked the change. How could he help it? And still he painted—painted on.

'There!' exclaimed the artist, with a sigh of relief, as he stepped back from his picture, stretching both weary arms above his head. 'At last—at last! If I only like it to-morrow as well as I do now not another touch shall go into it anywhere above the chin. It's the expression I've been trying to catch for months. There it is! Doubt, sorrow, remorse, and, through it all, the real undying love of the — Well, that's all cant! I mean—Can't you see, that she likes him

awfully even now? Nina, you've been the making of me, you're the best sitter in the world, and while I look at my picture I begin to think you're the handsomest. I mustn't touch it again. Stanmore, what do you think?

Absorbed in contemplation of his work, he paid little attention to the answer, which was so far fortunate, that Dick, in his preoccupation, faltered out a string of contradictory criticisms, flattering neither to the original nor the copy. Nina indeed suggested, with some truth, that he had made the eyebrows too dark, but this remark appeared to originate only in a necessity for something to say. These two young people seemed unusually shy and ill at ease. Perhaps in each of the three hearts beating there before the picture lurked some vague suspicion that its wistful expression so lately caught may have been owing to corresponding feelings lately awakened in the model; and, if so, why should not two of them have thrilled with happiness, though the third might ache in loneliness and despair?

'Not another stroke of work will I do to-day,' said the artist, affecting a cheerfulness which perhaps he did not feel. 'Nina, you've got to be back early. I'll have a half-holiday for once and take you home. Put your bonnet on: I shall be ready in five minutes when I've washed my hands.'

Dick's face fell. He had counted on a couple more hours at least. Women, when they are really disappointed, rarely show it, and perhaps he felt a little hurt to observe how readily, and with what apparent goodwill, Miss Algernon resumed her out-of-doors attire. He felt hardly sure of his ground yet, or he might have begun to sulk in earnest. No bad plan either, for such little misunderstandings bring on explanations, reconciliations, declarations, all sorts of vexations, every day!

Ladies are stanch believers in luck, and leave much to chance, with a devout faith that it will serve them at their need. I imagine Nina thought it quite in the natural

course of events that a dirty boy should enter the room at this juncture and deliver a note to Simon, which called forth all his energies and sympathies in a moment. The note, folded in a hurry, written with a pencil, was from a brother artist, and ran thus—

'DEAR SIMON,—Come and see me if you can. On my back! Two doctors. Not going to be rubbed out, but beastly seedy all the same.'

'When was he taken ill? Who's attending him? Anybody taking care of him? What o'clock is it now? Tell him I'll be there in five minutes.' Simon delivered himself of these sentences in a breath, and then glanced from Nina to Dick Stanmore.

'I dare say you wouldn't mind,' said he. 'I must go to this poor fellow, and if I find him very ill I may be detained till evening. If you've time, Stanmore, could you see Miss Algernon as far as the boat? She'll do very well then, but we don't like her to be wandering about London by herself.'

It is possible this idea may have suggested itself to the persons most concerned, for all that they seemed so supremely unconscious, and as if the arrangement, though a sensible one and convenient no doubt, were a matter of perfect indifference to themselves.

Dick 'would be delighted,' of course; though he tried not to look so; and Nina 'couldn't think of giving Mr. Stanmore so much trouble.' Nevertheless, within ten minutes the two were turning into Oxford Street in a hansom cab; and although they said very little, being indeed in a vehicle which jolted, swung, and rattled inordinately, I have not the least doubt they enjoyed their drive.

They enjoyed the river steamer, too, which seems equally strange, with its narrow deck, its tangible smoke, its jerks and snorts, and throbbing vibrations, as it worked its way against the tide. They had never before been alone together, and the situation, though delightful, was at first somewhat embarrassing, because they were in ear-

nest. The restraint, however, soon wore off, and with tongues once loosened there was no lack of matter for their employment. How beautiful, how interesting, how picturesque everything seemed to have grown all at once: the Houses of Parliament—the bridges—the dull, broad surface of the river, grey, with a muddy tinge—the low, level banks—the blunt-nosed barges—their fellow-passengers—the engineer—the boy with the mop—and the dingy funnel of the steamer itself.

How mysterious the charm that lurks in association of ideas! What magic it imparts to the commonest actions, the most vulgar objects of life! What a heartache on occasions has it not caused you or me? One of us cannot see a woman fitting on her gloves without a pang. To another there is a memory and a sorrow in the flirt of a fan, the rustle of a dress, the grinding of a barrel-organ, or the slang of a street song. The stinging-nettle crops up in every bed of flowers we raise; the bitter tonic flavours all we eat and drink. I dare say Werther could not munch his bread and butter for years in common comfort because of Charlotte. Would it not be wiser for us to ignore the Charlottes of life altogether, and stick to the bread and butter?

Too soon that dingy steamer reached its place of disembarkation—too soon, at least, for certain of its passengers; and yet in their short voyage up the river each of these two had passed the portal of a paradise, through which, amongst all its gaudy and luxuriant vegetation, you may search for the tree of knowledge in vain. Not a word was spoken by either that could bear the direct interpretation of love-making, yet each felt that the Rubicon had been passed which must never be recrossed dry-shod again.

Dick paid his respects, as seemed but right and proper, to the Misses Perkins, who voted him an exceedingly agreeable young man; and this was the more tolerant on their part that he found very little to say, and had the good taste to be

a very short time in saying it. They asked him indeed to remain for dinner, and, notwithstanding their hospitable inclinations, were no doubt relieved when he declined. He had gained some experience, you see, from his previous worship of Miss Bruce, which now stood him in good stead, for in affairs of love, as of honour, a man conducts his second with more skill and *savoir faire* than his first.

The world seemed to have changed by magic while he went back to London. It felt like the breaking up of a frost, when all is warmth and softness and vitality once more. He could have talked to himself, and laughed aloud for very joy.

But Nina went to her room, and cried as she had not cried since she was a little child, shedding tears of mingled sweetness and sorrow, rapture and remorse. Her eyes were opened now in her new-found happiness, and she foresaw the crushing blow that happiness must inflict on the oldest, kindest, dearest of friends.

For the first time in her life she took herself to task and examined her own heart. What a joyous heart it was! And yet how could she be so inhuman as to admit a pleasure which must be cruelly productive of another's pain? Here was a person whom she had known, as it were, but yesterday, and his lightest word or glance had already become dearer to her than the wealth of care and affection which tended her from childhood, which would be about her to her grave. It was infamous! she told herself, and yet it was surpassingly sweet! Yes, she loved this man—this brown-haired, broad-shouldered Mr. Stanmore, of whose existence a fortnight ago she had been perfectly unconscious, and in that love she learned to appreciate and understand the affection loyal, true-hearted Simon lavished on herself. Was he to be sacrificed to this mere stranger? Never. Rather she would sacrifice herself. But the tears flowed faster to think that it would indeed be a sacrifice, an offering up of youth, beauty, hope,

happiness for life. Then she dried her eyes, and went down on her knees to pray at her bedside; and so rose up, making certain stern resolutions, which it is only fair to state she afterwards kept—like a woman!

With the view, doubtless, of putting these in practice, she induced Simon to walk with her on the lawn after tea, while the stars were twinkling dimly through a soft, misty sky, and the lazy river lapped and gurgled against the garden banks. He accompanied her, nothing loth, for he too had spent the last hour in hard painful conflict, making, also, stern resolutions, which he kept—like a man! ‘You found him better,’ she said, alluding to the cause of his delay in returning home. ‘I’m so glad. If he hadn’t been, you’d have stayed with him all night, I know. Simon, I think you’re the best and the kindest person in the world.’

Here was an opening. Was she disappointed, or not, that he took so little advantage of it?

‘We must all help each other, Nina,’ said he; ‘that’s the way to make life easy and to stifle sorrows, if we have them, of our own.’

‘*You* ought never to have a sorrow,’ she broke in. ‘*You*, who always think of others before yourself—you deserve to be so happy. And, Simon, sometimes I think you’re not, and it makes me wretched; and I’d do anything in the world to please you; anything, if—if it wasn’t *too* hard a task, you know.’

She had been so eager to make her sacrifice and get it over that she hurried inconsiderately to the brink,—then, like a timid bather, stopped short, hesitating—the water looked so cold and dark and deep.

The lightest touch from his hand would have plunged her in, overhead. He would have held it in the fire rather, like the Roman hero, till it shrivelled into ashes.

‘My happiness can never be apart from yours,’ he said, tenderly and sadly. ‘Yet I think I know now that yours is not entirely bound up in mine. Am I right, Nina?’

'I would do anything in the world for you—anything,' she murmured, taking refuge, as we all do at such times, in vain repetition.

They had reached the drawing-room window, and she turned aside, as if she meant to go in. He took her hand lightly in his own, and led her back towards the river. It was very dark, and neither could read the expression of the other's face.

'I have but one earnest desire in the world,' said he, speaking distinctly but very low. 'It is to see you happily settled in life. I never had a sister nor a daughter, Nina. You have stood me in the stead of both; and—and I shall never have a wife.'

She knew what he meant. The quiet, sad, yet uncomplaining tone cut her to the heart. 'It's a shame! it's a shame!' she murmured. 'Simon, Simon. Tell me; don't you think me the worst, the most ungrateful, the most horrible girl in the world?'

He spoke cheerfully now, and even laughed. 'Very ungrateful,' he repeated, pressing her hand kindly; 'and very detestable, unless you tell me the truth. Nina, dear Nina, confide in me as if I was your — well — your grandmother! Will that do? I think there's a somebody we saw to-day who likes you very much. He's a good fellow, and to be trusted, I can swear. Don't you think, dear, though you haven't known him long, that *you like him a little*—more than a little, already?'

'Oh, Simon, what a brute I am, and what a fool!' answered the girl, bursting into tears. And then the painter knew that his ship had gone down, and the waters had closed over it for evermore. That evening his aunts thought Simon in better spirits than usual. Nina, though she went to bed before the rest, had never found him kinder, more cheerful, more considerate. He spoke playfully, good-humouredly, on various subjects, and kissed the girl's forehead gravely, almost reverently, when she wished him good-night.

It was such a caress as a man

lays on the dead face that shall never look in his own again.

The painter slept but little—perhaps not at all. And who shall tell how hard he wrestled with his great sorrow during those long hours of darkness, 'even to the breaking of the day?' No angel sat by his bed to comfort him, nor spirit-voices whispered solace in his ear, nor spirit sympathy poured balm into the cold, aching, empty heart; but I have my own opinion on such matters, and I would fain believe that struggles and sufferings like these are neither wasted nor forgotten, but are treasured and recorded by kindred beings of a higher nature, as the training that alone fits poor humanity, then noblest, when most sorrowful, to enter the everlasting gates and join the radiant legions of heaven.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

ANONYMOUS.

Lord Bearwarden finds himself very constantly on Guard just at present. Her ladyship is of opinion that he earns his pay more thoroughly than any day-labourer his wages. I do not myself consider that helmet, cuirass, and leather breeches form the appropriate appliances of a hero, when terminating in a pair of red morocco slippers. Nevertheless, in all representations purporting to be life-like, effect must be subservient to correctness of detail: and such was the costume in which his lordship, on duty at the Horse Guards, received a despatch that seemed to cause him considerable surprise and vexation.

The guard coming off was mustering below. The relief coming on was already moving gallantly down Regent Street, to the admiration of all beholders. Armed was his lordship to the teeth, though not to the toes, for his bâtsman waited respectfully with a pair of high jack-boots in his hand, and still his officer read, and frowned, and pulled his moustache, and swore, as the saying is, like a trooper, which, if

he had only drawn on his boots, would not have been so much out of character at the time,

Once again he read it from end to end ere he crumpled the note in under his cuirass for future consideration. It ran as follows:—

‘ My LORD,—Your lordship’s manly and generous character has obtained for you many well-wishers. Of these the writer is one of the most sincere. It grieves and angers him to see your lordship’s honest nature deceived, your domestic happiness destroyed, your noble confidence abused. The writer, my lord, is your true friend. Though too late for rescue it is not too late for redress; and he has no power of communicating to your lordship suspicions which now amount to certainty but by the means at present employed. Anonymous letters are usually the resource of a liar and slanderer; but there is no rule without exception; and the writer can bring *proof* of every syllable he asserts. If your lordship will use your own eyes, watch and wait. She has deceived others; why not *you*? Berners Street, Oxford Street, is no crowded thoroughfare. Why should your lordship abstain from walking there any afternoon between four and five? Be wary. Watch and wait.’

‘ Blast his impudence! ’ muttered Lord Bearwarden, now booted to the thigh, and clattering down stairs to take command of his guard.

With zealous subalterns, an experienced corporal-major, well-drilled men, and horses that knew their way home, it required little military skill to move his handful of cavalry back to barracks, so Lord Bearwarden came off duty without creating scandal or ridicule in the regiment, but I doubt if he knew exactly what he was doing, till he arrived in plain clothes within a few paces of his own door. Here he paused for a few minutes’ reflection before entering his house, and was surprised to see at the street corner a lady extremely like his wife in earnest conversation with a man in rags who had the appear-

ance of a professional beggar. The lady, as far as he could judge at that distance, seemed to be offering money, which the man by his actions obviously refused. Lord Bearwarden walked briskly towards them, a good deal puzzled, and glad to have his attention distracted from his own affairs.

It was a long street, and the couple separated before he reached them, the man disappearing round the corner, while the lady advanced steadily towards himself. When within a few paces, she lifted a thick double veil and he found he had not been mistaken.

Maud was pale and calm as usual, but to those who knew her well, recent agitation would have been betrayed by the lowering of her eyebrows, and an unusual compression of the lines about her mouth.

He knew her better than she thought, and did not fail to remark these signs of a recent storm, but, as usual, refrained from asking for the confidence it was his right to receive.

‘ You’re out early, my lady,’ said he, in a careless tone. ‘ Been for an appetite against luncheon-time, eh? That beggar just now didn’t seem hungry at any rate. It looked to me as if you were offering him money, and he wouldn’t take it. That’s quite a new trick in the trade.’

She glanced quickly in his face with something almost of reproach. It was a hateful life this, and even now, she thought, if he would question her kindly, she could find it in her heart perhaps to tell him all. All! How she had deceived him, and promised herself to another, and to get rid of that other, only for a time, had rendered herself amenable to the law, had been guilty of actual crime—had sunk to feel the very slave of a felon, the lowest refuse of society. How she, Lady Bearwarden, had within the last ten minutes been threatened by this ruffian, been compelled to submit to his insolence, to make terms with his authority, and to promise him another interview that very afternoon. How every hour of her life was darkened by terror of his presence and dread of his revenge. It

was unheard of! Unbearable! She would make a clean breast of it on the first opportunity.

'Let's go in, dear,' she said, with more of softness and affection than was her habit when addressing her husband. 'Luncheon is almost ready. I'm so glad you got away early from barracks. I see so little of you now. Never mind. It will be all right next week. We shall have two more captains back from leave to help us. You see I'm beginning to know the roster almost as well as the Adjutant himself.'

It pleased him that she should show an interest in these professional details. He liked to hear such military terms of the orderly-room from those pretty lips, and he would have replied with something unusually affectionate, and therefore exceedingly precious, but that, as husband and wife reached their own door, they found standing there to greet them the pale wasted face and attenuated figure of Tom Ryfe.

He saluted Lady Bearwarden gravely, but with perfect confidence, and she was obliged to give him her hand, though she felt as if she could have strangled him with pleasure, then and there, by the scraper. Her husband clapped him heartily on the back. 'Glad to see you, Tom,' said he; 'I heard you were ill and called to inquire, but they wouldn't let me disturb you. Been devilish seedy, haven't you? Don't look *quite* in form yet. Come in and have some luncheon. Doctors all tell one to keep up the system now-a-days.'

Poor Lady Bearwarden! Here was another of her avengers, risen, as it seemed, from the dead, and she must speak kind words, find false smiles, bid him to her table, and treat him as an honoured guest. Whatever happened, too, she could not endure to leave him alone with Bearwarden. Who could tell what disclosures might come out? She was walking on a mine, so she backed her husband's invitation, and herself led the way into the dining-room where luncheon was ready, not daring even to go upstairs and take her bonnet off before she sat down.

Mr. Ryfe was less communicative than usual about himself, and spoke as little to her ladyship as seemed compatible with the ordinary forms of politeness. His object was to lull her suspicions and put her off her guard. Nevertheless, with painful attention she watched every glance of his eye, every turn of his features, hanging eagerly, nervously on every word he said.

Tom had laid his plan of attack, and now called on the lately-married couple, that he might reconnoitre his ground before bringing up his forces. It is not to be supposed that a man of Mr. Ryfe's resources would long remain in ignorance of the real truth, after detecting, as he believed at the time, Lady Bearwarden and Dick Stanmore side by side in a hansom cab.

Ere twenty-four hours had elapsed he had learned the exact state of the case, and had satisfied himself of the extraordinary resemblance between Miss Algernon and the woman he had resolved to persecute without remorse. In this resemblance he saw an engine with which he hoped to work her ladyship's utter destruction, and then (Tom's heart leapt within him even now at the thought), ruined, lonely, desolate, when the whole world turned from her, she might learn to appreciate his devotion, might take shelter at last with the only heart open to receive her in her shame.

It is hard to say whether Tom's feelings for the woman he so admired were of love or hate.

He saw through Lord Bearwarden's nature thoroughly, for of him, too, he had made it his business to inquire into all the tendencies, all the antecedents. A high fastidious spirit, jealous, because sensitive, yet far too proud to admit, much less indulge that jealousy, seemed of all others the easiest to deceive. The hide of the rhinoceros is no contemptible gift, and a certain bluntness, I might say, coarseness of character, enables a man to go through the world comfortably and happily, un vexed by those petty stings and bites and irritations that worry thinner skins to death. With Lord Bearwarden to suspect was to fret

and ponder and conceal, hating and despising himself the while. He had other points, besides his taste for soldiering, in common with Othello.

On such a man an anonymous letter acted like a blister, clinging, drawing, inflaming all round the affected part. Nobody in theory so utterly despised these productions. For nobody in practice did they produce so disastrous an effect. And then he had been deceived once before. He had lost his trust, not so much in the other sex (for all men think every woman false but one), as in himself. He had been outraged, hurt, humbled, and the bold confidence, the dash with which such games should be played were gone. There is a buoyancy gradually lost as we cross the country of life, which is perhaps worth more than all the gains of experience. And in the real pursuit, as in the mimic hurry of the chase, it is wise to avoid too hazardous a venture. The hunter that has once been overhead in a brook never faces water very heartily again.

Tom could see that his charm was working, that the letter he had written produced all the effect he desired. His host was obviously preoccupied, absent in manner, and even flurried, at least for *him*. Moreover, he drank brown sherry out of a claret-glass, which looked like being uncomfortable somewhere inside. Lady Bearwarden, grave and unusually silent, watched her husband with a sad wistful air, that goaded Tom to madness. How he had loved that pale proud face, and it was paler and prouder and lovelier than ever to-day!

'I've seen some furniture you'd like to look at, my lord,' said Tom, in his old, underbred manner. 'There's a chair I'd buy directly if I'd a house to put it in, or a lady to sit on it; and a carved ebony frame it's worth going all the distance to see. If you'd nothing to do this afternoon, I'd be proud to show them you. Twenty minutes' drive from here in a hansom.'

'Will you come?' asked Lord Bearwarden, kindly, of his wife. 'You might take us in the barouche.'

She seemed strangely agitated by so natural a proposal, and neither gentleman failed to remark her disorder.

'I shall like it very much,' she stammered. 'At least I should. But I can't this afternoon. I—I've got an engagement at the other end of the town.'

'Which is the other end of the town?' said Lord Bearwarden, laughing. 'You've not told us *your* end yet, Tom:' but seeing his wife's colour fade more and more he purposely filled Tom's glass to distract his attention.

Her engagement was indeed of no pleasant nature. It was to hold another interview with 'Gentleman Jim,' in which she hoped to prevail on him to leave the country by offering the largest sum of money she could raise from all her resources. Once released from his persecutions, she thought she could breathe a little and face Tom Ryfe well enough single-handed, should he try to poison her husband's mind against her—an attempt she thought him likely enough to make. It was Jim she feared—Jim, whom drink and crime and an infatuation of which she was herself the cause, had driven almost mad—she could see it in his eye—who was reckless of her character as of his own—who insisted on her giving him these meetings two or three times a-week, and was capable of any folly, any outrage, if she disappointed him. Well, to-day should end it! On that she was determined. If he persisted in refusing her bribe, she would throw herself on Lord Bearwarden's mercy and tell him the whole truth.

Maud had more self-command than most women, and could hold her own even in so false a position as this.

'I must get another gown,' she said, after a moment's pause, ignoring Tom's presence altogether as she addressed her husband across the table. 'I've nothing to wear at the Den, if it's cold when we go down next week, so I must call at Stripe and Rainbow's to-day, and I won't keep you waiting in the carriage all the time I'm shopping.'

[See 'M. or N.'

A DILEMMA.

Drawn by Willard Lawson.]





He seemed quite satisfied : ' Then I'll take Ryfe to my sulking-room,' said he, ' and wish you good-bye till dinner-time. Tom, you shall have the best cigar in England—I've kept them five years, and they're strong enough to blow your head off now.'

So Tom, with a formal bow to Lady Bearwarden, followed his host into a snug but dark apartment at the back, devoted, as was at once detected by its smell, to the consumption of tobacco.

While he lit a cigar, he could not help thinking of the days, not so long ago, when Maud would have followed him, at least with her eyes, out of the room, but consoled himself by the reflection that his turn was coming now, and so smoked quietly on with a firm, cruel determination to do his worst.

Thus it came to pass that before they had finished their cigars these gentlemen heard the roll of her ladyship's carriage as it took her away ; also that a few minutes later, passing Stripe and Rainbow's in a hansom cab, they saw the same carriage, standing empty at the door of that gorgeous and magnificent emporium.

' Don't get out, Tom,' said his lordship, stopping the hansom, ' I only want to ask a question—I shan't be a minute,' and in two strides he was across the pavement and within the folding-doors of the shop.

Perhaps the question he meant to ask was of his own common-sense, and its answer seemed hard to accept philosophically. Perhaps he never expected to find what he went to look for, yet was weak enough to feel disappointed all the same—for he had turned very pale when he re-entered the cab, and he lit another cigar without speaking.

Though her carriage stood at the door, he had searched the whole of Stripe and Rainbow's shop for Lady Bearwarden in vain.

Tom Ryfe was not without a certain mother-wit, sharpened by his professional education. He suspected the truth, recalling the agitated manner of his hostess at luncheon, when her afternoon's em-

ployment came under notice. Will it be believed that he experienced an actual pang, to think she should have some assignation, some secret of which his lordship must be kept in ignorance—that he should have felt more jealous of this unknown, this possible rival, than of her lawful husband now sitting by his side ! He was no bad engineer, however, and having laid his train, waited patiently for the mine to explode at its proper time.

' What an outlandish part of the town we are getting to,' observed Lord Bearwarden, after several minutes' silence ; ' your furniture-man seems to live at the other end of the world.'

' If you want to buy things at first hand you must go into Oxford Street,' answered Tom. ' Let's get out and walk, my lord ; it's so crowded here we shall make better way.'

So they paid their hansom, and threading the swarms of passengers on the footway, turned into Berners Street arm-in-arm.

Tom walked very slow for reasons of his own, but made himself pleasant enough, talking on a variety of subjects, and boasting his own good taste in matters of curiosity, especially old furniture.

' I wish you could have induced the viscountess to come with us,' said Tom ; ' we should have been all the better for her help. But ladies have so many engagements in the afternoon we know nothing about, that it's impossible to secure their company without several days' notice. I'll be bound her ladyship is in Stripe and Rainbow's still.'

There was something in the casual remark that jarred on Lord Bearwarden, more than Tom's absurd habit of thus bestowing her full title on his wife in common conversation, though even that provoked him a little too ; something to set him thinking, to rouse all the pride and all the suspicion of his nature. ' The viscountess,' as Tom called her, was *not* in Stripe and Rainbow's, of that he had made himself perfectly certain less than half an hour ago ; then where could she be ? Why this secrecy, this

mystery, this reserve that had been growing up between them day by day ever since their marriage? What conclusion was a man likely to arrive at who had lived in the world of London from boyhood, and been already once so cruelly deceived? His blood boiled; and Tom, whose hand rested on his arm, felt the muscle swell and quiver beneath his touch.

Mr. Ryfe had timed his observation well; the two gentlemen were now proceeding slowly up Berners Street, and had arrived nearly opposite the house that contained Simon's painting-room, its hard-working artist, its frequent visitor, its beautiful sitter, and its Fairy Queen. Since his first visit there Tom Ryfe, in person or through his emissaries, had watched the place strictly enough to have become familiar with the habits of its inmates.

Mr. Stanmore's trial trip with Miss Algernon proved so satisfactory, that the journey had been repeated on the same terms every day: this arrangement, very gratifying to the persons involved, originated indeed with Simon, who now went regularly after work to pass a few hours with his sick friend. Thus, to see these two young people bowling down Berners Street in a hansom cab, about five o'clock, looking supremely happy the while, was as good a certainty as to meet the local pot-boy, or the postman.

Tom Ryfe manoeuvred skilfully enough to bring his man on the ground precisely at the right moment.

Still harping on old furniture, he was in the act of remarking that 'he should know the shop again, though he had forgotten the number, and that it must be a few doors higher up,' when his companion started, uttered a tremendous execration, and struggling to free himself from Tom's arm, holloaed at an unconscious cabdriver to stop.

'What's the matter? are you ill, my lord?' exclaimed his companion, holding on to him with all his weight, while affecting great anxiety and alarm.

'D——n you! let me go!' ex-

claimed Lord Bearwarden, nearly flinging Tom to the pavement as he shook himself free and tore wildly down the street in vain pursuit.

He returned in a minute or two, white, scared, and breathless. Pulling his moustache fiercely, he made a gallant effort to compose himself; but when he spoke his voice was so changed, Tom looked with surprise in his face.

'You saw it too, Tom!' he said at last, in a hoarse whisper.

'Saw it!—saw what?' repeated Tom, with an admirable assumption of ignorance, innocence, and dismay.

'Saw Lady Bearwarden in that cab with Dick Stanmore!' answered his lordship, steadyng himself bravely like a good ship in a breeze, and growing cooler and cooler, as was his nature in an emergency.

'Are you sure of it?—did you see her face? I fancied so myself, but thought I must be mistaken. It was Mr. Stanmore, no doubt, but it cannot possibly have been the viscountess.'

Tom spoke with an air of gravity, reflection, and profound concern.

'I may settle with *him*, at any rate!' said Lord Bearwarden. 'Tom, you're a true friend; I can trust you like myself. It's a comfort to have a friend, Tom, when a fellow's smashed up like this. I shall bear it well enough presently; but it's an awful facer, old boy. I'd have done anything for that woman—I tell you, anything! I'd have cut off my right hand to please her. And now!—It's not because she doesn't care for me—I've known that all along; but to think that she's like —like those poor painted devils we met just now. Like them!—she's a million times worse! Oh, it's hard to bear! Damnation! I *won't* bear it! Somebody will have to give an account for this!'

'You have my sympathy,' said Tom, in a low respectful voice, for he knew his man thoroughly; 'these things won't stand talking about; but you shall have my assistance too, in any and every way you require. I'm not a swell, my lord, but I'll stick by you through thick and thin.'

The other pressed his arm. ‘We must do something at once,’ said he. ‘I will go up to barracks now; call for me there in an hour’s time; I shall have decided on everything by then.’

So Lord Bearwarden carried a sore heart back once more to the old familiar scenes—through the well-known gate, past the stalwart sentry, amongst all the sights and sounds of the profession by which he set such store. What a mockery it seemed!—how hard, how cruel, and how unjust!

But this time at least, he felt, he should not be obliged to sit down and brood over his injuries without reprisals or redress.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### PARTED.

Lady Bearwarden’s carriage had, without doubt, set her down at Stripe and Rainbow’s, to take her up again at the same place after waiting there for so long a period as must have impressed on her servants the importance of their lady’s toilet, and the careful study she bestowed on its selection. The tall bay horses had been flicked at least a hundred times to make them stand out and show themselves, in the form London coachmen think so imposing to passers-by. The footman had yawned as often, expressing with each contortion an excessive longing for beer. Many street boys had lavished their criticisms, favourable and otherwise, on the wheels, the panels, the varnish, the driver’s wig, and that dignitary’s legs, whom they had the presumption to address as ‘John.’ Diverse connoisseurs on the pavement had appraised the bay horses at every conceivable price—some men never can pass a horse or a woman without thinking whether they would like to bargain for the one or make love to the other; and the animals themselves seemed to have interchanged many confidential whispers, on the subject, probably, of beans,—when Lady Bearwarden reappeared, to seat herself in the carriage and give the welcome order, ‘Home!’

She had passed what the French call a very ‘bad little quarter of an hour,’ and the storm had left its trace on her pale brow and delicate features. They bore, nevertheless, that firm, resolute expression which Maud must have inherited from some ironhearted ancestor. There was the same stern clash of the jaw, the same hard, determined frown in this, their lovely descendant, that confronted Plantagenet and his mailed legions on the plains by Stirling, that stiffened under the wan moonlight on Culloden Moor amongst broken claymores and riven targets, and tartans all stained to the deep-red hues of the Stuart with his clansmen’s blood.

Softened, weakened by a tender, doubting affection, she had yielded to an ignoble, unworthy coercion; but it had been put on too hard of late, and her natural character asserted itself under the pressure. She was in that mood which makes the martyr and the heroine, sometimes even the criminal, but on which, deaf to reason and insensible to fear, threats and arguments are easily thrown away.

She had met ‘Gentleman Jim,’ according to promise, extorted from her by menaces of everything that could most outrage her womanly feelings and tarnish her fair fame before the world—had met him with as much secrecy, duplicity, and caution as though he were really the favoured lover for whom she was prepared to sacrifice home, husband, honour, and all. The housebreaker had mounted a fresh disguise for the occasion, and flattened himself, to use his own expression, that he looked ‘quite the gentleman from top to toe.’ Could he have known how this high-bred woman loathed his tawdry ornaments, his flash attire, his silks and velvets, and flushed face, and dirty, ringed hands and greasy hair!

Could he have known! He did know, and it maddened him till he forgot reason, prudence, experience, common sense—forgot everything but the present torture, the cruel longing for the impossible, the accursed conviction (worse than all, the stings of drink and sin and remorse)

that this one wild, hopeless desire of his existence could never be attained.

Therefore, in the lonely street to which a cab had brought her from the shop where her carriage waited, and which they paced to and fro, this strangely assorted pair, he gave vent to his feelings, and broke out in a paroxysm that roused all his listener's feelings of anger, resistance, and disgust. She had just offered him so large a sum of money to quit England for ever, as even Jim, for whom, you must remember, every sovereign represented twenty shillings' worth of beer, could not refuse without a qualm. He hesitated, and Maud's face brightened with a ray of hope that quivered in her eyes like sunlight. 'To sail next week,' said he, slowly; 'to take my last look of ye to-day. Them's the articles. My last look. Standing there in the daylight—a real lady! And never to come back no more!'

She clasped her hands—the delicate gloved hands, with their heavy bracelets at the wrists, and her voice shook while she spoke. 'You'll go; won't you? It will make your fortune; and—and—I'll always think of you kindly—and—gratefully. I will indeed; so long as you keep away.'

He sprang like a horse to the lash. 'It's h—ll!' he exclaimed. 'Put back your cursed money. I won't do it!'

'You won't do it?'

There was such quiet despair in her accents as drove him to fury.

'I won't do it!' he repeated in a low voice that frightened her. 'I'll rot in a gaol first!—I'll swing on a gallows!—I'll die in a ditch! Take care as *you* don't give me something to swing for! Yes, *you*, with your pale face, and your high-handed ways, and your cold, cruel heart that can send a poor devil to the other end o' the earth with a "pleasant trip, and here's your health, my lad," like as if I was goin' across to Lambeth. And yet you stand there as beautiful as a h'angel; and I—I'm a fool, I am! And—and I don't know what keeps

me from slippin' my knife into that white throat o' your'n, except it is as you don't look not a morsel dashed, nor skeared, you don't; no more than you was that first night as ever I see your face. And I wish my eyes had been lime blinded first, and I'd been dead and rotting in my grave.'

With anything like a contest, as usual, Maud's courage came back.

'I am not in your power yet,' said she, raising her haughty head. 'There stands the cab. When we reach it I get in, and you shall never have a chance of speaking to me after to-day. Once for all. Will you take this money, or leave it? I shall not make the offer again.'

He took the notes from her hand, with a horrible oath, and dashed them on the ground; then, growing so pale she thought he must have fallen, seemed to recover his temper and his presence of mind, picked them up, returned them very quietly, and stood aside on the narrow pavement to let her pass.

'You are right,' said he in a voice so changed she looked anxiously in his white face, working like that of a man in a fit. 'I was a fool a while ago. I know better now. But I won't take the notes, my lady. Thank ye kindly just the same. I'll wish ye good mornin' now. Oh, no! Make yourself easy. I'll never ask to see ye again.'

He staggered while he walked away, and laid hold of an area railing as he turned the street corner; but Maud was too glad to get rid of her tormentor at any price to speculate on his meaning, his movements, or the storm that raged within his breast.

And now, sitting back in her carriage, bowling homeward, with the fresh evening breeze in her face, the few men left to take their hats off looked in that face, and while making up their minds that after all it was the handsomest in London felt instinctively they had never coveted the ownership of its haughty beauty so little as to-day. Her husband's cornet, walking with a brother subaltern, and saluting Lady Bearwarden, or, rather, the

carriage and horses, for her ladyship's eyes and thoughts were miles away, expressed the popular feeling perhaps with sufficient clearness when he thus delivered himself, in reply to his companion's loudly-expressed admiration—

'The best-looking woman in London, no doubt, and the best turned out. But I think Bruin's got a handful, you know. Tell ye what, my boy, I'm generally right about women. She looks like the sort that, if they once *begin* to kick, never leave off till they've knocked the splinter-bar into toothpicks and carried away the whole of the front boot.'

Maud, all unconscious of the light in which she appeared to this young philosopher, was meanwhile hardening her heart with considerable misgivings for the task she had in view, resolved that nothing should now deter her from the confession she had delayed too long. She reflected how foolish it was not to have taken advantage of the first confidences of married life by throwing herself on her husband's mercy, telling him all the folly, imprudence, crime of which she had been guilty, and imploring to be forgiven. Every day that passed made it more difficult, particularly since this coolness had arisen between them, which, although she felt it did not originate with herself, she also felt a little pliancy on her part, a little warmth of manner, a little expressed affection, would have done much to counteract and put away. She had delayed it too long; but 'Better late than never.' It should be done to-day; before she dressed for dinner; the instant she got home. She would put her arms round his neck, and tell him that the worst of her iniquities, the most unpardonable, had been committed for love of *him*! She could not bear to lose him (Maud forgot that in those days it was the coronet she wanted to capture). She dreaded falling in his esteem. She dared all, risked all, because without him life must have been to *her*, as it is to so many, a blank and a mistake. But supposing he put on the cold, grave face, assumed

the conventional tone she knew so well, told her he could not pardon such unladylike, such unwomanly proceedings, or that he did not desire to intrude on confidences so long withheld; or, worse than all, that they did very well as they were, got on—he had hinted as much once before—better than half the married couples in London, why, she must bear it. This would be part of the punishment; and at least she could have the satisfaction of assuring him how she loved him, and of loving him heartily, humbly, even without return.

Lady Bearwarden had never done anything humbly before. Perhaps she thought this new sensation might be for her good—might make her a changed woman, and in such change happier henceforth.

Tears sprang to her eyes. How slow that man drove; but, thank heaven! here she was, home at last.

On the hall-table lay a letter in her husband's handwriting, addressed to herself. 'How provoking!' she muttered, 'to say he dines out, of course. And now I must wait till to-morrow. Never mind.' Passing upstairs to her boudoir, she opened it as she entered the room, and sank into a chair, with a faint, passionate cry, like that of a hare, or other weak animal, struck to the death. She had courage, nevertheless, to read it over twice, so as thoroughly to master the contents. During their engagement they used to meet every day. They had not been parted since their marriage. It was the first, literally the very first, letter she had ever received from him.

'I have no reproaches to make,' it said, 'nor reasons to offer for my own decision. I leave both to your sense of right, if indeed yours can be the same as that usually accepted amongst honourable people. I have long felt some mysterious barrier existed between you and me. I have only an hour ago discovered its disgraceful nature, and the impossibility that it can ever be removed. You cannot wonder at my not returning home. Stay there as long as you please, and be assured I shall

not enter that house again. You will not probably wish to see or hold any communication with me in future, but should you be so ill-advised as to attempt it, remember I have taken care to render it impossible. I know not how I have forfeited the right to be treated fairly and on the square, nor why *you*, of all the world, should have felt entitled to make me your dupe, but this is a question on which I do not mean to enter, now nor hereafter. My man of business will attend to any directions you think proper to give, and has my express injunctions to further your convenience in every way, but to withhold my address and all information respecting my movements. With a sincere wish for your welfare, I remain,

‘Yours, &c.,  
BEARWARDEN.’

She was stunned, stupefied, bewildered. What had he found out? What could it mean? She had known of late she loved him very dearly; she never knew till now the pain such love might bring. She rocked herself to and fro in her agony, but soon started up into action. She must do *something*. She could not sit there under his very picture looking down on her, manly, and kind, and soldierlike. She ran downstairs to his room. It was all disordered just as he had left it, and an odour of tobacco clung heavily round the curtains and furniture. She wondered now she should ever have disliked the fumes of that unsavoury plant. She could not bear to stay there long, but hurried upstairs again to ring for a servant and bid him get a cab at once, to see if Lord Bearwarden was at the barracks. She felt hopelessly convinced it was no use; even if he were, nothing would be gained by the assurance, but it seemed a relief to obtain an interval of waiting and uncertainty and delay. When the man returned to report that ‘his lordship had been there and gone away again’ she wished she had let it alone. It formed no light portion of her burden that she must preserve an appearance of composure before her servants. It seemed such

a mockery while her heart was breaking, yes, breaking, in the desolation of her sorrow, the blank of a future without *him*.

Then in extremity of need she bethought her of Dick Stanmore, and in this I think Lady Bearwarden betrayed, under all her energy and force of character, the softer elements of woman’s nature. A man, I suppose, under any pressure of affliction would hardly go for consolation to the woman he had deceived. He partakes more of the wild beast’s sulkiness, which, sick or wounded, retires to mope in a corner by itself; whereas a woman, as indeed seems only becoming to her less firmly-moulded character, shows in a struggle all the qualities of valour except that one additional atom of final endurance which wins the fight at last. In real bitter distress they must have some one to lean on. Is it selfishness that bids them carry their sorrows for help to the very hearts they have crushed and trampled? Is it not rather a noble instinct of forgiveness and generosity which tells them that if their mutual cases were reversed they would themselves be capable of affording the sympathy they expect?

Maud knew that, to use the conventional language of the world in which they moved, ‘she had treated Dick ill.’ We think very lightly of these little social outrages in the battle of life, and yet I doubt if one human being can inflict a much deeper injury on another than that which deprives the victim of all power of enjoyment, all belief in good, all hope for the future, all tender memories of the past. Man or woman, we ought to have some humane compunction, some little hesitation in sitting down to play at that game from which the winner rises only wearied with unmerited good fortune, the loser, haggard, miserable, stripped and beggared for life.

It was owing to no forbearance of Lady Bearwarden’s that Dick had so far recovered his losses as to sit down once more and tempt fortune at another table; but she turned to him nevertheless in this her hour of

perplexity, and wrote to ask his aid, advice, and sympathy in her great distress.

I give her letter, though it never reached its destination, because I think it illustrates certain feminine ideas of honour, justice, and plain dealing which must originate in some code of reasoning totally unintelligible to ourselves.

'DEAR MR. STANMORE,—You are a true friend I feel sure. I have always considered you since we have been acquainted, the truest and most tried amongst the few I possess. You told me once, some time ago, when we used to meet oftener than we have of late, that if ever I was in sorrow or difficulty I was to be sure and let you know. I am in sorrow and difficulty now—great sorrow, overwhelming difficulty. I have nobody that cares for me enough to give advice or help, and I am so very, *very* sad and desolate. I think I have some claim upon you. We used to be so much together and were always such good friends. Besides, we are almost relations, are we not? and once I thought we should have been something more. But that is all over now.'

'Will you help me? Come to me at once, or write. Lord Bearwarden has left me without a word of explanation except a cruel, cutting, formal letter that I cannot understand. I don't know what I have said or done, but it seems so hard, so inhuman. And I loved him very dearly, very. Indeed, though you have every right to say you don't believe me, I would have made him a good wife if he had let me. My heart seems quite crushed and broken. It is too hard. Again I ask you to help me, and remain always'

'Yours sincerely,  
‘M. BEARWARDEN.’

There is little doubt that had Dick Stanmore ever received this touching production he would have lost not one moment in complying with

the urgency of its appeal. But Dick did not receive it, for the simple reason that although stamped by her ladyship and placed in the letter-box, it was never sent to the post.

Lord Bearwarden, though absenting himself from home under such unpleasant circumstances, could not therefore shake off the thousand imperceptible meshes that bind a man like chains of iron to his own domestic establishment. Amongst other petty details his correspondence had to be provided for, and he sent directions accordingly to his groom of the chambers that all his letters should be forwarded to a certain address. The groom of the chambers, who had served in one or two families before, of which the heads had separated under rather discreditable circumstances, misunderstanding his master's orders, or determined to err on the safe side, forwarded all the letters he could lay hands on to my lord. Therefore the hurt and angry husband was greeted, ere he had left home a day, by the sight of an envelope in his wife's handwriting addressed to the man with whom he believed she was in love. Even under such provocation Lord Bearwarden was too high-minded to open the enclosure, but sent it back forthwith in a slip of paper, on which he calmly 'presented his compliments and begged to forward a letter he could see was Lady Bearwarden's that had fallen into his hands by mistake.'

Maud, weeping in her desolate home, tore it into a thousand shreds. There was something characteristic of her husband in these little honourable scruples that cut her to the heart.

'Why didn't he read it?' she repeated, wringing her hands and walking up and down the room. 'He knows Mr. Stanmore quite well. Why didn't he read it? and then he would have seen what I shall never, never be able to tell him now!'



## SUMMER DAYS AMONG THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

A SIX hours' ride by rail from Boston, Massachusetts, brings you to the borders of one of those lovely lakes which are so frequent and so essential in that rich and wild scenery which prevails in America. Lake Winnepiseogee—such is its aboriginal and tongue-torturing name—lies almost at the foot of the range of mountains which is the favourite sojourning place of those New England fashionables who prefer the mountain air to the sea-breeze, and who find a deeper pleasure in wandering in ‘the forest primeval—the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,’ than in listening to the ‘perpetual laughter of the dimpling sea-waves.’ The journey, indeed, from the city to the lake is not devoid of interest; the curious English sojourner among his Yankee cousins—may they always be cousinly, these two—will not fail to find, both on the road and at the trip’s end, scenes and things worth noting in that inevitable note-book which marks the true tourist-spirit. Northern Massachusetts has not a little to boast of in rich and variegated landscape: fine farm lands; broad sweeping meadows; wide slow-flowing rivers; great whistling forests; and hill and dale merging gently into each other, and bearing on their bosom the fruit of the husbandman’s thrift and the Yankee’s energy. Anon you whirl through great manufacturing towns with their palatial mills and huge whizzing wheels, and buzzing, bee-like population; passing abruptly from the spectacle of the conquest of earth to that of mechanical elements.

If you are so happy as to make the trip on one of those ‘perfect days of June,’ when the blue above is boundless and fathomless, and the green below is darkest, freshest, newest to outer earth—meeting far off there in the horizon, and dividing for us everywhere the scope of sight—if you have such a day, the manufacturing towns are apt to be rather in the way—too de-

structive of the seducing illusion of the country, its air, sounds, and sights. You leave Lowell, and with it the last of those painfully vivid reminders that you live in a world of toil and bard, grating, practical cares and thoughts. The sloping hills and minute culture change into loftier ranges and rude declivities; finally, gradually, the lower spurs of the White Mountains come into sight. Of Lake Winnepiseogee I, at least, cannot speak without enthusiasm. If you see it first, as I did, under the canopy of great dark rolling clouds, darkening, *in places*, alike mountain landscape and lake surface, it is grand and beautiful: not the less so that the crests of the majestic hills are encircled by swaying and uncertain vapours. Perhaps there is no season when a lake landscape is so picturesque as when a long and heavy storm has just exhausted itself, and the rolling clouds, now lighter and wreathing themselves gracefully, wind into fantastic shapes and momentary festoons about the slopes and over the valleys—the valleys and hill-sides meanwhile catching here and there a gleam of sunlight, illuminating here and there a farmhouse or a wheat field, while all about is dimmed. And such an effect you may often see on this gem of a mountain lake, Winnepiseogee. (Let me hope that the name—which, if you can only teach yourself to pronounce it, is really a musical one—will not frighten the romance of the scene from the imagination of my lady readers.)

Old Winnepiseogee is some twenty or thirty miles long, and irregular in width; tradition of the farmers apprises us that it contains just three hundred and sixty-five islands—one for each day in the year; and it has been said that in leap-year an additional fairy island makes its appearance in the midst of the waters, visible, however, only by moonlight. Ranges of mountains are on almost every side; to the northward rises the stately range of the

White Mountains proper, their snowy tops easily distinguished from the gray and green hue of their lesser brothers. The islands in the lake are mostly exceedingly beautiful, thick with the wild, carelessly graceful foliage characteristic of American scenery, abounding in rich uncultured fruits, containing lovely little coves and picturesque jutting promontories, and natural alcoves and grottoes inimitable by the art of man. The middle of June sees the swarms of tourists flocking to the lake, across it, and beyond to the mountain resorts. Enviable to those who have to stay in the city and plod are these merry groups—for right merry are they, infected by the rural air and lovely scene, albeit children of Puritan Pilgrims—who are so lucky as to get away to witness these august and beautiful testimonies to the goodness of God.

*Procul a negotiis,* your prosperous man of business, who, though Yankee-sharp at a trade, no doubt, can really be a jolly fellow when free from the perplexities of his counting-room, retires to lake and mountain, and spends the long summer months in the countless pursuits of pleasure, which have only one drawback—that you find it so hard which of them to choose. Better still, far from the heat and weariness of fashionable slavery, the young New England damsels escape to these retreats, where they may live and grow rosy once more over the hearty country fare, with its honey and fresh milk, its homely bread and fruits, its local culinary triumphs and harmless beverages. Here is health for them, the poor jaded creatures, become languid from the exhausting winter campaign of fashion; from these hills and lakes they may drink in new life, and derive merry spirits once more. Who is not there, on the neat little steamboat, as it carries you and me over the placid waters of Lake Winnepiseogee? Are you a student of human nature, you may indulge that pet occupation to your heart's content, at the same

time that you refresh yourself with the mountain breezes and your eyes with the countless little islands and the sloping lake-shore. Everybody—at least the representatives and types of everybody—are there before us. The typical Paterfamilias, in a constant state of anxiety about the luggage, which he has to keep a 'sharp look-out on,' while he has at the same time to carry shawls and stools and what not from one end of the deck to the other and back again, and acts as waiter-general to his exacting party of daughters and nieces; Paterfamilias is there, many times repeated. Sporting young gentlemen, all leggings and bobcoats, all straps and fishing tackle, are there; fashionable fops, in faultless attire, dividing their time between resisting the propensity of stray particles of dust to fasten on them, and lisping platitudes to the bevy of girls by the flag-pole—they are there too, plenty and various; of course the man who 'can tell you all about this region' is there, a walking guide-book, who can narrate wonderful things about every little nook and corner throughout the trip, who has travelled over the route a marvellous number of times, and, before the journey is over, has established himself on intimate terms with everybody on the boat; there are shoals of artists, savagely hirsute, discussing points of view, and backgrounds, and colour effects, and making sudden discoveries of 'eligible' landscapes, which they all tip over their heads and squint at; there are dry-as-dust lawyers, and sleek parsons with oily voices and weak lungs, and prosperous doctors telling horrible stories, and paternal schoolmasters with shoals of boys whom they are taking to the mountains on botanical or geological expeditions. There is flirting, and reading, and eating, and smoking, and sketching, and shrill 'Ohs!' at the scenery, natty travelling suits, and little flat sun-hats, much like those you see on the Rhine or in the Alps. The luggage is piled up on the lower deck, and every modern travelling appliance is discoverable

in the neighbourhood of the tourists. One reason why such an excursion is peculiarly pleasant is, that everybody is sociable, and quite ready to get acquainted with everybody else. No questions asked about pedigree, extent of purse, &c. Every Englishman who has travelled in America will tell you how readily acquaintance is to be made on lines of public travel; indeed, more than one has complained that hand-shaking and sudden friendships are rather too prevalent in the States. But it is erring, at least, on the genial side. So it is that our miscellaneous group of passengers on board the pretty little Winnepisegooe steam-boat are, before the two hours' journey across the lake is over, on the easiest and pleasantest terms possible; laughing and talking with each other with as little ceremony as if they were each and all a family party. It will be strange if elaborate plans have not been matured to meet each other in the mountains and to make pic-nic or berrying excursions among the forests and along the river-sides which abound there, and are so well adapted to these pastimes. At the upper end of the lake the hills have become more lofty, and the cool, dry mountain air has become more perceptible and refreshing. We land at the little pier and walk up a knoll to the old-fashioned inn (there are such still even in new America), with its long verandah running along its front and affording a charming view of the lake.

Some, however, do not go as far as the end of the steamboat's journey. Many of the islands of the lake are large enough to be inhabitable; some are a mile or two long and half a mile wide, and are the residences of hardy New England farmers. Nearly all of these farmers are quite willing to receive boarders; and, to him who has come off purposely to get away from society, and desires, above all things, rustic tranquillity and aquatic sports, nothing can be more charming than to take up an abode at one of these island farmhouses. They all have boats in plenty, and

fishing-tackle, which, if less complicated and ornate than that which is city-bought, is found to be quite as effectual for practical purposes. Some of the farmers, anticipatory of guests, have built ninepin alleys at the water-side, and have cleared pleasant little umbrageous copses for miniature pic-nics; and often during the summer parties of villagers from the opposite shore come over by boatful to dance, row, sing, and feast beneath the shady expanse and on the water. It must be remembered that there is everywhere so much room in America that there is no restriction whatever either in fishing, or hunting, or wandering whithersoever one lists over the forests and through the fields. So you are careful not to tread down the wheat, or crush the vines, you are perfectly free to go and come, with no permission to ask, and no bailiffs or house-dogs to fear. A more delightful life than this in the island farmhouse it is hard to imagine. One feels a sense of freedom nowhere else experienced. You may take your gun, and wander from one end of the island to the other, unmolested, and only hearing the country sounds and buzzing which is so grateful to the city denizen. You may fish, or row, or swim, or lounge and read, when and where you will. You may take a boat, and make Crusoe-like voyages of discovery to the hundred neighbouring little islands scattered near, or have an impromptu lunch of fried fish and roast potatoes on the smooth sand of the many lovely little coves. You may either philosophize, study, or refuse to think altogether. The accommodations of the farmhouse are not elegant, but they abound in homely comforts; the good folk are rough and plain, but kindly; the food is fresh and pure, well cooked, and plenty of it. In such a life the summer but too rapidly slides away; and the only regret is to tear one's self away when the time of departure has arrived.

In the fresh, crisp, early morning air, the dew yet glistening on petal and blade, the old-fashioned stage-

coach (there are these, too, oh, Conservative reader, in republican America!) whirls up in front of the hotel, and those who are going forward to penetrate to the midst of the mountain region bustle about to get their luggage aboard, and to secure seats for themselves. It is so early that our fops are drowsy, and our damsels have reddish eyes, and hair not too minutely combed; but soon the scene becomes lively, and cheery laughter rings out, and there is a good-natured struggle for the tip-top seats. The boys are apt to contend for the seats next the driver—that inevitable oracle, and peculiar philosopher, friend, and wonder of boys everywhere. The young ladies are by no means too squeamish to take places on the trunks and boxes on the roof of the coach, the more *négligé* and informal everything is the better. The journey is to be a long one—some six or eight hours—and so there are innumerable baskets and hampers of provisions, bottles of currant and gooseberry wine, while the young men have ample supplies of cigars, meerschaum pipes, and pouches of 'fine-cut cavendish.' The scenery through which our great stage-coach rumbles, to the sound of the crackling whip and the merry harness-bells, is really peculiar to America; and one who has not been there can hardly form an idea of its contrast with any scenery discoverable in Europe. The brilliant effect of a storm just passed, already spoken of as enhancing the beauty of the lake landscape, is also discovered in the mountain landscape. When all is clear, and the storm has just left a bright glistening green tinge upon the whole scene, and the peaks of the mountains, now bare, cluster around you, bounding the horizon, the view is one certainly not to be surpassed in loveliness, although Alp and Pyrenees may excel it in vastness and grandeur. Then there is infinite variety in this landscape through which you pass between the lake and the high mountains. Sometimes you whirl through a thin forest, its trees uniform and wide apart, and the ground fairly covered with the short flat bush of the blue-

berry—the peculiar and delicious fruit of the region, now just getting ripe—a fruit, most like, perhaps, the whortleberry, but far nicer, and having no counterpart in any European production. This berry, let me say in passing, is as large as a very large pea, and is of a beautiful very light blue colour; its pulp is white and sweet, and it is a great favourite throughout New England. It is made into pies, puddings, and cakes, and never fails to enrich whatever dish it forms a part of. Auon, to resume the journey, you emerge into a wide, square, flat meadow plain, closing abruptly on either side at the foot of the mountains, not gradually sloping up to them. In its midst, a broad, winding river slowly flows; on its bosom, here and there, are beautiful fields of wheat or maize. Above it are often ledges of great height. These ledges, in America, are the castles built by nature to supply, in the landscape, the place of the feudal castles of Europe. On one of them, in this journey which we describe, is to be seen a distinct resemblance to a white horse, formed by the strata of the rock. This is a curious object to the tourists, and is named the 'White Horse Ledge.' There are also, in the same vicinity, several pretty little lakes, nestling near the ledges, which produce remarkable echoes among other attractions.

The ledges and rock of this region are mostly composed of granite; and New Hampshire, the State which boasts the White Mountains, is therefore named the 'Granite State.'

The stage-coach, after a glorious journey of some eight hours, brings us to a charming village, lying in the midst of the broad valley of the Saco, midway between the mountain ranges on either side, which bears the good old English name of Conway. Here it is relieved of many of its passengers; for Conway is one of the best and most fashionable White Mountain resorts. Along the wide and shaded road you will espy some half a dozen spacious and most comfortable-looking hotels; and about them all is the prosperous appearance of a brisk season, for everywhere you see the

pleasure-seekers going to and fro, standing in groups or playing outdoor games. On either side pretty roads branch off, studded here and there with neat farmhouses with porches and lawns, and shaded by noble chestnuts and elms, the few survivors of 'the forest primæval.' You may take your choice, either to make your abode at the hotel, surrounded by a city colony, which still keeps up here all the fashionable customs, or to secure board at one of the farmhouses, which have all been made ready for visitors, and where you may enjoy tranquillity with the advantage of going down to the hotels, and plunging into 'society' whenever you may happen to feel so inclined. The life in the hotel is, despite the toilets and fashionable exigencies, a merry one. Somehow or other the ladies manage to unite the two in a manner most adroit and skilful. As I said before, every one is soon acquainted with every one else, and this makes the contrast between this American mountain resort and those of Germany and Switzerland very striking. It soon gets to be like a country house full of a great and various family gathering. The young ladies and young gentlemen have all got together, have found their 'affinities,' and love-making, either in a light or a desperate fashion, becomes the main occupation of the young portion of the guests. The elders have also become easy with each other, and talk politics or stocks, play chess or whist, compare fashions, or gossip about the new arrivals quite as persistently as if they were at home. How shall I describe the infinite amusements, old and newly-invented, which serve to steal time away from the pleasure-seekers, and to draw the summer away from under their feet without their knowing it? In the unrestricted freedom of the country there are, of course, many wanderings over the vast and velvety meadows, and in among the tall yellow wheat-ears. Of course the mountains must be climbed, and views taken of the valleys; then crinoline must be discarded, and broad, flappy sun-hats donned; and

there is infinite fun in creeping up the rocky paths, mesdemoiselles having plentiful assistance from the arms and hands of their gallants. Often these mountain excursions have another object—the fascinating one of picking the blueberries. These grow in wonderful luxuriance on the craggy mountain sides, and it is really great fun to be of a party, supplied with baskets and pails, who spend the day gathering them, stopping now and then to talk and laugh and joke, and to sit under some wide-spreading tree to devour the lunch which has been brought, and for which the berry-picking and mountain-climbing has given a rare zest. Sometimes the fun is interrupted by an unwelcome guest—unwelcome, at least, to the timid excursionists of the gentler sex. 'Those horrid snakes' are truly the abomination of your young lady who seeks her pleasure among the mountains. Then, when one of these reptiles, which are not uncommon there, thrusts his ugly face among the company, there is much screaming and ado, tendencies to faint away, which necessitate masculine support, while the gallant youths rejoice to display their valour, and zealously engage in following up the intruder, and laying his lifeless form, a trophy, before their admiring but frightened companions. And what an Elysium is this mountain region to your practised sportsman! As far as his legs can carry him he may roam, day after day, gun on shoulder, fearing no proprietor of the soil, and with limitless game on every hand.

Here, too, among these vast forests, and along these broad rivers which are among the 'White Hills,' is a rich field for the ardent disciple of old Izaak Walton. The woods are replete with little narrow gurgling brooks, and these brooks abound in trout, fat and shiny in their prosperous solitude. You may take your pole, basket, and fly, and stroll up through the brush, and through the shady dells, all day long, with plenty of game and no interruption. Prefer you river fishing for perch or roach, lake fishing for pike and lake-trout? Here it is, then, un-

limited, at your hand, and, are you only an expert angler, you may each day return to your farmhouse or hotel laden with treasures unstinted for breakfast or dinner delectation. There is in the White Mountains occasionally rarer and fiercer sport than this. Even in this long-settled part of America—for New Hampshire was colonized early in the seventeenth century—there is occasionally a black bear discovered, some solitary descendant of the ancient hairy lords of the domain. When such an event occurs there is excitement of venery indeed! Parties scour the mountains and dells for old Bruin, and he is, perhaps, brought down after a hearty struggle, not without its dangers. Partridges, pigeons, and quails are seemingly inexhaustible there in their season. Often parties of adventurous fellows will take gun and hamper, start out, and be gone several days among the solitary wilds of the mountains. They provide themselves with canvas, and when they have reached a favourable spot, many miles from any habitation—likely enough some little open space in the midst of the thick forest, or on the bank of some tumbling and splashing mountain stream—they pitch their tents, set up their tripods, lay their blankets, and after enjoying a rare sport by day, cook their dinner at dusk from its proceeds, and smoke, drink, sing, and play cards, by the light of the blazing fire which they have built before their tents. Such a life, if the rain only holds off, is glorious and joyous, as I can testify from a delightful experience.

Meanwhile, at the hotels, the young ladies and the stay-at-home young gentlemen indulge in more quiet and more fashionable amusements. If you pass along the village street at night—and what gloriously clear and limpid nights they are there!—from almost every house there comes out a sound of music and revelry. Dancing whiles away the short summer evenings, and bands have been imported from the city for the purpose. Sometimes it is varied by those household games which New England has inherited from Old England; something is certain to be done to make the evening fly away on wings. Croquet and velocipedes are the order of the day, every hotel being provided with the implements of the former game. Pic-nics are frequent, and, amidst this grand scenery, and under this welcome shade, and beside these roaring streams, pic-nics are in their perfection. How pleasant to dance under the lofty oaks, fanned by soft, cool mountain breezes! How refreshing is the luncheon of currant wine, cold chicken, sandwiches, and cake, dealt out by delicate female hands, amid merry laughter and infinite joking! Then there is the wandering in couples among the trees, the cosy talk in the quiet nook, the berry-picking, the poetry-reading, the sketch-drawing, and the ‘silent meditation, fancy free.’ So let all wanderers in America, who would fain avoid wilting at the more fashionable watering-places, hie them to this lovely mountain region, there to find robust health, and pleasures as substantial as those described.

GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.



## CROSS PURPOSES.

## CHAPTER I.

EARLY in the perfect autumn morning, when the gossamer-webs, dew-spangled, covered the mosses and roadside weeds, and the gorse on the upland; under the beeches, whose leaves were just beginning to change and to fall, to flutter down slowly and softly, even without wind; opposite a small window, in an otherwise blank and thickly-ivied wall, she paused and hesitated.

Perhaps ten minutes—perhaps twenty—she stood there, looking intently at a letter she held, only studying the address of it—and that, too, written by her own hand.

Nobody passed; nothing disturbed her: a squirrel was rustling the boughs above her head, and small birds eyed her from out the ivy; but there she stood, till, at last, a footstep of some one coming down towards her from the higher part of the village roused her: then she crossed the road, put her letter into the slit in the window, and began to walk fast in the opposite direction from that whence came the footstep.

Hurry as she might, she was soon overtaken. A hand rested on her shoulder, lightly yet firmly, and quite as if it had a right to rest there if it chose.

'Edith! you used to say you always could tell my footstep from any other; in the few days I've been away from the island have you forgotten it?'

'I did not say I could not do so now.'

The girl spoke sharply, still hurrying on, without looking up.

'My child!' bending forward to look her more fully in the face, 'what is the matter with you? This is a queer reception. What is the matter with you?'

'Why should there be anything the matter with me?'

'You are looking ill.'

'I'm tired.'

'Take my arm—why do you walk so far?'

'I wanted to post a letter myself.'

'Take my arm. To whom?'

'To my cousin Gertrude.'

She looked him in the face now. A handsome, honest face, with grey eyes, and a golden-brown beard and moustache, very brilliant in the golden sunshine that fell through the golden boughs; so brilliant that she soon looked down again.

'Why don't you take my arm?' In an ill-used, wondering tone.

'I would rather not.'

Sudden tears dropped down as she remembered she did not mean to have the right to claim it any more. Remembering this, she clasped it now, with both hands, suddenly, passionately: she was very much of a child still.

'That is right!' and the grey eyes—warm grey—shone down upon her contentedly. 'Now about your cousin Gertrude: had you anything very particular to tell her that you chose to post your letter yourself?'

'Yes; I have asked her to come and stay with me: your mother has promised her a month's holiday; I have asked her to spend it with me.'

'I am sorry for that.'

His face flushed and his brows contracted.

'You need not be.'

'I am the best judge of that, my child. I have my reasons, Edith, and I am sorry, very sorry.'

'Perhaps I know more of your reasons than you fancy.'

He turned an inquiring look upon her, but she looked away. They were both silent after that a good while. She kept her eyes bent upon the ground. She knew each bit of the road well: she was calculating time and distance. She said to herself, 'When we come to the great hazel-bush, I will leave hold of his arm and speak;' meanwhile she clasped the arm very close.

He spoke first: a sudden turn in the road showed them, between arching boughs of crimson and

golden beeches, the flashing blueness of an early morning sea lying far below, dotted here and there with a snow-white sail.

'What a perfect morning! what a perfect scene!' he said, pausing, and then recited the exquisite verses from 'In Memoriam,' beginning—

'Calm is the morn, without a sound.'

She repeated, softly—

'If any calm, a calm despair.'

let herself linger leaning on him a few moments, then snatched her hand from his arm, choking with the thought, 'It will never be there again!' looked before and after, and said—

'I am near home now, and I have a few words to speak to you first.'

She leant back against the low wall, and tried with all her might to calm herself, that he might not see how much she was agitated. She succeeded only too well: her soft dark cheek lost its bloom, turned yellowish-white; but she looked proud and sullen, rather than sorrowful.

He paused before her, full of wonder at her changed manner—at her dry, hard, ungirlish tone of voice.

'You have often said I did not love you,' she began. 'I am going now to confirm all the evil you have ever thought of me. I wish to break our engagement: I wish to be free from you, and to set you free from me.'

He was silent some moments: she tried to look at him, but failing, kept her eyes upon the fallen beech-masts, which she stirred with her foot.

'What's the meaning of this?'

When he spoke, he spoke so sternly that she felt afraid.

'I have tried to speak plainly,' she said. 'I wish to be free, to marry any one else' (if he had understood the inflection of her voice, he would have learnt from it that in the world there was none else for her), 'or to remain single; and I wish you to be free to marry some one else—some one who will love you better than I do.' (That same inflection of the voice.) 'I know

now that I could not be happy as your wife, and that you would not be happy as my husband.'

His colour had risen angrily; he kicked some stones from under his feet with an energy that sent them spinning far down the road.

'I have, I think, some slight right to an explanation,' he said—his voice was not steady,—'considering that in a few months you were to have been—What did you say?' (She had echoed 'were to have been'.)

'Nothing,' she answered: 'go on.'

'Considering that in a few months you were to have been my wife; considering that the last six months have been passed by me in preparing to receive you as my wife.'

'Your notion of fit preparation to receive *me* as your wife seems to me a strange one!' she cried, passionately; and then repented this utterance. He had caught the words, and paused upon them.

'What does this mean? Who has been tampering with you? Who has been exciting your jealousy?'

'If I am jealous, you are well rid of me. A jealous woman is an accursed thing—I've heard you say so yourself—from which you should be glad to escape.'

'A jealous woman *is* an accursed thing. But in you, Edith, I have never yet seen a sign of this disease.'

'Then don't be too ready to believe me easily tainted by it. Look into your own heart, and find a cause for what I do.'

'No man,' he said, 'in my opinion, was ever worthy of any good woman's love; that I devoutly believe; but further—'

'It is no use to talk it over. I know of old experience you can make me say black's white. I have said what I mean to abide by, and so I shan't listen for your answer. I have spoken roughly, rudely, coarsely; but I have spoken as I was able—what I knew I ought to speak. Now I am not going to listen to you: you have listened to me, that is enough. Good-bye! and I wish you all happiness.'

She began to walk away from him; but she did not dare disobey

the voice that commanded her to pause. He took both her hands in his, looked into her face, trying to meet her eyes, but they would not rise higher than his hands; they noticed a hole in his glove, for which she would yesterday have scolded him, taking off his glove—taking it home to mend. A quick sob surprised her, as she thought of this. He said—

‘I do not know you to-day, Edith: you have strangely changed in the few days of my absence. You are a hard and reckless woman this morning: you seem to have no feeling for me, or my pain.’

‘Your pain!’ (“You hypocrite!”) she said, but only to her own heart,) and added, to her own heart, ‘He is *no* hypocrite; he is too good not to feel pain. Your pain,’ she repeated aloud, ‘won’t last long if we part now; while if we married, not loving each other, I suppose our pain would have to last our lifetimes.’

‘What is my fault? How have I so suddenly forfeited my right to your love? What have I done or left undone?’

‘We are curiously made,’ she answered. ‘I do not know what of that we do or leave undone is fault, and what is fortune. I do not suppose we would any one of us act as we do, when we act what we call wrongly, if we could help it. If I have been angry with you, and said it was your fault, I am not angry now. How can it be your fault that I do not love you?’

‘It is some fault in me, then—some fault so suddenly discovered.’

He paid no heed to the last phrase of her sentence; indeed the eyes, liquid, and as full of love as of pain, which had met his for an instant, had given the lie to it.

‘I didn’t say so. I won’t say anything, except I wish to be free. Tyrant! let go my hands!’ she cried.

‘You poor little soul!’ he said, compassionately, ‘what are you thus tormenting yourself about? Tell me your trouble, my child. I cannot believe that you do not love me!—I do not believe it!’

‘Oh, no!’ she answered, her face

on fire; ‘it must be hard for the irresistible Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw, of Firlands, to believe that any woman to whom he has been kind does not love him, or his estate. Leave me alone, sir! Let me go!’

‘Go then! I see, Edith, that if I keep you any longer in your present mood, I shall only lead you to speak words you will afterwards be sorry for: but I do not do you the injustice to believe that you are serious. One more earnest look, and then he dropped her hands.

‘That is like you! I was more than mortal while I loved you; now—’

‘While you loved me you were a sweet woman, not all honey, but all the more bewitching for a dash of spice; now—You seem to me thoroughly unamiable.’

‘I dare say I do! I dare say I am! You may say it was incompatibility of temper that led to the breaking of our engagement.’

‘When I acknowledge it as a broken engagement I may. At present I do not relinquish you! At present I am of my old opinion: I had rather have you scold and love me, than any other woman praise and flatter me. I do not know that it is good taste, but it is mine.’

“A poor ill-favoured thing, but mine, sir, mine,” I understand. But now I have lost all charm for you, for I am no longer yours, sir, but mine, sir, mine. And how you *dare* say to me what you have just said, I leave you to ask your own conscience. It is all a mystery to me—all.’

She broke from him and ran down the road.

He remained a long time where she had left him; he was vexed and pained, but more for her than for himself, and not in any way very seriously distressed; he did not believe but that she would be his wife at the appointed time after all. But this outbreak of temper grieved him: he was disappointed in her, and perplexed to find a cause for such an unexpected demonstration. It was not till, in the course of a few days, several of his friends—that is to say, the doctor and the clergy-

man, and the widow who owned Belle-vue—had condoled with him on the breaking-off of his engagement, and two ladies, with numerous daughters, living respectively at Fursey Down and at Beauchamps, had congratulated him on the same fact, that he began to be, at least, seriously annoyed.

The little tormentress, after leaving him, ran down the road till she came to a green gate overshadowed, like all the rest of the road, by beeches; it led into a small garden,—lawn, fir-trees, and bright flower-beds,—lying in front of a pretty ivied cottage, behind which the hill rose protectingly. The largest room of this cottage had a long window opening on to the gravelled path. Miss Gaysworth, Edith's invalid and lame sister—she was fifteen years older than Edith, and had been a mother to her—lay on a couch in the sunshine of this window.

Edith went to her: she always liked to get things over quickly. She now said, 'Herbert is come back. I've seen him and I've broken off my engagement to him. I shall never marry him, or anybody. I am sorry you took such a fancy to Firlands, Lily; but you like this cottage very much, too, and you'll get more of me, so there's compensation for you. No, I can't stay to answer any questions. I am off now to the Sea-wall House; I shall be late for the children's lessons. I don't wish ever to be spoken to about my engagement, or about Herbert. Not that he's to blame: *I* broke it off; *he's* not to blame; and I wish all the world to know (all our small world) that it *is* broken off, and that he's not to blame. You used to tell me, Lily, I could never hope to get a husband if I didn't curb my temper, and I'm not going to get one you see. Good-bye, Lily, don't fret about it. Here's your book, dear, and here's your work, and I've ordered Jane to bring your lunch in to you at eleven, and I'm sorry I've been out so long, and I've asked Gertrude to come and see us, and I shall be more at home with you for the future.'

All this was said in hurried, gasping sentences: then she kissed

the invalid, and was off. She was daily governess to the motherless children at the Sea-wall House, whose master was Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw's elder brother; a grave man, aged and worn by suffering, who treated her with fatherly kindness, and whom she loved dearly.

'I don't seem to feel it much,' she said, as she went down the road in the glancing sunshine, the dancing sea glittering before her eyes. 'The world looks just the same merry world: nothing seems changed. People say, at all events in books—I don't know that I've ever heard any real person speak about these things—that to do what I have done requires an almost superhuman effort of self-sacrifice. If I felt it as I ought, I ought to have fainted, or at least to have cried violently. Perhaps I did not love him so very much after all. Yet I think I did. Perhaps I do not yet believe that I have lost him. I think that is it. All the pain is to come. I caught myself just now thinking of this evening, when he would be with us—when he would read to Lily and me while we work, and we should be so happy. And he won't come this evening, or ever again any evening. All the pain is to come. God help me!'

Those last words, the words of self-pity, did the mischief.

Suddenly something came over her—an overwhelming, uncontrollable feeling: she went out of the road, through a gate, and hid herself in a little thicket: there she cried as if her heart would break, her face buried to stifle the sound. She rose, dried her eyes, looked at her watch, smoothed her hair, readjusted her hat, said to herself, 'I am better now—but I am very late,' and hurried down the steep drive to the House.

From a distance she saw all her little pupils playing on the sands—those deep golden sands of the Isle of Wight. She went to them there, and they came clustering around her.

'Oh, Edith, we thought you wern't coming to-day. Uncle Herbert said you weren't coming to-day. Papa said you wern't coming every day now, because Uncle Herbert is

back, and wants you to be so much with him.'

'Oh yes, I am coming every day now. Your Uncle Herbert is mistaken, and your papa, who is always right, and who is a great deal wiser than your Uncle Herbert, is also mistaken. And come in to lessons now, at once, like dear good children, for it's very late.'

'You've been crying!' said one child. 'You've been crying!' was echoed by all.

'And I'll make you all cry,' said this very original little governess, 'if you don't let me alone.'

'Me so sorry Edie been crying,' said the youngest little girl, and slipped her hand into Edith's.

'You darling, you dear pet!' cried the governess, and kneeling down, she took the lovely little fairy in her arms, smothered her with kisses, and carried her to the house.

'Me Uncle Bertie's pet, too,' the child said.

And just at the house-door stood Uncle Bertie.

'Edith, that child is too heavy for you.' He chose to speak as if nothing had happened, a fact which filled the girl with great indignation.

'Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw, I am the best judge of that.'

'Indeed you are not. I do not think you are a good judge of anything that concerns yourself. Amy, come to me, darling.'

But Amy chose to be perverse: she clung to Edith's neck and said, 'Poor Edie been crying,' as a sufficient reason.

'Uncle Herbert' stood so directly in Edith's way that she knew he could see this for himself. Her eyes met his defiantly. 'Cruel!' she muttered, as she passed him. She drove all her pupils before her into the large schoolroom, and locked the door.

That schoolroom had three great south windows looking right out to sea (you could perceive a bit of golden gravelly shore if you stood close to them, but not unless): it had also two eastern windows looking upon a green turf bank, gorse-studded, sloping down to black rock and grey boulder. The room was full of sunshine, and the heat and

the light made Edith giddy; she had to draw down the blinds; and when she went to draw them down she saw Mr. Oldenshaw (her master, as she loved to call him) walking to and fro, close to the water, leaning on his younger brother's arm; they were talking earnestly. How bent and aged her master looked, and he was not so very much older than Lily!

What would her master think of her when he heard? The young governess was preoccupied this morning.

That evening, Mr. Oldenshaw—that is to say, Edith's Mr. Oldenshaw—chose to come to the cottage as if nothing had happened since he was last there. He brought the book with him he had been reading to them, then took the seat by Miss Gaysworth's invalid couch, that he had occupied then. Seeing this, Edith without a word to him, having given him one indignant look, gathered up her work and left the room.

From the bedroom above she heard voices all the evening, now her sister's, now Mr. Oldenshaw's, one low-toned interchange of talk.

'Of course Lily will think I am using him very badly. Of course everybody will think I am using him very badly. What does that matter to me? I have done what I thought was right to be done. I know I did it very badly, but that is my misfortune. I meant to be gentle and dignified, all I am always trying to be, and never, never can succeed in being. Well! he is well rid of me: I never should have made a proper Mrs. Oldenshaw of Firlands. Now Gertrude is—oh, I hate Gertrude!' said with the heartiest, honestest energy. 'That is very wicked too!' she added; 'and I'm afraid when nobody loves me I shall be very wicked.'

She went on thinking strange confused thoughts as she employed herself in turning out her writing-case, jewel-case, and secret sacred drawer, collecting his letters, his presents, all kept religiously, whether flowers or jewels.

'Perhaps he will believe that I am in earnest when he gets these,'

she said, with an emphasis resentful of his present incredulity. 'If he will only go away, leave off coming here, after—well, after he has made it all straight with Gertrude. If I have to go on seeing him, perhaps I may in time arrive at a proper pitch of distraction.' Scoffing at herself, she pressed her hand upon her heart. 'I always have said I did not know I had one, but I'm going to learn that I have now by this pain that's beginning.'

By-and-by, looking over the pages of a journal she had once, girlish-fashion, kept, for fear of accidents, in a cypher of her own invention, she read (dated the 30th of November, nearly three years ago)—

'I did not think such a dismal day could have ended so pleasantly: such a dismal day! passed in an ugly schoolroom among rude children, a wet street and wet people to look out at: nothing to look forward to but the tedious change of a couple of hours spent in the drawing-room, over my fancy-work, among people who must dislike having me as much as I dislike being with them. Ah!' she said, breaking off from her reading and thinking aloud, 'how different things were then! We were so poor, I could not keep a home for Lily. She boarded with those wretched people who neglected her so, and I had to take the highest-paying situation I could get, and try not to care if I were miserable or not. Who made everything different? He did. I might go through as many verses as there are in the "My Mother" poem, in the children's book, and, making my own list of questions, say, "He did!" in answer to all of them. Well, I am trying, in my awkward, stupid way, that is so hard, for it seems such a wicked ungrateful way, to reward him. I wish, though, he wouldn't look so pained about it.'

She thought for some time, then she went on reading, slowly and blunderingly, from her journal:—

'The evening of this wretched day I go down into the drawing-room as usual, and there is a person there who turns round as I enter and comes to meet me, who takes

my hand and looks at me so kindly that, what with surprise and what with pleasure, the tears come into my eyes, and it is a wonder that I don't startle all proprieties by putting my arms round his neck! He places a chair for me next his own, and pushes a footstool to my feet, and reaches me my work-case. How did he know what I was looking for? or which was mine? Why didn't he give me Mrs. Dyson's instead? Surely he didn't remember the shabby little thing? He seems altogether to take possession of me, as if he pitied the poor little lonely thing, and meant to care for it and pet it. And he breaks off his talk with Mr. Dyson, and talks to me of Lily, and Lily's health; and of how he thinks she needs milder air; and of how his brother has a pretty cottage to let, in just such a place as he thinks would suit Lily; and then he tells me that his brother wants a governess for his motherless children, and so he talks on, opening up a new and such a bright prospect, though he dashes everything a little by telling me he is soon going to India again for two years. And when he turns from me to talk to Mr. Dyson again, his arm is still on the back of my chair, and his voice lulls me to a dream, and all the world is changed for me, for I feel he remembers. And when Mrs. Dyson's soft voice says in my ear, "Miss Gaysworth, I think you have forgotten the children: it is long past their bed-time," I start as if I had had cold water flung over me, and rise in awkward haste, throwing scissors, thimble, cotton, on the floor—for him to pick up! And he asked me should he see me again that night; and when I said a reluctant "No," he asked Mrs. Dyson at what time he could see me in the morning, "to talk over family-affairs; for Mrs. Dyson, she is, I consider, a sort of a ward of mine!" A sort of a ward! I feel as if he would only—'

There the journal broke off for that time; but she read a few later entries and then told herself to desist—that she was doing the worst thing, the stupidest thing possible. But her thoughts were not much

safer: she remembered all his words and looks—remembered the coming to the present home, prepared by him for her and Lily, remembered the parting and his return! The bedroom was cold and cheerless, her candle had burnt down to the socket: she listened to the voices downstairs, beloved voices both, and thought of the lamp-light, the fire-light, the kind eyes, the loving hands, the cheerfulness and the warmth there—and then, very unheroically, she began to cry.

The voices ceased: the hall-door opened and closed: she waited to hear the click of the garden-gate and the sound of footsteps down the road.

'He didn't stop as long as usual,' she said carelessly to Lily, as, having bathed her eyes, she entered the sitting-room.

'No; he said he would not keep you up in the cold. Oh, Edith! what has possessed you? How can you treat such a man in this way? A man who has been so good to us, so very good. Surely, child, it is only a freak, if so, a wicked one; but anything is better than to believe you can seriously mean to be so—'

Edith interrupted her.

'I am trying to be good to him in return for his goodness to us. If the goodness of a deed is to be judged, as some people seem to think, by its hardness, I am being *very* good to him. You can't see how? I dare say not; but some day you will; till then you must try and trust me.'

'But, Edith—'

'But, Lily—I have told you, and I tell you again, I will not hear you or any one on this subject. There! I have made you cry. Yes, that is just how it always is. I am a wretched creature, born to make every one unhappy, especially every one who loves me. If you only knew, Lily—here she knelt by her sister's couch and buried her face in her sister's dress—' how it hurts! how it hurts! how miserable I am! you would cry for me, Lily, instead of crying for him.'

'I cry for him, Edith!' her sister said, but drew the girl fondly close.

'I never could bear to see a man

suffer, and he is suffering. You have only to watch him, to look into his eyes, and to see the way he twitches his mouth and gnaws his moustache. No, Edith, I never could bear to see a man suffer. It nearly breaks my heart when your master, as you call him, sits by me and talks to me, so gently, so kindly, with his eyes seeing and his heart suffering, so far away; and Herbert's face will get to have the same look if you use him so badly.'

'The hypocrite!' cried Edith. 'No, no, no,—I don't mean that. I know he is suffering, but never mind him, Lily, it will soon pass; he will be happier soon than I ever could make him.'

'Child, child, you talk very wildly—very wickedly. You seem to have no opinion of the faithfulness of the man you are playing with.'

'I am playing with no man. You are a cruel sister to say I am. Oh, I have the very highest opinion of Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw's faithfulness. He would marry a girl he had ceased to love, and break the heart of one he did love, sooner than break his word. That is my opinion of his faithfulness! And now no more about him—not a word. He is a good man and a true one; I hope he will be a happy one!'

'What crotchet can you have got into your head?' murmured Miss Gaysworth, and dared say no more; but she lay awake all through the night pondering this matter over, and was consequently ill the next morning. She was a very frail creature. She would in all probability have been dead before this time had she not been transplanted to the soft-breathed, sheltered, sunny southern nook where she now dwelt. And it was Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw's care that had thus transplanted her. He had known these women well in prosperous days, beginning at a beginning when Edith was a little child; their dead brother had been his dearest friend. Coming home from India, on family business, soon after they had fallen into sudden poverty, he had made it his care to care for them.

## CHAPTER II.

A few days passed very painfully, during which Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw still came to Ivy Cottage, still sought to meet Edith there, on the road, or at the Sea-wall House, and she still obstinately avoided him. A diversion came in the arrival of 'Gertrude,' a tall, fair, stately girl, who might have been most lovely had she not had a wan, sickly look, and who drooped now like a drooping lily.

'Isn't she the very ideal of a love-sick girl?' asked Edith scornfully of her sister. 'The very hang of her dress, and droop of her hair, and fall of her lashes, suggest a sentimental despondency. I hope I could die of love and not show the green sickness of it so plainly.'

'I wonder why you asked Gertrude here, Edith?'

'Don't you like having her?'

'Yes, I was always fond of her; but her company can be no pleasure to me if you are vexed and irritated by her, and cannot treat her kindly without constantly-recurring effort.'

'Perhaps,' said Edith, 'I have undertaken more than I can go through with. An old trick of mine! I shall see. If I find I have I can go away somewhere.'

'Cousin Edith, can you spare me a few minutes before you go out?' asked Gertrude that morning at breakfast-time. The languid cadence of the mournful musical voice made Edith, who had been trying to be kind, cross directly.

'I always like to get disagreeable things over; so, if you have anything to say, I will hear it now,' she answered, roughly. 'Come a little way up the hill behind the cottage with me. Jane's ears are sharp, and old Wilson is brushing up leaves in the garden. What's the use of brushing up leaves, I wonder! I am always brushing up leaves, and they fall thicker and faster; and it is all smothered up with them again, just as it was before.' These last words to herself. 'Don't you want your shawl, Ger? The wind is sharp, and you look such a skim-milk sort of creature.'

'I will get it, and join you in a minute,' Gertrude answered, meekly.

The two girls were soon together on one of the terraces cut in the hill behind the cottage. But Gertrude stood panting after the slight ascent, and did not speak.

Edith looked at her watch. 'In a quarter of an hour I ought to be down there,' pointing to the Sea-wall House, lying below.

'It is strange to me, Edith,' the girl began, timidly (this stately, tall Gertrude seemed curiously to dread her little companion), 'why you asked me to come and see you. I was glad to come, dear, because I thought—'

'Well, what did you think?'

'I thought you had some special reason for asking me. I thought, perhaps, you knew—'

'I do know—all. I meant to be good to you, but I find it difficult.'

'I never would have come, Edith, if only Lily had asked me; but as you asked me I thought I had better come. I thought, I hoped, some good might arise out of it. But now I see my mistake; my presence is painful to you. Mr. Oldenshaw' (that name spoken so tremulously!) 'has not been to the cottage since I came; though Lily tells me he used to be here constantly.'

'Does she think he would court *her* under *my* nose!' Edith exclaimed to herself, and plunged her hand into a gorse-bush, inflicting a salutary pricking.

'I do not see that *my* being here can do any good,' continued Gertrude; 'it is evidently painful to you. I want to ask you, do you not think I had better go?'

The tone of shrinking timidity, of submission, of resignation, in which Gertrude spoke, touched Edith's generosity.

'No,' she said; 'you shall not go, Gertrude: if either of us go away, I will, while you stay with Lily. Lily is very fond of you, and Lily is gentle to you. I have wanted a change for a long time.'

Gertrude lifted her lashes and opened her languid eyes wide—perhaps she was wondering what change this girl could want—this

girl, who would soon be so happily married (for Lily had inoculated her with the belief that this cloud between the lovers was only due to some childish freak of Edith's, which would pass).

'I cannot have that. I cannot drive you from your home, Edith. What would Mr. Oldenshaw say? Indeed, indeed, I think I had better go.'

'Not another word. You *are not to go*. And—what has Lily been saying to you about my engagement? Oh, I see; but she is quite wrong. My engagement is finally and definitely broken off. I am free, and so is Herbert. *You* must know she is quite wrong. I can't stay and talk any longer. I hate speaking of these things. He is not in the least to blame. And I hope, when I am gone away, you and he and Lily will be very happy.'

She ran down the hill-side, leaving Gertrude in a state of bewilderment.

'She knows all about it, and is annoyed—secretly angry with me, I dare say. But what has her broken engagement to do with it? Did they quarrel about me? I never could understand Edith. Sometimes she seemed all heart, and sometimes seemed to have no feeling for any one—herself least of all. She is a very strange girl!' But poor Gertrude had such much more personal troubles and perplexities growing and deepening upon her that she soon forgot to think of Edith.

Just as she re-entered the garden at one gate she saw Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw entering it by the other, from the road: she drew back, but he had seen her. He joined her.

'Miss Brown, I believe; we have met before.'

She blushed overpoweringly; hands, throat, were all suffused with crimson: the dying away of that blush left her so white, with such blanched lips, he thought she was about to faint. He offered his arm: she took it, because she needed it, and because, for her own reasons, she was only too glad of any sign of kindness from him.

Her distress and agitation were

so real that his brow relaxed from its stern annoyance, and he looked down on her kindly—reassuringly.

'I will not ask to speak to you to-day on any subject of special interest,' he said. 'You seem nervous and unstrung: We shall have other opportunities—'

'I am,' she said, hurriedly, 'more than nervous and unstrung. I am miserable. It is kind of you to spare me, but we want your counsel. Oh, if only *you* will be kind to us!'

She lifted up her eyes to his imploringly, tears now streaming down from them: he (her hand resting on his arm) could feel how she was shaking.

'I wish to be your true friend,' he said; 'but the position in which you have placed yourselves makes it very difficult to know how to help you. And I so hate deceit and concealment, that it is difficult for me to think kindly of those who practise it—as if they did not hate it.'

He led her to the sitting-room, followed her in, sat talking to Miss Gaysworth, and was so preoccupied that he did not notice that Miss Gaysworth's manner was a little different from usual.

When he was gone Miss Gaysworth said—

'Gertrude, my love, I thought you told me that you knew Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw very slightly.'

'I have seen him a few times at his mother's.'

'Only a few times?'

'Only a few times; and then not always to speak to.'

Lily Gaysworth had strangely penetrating eyes. She turned them on the girl, and Gertrude blushed again in that sudden, overpowering, unaccountable way, that was made the more conspicuous by her ordinary pallor.

'I am not very well,' she faltered. 'I will go to my own room.'

On the stairs she met Edith. Edith had been in her bed-room, dressing to go out. Edith had heard the familiar click of the garden-gate, and had cautiously drawn near the window. Edith had seen the meeting, the stern brow soften

to pity so like tenderness, answering the imploring upward look.

What could she think? Her cheeks were crimson and her eyes blazing when she met the faint and faltering Gertrude upon the stairs. She swept past her.

'When morning lessons are over will you come to speak to me in the library, Edith?' Mr. Oldenshaw said, looking into the schoolroom.

'Shall you be alone there, sir?'

'Edith!' cried one of the children, 'you tell us we ought to answer papa at once, not ask other questions instead.'

'I want you to be a great deal better than I am,' answered the governess, and put her hand on the boy's mouth: he fell to kissing that hand. Edith, looking round, repeated her question.

'Yes, I will be alone there.'

'I will come then. If you hadn't asked me I should have asked you.'

Accordingly, at twelve o'clock, she turned the children out on to the sands and went to Mr. Oldenshaw's library.

He put her a chair close to his own, and then, taking her hand in his—(she laughed nervously, said it was like a medical consultation, but did not make him smile)—began indulgently—

'Now, tell me all about it, child; things cannot go on as they are doing at present. You are losing your health and your temper. Twice lately I have heard you speak sharply to my motherless little girls.'

'Oh, Mr. Oldenshaw! I am so sorry.' The tears began to drop already.

'I didn't call you here to scold you, Edith, but to try and cure the cause of all this. Herbert has been more like a son than a brother to me always; and you are like an eldest daughter to me. I ask you now to treat me as a father; tell me all about it?'

'About what, sir?' Playing with his hand.

'I never expect provarication from you, Edith. You know what I mean. What is the secret history and mystery of this foolish business between

you and Herbert. What did you quarrel about?'

'We haven't quarrelled at all. I broke off the engagement. I had reason to know it couldn't end in happiness to either of us. I broke it off, and it is broken off—for always!'

'Don't you think you might have found out sooner that it would be well to do this, Miss Gaysworth? Don't you think you might have told him this before he had set you in the very centre of his life—before he had bound all his hopes of future happiness round you?'

'I told it him as soon as I knew it myself, and long before what you say had been done, or long after it had been undone, it doesn't matter which,' she answered, in a tone that sounded sullen.

'I never thought you faultless, Miss Gaysworth, nor in any way a perfect woman, though a thoroughly lovable one; but I thought that such faults as you had you would try to cure for Herbert's sake. Among them I did not expect to have to find fickleness, unfaithfulness, proneness to jealousy and suspicion. From these things I should have said you were singularly free. If you have no explanation to give me,—if you show no disposition to amend your fault,—if you do not even show any sorrow for it, will you wonder that a girl, whose character I so little approve, will hardly be the companion and instructress I shall choose for my own children?' Was Mr. Oldenshaw trying to frighten her, or was he really as angry as his words seemed?

Edith let go his hand and folded her own in her lap. Her face looked sullen, hard, impenetrable.

'Have you formed any other attachment? That is the only reason for your conduct that can suggest itself. I am speaking to you as a father to a daughter. So I ask no excuse for my question.'

'Say I have, if you like; say anything you like of me. Why not believe one bad thing as well as another? Talk of speaking to me as a father to a daughter! Oh, I only hope, Mr. Oldenshaw, you may never be *fatherly* to Amy in the way you are now to me!'

'That hardened, reckless, bitter tone is very painful to hear.'

'Can't you fancy it speaks out of pain? And he lets me be treated like this! He lets me be spoken to like this!'

'If you mean Herbert, he does not know I had any intention of speaking to you. He defends you, says all the fault must be his—'

'But he doesn't tell you what is his fault?'

'He does not know himself, poor fellow.'

'Does he not?'

'You insinuate, Miss Gaysworth, that my brother is much to blame.'

'I do not, Mr. Oldenshaw; he is not to blame; nobody is to blame. It cannot be helped. Does not misery come often without blame?'

'But in this instance, Miss Gaysworth—'

'I tell you what it is, Mr. Oldenshaw, go on calling me that; go on looking at me like that, and—and—I won't bear it! I have lost Herbert! I have lost Herbert! Is not that enough? Why should *you* be cruel? What harm have I done to *you*? I won't bear to live if you—' Here she broke into such passionate crying as will burst out from long-restrained complicated anger and suffering, when they once begin to find expression.

He walked to and fro in the room. By-and-by he paused behind her, pressing his hands upon her head.

'Hush, hush, my child! Just tell me the truth, let me help you. Surely, if you still love Herbert, it can all be made right again.'

'Never, never, never, as long as any of us live,' she sobbed.

He had been thinking of Herbert, feeling for Herbert in all that had yet passed, but now the agony of her distress was so unmistakeable that he began to think and feel for her.

'What can I do for you, child? How can I help you?'

'Send me away; take me away; do something with me that will save me from seeing him day after day.'

He meditated. 'I have been thinking of sending Alice and Florence to stay with my sister for a few

weeks before the winter is quite upon us. Will you go with them?'

'If you please, sir, if she will have me. But Amy? what will become of my pet Amy?'

'She is my pet, too, Edith.'

'But I don't think nurse is kind enough to her, Mr. Oldenshaw. Can't Amy come too? She shan't be any trouble to any one. I will have her always with me.'

'I cannot spare her, and my sister's place is too exposed and cold for the child. I will do the best I can for her. If after a few weeks things remain as they are now—'

'But they won't!'

'Indeed! I thought just now—'

'You misunderstand me. You will see. I shall be able to come back—to Lily—to the cottage,—to you; to my pet here—'

'But not to Herbert?'

'You will see—you will see.'

'You are an inexplicable girl! You seem to love mysteries, which I hate.'

'You can't hate them as I do, not half as bitterly as I do.'

'Now go to the children, and try and let the sea-wind cool those poor cheeks of yours.'

'And will you please try and think kindly of me, will you?' she repeated coaxingly. 'You break my heart when you are so stern.' She put out both her hands. 'Though I am never to be your daughter, won't you be my kind master still? I know I am not in anything good, but in this one thing I am trying to be good; and it is so hard,' she began to sob again; 'just when I so need help, and when I deserve help more than ever before, not to have any love from any one, nor any sympathy, I who have had so much—'

First he grasped her hands, then he took her in his arms—the fatherly arms into which his children had often flown first, even in their sweet mother's lifetime.

'You are a poor little misguided, mistaken thing!' he said, tenderly. 'But I do believe you are trying to do right, and I can only trust that time will show and cure your error. Now be off, my child!'

## CHAPTER III.

'All the world is going wrong, I think,' wrote Miss Gaysworth to Edith, 'and I am going to write you the exact truth about things, Edith dear, for you have left me so in the dark that I have no means of knowing how much it is best to tell you—how much best to keep from you.'

'Did you go away on purpose that Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw, while suffering from your harshness, should be consoled by Gertrude's gentleness? Did you go away on purpose that Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw should fall in love with Gertrude? Did you go away on purpose that Gertrude should be free to lay herself out to please and to win Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw, and that he should be free to be pleased and won?

'I shall soon have a bad illness, Edith. I lie awake at night asking myself these questions, and get no sleep for worrying over these things. I am sometimes so angry with you, sometimes so angry with Gertrude, sometimes so angry with Herbert, sometimes so angry with all of you, sometimes with some of you, that my heart is always beating faster than it should. What do you mean? What do they mean? What does it all, or any of it, mean?

'You have been gone three weeks, just three weeks to-day. As I look over the lawn there, pacing the walk at the foot of it, where not six weeks ago you used to skip up and down beside him, or try to walk gravely, keeping his step—there he walks now, and Gertrude beside him—a handsome man and a beautiful woman, whom any one would take for lovers, if not for husband and wife, already. And the man is your lover and the woman is Gertrude, and I rub my eyes and try to find out it is a dream. I look up again; here, close to the window, is old Wilson, brush, brush, brush, trying "to keep under them littering leaves" (as he calls the autumn jewels and gold that fall so freely), and there, a few yards further off, just out of his hearing, are that handsome pair.'

VOL. XVI.—NO. XCII.

'You say you are not surprised—that it is all going as you expected—that you only wish I would spare you details; but I won't; for either you are wickedly rash, or you are wickedly wronged. I cannot get it out of my head that *Gertrude is a married woman!* There! I have written it! Shall it go? It is one of the fancies that get into a sick head, and don't get out again, I dare say. I had made up my mind that those words should not be written, and there they stand, staring at me, underlined and all.'

'When you first went away, Gertrude seemed very shy of Herbert, and I quite thought that he seemed as if he struggled against some dislike of her, or anger against her. I am quite sure she was afraid of him. However, I soon began to see that though afraid of him she was very anxious to please him too, the false puss! Yet I can't call her names either, she seems such a sweet, gentle creature, and, of late, has had such a meek, half-heart-broken sort of a way with her. Perhaps she can't help trying to please everybody; I am sure she tries hard to please me; and when Mr. Oldenshaw, your master, comes here she is in such a tremble and flutter; she studies his looks and his words, and says to me afterwards, "Did he mean anything particular when he said that? Was he offended with me for saying this?" I never knew any girl so changed as Gertrude. I used to think her proud, and now she puts herself under everybody's feet, as it were.'

A later letter said:—

'The people are beginning to talk, Edith.

'Old Mrs. Fowler, the other day, simpering and nodding significantly, the old idiot, began—

'"So Mr. Herbert is likely soon to console himself. Well, she is a lovely creature: though I don't hold her any way near our Edith, I hear it said she'll make a fitter-looking Mrs. Oldenshaw of Firlands!"'

'I suppose you knew that Herbert knew Gertrude before he met her here. I believe they have some secret between them. Sometimes I am absolutely certain it is not love

—that he loves only you—but sometimes I begin to doubt; then my head turns round and the world with it.

‘Mr. Oldenshaw, your master, speaks tenderly of you; asks after you very compassionately. I see that he dislikes this intimacy, it is no less, between his brother and Gertrude. There appears to be a coolness between the brothers, and your master calls you “that poor child.” He is looking sadder than ever, and he has Amy always with him.’

A later letter still said—

‘I have been very much agitated, Edith; I can hardly hold my pen. Mr. Oldenshaw met in my sitting-room this evening. Gertrude was out. I was in the little back room, doing some mending for the laundress. I could not help hearing what passed. I did not suppose Mr. Oldenshaw could speak so harshly as he spoke to Walter, reproofing him for his constant seeking of Gertrude’s society. I could not catch all that passed, but your name was used by both of them. Herbert, my favourite Herbert, bore a great deal before he answered in any but the gentlest way.

“If jealousy had anything to do with Edith’s conduct, you do your best to show that that jealousy was not groundless,” Mr. Oldenshaw said. Then Walter answered, “I will tell you, James, since you drive me to it, there has crossed my mind a very different solution of that mystery. I do not think Edith capable of jealousy, and she had *no* ground for it. It has crossed my mind to suspect that she fancied, or feared, that she loves you better than she loves me. I cannot blame her,” he added; “you are so much more worthy. If this is so, it is a matter for life-long regret, not for blame.”

I heard no more, Edith, for I hastened to limp into the next room. I was afraid of what might follow; but I saw your master go down the road a few moments afterwards, Amy clinging round his neck, and there was such a look on his face! What kind of a look I cannot tell you. He was stooping more than usual, and looked a bent old man;

the child was stroking his cheek, but he didn’t seem conscious of it. Amy is looking *very, very* frail just now. Edith, think in time, what are you doing by this mystery of yours? What misery are you not spreading? What is there that people may not be driven to thinking and suspecting when you behave so inexplicably?

‘You might just as well love a corpse in a grave as love your master in that way. Don’t you feel, when he is kindest and tenderest, that the best of him, the core of him, is far away? Foolish old thing that I am! I can’t write this without blushing, but when we first came here, three years ago now, seeing him so intensely sad, I was always thinking about him; before I knew it I grew to *love* him; the longing to be of some use to him, some comfort, became a strong torment. I never was presumptuous enough to think I could fill the place she had filled; I knew it was not empty, but I had many fond dreams; they all died when I came to know him and the manner of his sorrow better. He loves all women for the sake of one, but never again will love one.’

A later letter still—

‘Edith, what shall I say to you? How can I tell it you? My only consolation is I begin to think you knew it. You broke off the engagement that he might not have to do it—to spare him or to spare your pride! And how much you have been bearing of blame from everybody, from me even, who ought to have known you better. Come home to me soon, my child, my poor, ill-used child, and see if I do not love you and pet you, my poor, poor wounded birdie! Why didn’t you trust me? why didn’t you trust me?’

‘But you are frowning at me impatiently, and beating the ground with your foot, telling me to speak at once. I will.

‘Yesterday Gertrude was taken ill; she suddenly fainted; she hasn’t been sensible since. She was in the room above; I heard her fall, and ran to her as fast as my lameness would let me. I found an open letter lying on the floor beside her.

Outside it was addressed to "Miss Brown." I had seen it on the table at breakfast-time, and watched how startlingly she flushed and then grew lead-white as she took it up and put it in her pocket, to be read when she was alone. As it lay open on the ground beside her I could not help seeing the beginning and ending. It began "My dearest wife," and was signed (it only contained a few lines) "H. Oldenshaw."

"I have not been able to speak to her yet, she is still too ill, as I told you, not sensible. Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw is away. I have seen and spoken to your master. He only says 'This is too monstrous!' repeating those words again and again. And when I think of Herbert, of his frank, good face, his fearless eyes, I say, 'This is too monstrous!' The world is whirling round so fast, it spins me out of breath and out of sense. I try not to think about anything.

'What can it mean? Write and tell us: you know.

'P.S. Evening.

'Gertrude still lies helpless, only partially sensible. The doctor shakes his head, and talks of pressure on the brain. (He has also asked the strangest questions. You remember I said I could not get it out of my head that she was a married woman.) I have got Mrs. Wilson to come and help us nurse. I am not very well myself: I think I hurt my lame hip when I ran upstairs on hearing her fall. It has been painful ever since.'

#### CHAPTER IV.

Edith came back to Ivy Cottage, to nurse her cousin and take care of her sister. To do so she got up from a sick bed, where an attack of nervous fever had for some days kept her. She was a good deal changed: her cheeks had lost their roundness and their damask-rose-sort of rich soft bloom, and her eyes were over-large and bright.

Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw was still away; he was neither at the Seawall House, nor at his own place, Firlands. Where he was *not* people

knew, but *where* he was no one seemed to know. His mother, to whom Lily had written to tell her of the illness of her governess, Gertrude Brown, in answering that letter asked for news of her second son Herbert, saying she had not seen him for many months, and that a story about him, as painful as absurd, had reached her. She also seemed more curious as to the cause than anxious about the nature or the result of Gertrude's illness.

November was sad and gloomy, such a month as November has the character of being in most places, and very seldom is in that spot. All through it Gertrude lay ill and Edith nursed her. It was a difficult malady to deal with and cure, being more of the mind than the body. Mr. Oldenshaw's children had to do without their governess; their father sought with pathetic patience to be mother and father to them: tried, for their sakes, to be cheerful, and encouraged their merry games. When the gloomy afternoons and stormy evenings gathered them about him in the great rooms, how often the fading twilight and the uncertain firelight showed him their mother among them still, her finger raised in gentle reproof, while her eyes glistened with sympathising glee. He saw her and he heard her say, 'Not so much noise, little ones; not quite so much noise.'

Edith and Mr. Oldenshaw had exchanged positions with regard to Herbert. Mr. Oldenshaw sighed over him or spoke of him with stern wonder, while Edith had a sort of bright and hardy confidence in him now.

'It is too monstrous!' she too had said, and she felt it so. What she had to believe, if she had to believe anything against him, surpassed belief. She had for a while been able to believe that Herbert, after engaging himself to her—which he had done, she said sometimes, out of pity for her poverty and forlornness—had formed an attachment to her beautiful cousin Gertrude, against his will, had been betrayed into a declaration of his passion for her; but that he had secretly married her cousin while still engaged to herself—had

allowed Gertrude to occupy an equivocal and painful position, and Edith to bear all the blame that attaches to a woman who causelessly breaks off an engagement—this was too monstrous for belief.

The first supposition even had for a long time seemed too monstrous—had been felt to be too monstrous when those fearless honest eyes shone on her,—had for a long time been pushed aside, and then, when it wouldn't any longer be pushed aside, had been combated; but the different bits of evidence had accumulated to an overwhelming whole. When she had posted her letter to Gertrude, she had believed beyond all doubt that an attachment subsisted between her and Herbert, which was the cause of unhappiness to them both, because they both struggled against it for her sake.

A kind friend who had visited near Mrs. Oldenshaw's had told Edith of how the beautiful governess was admired in the neighbourhood and courted by *all* the gentlemen of the family. Another had told her that her cousin had been seen walking in lonely parts of the grounds, and apparently engaged in most intimately-confidential conversation with *her* Mr. Oldenshaw. Another had reported how entranced Mr. Oldenshaw had seemed by the singing of the lovely governess; how she had blushed at his praises, and how, on different occasions, she had shown signs of there being some secret understanding between them. All this, and much more, had gone for nothing with Edith till there had come into Edith's own hands, in Gertrude's own writing, by one of those accidents—the wrong letter placed in the envelope—that happen sometimes even to very cautious and business-like people, a letter of Gertrude's, to 'my own and only love,' in which Gertrude spoke of the miserable struggle of which she was the victim, of her health giving way beneath the long and constant concealment she was obliged to practise, of her dread of 'your mother, who is so proud, and who has yet been so kind, very kind, to me. It was hard enough to Mrs. Oldenshaw, you know, to have to

accept Edith as a daughter-in-law; now Edith's family is good on both sides, and you know who *my* poor father was. Mrs. Oldenshaw had to struggle hard against her prejudices before she would have me as governess. What will your mother not feel in having to accept me as your wife?

Edith had read so far in this letter with a throbbing heart and brain, a mist before her eyes that gathered over her life. She had not calmly sat in judgment upon it and weighed its meaning; she had not even finished it; and had she done so, she might have suspected that 'Mrs. Oldenshaw' and 'your mother' were not used as synonymous terms; also she might have suspected that this letter was not a girl's to her lover, but a wife's to her husband. Edith, in returning this letter, had owned in few words to having partly read it; and Gertrude when writing next, which she did immediately, had said—very strangely as Edith thought—how great a comfort it was to her to know that some one whom she could so absolutely trust as she could her dear Edith knew something of her secret now. 'Only *something* of it, Edith; of the rest, of what I fancy from your letter you do not yet know, I dare not write, but should like to speak.'

To this letter (all the correspondence had taken place in Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw's brief absence) Edith had answered by her invitation to her cousin to spend her month of holiday at Ivy Cottage.

'Her secret marriage was what she said I did not suspect, and what she dared not write of,' concluded Edith, now looking over, in her own room, during her brief resting-time, those old enigmas, Gertrude's letters. 'To whom can she be married? Not to my Herbert. What other H. Oldenshaw is there in the family? I can only think of Fred.'

'Do you dare call him that now (*your* Walter), after your thoughts have so wronged him, you presuming girl?' she asked herself. 'Yes,' she answered; 'he is mine, and only mine!'

The very next day Mr. Oldenshaw,

Edith's master, came to the cottage and asked for Edith.

'Edith, my child, I have had a letter from Herbert. How is that poor girl upstairs to-day?'

His fingers were trembling as he sought for Herbert's letter from among others in his pocket-book.

'A little better: she has had a better night.'

'And Lily, your sister?'

'Not so well. I am much afraid' (the great tears gathered) 'she will never be so well again; she is much more lame, and the pain is constant.'

'And you?'

'You are making me ill!' she said, petulantly. 'Give me the letter—that is, if I may read it,'—added with new humility.

'You may: but I am afraid it will hurt you rather—'

'So much the better; I deserve to be hurt.'

'Sit down.'

'Certainly I shall, for I can't stand.'

She laughed, but could not see Mr. Oldenshaw, or the letter, or anything, for some minutes.

'Where is it dated from?' she asked, by-and-by, lifting up her strained eyes. 'Where is this place with a queer name?'

'In Canada.'

'Oh, how far off he is—how far off he is!' cried Edith, with a plaintive voice. 'And I want him so, to tell him how sorry I am! to ask him to forgive me!'

'You know it all *before* you read the letter, then?'

'I don't know anything, except that my Herbert hasn't done anything wrong. Now, do be quiet, please.'

She turned away her face then and read his letter. She read it to the end, and then she kissed it, and clasped it, and cried over it hysterically (being weak from watching).

'Now isn't that like Herbert?' she said to Mr. Oldenshaw.

'Just like him, the noble fellow! I'm going to write to him, Edith; will you put in a note?'

'What was it you thought would pain me?' she asked, instead of answering.

'What he says about you—as if he supposed you cared nothing for him now.'

'I hardly noticed that. It will be so easy to correct that little mistake.'

'Will you write to him?'

'I think not. I hardly feel as if I had any right to, I have used him so badly. A note can't say anything that should be said—not one of my notes.'

'If you do not write, or send a message, I shall make a message.'

'You must do as you please about that.'

She kissed his hand, hugged Amy, and was obliged to leave him. She went upstairs to the sick room. When she entered it, Gertrude looked at her and said (Gertrude had hardly yet looked recognizingly at anything)—

'The letter—the letter I got from my husband the day I was taken ill—where is it, Edith?'

'Lily knows; I will ask Lily.'

She knew now who this husband was. Her Herbert's cousin. But why 'H.' when she only knew him as 'Fred?'

She got the letter from Lily, and brought it to Gertrude.

'Read it to me, darling,' said the sick girl, languidly.

Edith tried, but again a mist came over her eyes. She drank a glass of water and tried again, this time succeeding.

It was a passionate, remorseful, heartbroken letter of farewell. Gertrude's faulty husband, a weakly-impetuous, and yet fascinatingly-lovable young man, overwhelmed with debt and all kind of difficulty, and knowing that soon it would be absolutely needful that he should own his wife, had been tempted to commit forgery. His mother—Herbert Oldenshaw's mother's sister (the two sisters had married two brothers), and a still prouder woman than the other Mrs. Oldenshaw—on discovering his secret marriage to her sister's governess, had refused him any help or countenance—had cast him off in this way, driving him to desperation. He was but a bungler at crime; he was almost immediately threatened with

discovery. He was obliged to fly the country suddenly, with no time left to see his wife. This was the news of the farewell letter which had stricken poor Gertrude almost for death. His cousin he had only half confided in, or he would never have needed to take these desperate steps. And his cousin, as Herbert's letter to his brother had told Edith, after straining every nerve to obliterate all traces of his crime, had started in pursuit of him, to bring him home in safety to the possibility of leading an honoured and an honourable life.

Edith knowing this, having read his letter to Gertrude, could take her hand in hers and speak words of comfort.

'Herbert is gone to him. Herbert has been working for him. Herbert will make it all right. Herbert will bring him home to you, Ger, darling! there will be no more heart-wearing concealment and pain. You will begin to be happy then. Herbert can do everything: he can even make peace between poor Fred and his mother. Why does Fred sign himself *H. Oldenshaw, Ger?*'

'His name is Herbert Frederick.'

'If only my Herbert had known everything sooner,' Edith said after a long pause; 'and if only I had never believed anything Herbert did not tell me!'

'Your Herbert is very good,' said Gertrude, faintly. 'I should have sunk long ago if it had not been for my confidence in him. He was away—gone to look for Fred in town—when this came, and I thought he was too late. I thought, perhaps, Fred meant—to—to kill himself.'

'No, no, no! He will come back safe, he will find you well; his mother will forgive him. All will be well.'

And then while Gertrude sank to sleep again, Edith sat thinking, with down-dropping tears that begged his forgiveness, and half-murmured prayers that prayed blessings on him—of her Herbert—if only she had never believed anything that Herbert had not told her!

## CHAPTER V.

The time before Herbert and the misguided young husband could be back dragged very slowly.

Poor Frederick Oldenshaw had been always the black sheep of the family, not often among them, not often spoken of by them, and when he was, always as 'Fred.' Gertrude grew comparatively strong again, and moved about the house, doing her part in it. No longer the drooping love-sick girl Edith had scorned, for she had thrown off the burden of that long concealment; but she could not but be an anxious and sorrowful woman, more easily shaken by fear than moved to hope.

The sea had never before been a terror to Edith, but it was this winter. She resumed her duties as governess to the Oldenshaw children; but as she sat in their schoolroom, that heaving, seething mass which spread before the windows, was always drawing her eyes, and through them swallowing up her thoughts, her life itself, as it seemed to her sometimes.

She had plenty of sad things to think about; Miss Gaysworth did not rally, and the physician who had been summoned from town by Mr. Oldenshaw to give an opinion of her case had decided that the spring in all probability, as far as his judgment went, would not find her among them; the disease that caused her lameness, aggravated by late over-exertion, was rapidly sapping her strength, he said.

Then little Amy, the pet child, the darling so dearly bought, was fading; she did not 'do lessons' now; she was always on Edith's lap through the school hours. She did not want to play now; she was in her father's arms, carried up and down in the wind and sunshine out-doors in mild weather, or in the room indoors in harsh weather in play hours; the little face did not care to raise itself from Edith's bosom, or from Mr. Oldenshaw's cheek. She hadn't any pain, she always said, only she was tired. 'Me play to-morrow, Edie; tired to-day,' she said, but the playing morrow didn't come; she faded.

'Me play when Uncle Bertie come home,' was another plea. Warm days came in March and warmer still in April—days of bright air and cheering sun, harmless and windless; but Lily, though she lingered, did not rally, nor did Amy.

Gertrude nursed Lily with the fullest devotion; she had heard how the fresh harm had happened, through the talk of Jane, the servant. 'My only comfort till my poor Frederick comes home is to spend myself for her,' she pleaded to Edith. 'She was always fond of me, always very good to me.'

Edith stayed later and longer at the Sea-wall House, as the days lengthened, and the shadow deepened, and the little face brightened, as with light reflected from heaven to come.

'I believe you think my heart will break when *it* comes,' said Mr. Oldenshaw, one day, looking up from the child's face, and meeting the wistful longing of Edith's eyes.

They were sitting together in the sunset-sunshine in the window, Amy on Edith's lap, the other children playing in the room. Hour after hour that day the little one had lain still with closed eyes.

'I was longing with all my might to be able to do anything to comfort you,' Edith answered.

'Dear child! but I am comforted always. And as to this little one, I am glad she should be with her mother. She won't take me after her, weary as I often feel; I have work to do,' glancing at the other children. 'Those boys and those girls hold me here. She said, "James, try and live for their sake."

Mr. Oldenshaw had never spoken so much as this of the dead to any one before.

Edith could not see for tears for many minutes. When her eyes were clear again the light had faded off Amy's fair locks, the sun had dipped into the sea.

The child's lids stirred, then closed; the other children played softly, obedient to papa's finger, which said, 'Amy is asleep.' Edith's eyes were on the child's face, so were Mr. Oldenshaw's; presently he bent closer.

The lids were half raised: the blue eyes seemed to look at him dreamily.

'Did Amy want papa?'

The father's face was put close to the child's; then it looked into Edith's; she paled and thrilled and clasped the little form closer; she lifted the yielding hand and held it to her mouth.

'Amy is very cold,' she said. 'I'll move to the fire now the sun's gone.'

'Shall we go and play in the hall, papa, as Amy's asleep?' whispered one of the boys, coming up on tiptoe.

'Yes, dear boy, do!'

They went. Edith knelt on the rug, and chafed the little hands and the feet, and talked softly to her pet.

Presently she desisted and looked blankly at Mr. Oldenshaw. He took the child from her then, and she sank down weeping, as if her heart would break.

Mr. Oldenshaw left the room; he carried the child through the playing children, who hushed as he passed to his own room, to lay it on his bed.

He had been told that death would come like this; he did not rebel against it. He locked himself in there—in communion with God and the child's mother.

Edith knelt by the fireside, weeping, weeping as if her tears would never stay; and the children played till the hall grew dark. Then they came round her.

'Amy is gone to her mother,' Mr. Oldenshaw's voice said from the midst of them as they clustered round Edith. 'It is sad for us who are left to miss her, but it must be happy for her, since it is God's will—the will of that Father who loves His little ones more than any earthly father can do.'

Then his voice failed him as the awe-struck, weeping children came round him. He caressed them—comforting them, speaking of Amy as taken home, to a happier home than she had known yet—speaking tenderly of death as a dear rest and great good—yet not allowing himself to speak wearily or despisingly of life to these young things, who probably had length of years before them.

Edith put the little girls to bed that night, and sat by them till they sobbed themselves to sleep. Then Mr. Oldenshaw took her home.

He sat by their fireside a while, talking gently to Lily, who was much overcome by the news, not for Amy's sake. Amy had gone home, and Lily was often, in her constant wearing pain, full of longing for the rest of such a going home—not for Amy's sake, but for Amy's father's sake, whom Lily loved, as such a nature as hers could not help loving such a one as his. Lily's thin hand had been laid on his, and he still clasped it as he sat talking—of Amy's pretty ways and pretty pathetic sayings.

'It is a blessed thing to think that she has not suffered—that her short life has been a happy life, poor little lamb! If I loved Edith for nothing else, I should love her for her love to my Amy.'

By-and-by he went away, and left three loving women sorrowing for him—following him in their sorrowful thoughts to the great Seawall House, to the side of the lovely dead child.

'Has he had a letter?' asked Gertrude, by-and-by, 'from his brother?'

'No, Ger. Why?' questioned Edith, quickly.

'I have heard from my husband—he wishes me to meet him on his landing. He cannot yet make up his mind to come here.'

'When does he come? Does he come alone?'

'I have to calculate the time. It will be next week, I think. Strangely enough, he does not mention Herbert.'

'My master will hear in a day or two, no doubt,' said Edith.

That title, given in jest, loving jest, long ago, had come to be so familiar now that she used it when in most serious earnest.

A few days later Gertrude left them, to go and meet her husband. It was a hard parting between her and Lily, though Gertrude assured herself she should see Lily again.

Little Amy was buried. It was pleasant that it was spring-time, and the fresh churchyard grass full

of daisies. No letter from Herbert had come to the Sea-wall House.

The day after Gertrude went away, the day her husband was expected to reach England, Edith left Lily asleep on her couch in the afternoon, and went out. It was a mild spring day, with a soft, hovering, dew-like, yet penetrating rain falling incessantly. Edith went out of the garden and up the road, to the spot where she had parted from Herbert, having taken back her word from him. Here she perched herself upon the wall, her feet resting upon a felled tree, and sat waiting.

It was Herbert's custom always to walk down to the Sea-wall House; to leave any vehicle he might come in at the upper village, and walk down the road.

Was Edith waiting for him now? She felt as if she was. Why should she expect him now? Because she felt him coming. She had come out late in the afternoon: it began to grow dim and dusk.

'I must go home soon, for Lily will wake and want her tea.' Edith had just said this to herself when—footsteps did not sound very distinctly in the soft, damp road, but that was his. She was sitting back from the road, under overhanging branches. All her dress that was visible was a grey cloak, the colour of the wall. He came on, and did not see her; he was about to pass her.

'Herbert!' The voice was low and timid. He walked on.

'Herbert!' He paused, but did not turn.

'Herbert!' Desperately now.

He turned, and saw her.

'I had to speak three times.'

'I heard the first time, but thought that it was a voice in my heart,' he said.

'I have been waiting two hours.'

'How so? Why did you expect me?'

'A voice in my heart!' she said; then, 'Oh, Herbert! can you care for me any more? Can you forgive me?' Her face lifted up.

He pushed back her hat and looked into her eyes.

'I don't think I can care for you





Drawn by Horace Stanton.]

THE ARCE



ESSON.

[See the Verses.]



any more.' He said then, ' I care for you so much, so entirely.'

She stepped back upon the tree that had been her footstool, and then from that elevation was able to throw her arms round his neck.

' My Herbert—my Herbert. Oh, you are so good to me!'

She did not soon get free again. There were only the birds to see them, and perhaps a squirrel or two.

Then, when she did get free, her hand was tucked under his arm, held there with an energy that seemed to mean to impress it there for ever, and they went down the road.

' Lily will want her tea,' said Edith.

' How is Lily? I was afraid to ask. Yours is a mourning dress, is it not, Edith?'

' I meant to keep it covered for fear of shocking you. You will be so grieved, I know, dear Walter.'

' Is it little Amy?'

' Yes. What made you guess it?'

' I had a dream about her; and I never thought that dear child would live. Poor James! Now, how is Lily?'

' I want you to tell me when you see her. She is changed, I fear.'

A long silence.

' Gertrude met Frederick?'

' Yes. They have had a hard time of it. Now I hope they will be happy.'

' Are you not going to scold me or to laugh at me?'

' Not now, my child; not now.'

She was silent after that.

He went with Edith to the cottage—waited while she prepared Lily to see him, and then went in. Lily brightened up so wonderfully that Edith thought he had no chance of judging of her state.

He did not stay long at the cottage then, but went on to the Seawall House.

Lily had a happy summer, and did not know another winter.

## THE ARCHERY LESSON.

OUT in the meadow spreading green,  
Under the summer sky,  
While in its hazy depths the lark  
Sang, hidden from the eye,—  
What should we do but linger long,  
My cousins three, and I?

Fair were those cousins three who made  
My happiness that day;  
Bright-eyed, and rosy red of lip  
And ankle-neat were they;  
And if their laughter or their words  
Were gayest, who might say?

As easy were it to assign  
Distraction absolute  
To lightly perch'd coquettish hat  
Or heart-enslaving boot,—  
Fatal to one who'd teach the young  
Idea how to shoot!

That was my too-delicious task,  
The Fates would have it so;  
The secret of the flying shaft  
The Graces sought to know,—  
Arrows in plenty to their hands  
And but a single beau.

Slow was the lesson while I strove  
 Conflicting thoughts to chase:  
 ' Which was the daintier of the three ?  
   Which had the fairer face ?  
 And which among them drew the bow  
   With most bewitching grace ?'

Betwixt the claims of fair and fair  
   'Tis torture to decide.  
 Doubt not in Ida's happy vale  
   Distracted Paris tried  
 Between the rival goddesses  
   The apple to divide.

Venus was lovely, Juno grand,  
   Minerva had *esprit* ;  
 'Twas cruel to refuse the prize  
   To either of the three.  
 How to award that prize—my heart—  
   I know bewildered me.

It was a day when loveliness  
   To all around us clings ;  
 Bright was the shining meadow-grass,  
   The insects' jewelled wings ;  
 The very target golden glowed,—  
   A planet with its rings !

And happily the sunny hours,  
   Sacred to beauty, fled.  
 Hardly more swiftly through the air  
   The feathered arrows sped ;  
 Life's brightest blossoms thus are born,—  
   Thus soon their sweetness shed.

And when, at last, the sport was done,  
   The merry lesson taught,  
 I deemed the triple Graces still  
   With equal beauty fraught :  
 Yet one—the Venus—held my heart,  
   Yielded in secret thought.

W. S.

## A RUN TO THE SOUTH AFTER CREATURE-COMFORTS.

IT is a mistake to suppose that because a thing is well known a description of it will be devoid of interest. Witness the amusement we derive from the accounts of their travels in England given by foreigners. Our curiosity is excited if only to see how a new pen will treat an old topic. We therefore make no apology for relating a commonplace railway journey across well-trodden France. Those who have performed it in their way will see how we perform it in ours; those to whom the ground is still fresh

may care to know how to traverse it with ease. We are not afraid of the reproach of epicurism, on account of noting creature-comforts, or their absence; we bear no relationship to the personages in novels who appear to live without either eating or drinking, and are rarely reported to sleep in a bed. The first of creature-comforts is health. And indeed, as health, pleasure, and amusement were the main objects of the trip, it would be inconsistent and absurd to omit all mention of their attainment.

By 'the South' — an indefinite expression — is meant neither the southern hemisphere, nor the equator, nor the tropic of Capricorn, nor the antarctic circle, but simply what the French call 'le Midi,' that part of their country which borders the Mediterranean and the frontier of Spain. It is used loosely, exactly as in Scotland 'going south' means proceeding to any part of England; and there is at least as much difference between the climate, the productions, and the people of the Midi and the northern regions of the continent, as there is between those of North and South Britain.

The blessed railway now renders the Midi accessible to numbers to whom it was formerly absolutely closed. The busy man, who could not spare the time, the invalid, who could not bear the long weariness of diligence-travelling, are wafted thither smoothly and speedily by rail. By land, we can almost beat the swallow; it is the sea only which claps a drag on the swiftness of our migrations. We, therefore, for the information of our friends, record the ways, and doings, and times of railroad trains, especially as in several respects they differ from our own. It may save them some trouble in studying and searching Bradshaw, 'Le Train,' or 'L'Indicateur des Chemins de Fer,' to be told how we went on our way rejoicing. If they disapprove our stages and our halting-places, they can frame a time-table of their own which suits them better; but they may still like to listen to our commentary on the capabilities of the Railway Guides.

We mention prices, distances, and quantities, in the moneys, weights, and measures of the country, as the simplest way of conveying practical information. Of what use is it to reduce to pounds, shillings, and pence, payments that have to be made in francs and centimes? or to speak of miles on roads that are measured by kilomètres? A very little experience and practice enables the mind to appreciate and form a correct idea of the values of the French decimal, or metrical, system of moneys, weights, and

measures. Briefly, let the intending traveller remember that, approximately, twenty-five francs are equal to a pound [gold twenty-five franc pieces are being coined, which will thus be equivalent to our sovereign]; that twenty francs make a napoleon; that a franc, tenpence, is twenty sous, or halfpence. The centimes puzzle strangers most; yet they are exceedingly simple, and must be understood, because all legal small payments are made in them, not in sous, although sous are still as current in popular language as they are in the shape of coin. All articles for sale in shops and stalls must be ticketed in francs and centimes, not in sous. At railways, you are told your ticket costs so many francs and so many centimes, not sous. A franc, then, is one hundred centimes; half a franc is fifty centimes; fifteen sous, or three-quarters of a franc, is seventy-five centimes; and when you are charged five centimes for anything, you pay them with a sou. The comparison of centimes with English pence is of the easiest. One penny, or two sous, is ten centimes; thirty centimes is threepence; forty centimes, fourpence, and so on; sixty-five centimes is sixpence halfpenny; ninety-five centimes, ninepence halfpenny, &c. &c.

All lengths are measured by mètres, and kilomètres, or thousands of mètres. The mètre is considerably more than a yard, making an important difference in buying cloth, &c. It is subdivided into one hundred centimètres, less than half an inch each, and further (for micrometrical purposes) into millimètres about our line, though not exactly. The mètre is the standard of length. Note that all divisions of standards in this system are derived from the Latin; all multiples, from the Greek. A kilomètre is considerably less than a mile. In cold weather, and when in good health, by stepping out briskly, I can walk a kilomètre in ten minutes; at my ordinary pace I do it in twelve or thirteen. A kilomètre in a quarter of an hour is quite leisurely walking, whereas a mile in a quarter of an hour is very good walking. Four

kilomètres make a league, which is an easy way to reduce them to miles, a league being equal to two miles and a half. Thus, from Paris to Marseilles is 863 kilomètres, or 216 leagues, minus a kilomètre, by rail. Twice 216 is 432, half 216 is 108; add the double and the half together, and you get 540 miles as the railway distance from Paris to Marseilles. Now there is a wonderful post train (No. 3) which leaves Paris at 7.15 in the evening, and reaches Marseilles at 11.42 next morning, allowing, so say the timetables, half an hour at Lyons for a comfortable supper or breakfast, whichever you like to call it, at 4.32 in the morning. The fare is 96 fr. 65 c., a trifle under four pounds. Compare this with the time and expense it used to cost to make the same trip by diligence, still more by posting, and the difference in the facilities for travelling at the beginning and towards the close of the present century will be so striking as to be weakened by further comment. It allows what may be called the immediate transport of persons short of time, or of invalids, from the north of France to the Mediterranean shore.

An objection that may be made to this train by persons visiting France for the first time is, that, travelling by night, they do not see the country; but as it leaves Lyons at 5.2 in the morning, they get the valley of the Rhone, the portion of the route by far the best worth seeing, under the effects of sunrise and early morn, which in summer are indescribably beautiful; and they look down upon the vast Etang de Berre, and make the descent to the sea, amidst the splendours of approaching noon. In any case, if rapid change of place be the object, some part of the distance must be traversed by night. There is an express train (No. 1) which leaves Paris at the convenient hour of eleven in the morning; but it leaves Lyons at 10.45 at night, reaching Marseilles at 6.25 next morning, and whisking the traveller through the Rhone valley in the dark, although he will have had the pleasure of a peep at Burgundy.

Whatever train you take, the clearing of enormous distances in this way is open to the common objection applicable, in fact, to railway travelling in general, that you leave much unseen along the way. On the present line, for instance, Dijon is picturesque, has a marked individuality, and is full of historical interest, while Lyons is really a magnificent city, taking rank as one of the cities of the world. One is the hale representative of the past, the other a fine example of present prosperity. Both have the pleasing recommendation of abounding in the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of life, attainable by purses of moderate dimensions. But there are things which it is impossible to reconcile and combine; you cannot be in two places at once; you cannot at the same time travel quickly and leisurely. Going express, you cannot poke and pry into the same amount of detail as if you traversed France, as we have done in old times, with the same sturdy pair of horses.

To complete our sketch of French measures: the litre is the standard of capacity for dry things as well as for liquids; for wheat and other grain, as well as for wine, beer, and milk. In fact, why should barley and oats need a different measure to ale and porter? The litre is less than an English quart, being one pint, and seven-tenths, and a fraction, but is a sufficient allowance of wine for a man to take at a sitting, and is sensibly more than an ordinary wine bottle. Drink, however, is sold by measures having other popular names. A canette is a mug or pot of beer containing a litre; a canon is a small glass of beer; a chope is a large glass. A chopine is about a pint of wine. In the Parisian wine shops you have the setier and the demi-setier. The spread of beer about France has introduced the bock; bock-bier being not any particular kind of beer, but beer sold by the glassful or bockful.

The standard of weight is the gramme, twenty-eight of which, three-tenths, and a fraction, are equal to our ounce avoirdupois. A thousand grammes, or a kilo-

gramme, are equal to two pounds, two-tenths, and a fraction, avoirdupois. Consequently, the demi-kilogramme is the French representative of the English pound, only heavier, being a notable and agreeable improvement when meats, fruits, &c. are bought in quantity. Kilogramme is currently abbreviated to kilo, and demi-kilogramme to demi-kilo. The latter is popularly called a pound; and when articles are ticketed in shops, according to law, so much the demi-kilo, you may speak of them as so much the pound. In French of the old régime, before the Revolution, francs are called livres, and the expression is still retained by many old families and persons claiming connection with them. Thus, when they speak of people having so many thousand 'livres de rente,' they mean, not so many thousand pounds but so many thousand francs of income—a wonderful difference. Note that livre, a pound, is feminine, *une livre*, while *livre*, a book, is masculine, *un livre*. Consequently, asking for *un livre de viandes*, would be requesting, in very bad French, *a book of meats*. And that is all we will trouble you with about moneys, measures, and weights, except to add that the French are not blessed with the confusion of troy, avoirdupois, and apothecaries' weights. Everything is weighed alike by the gramme, its subdivisions, and its multiples. Diamonds, perhaps, may be still weighed by carats; but they are not articles of daily necessity.

Anybody can find his way to Paris, and everybody may discover there hotels suited to his wants and his pocket. For those merely paying a visit to the place called by M. Pelletan 'La Nouvelle Babylon,' and not proceeding further, the situation of the hotel does not matter much, provided it be suitable in other respects. But for the traveller on the move, especially if he has 'early to rise,' in order to be punctual, if not wealthy and wise, it is important that his hotel should not be too far from the station from which he has to start. Now the traveller going south may reasonably regret that the great

majority of hotels are in the central, western, and northern parts of Paris, while there are very few in the neighbourhood of the stations of the Lyons and the Orleans railways. To meet this want, I see advertised, but have not tried, 'Grand Hôtel du Commerce, en face la Gare de Lyon, 13, Rue Traversière, coin de la Rue de Bercy. Excellente table d'hôte à prix modéré. Service dans les chambres.' We have tried inns in consequence of seeing them advertised, and have had good reason to be satisfied with them. There is also at 14, Rue de Lyon, près la Gare, the 'Hôtel de l'Univers, Café-Restaurant, tenu par Malveau. Cet établissement se recommande particulièrement à Messieurs les Voyageurs par la modicité de ses prix et par les soins apportés dans le service.' Chambers from 1 fr. 50 c. upwards. The reader can venture upon either of these upon his own responsibility. Having decided *not* to rise early, we went to an unpretending central hotel.

It will be remembered that, this summer, heat set in, throughout great part of Great Britain and France, if not the whole, on Sunday, the 6th of June, or thereabouts, after a dull, rainy, and sunless May, making practically the sudden transition of a plunge from a cold into a hot-air bath. In many districts, nevertheless, cold weather returned soon afterwards.

On Monday, the 7th, we left the Channel coast for Paris. Our second-class carriage was an approach to an oven, from the sunbeams pouring on the top. This inconvenience might easily be obviated by a false or double roof a few inches above the real one, with the intervening space left open for the air to circulate or flow between. But this increase of the passengers' comforts would cost the company a certain outlay, without any appreciable return. If the summer traffic increased in consequence, they would surely attribute it to some other cause. But railway carriages are often hot, at starting, from having been left in the sun with the windows closed to keep out dust, but keeping in what till lately was called caloric.

Although double roofs in summer would be some expense, shade for keeping carriages cool might surely be found at most railway stations, for little or nothing.

But however hot it may be when you set out for the south, never fail to take your warm things with you all the same. Even in summer there are times and places when you will be glad of them—during gusts of the mistral and other winds, at high elevations, and at night. I have caught *tic doloreux* (not chronic, happily, but sufficiently dolorous for the time) by crossing the Apennines lightly dressed, on a box seat, in summer time; and I once got a nasty toothache at Nice, from being clad according to, not what I saw, but what I had heard of the climate.

We ‘descended,’ as the French say—not to make a mystery where none is needed—at the Hôtel de Rouen; but, as there are several Hôtels de Rouen in Paris, we add that ours, kept by M. Lambert, is No. 13, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires. It is a quiet house; can dine only a limited number of guests at its table d’hôte, and retains the good old-fashioned custom of the master of the house himself doing the honours of the meal, and carving the joints before your eyes. We confess that, when the size of the party render it possible, we greatly prefer this mode to having them cut up at a side table by waiters, and distributed bit by bit, so that you have often little choice of slices or joints, of fat and lean, of well-done or under-done, and sometimes no other choice than Hobson’s. Now, if people like to have a choice in anything, it is surely as much in regard to what they eat as to what they love. It is no more pleasant to have victuals forced upon us, than companions or wives.

Although the dinners here are simple, the cookery is excellent. Soon after our arrival, and the welcome dustings and washings that immediately followed, we sat down to tapioca soup; boiled fowls, with mushroom sauce; green peas (June 7th); roast beef, new potatoes, salad; cream cheese, strawberries;

and sweet biscuits. Charge 3 francs per head, including half a bottle each of good ordinary wine. If more is called for, it is supplied at the rate of 1 fr. 50 c. the bottle. At night, in tidy bedrooms, we found that real treat and comfort, a large *square* pillow on which you can rest, not merely your head, but—like a handsome dish of cod reposing on its parsley-garnished napkin—your honoured and handsome head and shoulders. We fully intend, on our return, again descending at the Hôtel de Rouen—if it has room for us; which reminds me that it will be prudent to write to that effect a few days beforehand.

The next day showed us some of the last new pranks in Paris. First, there were the street velocipedes; but whether the velocipedes paid the young men for riding them, or whether the young men paid the velocipedes for being ridden, our minds up to the present are still in doubt. Then there were the water velocipedes, on a branch of the lake in the Bois de Boulogne—ingenious certainly, and effectual, if you could guarantee water never to be rougher than in a wash-hand basin. It is not mine to describe a young gentleman in white ducks, perched on a saddle between a couple of canoes, working treadles or pedals with his feet, which turn a wheel between the canoes resembling the miniature paddle of a steamboat. One of your artists, in some Parisian sketch, will do the work more effectually than I can. And then there were the young women, pretty and plain, who seemed in such a hurry to adopt the Bernese costume that accuracy was sacrificed to expedition and expediency.

Pleasing is the bouquet of six feathered fountains in the Champs Elysées, the water being so finely divided as to have the effect of marabout plumes stuck upon a lady’s green velvet head-patch. I use the word advisedly, for bonnets and hats have waned almost to nothingness. If they are not to become extinct—which bonnet-makers, not to say bonnet wearers, will never allow—their next phase must be a waxing one, until they attain

perhaps the proportions of forty years ago. Of the rows and émeutes subsequently reported at that date we saw and heard absolutely nothing; only everybody was crazily running after second editions of every evening journal, to see how the elections were terminating; but we selfishly asked, 'What is that to us?' Nevertheless, we were not sorry when Fame's trumpet told us that the 'irreconcileable' socialist scamps were ousted, and that Paris, come to her senses again, really did prefer reform to revolution.

Our journey, we repeat, begins at Paris. A halt there of four-and-twenty hours had allowed a slight glance at the latest phase of that ever-changing capital. We rarely travel by night, because it is practically throwing a veil over the face of nature, as far as one's self is concerned; nor do we care to read in a carriage, railway or other, although we sometimes write; preferring to look out of window as the panorama flashes by, and to chat, if any chatty person is present, or, in a third-class carriage, to look on and listen, on the unavoidable condition of smelling bad tobacco and worse lucifers. Nevertheless, in the present instance, we determined to take the famous train No. 3, and stride towards the South with seven-league boots. We all of us, the healthy as well as the sick, wanted change complete—more complete than the *thé complet* of Paris hotels, which, comprising only bread and butter and tea, makes a very incomplete breakfast for a person blessed with an appetite. We wanted fresh fields and pastures new; that is, vegetables and fruits not yet to be had in the North—tomatos, aubergines, and what not, with apricots and peaches and plums innumerable in due succession. We wanted, before it was quite too late, to inhale the perfume of the blossoming vines. One of our medical advisers, Doctor Instinct, had prescribed a course of fresh ripe figs, analogous to the German grape cure; and in the South they are to be had by the barrowful. They remind you of Horace's peasant who pressed

his friend to eat them, because 'tomorrow they will be given to the pigs.' At Pau I once asked a fruit-woman how she sold her figs. 'Fifteen for a sou.' It was impossible to bargain or complain of the price. At Bordeaux I afterwards put the same question. 'The season is advanced,' the vendor explained. 'They are very fine, and figs are getting scarce. I cannot let you have them for less than four sous the dozen.' It was not worth while to deprive oneself of the last fig of summer for so reasonable a price.

We wanted the dry, bitter pungency of the Mediterranean instead of the mild, relaxing moistness of the Channel. We wanted the mountain instead of the plain, the self-sown forest instead of the wheat-field, the leaping cascade instead of the slow canal. Above all, we wanted the daughters of fire, the Pyrenees, older than the Alps, with their mystic thermal waters streaming up from below and their floods of vivifying light pouring down from the firmament. So, instead of frittering away time and money on the road, we begged train No. 3 to carry us straight to Provence. With time at our disposal, we preferred to spend it on the shores of the transparent tideless sea and by the banks of the 'gaves' or mountain streams which run liquid diamond and sapphire.

For travellers going second-class by omnibus trains the long, weary pull is from Paris to Lyons. It may be divided into two days by leaving Paris at 7<sup>o</sup> in the morning, to reach Dijon at 5<sup>11</sup>; and by leaving Dijon at noon 2<sup>3</sup> to reach Lyons at 7<sup>15</sup>. This involves on the first day early rising—unwelcome to ladies and not always relished by gentlemen. It may be avoided by splitting the distance into three—thus: Leave Paris noon 2<sup>0</sup>; reach Tonnerre 6<sup>27</sup>; leave Tonnerre noon, 5<sup>9</sup>; reach Beaune 6<sup>46</sup>; leave Beaune 1<sup>30</sup> afternoon; reach Lyons 7<sup>15</sup>. Lyons is full of excellent hotels of various classes. For economy, we have tried the Hôtel Durand et St. Nizier, which gives bedroom, breakfast, and

dinner (wine included) for six francs per day, and were well satisfied with what we got for the money. A great recommendation, in so large a city, is that the chambers are on the first or second floors.

My womankind adopted a precaution for the night, which others under like circumstances will do well to consider. For stays they substituted flannel jackets, affording equal warmth and greater ease. Stays are no longer what they were—containing pounds of iron, whalebone, and wood. The busk of a pair of stays was once a formidable weapon, with which an injured female might severely punish her injurer. Years ago I witnessed a balloon ascent; the occupants of the car were a lady and a gentleman. The balloon only just refused to rise, and it was evident that it required but little to alter the equilibrium. The gentleman, before the public, relieved himself of coat and shoes; the lady retired, and took off her stays. Thus lightened, the balloon rose majestically in the air; that is, slowly and steadily. Modern stays are not like those, but still they are a confinement and an inconvenience to a certain extent.

Not very many passengers travel by this rapid express-train No. 3, except at the season when human swallows are flitting, on golden wings, to their winter quarters. To be able to get into it all you must take your ticket for some place *beyond* Lyons. So by good luck and the paucity of passengers we get a carriage all to ourselves. Darkness comes on late and day breaks early at this time of year, which shortens the tedium of the night journey. By the way, what a pretty name for a girl is the Danish 'Dagmar,' or Daybreak! The French and Latin Aurore and Aurora are not to be compared with it. If ever I were presented with another female infant—which I hope never to be; though nobody knows what he may come to—and she found favour at first sight, I might perhaps have her called Eōs as an experiment, omitting the 'rhododactylos' as much too long.

On a railway, by night, you cannot sleep, but only dream of things wise or foolish, of people good or bad, of events real or imaginary, but all equally worrying and destructive of true repose. Better than the continuance of such troubled slumbers is the praiseworthy appearance of the early-rising sun, showing you the mists hanging over the lowlands, the distant villages sparkling on the hills, the notable advance of vegetation, and the new flowers and fruits which you see to-day but which you did not see yesterday. Those skeleton trees, looking like bits of winter stuck into the midst of spring, are neither dead nor taking the repose indulged in by tropical trees during the hot dry season. They are unfortunate mulberry-trees stripped of their leaves. We are in a silk-producing region. The green, rounded, pudding-shaped hills to the right are the outposts of the once volcanic district of Auvergne. That tall far-off mountain to the left is Mont Ventoux, which we may render Mount Windy without great inaccuracy, the most westerly summit of the Alps. The last time I saw it, one fine October, its top was completely covered with snow. It has now only broken ribbons of dirty white, which are partially veiled by the morning mists. We reach Avignon nicely in time to make ourselves tidy for the table d'hôte breakfast; after which the womankind betake themselves to bed.

Tourists venturing down to the South should be prepared to meet with a curious meteorological phenomenon. The preparation consists in laying in a stock of veils, green spectacles, goggles, light woollen mufflers, and other appliances that protect you from dust and penetrating winds. The phenomenon is the mistral, a stream of air which has undergone a peculiar process. Blowing from the Atlantic as a warm, moist west wind, it passes up the valley of the Loire. In the lofty uplands of Farez and Auvergne it is cooled and robbed of great part of its moisture. Then, pouring

down into the valley of the Rhone, it is slightly warmed up again, and still further dried by the warming. It is occasionally so violent as to uproot trees and unroof houses, knock down elderlies, and blow your teeth out of your head. Hence the jingling Latin triplet:—

'Avento ventosa.  
Sine vento venenos;  
Cum vento fastidiosa.'

'Avignon has breezes  
That give you the sneezes.  
But if there's no breezes,  
Look out for diseases;  
If plenty of breezes,  
For dust, that displeases.'

Any one producing a better translation shall receive a crown of bay-leaves, to flavour sauce with.

We will not find fault with the breezes of Avignon. During our short stay they rendered a broiling sun bearable, and converted oppressive heat into a delightful stimulant. It is paradoxical, but true, that you feel yourself freshened up and invigorated by a rather gusty stream of warm atmospheric air. Nevertheless, when it blows so strong that you cannot hold an umbrella against it and the dust, it becomes rather inconvenient; that, however, is only a zephyr. From another specimen we had of Avignon's windiness it would require a rather unavoidable necessity to make us take up our residence there.

As far as my own experience is concerned in going South, in the direction of Spain, after leaving Lyons there are no bearable second-class hotels, or there is a great difficulty in finding them and risk in trying them. I mean hotels where you can be wholesomely fed and cleanly bedded in an unpretentious style at a moderate expense. Such hotels abound in the northern region of France. They exist also in such places as Marseilles, Nice, and perhaps Mentone, in consequence of the immense competition there. I remember once being well (though not particularly cheaply) treated at Orange, north of Avignon—*Hôtel de la Poste*, if I remember rightly. Otherwise, generally, the only safe course

is to go to the best hotel in the southern towns, and pay their prices, renouncing all attempts at economy. At those I am about to mention the charges are not excessive and the treatment exceedingly good and liberal. The most unsatisfactory set of hotels I know (except that—to give a certain personage his due—I have never found in them uncleanly or insectiferous beds) lie in the Italian direction after quitting Marseilles. Swiss blood, more or less intermixed with French, mostly flows in the veins of the proprietors, who keep up a fraternal correspondence amongst themselves, and send you on from one to another with such strict instructions where you are to go to that it requires a certain amount of strong-mindedness to break loose from the trammels of the brotherhood. I know none of these gentry west of Marseilles, and have no wish to make the discovery that they have extended themselves in that direction. I am not writing of the line of which they have got possession; and of course could not name their houses if I were. Their charges are high, with plenty of 'bougie,' 'service,' &c.; but their distinguishing characteristic is that, for this, you get scanty and Barmecidal fare; they contrive to feed you on air, or on things looking like food inflated with air. They give you your dinner without your victuals; that is, with little scraps of nothing at all, made to pass for 'plats,' or dishes; and when you have devoured all your bread, to supply the vacancy, after dining, you are perfectly ready to dine again. Go to the best hotels in *my* South, and you will get none of that.

At Avignon, we went to the *Hôtel d'Europe*, a most respectable, almost a religious house, admirably conducted by Madame Pierron, a widow lady. Of its liberality you can judge by the following bills of fare. 'A nice little dinner,' 'an elegant dinner,' 'a capital dinner,' 'a jolly good dinner,' are vague expressions which merely indicate the speaker's appreciation of the meal. He may have been in unusual good

humour, or with an extra sharp appetite, and so have lauded the feast beyond its real merits. But a bill of fare, with the annotation, 'well cooked and well served,' allows the candid reader to exercise his impartial judgment. Besides which, bills of fare, while recording past, are suggestive of future entertainments.

Take one day's regimen. Breakfast (wine the general beverage; we asked for tea, and had it):

Cold sliced ham (excellent) and Arles saucisson, a sort of Bologna or polony sausage;

Petits patés; little patties; ladies' mouthfuls;

Cold roast fowl;

Scolloped fresh water crawfish;

Omelette of haricots verts or green French beans;

Broiled mutton chops, fried potatoes;

Dessert (taken at breakfast as well as at dinner), strawberries, cherries (two sorts), raisins, Roquefort cheese, sweet biscuits.

Dinner: rice potage;

Little patties;

Grey mullet boiled, with mushroom sauce;

Roast fillet of beef and pickled gherkins;

Roast leg of lamb and plain-boiled potatoes;

Fricandeau of veal;

Roast ducks, with green peas;

Asparagus;

Salad, cheese;

Cabinet pudding, and sponge cake with whipped cream;

Dessert: strawberries, cherries, dried fruits, and biscuits.

Each of the foregoing, being served separately, might be said to constitute a course.

With another sample of the Hôtel d'Europe's dinners, we will drop that subject for the present. On the 10th of June they gave us:

Clear vermicelli soup, with the slightest suspicion of saffron in it, probably introduced into the vermicelli itself at the time of its manufacture. In sultry weather this is an agreeable condiment, of which the southerners are fond;

Fresh tunny (a thick slice across the tail end of the fish), boiled, gar-

nished with shred cos lettuce, and accompanied by white Dutch sauce. A novelty to most of us. The flesh, pinkish white uncooked, is grey or whitey-brown when boiled. Good, with a salmon flavour, but still not so good as salmon, to which it is compared, and even preferred, by ultra-patriotic Frenchmen, Louis Figuier to wit, in his '*Ocean World*', translated by Messrs. Chapman and Hall;

Tame rabbit, stewed brown;

Boiled fowl (which doubtless helped to make the soup) with green peas;

Braised beef;

Artichokes, buttered or oiled (we did not taste them, as it is impossible for stomachs of ordinary power and capacity to take in *everything*);

Roast fowls and kidney beans;

Cabinet pudding; sponge cake and cream;

Dessert; strawberries, cherries, cheese, biscuits.

An honest, substantial dinner this, supporting the wayworn traveller, and very different to the four or five francs' worth of shreds and nonsenses with which we have been tantalised in the ever-to-be-avoided hotels above alluded to. Be it mentioned, however, that Avignon enjoys an old-established culinary reputation, which would have been impossible had there ever been any deficiency in quantity, quality alone not sufficing to satisfy the true French gastronome. For whatever may be the current belief, Frenchmen eat quite as much as Englishmen; I should say considerably more.

Avignon is south. The plague of flies has begun. Sugar, dishes of fruit, sweet biscuits, &c., are protected from them by wire-gauze covers, perhaps to prevent their flying away with them bodily, by combining their strength into a joint-stock company. To repel them, certain butchers' shops are converted into huge wire-gauze cages, whose entrance, for the admission of wingless two-legged customers (on business only) is screened by ample drooping nets or draperies. The flies are undeniable and inevitable; even the horses' ears are

armed against their attacks by a sort of hutkins, or ear-gloves, which encase that expressive feature of the animal's head. Certainly, there *are* flies, and no mistake; happily, they are not gnats, mosquitos, cousins; still less are they the insect enemies who frighten you to death in a word of three letters: so we compound with the cloud of flies, and bear them.

Avignon is south. The sun is fierce, and deserves the honour of being encountered by a white umbrella with a green silk lining. But then there is the breeze, which today *must* please; moreover, we must give the sun some credit for those most aromatic strawberries, those bigarreau cherries, hard but handsome, those delicate green peas, broad beans, vast white onions, French beans, and new potatoes, at will. In most cases, there are compensating or extenuating circumstances. But our arrival at the south is revealed by the universal substitution of curtains for doors, and the frequent replacement of glass windows by wooden shutters. To escape the blinding glare of sunshine, whether reflected or direct, dingy dens of gloomiest aspect are made to serve for the occupations of daily life.

Look at the mouth of that sombre cavern; it is arched with stone. Within, lies Cimmerian darkness—not having any dictionaries to refer to, I don't know what that is. Do you?—Obscurity impenetrable to the naked eye, at first. But approach; nay set one step within the cave. As your organs get accustomed to the gloom, there come forth into visibility, not lions and tigers, but less ferocious animals, white, brown and black, which a whinny and a neigh inform you are horses; what seemed rocky boulders are bundles of hay; and the plashing cascade is no more than the filling of a pail at the water tap. It is a meridional stable; that is all. Behold that other grotto, by no means cool. By the same patient mode of investigation you discover sundry ovoid, annular, and fusiform bodies heaped in groups or ranged in rows. In the innermost recesses

of the grot you perceive a ruddy subterranean glare, which is not an outbreak of volcanic fire, but the dying embers of a baker's oven; the strangely-shaped substances are the loaves. And finally, the increased sensibility of your optic nerves shows you the baker himself, his wife, and his journeyman. Delighted at finding those weird appearances to be only the local costume of a useful trade, you retreat back into the hot glare again, and make straight for the shady side of the street. There, while you are curiously gazing at some unmistakably genuine copies of old portraits, you are yourself as curiously investigated by their proprietress, a wrinkled female head in the Provençal head-dress—a band of black velvet ribbon bound round the head, surmounted by a small lace crown—not unbecoming to either old or young; but I don't think you will be quite so green as even to ask the price of her 'antiquities.'

Most of these southern towns inclose and conceal a sort of crustaceo-human life. The vitality lurking within them is protected from excessive light and heat by a thick calcareous envelope. Avignon has a washy, whitey-brown look, though not made of paper but of solid stone. As becomes a city of the popes, it is thoroughly mediæval and southern in its interior aspect, with all the ground-floor windows strong iron-barred and shuttered, to keep out thieves and radiation. Doors, as I have mentioned, are replaced in the daytime by curtains, at the same time admitting air and effectually baffling prying eyes. In the lower town, the houses have the Turkish and the Arab look of all turning their backs on the street. Shops there are none, or few and far between. For them you must mount to the narrow little streets which kindly stretch sail-cloths from house to house, to keep out the intrusive sunbeams. The stranger will most easily reach them, and, through them, the strong-smelling market-place, by crossing the little Place du Change, funnily shaped like an ill-made hour-glass, where he may witness, and if he likes,

adopt, the southern custom of drinking hot coffee out of a beer-glass, flanked by a cruet-full of brandy *ad libitum*.

The monumental wonder of Avignon is the old colossal palace of the popes. Its huge uncouthness is overpowering. Below it is a respectable, partly-new square, with the theatre and some cafés in it; but to me, quite an eyesore (literally so, from the dust sweeping through it) is the long straight new street, the Rue Bonaparte, starting out of the square, like a ball shot from a cannon's mouth, and hitting its mark nobody knows where, after the true Parisian Haussmann fashion, at least as far as straightness and persistence are concerned; no consideration can turn it from its object. But in Avignon the construction of such a new-fangled street is like tacking a paltry bit of trumpery new cloth on an old, once rich, but now threadbare garment—a failure and a nuisance, as well as an inconsistency. None but the crookedest of streets can resist the blasts of so gusty a climate.

As a general rule, if you are misanthropically inclined and wish to retreat into absolute solitude, you have only to seek the public promenade of a provincial town. Without being prompted by any unsocial motive, we climbed the grass-grown steps and weed-covered slopes which lead to the cathedral and the adjacent garden, and found the Dom des Rochers of Avignon no exception to the remark. Perhaps one reason why people don't go there is the fear of being blown away beyond recovery. From whatever cause, you might commit murder or suicide there frequently without fear

of any observant eye to witness the deed. The situation is undeniably fine, commanding a grand sweep of the Rhone and an intimation of its approaching junction with the Durance, and with Mont Ventoux looming hazily leagues away. But to get a correct idea of the power and magnitude of the Rhone itself, which looks rather small and poor while you are skirting it on the railway, you must cross it on the suspension bridge—a pleasant promenade, but purchased by that rarity in France, a toll.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday we had military music on the promenade which skirts the left bank of the Rhone. Operatic music—that is, music accompanying and illustrating dramatic action—when good is very charming; but there is no purer or more harmonious setting for music than the flow of a river or the fall of a cascade. Both move on smoothly and evenly together; and other strains as well as 'Flow on, thou shining river,' accord well with the onward gliding of a stream, when rapid enough, as the Rhone is here, to be perceptible to the eye.

Travellers having half a day to spare, and seeking shelter from the arrows of far-darting Apollo, not to mention a refuge from wind and dust, will do well to spend it in the Musée Calvet. There, amongst other interesting objects, they will see Horace Vernet's two original pictures from which the popular print of Mazeppa bound to the white horse and pursued by wolves is taken. There is also the picture, engraved and made popular at an earlier date, of the Centaur teaching young Achilles to draw the bow.

E. S. D.

(*To be continued.*)



## THE MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

**L**ONDON supplies the fashionable districts of Paris with pick-pockets—why, it is difficult to comprehend, as Frenchmen, as a rule, have greater delicacy of touch than the broad-digit sons of Albion. Paris, in return, sends us clever swindlers of various types, whose main field of action, however, appears to be the City and its purlieus, possibly because the western districts are too overrun by our native-born sharpers, who, spite of their undoubted inventive genius, nevertheless rarely seem to hit upon the same ultra-refined way of fleecing particular sections of the community as their Parisian brethren practise with such marked success.

The one imposition, on a grand scale, which flourishes in Paris, unrestrained by the law, is the Matrimonial Agency. One can understand the immense field it has open to it in a country like France, where marriages are far more affairs of the purse than of the heart, and where every female servant, and every shopgirl, even, saves up her ‘dot’, as her only chance of obtaining a partner for life. The most important of these agencies send out their circulars quarterly to all the *hommes d'affaires* in France; and an extract from one of these documents, that has accidentally come beneath our notice, deserves to be given verbatim.

‘ I entertain the conviction, monsieur, that in your neighbourhood—or at any rate among your connections—you will either know or chance to hear of certain young ladies who may happen to be placed in the embarrassing position of not being able to contract a suitable marriage, either in accordance with their tastes or their just pretensions. I venture, therefore, to do myself the pleasure of furnishing you with an epitome of those actual and seriously-disposed parties of whom I have the honour to be the intermediary.

‘ 1. A foreign prince, well known in the highest circles for his irreproachable manners and agreeable physiognomy. He is thirty-four

years of age, and has from eight hundred thousand to a million francs of fortune, with carriages, horses, &c.

‘ 2. A magistrate, thirty-five years of age, and with an income of a hundred thousand francs.

‘ 3. Several doctors, twenty-five to thirty-five years of age, and possessing incomes ranging from twenty to fifty thousand francs.

‘ 4. Numerous merchants, &c., from twenty-five to forty years of age, with incomes varying from twenty to thirty thousand francs.

‘ 5. Some “rentiers,” from forty to fifty years of age, and with from thirty thousand to a hundred thousand francs income.’

This circular, curious in many respects, has, however, nothing novel about it. It would be necessary that one should never have looked into a French newspaper to ignore the various temptations to which these high priests of Hymen make a point of incessantly exposing a who happen to be single.

The matrimonial agent, with whom just now we are more particularly concerned, invariably has on the books of his establishment all that can be wished for, and everything, moreover, would appear to be of the very best. There are blondes and brunettes, short and tall, stout and thin ones, of high birth or high connections, and of both sexes. He has, in fact, all colours, all sizes, all shapes, and all qualities. The price, moreover, is not absolute; he will permit us to bargain with him, although he does not neglect to inform us that his extensive connections assure an incontestable superiority to his articles over those of other establishments. His clientèle he informs us, comprises the *élite* of society only.

The originator of this singular avocation has retired on the fortune and the honours he derived from the successful pursuit of it, but his successors, who continue to preach the scriptural doctrine of increase and multiply, do not appear to have been equally fortunate in mating their

clients, for one sees the same advertisement constantly repeated. ‘It is desired to marry a young lady, possessing thirty thousand francs a year, to an individual of an honourable profession. Fortune less a consideration than strictly moral conduct.’

The advertisement occasionally varies, and one is enabled to make a selection from a thousand francs a year up to two hundred thousand, from aged fifteen to aged seventy. Address, post paid, No. —, Avenue Montaigne.

One day, a representative of that common class of young men who exhaust all their patrimony during the first few years of their liberty, presented himself, over head and ears in debt, to one of these matrimonial agents, having come to extricate himself from his difficulties by uniting himself to a pretended dowry of three thousand francs a year, a modest and probable enough dowry. After a few preliminary explanations, the agent asked him, according to custom, for two hundred francs for expenses, at which the disabused suitor shrugged his shoulders, and naively observed—

‘Is it likely, I ask you, that I should think of tying myself to a wife if I was in possession of a couple of hundred francs?’

No reply could be made to so pertinent an observation, and the negotiation, as a matter of course, fell to the ground.

Bachelors who have lost everything need a dowry to refill their purse, and a nurse for their rheumatism. They notice one morning in the newspaper, between the ‘Eau de melisse des Carmes’ and ‘Machines silencieux à coudre,’ an advertisement of a lady wishing to marry, and who is handsome, young, witty, modest, and amiable, and, best of all, who is ballasted with thirty thousand francs a year. Address (as usual) No. —, Avenue Montaigne.

At least one individual out of the thousands who read the advertisement will be certain to think this the very thing to suit him, and will make a point of writing to the address indicated. Two days afterwards an answer arrives. With a trembling hand he opens the envelope,

lope, and with palpitating heart devours the reply, the purport of which, however, will simply be, that ‘affairs of this nature cannot be discussed freely by correspondence.’ He is begged, therefore, to favour the agent with a call at No. —, Avenue Montaigne, and he shall receive further information. In conclusion he is assured that, having been the first to reply to the advertisement, a preference will be accorded him.

The bureau of the agent at the address indicated turns out to be in a very fine house, all the windows of which look into the street. A footman in livery introduces the would-be bridegroom into a magnificent *salon* furnished with exquisite taste, and the open folding-doors of which permit him to see on the right and on the left what appears to be a suite of splendid apartments. Everything breathes of love and marriage; copies of Watteau’s Isle of Cytherea and Veronese’s Marriage of Cana, with kindred subjects, adorn the walls. The timepiece is surmounted by an amatory shepherd and shepherdess, above whom hover a pair of billing and cooing doves. The candelabra are formed of torches of Hy-men, Cupids gambol in the angles of the ceiling, and the tables are covered with books, all treating of the one eternal subject, from the loves of angels to the loves of plants. And as if to complete the picture a couple of pretty children, a Cupidon and a Psyche, in knicker-bockers and crinoline, are playing upon the hearthrug.

A bell rings, and soon the agent makes his appearance, with innumerable apologies for having kept his visitor waiting, pleading the numerous affairs he has on hand as his excuse. At the conclusion of this exordium he wipes his brows with an embroidered cambric hand-kerchief; then rings the bell and orders a basin of soup, which is served to him in a silver bowl by the servant who answered the door. The agent expresses surprise at his performing this duty—asks him where Pierre, Joseph, and François are, to which the lacquey replies, without a moment’s hesitation, that

the first has gone to the bank, the second about the box at the Opera, and the third upon the business of M. le Comte, who called yesterday.

How should the visitor escape being dazzled by such deceitful appearances—for they are appearances only? the one footman he has seen being Pierre, Joseph, François, and himself, who, in fact, does everything.

The foregoing is the prologue; now commences the comedy.

The agent: ‘Monsieur, will you kindly explain the object of your visit?’

Thus called upon, the visitor produces the letter he has received, and at the same time hands the agent his card, saying—

‘I had the honour, as you will remember, of writing to you on the subject of the advertisement in the “Figaro” of Wednesday last. When can I be presented to the lady?’

‘Excuse me, but you are proceeding a little too fast; allow me, first of all, to ask you a few questions. Have you any profession?’

‘No.’

‘Any fortune?’

‘Nothing to speak of: but I have good expectations.’

‘Umph! How about your antecedents?’

‘You are at liberty to make any inquiry you think requisite.’

And so the conversation proceeds, kept up by the agent solely with the object of measuring the precise degree of intelligence which his visitor—soon to be his victim—possesses, and to satisfy himself what precautions it is necessary should be taken so that he may not be too much compromised, in the event of a subsequent explosion. Suddenly he rises and produces a book of photographs; refers to the index, and opens the volume at a particular page, where he points out the portrait of a handsome young lady, whose attractions he highly extols. His visitor cannot resist admitting these eulogies to be merited.

A moment of silence now ensues, during which the pair eye each other. The conversation is resumed by the agent, who says, with an air of perfect frankness—

‘There is no need to go beating about the bush; let us come at once to the point. In the event of everything being satisfactorily arranged, my terms will be five per cent. upon the dowry.’

‘That is fair enough.’

‘Payable, mind, when you receive it.’

‘I am perfectly agreeable.’

And in truth it would be the height of ill-breeding to refuse to pay such a slender commission, asked so courteously by a man who procures you a fortune, of which you stand so greatly in need, and, as he assures you, a charming bride, who, though not an object of equal necessity, is still a treasure in herself. The affair is, therefore, settled; but before proceeding further, the agent requires to be insured against his expenses for inquiries, messages, postages, &c., which seems reasonable enough. These expenses vary according as the suitor is more or less credulous and the dowry large or small. In the present instance, the agent asks three hundred francs. ‘For another couple of hundred,’ he adds, ‘you may become a subscriber to my establishment for an entire year, which will give you the run of it, and confer on you the right of being presented to all the eligible ladies I have on my books—and I have them mounting up to sixty thousand francs—within that period, until you succeed in suiting yourself.’

The gull in the present instance, being as mercenary as he is simple, pays the five hundred francs, and receives in exchange for his money a memorandum, upon stamped paper, setting forth the conditions of the engagement, and for registering which he is charged another ten francs. Our would-be Benedict now awaits with juvenile ardour the moment when the first interview is to take place.

In a day or two he receives a letter from the agent, making an appointment to present him, at No. —, Avenue Montaigne. It is needless to say that he dresses himself with scrupulous care, bestows the entire morning, in fact, upon his toilet, and calls to mind all the more

graceful compliments that he has heard addressed to *fiancées* on the stage. His part duly rehearsed, he hastens to the appointment before the prescribed time, and is ushered into the drawing-room.

The agent is awaiting him, and gives him a few hints respecting the young lady's tastes; she is musical, of course; is an entomologist, and manages a three-wheel velocipede very gracefully, he is told. This will guide him in his selection of subjects for conversation.

The lady soon after arrives, escorted by her aunt, and is found to answer all the expectations raised by her portrait. She glances modestly at her expected lord and master, displays a pair of pretty feet peeping beneath a coquettish petticoat as she gathers her *robe à queue* around her while seating herself, converses charmingly yet with becoming diffidence, and indeed is altogether fascinating. The aunt, too, seems a very nice sort of a person, and not too strict a chaperone. In due course the interview comes to an end, and the ladies prepare to take their departure; when the dupe proposes to the agent to escort them, but finds himself restrained—it would be indelicate at this early period of their acquaintance, he is told.

This, however, is not the true reason: the fact is, the ladies do not leave the house, and it is important the dupe should not know this. Niece and aunt are hired at so much a day, and are clothed and boarded into the bargain. They have every description of toilette necessary to their transformation provided for them, and are of fair or dark complexions, and quiet or coquettish in their attire, according to the tastes of different clients—the aunt, it should be mentioned, has a supposititious 'dot' of her own, sufficiently large to tempt the cupidity of the unwary. This facility of being one individual to-day and another tomorrow is not without its advantages, in case the dupe should lodge any complaint: for he would fail to describe the woman accurately, and the authorities would feel themselves embarrassed at the outset.

Every time that niece and aunt are about to be presented to a client, the footman sets the door-bell ringing with a broom; whereupon the agent announces to his visitor that they have arrived. After the first interview, he insinuates, mildly, that it would advance the negotiation if they were asked to accept of a breakfast, 'as at table one speaks more freely, especially after a glass of champagne;' and volunteers to use his powers of persuasion to induce them to accept the invitation. 'If it can be managed,' he adds, 'you can then very well offer to escort them home.' The agent gives the dupe to understand that the breakfast must take place at No. —, Avenue Montaigne, and proposes to provide it for four people for sixty francs: 'which is dirt cheap,' he observes; 'but as he has the wine in his cellar he does not drive bargains with friends.'

At breakfast the table is covered with solid cold dishes, in the English fashion—a large joint of roast beef, a ham, and a superb turkey. The ladies partake of the *hors-d'œuvres* only and the side dishes, and firmly refuse when either a slice of beef or turkey is offered them. It is the same with the 'sweets,' simply because the principal dishes have, like themselves, to be served up again to other subscribers to the Matrimonial Agency in the Avenue Montaigne.

Under one pretext or another, they manage to leave the table before the conclusion of the repast. One of them finds herself indisposed, or the aunt has an appointment with the family notary, or, as a last resource, the agent desires a few minutes' important conversation with the dupe, who at any rate does not see them home. After their pretended departure, the agent, while assuring him that everything is progressing most favourably, delicately insinuates that before proceeding further it is absolutely requisite to send to his native place to obtain precise information not only respecting himself but his family and connections. The guardians of the young lady insist on this course being taken. An early

day is appointed to arrange the preliminaries, and on going to the agent's, the dupe finds the lady and her aunt there—by the merest chance. In their presence a clerk is summoned and the necessary indications drawn up in writing.

The clerk's expenses and time, together twenty francs a day, for say a week, as two days will be consumed in travelling, with eighty francs for railway and diligence fare, will have to be paid. The client hesitates at this new drain upon him, whereupon the aunt, in the most natural manner in the world, volunteers to bear half the expenses, and, to set the dupe an example, produces her purse, an elegant knitted bead one, and hands the agent her share. With the view of paying court the dupe admires the purse; is informed—as indeed he surmised—that it was made by the niece, and the acceptance of it is forced upon him by the aunt, who will listen to no refusal. As iron must be beaten while it is hot, the clerk is to start at once, and the client pays his hundred and ten francs.

As the week devoted to the inquiry is drawing to its close the dupe looks in at the agency to hear if there is any news. The ladies are not there on this occasion, but the agent is, and he takes care to remind him of the purse and the necessity of making a suitable acknowledgement, which, under present circumstances, the more handsome it is the more, he explains to the dupe, it will be to his advantage, for the niece, he takes care to inform him, will in all likelihood succeed to her aunt's fortune. With the view of not being thought mean, the dupe presents the lady with a diamond ring worth two hundred and fifty francs, the stone of which, remounted as a pin for the agent, will serve to dazzle future dupes.

Usually by the time the week has elapsed the clerk is reported to have fallen ill in the country; has met with a sunstroke, or been put between damp sheets, according to the season of the year. His illness lasts four days, for which another eighty francs have to be paid, as it

will look exceedingly mean to ask the aunt to bear her share of this trifle. The dupe's purse-strings are, therefore, again unloosened, though all this time the clerk has not only been perfectly well but has never even quitted Paris.

At length the client grows impatient, and speaks out; whereupon the agent assumes an air of profound sadness, and announces to him, with marked emotion, that he has had a narrow escape: that his, the agent's, vigilance and foresight have saved him from a great misfortune, for he has discovered that the paternal parent of the young lady, respecting whom there had always been a mystery, had been guillotined for murder. Her own reputation, too, is whispered against, and her pretended fortune is equally doubtful. The dupe, surprised and horrified at this revelation, though regretting the money he has paid, cannot but congratulate himself that this is no more, and feels grateful at his escape. He has paid altogether about a thousand francs. The game is played out so far as he is concerned, but he only retires to make way for some one else equally mercenary and equally foolish.

The Frenchman of good family, who has sown his wild oats and got entangled with usurers, and who seeks a wife to relieve him of his debts and to open a new career for him, or at any rate to provide him a place by the fireside where he can repose now that his turbulent course has run itself out, has no need of the services of a matrimonial agent to accomplish the object of his desires. He simply betakes himself to the family notary and inquires of him whether he has among his clients a young lady with a dowry, of say, eight hundred thousand francs.

'I have something better than that,' replies the gentleman in black; 'I have a million and upwards, half in land and half on mortgage.'

'Bravo! Where is the land?'

'In Normandy.'

'Capital! What age is your client?'

'Between twenty and four-and-twenty; you understand, there-

fore, one is in no particular hurry.'

'How about her charms?'

'Very pleasant, I assure you; very pleasant.'

'Come, out with it; she is as ugly as sin?'

'Nothing of the kind. Her teeth are a little amiss, I admit, but that is all. Besides, what does it matter, pretty or ugly? it's all the same six months after marriage.'

'You are right there, and may look upon the business as settled, if you will guarantee that the mortgages are good.'

'They are first-class investments—on property worth three millions.'

'That's conclusive. Tell me, though, about her family.'

'Well, this is not the brilliant side of the affair. She is the only daughter of a builder, so that she moves in rather a low strata of society. Her father is of little importance. He will tell you how he came up to Paris in his sabots, and that he has made four millions by the sweat of his brow. Hide from him that you lie in bed until eleven o'clock, as he has a theory that every man who is not up and about at five is a good-for-nothing scamp. As for the mother, providing you get her boxes to see the melodramas that are the rage, she will pardon you everything, even beating her daughter.'

'Just so. This worthy couple are of course flanked by any number of relations—uncles, aunts, cousins, and such like?'

'Egad! yes. However, you see them all on the day of the wedding, and next day—'

'Zounds! next day I'll show every living soul of them the door. It is not they who will trouble me.'

'Not quite so fast. Listen to me. You must be very careful of old uncle Jalabert. He is seventy-three, asthmatic, without children, and has forty thousand francs a year. He has been in the army, and will recount to you all the campaigns he has gone through. Providing you join in his admiration of the great Napoleon, he'll ask nothing further of you. I do not see, too, why you should not pay a little court to aunt Ursala, an elder daugh-

ter, and turned fifty-nine. She will tell you that all men are rascals, not even yourself excepted: still, there is no harm in letting her have her say—it's a relief to her.'

'Thank you kindly for all your hints. I'll devote one day to this menagerie. But how do you propose to introduce me?'

'That can be easily accomplished. Come and dine with me and them on Sunday, and by eleven o'clock you'll be betrothed.'

'What you say is all very fine, but how do you know that I shall be accepted?'

'Make your mind easy on that score. If you had not turned up so opportunely I should have written to you. The parents want to marry the girl and stipulate for a title. You are a viscount, and everybody knows you go to Compiègne; that's quite sufficient to turn the heads of the entire trading class in France.'

'You know that I am in debt?'

'I have no doubt of that. What is the figure?'

'In round numbers about three hundred thousand—'

'A mere bagatelle. It is only making the Loriols pay toll on entering into the old nobility—a tax upon armorial bearings, in fact.'

'It's understood, then—on Sunday next. Good-bye.'

On Sunday the dinner takes place as arranged, and everything comes off exactly in accordance with the notary's programme.

Such a purely business matter is marriage in France, and so thoroughly is it understood that in this light only are parents accustomed to look at it, that one finds a French writer jocosely proposing that the government should itself establish a grand matrimonial agency, having central offices in Paris, with branches in all the departments and abroad, and which should absorb all the existing agencies and be administered by a distinct staff of its own, just like any other government office. Men distinguished for their tact and the purity of their morals placed at its head, would, he suggests, inspire confidence in families having daughters to marry. Individuals of the male sex desirous of having recourse

to the intermediation of the agency would be required to furnish full information respecting their personal appearance, age, state of health, and family connections, accompanied by medical certificates, abstracts of title-deeds, schedules of valuables, extracts from registers, together with legal attestations of regularity of life and moral conduct. The adoption of all these precautions, the writer maintains, would give that degree of moral security to marriage contracts which unhappily they lack at the present day.

As the clergy and the magistracy are the two classes best informed in France, and brought most in contact with the people generally, and as, moreover, they are public functionaries, it is proposed that they should be required to furnish the administration of the agency with moral portraiture of individuals residing within their jurisdiction who may be desirous of being inscribed on the register. These, together with the document before mentioned as also letters from principals of colleges at which these individuals may have been educated, and certificates from heads of departments or employers under whom they may have served, would all be placed in their particular receptacles. The admirable centralization which renders France an object of envy to other nations would thereby have new and congenial duties imposed upon it, reassuring in the highest degree to families and largely conducive to good morals.

A grand photographic establishment might be attached to the central agency and smaller ones to the agencies in the departments. Families disposed to give dowries of fifty thousand francs would be entitled to inspect two ordinary photographs of candidates inscribed on the registers, one seated, the other standing, one a front view, the other in profile. When the dowry mounts up to a hundred thousand francs, portraits might be demanded one-sixth of the natural size; when to two hundred thousand francs, one-fourth life size, with an equestrian portrait in addition. A dowry of two hundred and fifty thousand francs would

be entitled to special photographs of the cranium, to show the state of preservation of the hair, and of the teeth to attest the condition of the molars and incisors. If required, photographs of both feet and hands would also have to be furnished to demonstrate that these are of proper aristocratic dimensions. Larger dowries might be entitled to demand portraits of candidates under a variety of special aspects, so as to guard against subsequent disillusionments, such as in full evening dress with silk stockings and smalls, in dressing-gown and slippers, and even in nightcap, or representing the individual undergoing the painful operation of shaving himself. One can conceive the high position that photography would thus attain to; it would, in fact, become elevated into a social institution of the utmost importance, and would be the means of sparing alike principals and their families from numerous cruel deceptions.

Every proposal inscribed on the books of the agency would require to be accompanied by a demand specifying the amount of fortune and the precise kind of social position which the party making it aspires to. These would be duly classified, and every week a printed list, dividing them into categories, would be posted up at the Bourse, enabling every one to see at a glance, as it were, the state of the matrimonial market, how many magistrates and other functionaries, military and naval officers, professional men, merchants, tradesmen, and employés of every description, there were in search of wives, together with their respective incomes and the dowries they aspired to, as also the number and value of the dowries that were in the market. In due course a market price would be established, subject, however, to fluctuations like all other commodities when supply is in excess or falls short of the demand. If, for instance, magistrates should happen to be in great request, their value would rise, and they would naturally aspire to larger dowries. Political and social events would have their effect upon this market as

upon all others. A threatened war would cause military men to fall just as a peace with Cochin-china would send up East India merchants, and in all probability improve the quotations of naval officers. A low state of the public health would raise the rate of doctors in the same way that a new cattle-plague would depress the agriculturists. Alterations in the press laws would necessarily elevate or lower journalists according as these

were either mild or stringent. Every one, on opening his newspaper of a morning, would have the satisfaction of seeing his precise quotation in the matrimonial market, and from carefully studying the fluctuations, would be enabled to choose the particular moment when his value was at what he conceived to be its highest point, and could then hasten to sign the marriage contract with the object of—let us hope—his future affections.

---

## THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

---

### SLEEPLESSNESS AND SLEEP.

**A**MONG the minor miseries of human life, where, however, the misery may come to the *maximum* point of misery, is that most distressing complaint of *Insomnia*. In these days of highly-strung energies and rapid living sleeplessness is becoming more and more prevalent among us, a serious thing in itself and serious as a symptom. The subject is obscure and difficult as it is important and interesting; a subject partly physical and partly metaphysical, in which mind and matter, morals and medicine, are singularly intermingled. ‘Half our days we pass in the shadow of the earth,’ says Sir Thomas Browne, ‘and the burthen of death extracteth a third part of our lives.’ Many of my readers will recollect Warton’s Latin epigram on Sleep. I cannot lay my hand on it just now, but I can give my own version of it:—

‘Oh, gentle sleep, thine influence give,  
And though like death draw nigh;  
Living, behold we do not live;  
And dying, do not die.’

‘Blessed is the man,’ says Sancho Panza, ‘who invented sleep,’ but although Sancho Panza would probably admit that this invention was made in a very early period of the history of the human race, it is remarkable that there is no subject on which opinions are so entirely

unsettled as on the subject of sleep. authors on the subject, within such wide limits as indicated by such authors as Aristotle and Lord Brougham, have failed to unfold to us the mystery; and, if I may be forgiven the remark, I am afraid that those who suffer from sleeplessness must fall back on an empiric mode of treatment.

I sympathize intensely with the sleepless. It is all very well to be moralizing and practical, and to say that if we cannot sleep we had better lie awake and think, or strike a light and read or write. I have at least one most interesting letter from a dear fellow—now gone over to the majority—who says he could not sleep, and so has got up to write to me. As a rule I do not approve of people lying in bed ‘thinking,’ as they are pleased to term it; they do not think, they only think they think—which is a very different matter. The habit of lying in bed of a morning ‘thinking’ after it is time to get up is hardly better than dram-drinking. The waking state or the sleeping state are tolerable enough, but the intermediate state, neither waking nor sleeping, is intolerable. If you knew you could not sleep it would be easy enough to strike a light and read; but you refrain from doing so through the delusive hope that

you have a real chance, which you must not mar, of presently going to sleep. Of course if you are very anxious to go to sleep this very anxiety is quite sufficient to prevent your doing so. I know persons who can never count on more than two hours' sleep at a time, and the amount of time is absolutely astounding during which people are absolutely sleepless in cases of mania or fever. Nature, however, is very wonderful in her compensations, and adapts herself most curiously to all changes in the constitution. As a rule, too, opiates can insure sleep when absolutely necessary. But opiates have their limits, which are speedily reached. Sir William Hamilton would take five hundred drops of laudanum without being able to detect hardly the slightest effect. I remember also rather a distinguished literary man on whom anodynes were as powerless as water. Most wearisome of all weariful feelings is that of counting the hours of the clock during the sleepless hours in which existence is a mere burden and drug.

It is said, with every appearance of truth, though the proof is not conclusive, that sleep is due to a diminished supply of arterial blood in the head. The brain matter becomes unable to undergo the changes through which the mind makes its manifestations. Physiologists are agreed that towards evening or after a certain number of hours of work the involuntary organs, the heart and lungs, lose their wonted activity and suffer a periodical diminution of action. Blumenbach describes the case of a patient trepanned in whom the brain was observed to sink during sleep and enlarge on waking, obviously arising from the circulation being diminished in the former state and increased in the latter. 'Arterial blood alone can cause the waste of the brain, for venous blood has already parted with its oxygen to the materials met with in its course. Matter in a state of inertia cannot manifest the existence of a power. Motion alone shows that some power is in operation. If the

portion of matter used as the organ of manifestation be placed in such a condition as to render that manifestation impossible there is no evidence to the world that power was exerted.' It was an old error among physiologists, that there was more blood, or at least as much, during sleep as in wakefulness; but this was disproved by Blumenbach, and still more convincingly by a philosopher who made one of the cruel though striking experiments with which medical science abounds, and which finds its horrid culmination in vivisection. He cut away part of the skull of an animal, and cemented in its place a piece of glass, through which he could observe the brain in its different states. This experiment has been repeated in Germany, in England, and in America with like results. In the waking state the brain is larger than it is during sleep; while in the latter condition it becomes pale and bloodless. If the animal be disturbed by dreams a blush suffuses parts of the brain. The eye, which may be looked upon as an exposed part of the brain, acts in a similar way; for it has been shown that the optic disc is whiter, the arteries smaller, and the veins larger in sleep than in a waking state.

The two great objects of sleep are, first, the restoration of wasted organs; and, secondly, the storing up of force. It is evident that any material disturbance or defeat of these two great objects is ruinous, and within a very short distance of a certain line becomes fatal. It is wonderful, however, in how many instances at what a remote point Nature begins to draw this line of destiny. During sleep force is stored up in the body in a remarkable manner, as has been shown by a series of interesting experiments. The King of Bavaria erected a chamber, supplied with every appliance for measuring the air which enters it and for ascertaining the composition of the air that passes from it. This chamber is sufficiently large to enable persons to live comfortably in it during the time that they are

made the subjects of experiments. Among other remarkable results which have flowed from the enlightened liberality of the Bavarian king we have a series of experiments made on various individuals during their waking and sleeping state, from which many interesting results have been derived, set forth by scientific journals, and by a serial unsurpassed in its scientific and intellectual character, the 'North British Review.'

I cannot, however, agree with the reviewer in his minatory and disrespectful language towards that large, most respectable, and most solvent section of the British public that habitually indulges in an after-dinner nap. 'The post-prandial sleeper draws his chair to the fire, in order that his nap may be undisturbed. There are two physiological reasons for this act. Less oxygen is entering his body to burn the food, and he feels cold; but this cold would excite the respiratory organs to increased activity and disturb his contemplated enjoyment. An after-dinner sleeper temporarily resembles the permanent condition of a pig fattened for the butcher. In its case fat accumulated round the viscera pushes up the diaphragm against the lungs, and compels them to play in a contracted space. When the animal further distends its stomach with food it gives a few grunts as an ineffectual attempt at a more active respiration, and is in a deep sleep in a few minutes. Obese men, from a similar cause, are also prone to sleep.' I call this an unkind and even an unfeeling remark. Would it not also be simpler and more correct to say that the blood is driven from the surface to the centre to aid digestion? Neither shall I be deterred by the great authority of the reviewer from counselling people to enjoy their customary siesta. If Nature makes a man sleepy I think that she designs that a man should go to sleep. She is quite as philosophical as any of the philosophers. There is a bastard sort of sleep, a condition of coma, consequent on repletion, which ought to be

avoided; and moderation, not an immoderate moderation, in diet should be preserved. After dinner also some employment of the gentlest kind may be wisely taken in hand—a glance at a newspaper or magazine, the writing of some trifling notes, a stroll in the garden, and a slight dessert, where dessert is always best taken, off the fruit trees. Then take a nap, after thus idly dallying with the charms of leisure. I believe that a brief nap of this sort is invariably attended with salutary effect. It has always been noted that to close the eyes even for a few minutes in sleep is a wonderful relief to the brain. Some men have fallen asleep on horseback, and others can even sleep while walking, besides the unfortunate somnambulists. I know two men who were walking along a country road on a dark night. A. clutched B.'s arm tightly and deliberately walked with closed eyes. Some time afterwards B. said, 'I hope, A., you are walking very carefully, for I have kept my eyes closed for the last half-hour.' Fortunately the two Gothamites had contrived to keep clear of the ditches.

All kinds of remedies have been suggested for sleeplessness—opium, henbane, chlorodyne, strychnia, prussic acid, aconite, &c. A lady who had suffered fearfully this way, wrote to me some time ago to say that she had derived great benefit from sleeping with her head to the north. This seems to be absurd, and there is nothing in our present limited knowledge of electricity which appears to countenance it. I only give it as an observed fact in this particular instance. Another sufferer tells me that great benefit has been derived from taking a glass of sherry and a sandwich immediately before going to bed. The reason of this is perfectly intelligible. According to the late modern dinner hour the somnolent effect of food has passed off, and the excitant effect has set in just about bedtime. To those who suffer this way I would strongly recommend the canon pursued by the great statesman, Mr. Windham, as described

by him in the 'Diary' published a few years ago. He most accurately noted and recorded every particular that might bear any relation to his want of sleep, and justifies his apparently trivial and uninteresting entries by the great importance of the subject. By this method a man may be able to find out for himself the right diagnosis and the right treatment. A few general particulars should be noted. The use of opiates, except on rare occasions or in special instances, should be avoided. The correct dietary system should be discovered and receive careful adherence. The simplest and best remedies are abundance of exercise and air. What a wonderful compensation for many losses is that sound, dreamless, invigorating sleep which the labourer almost invariably enjoys! A balance between mental and bodily exertion ought to be maintained. Scholars and thinkers may often sleep badly, but I know, too, clever lazy fellows, who, with plenty of fresh air, are unable to sleep, simply because they have not given their brains sufficient exercise. Dreaming is an intensely interesting portion of the subject. It will be recollect that Coleridge wrote down his fine poem of 'Kubla Khan' from his recollection of what he had composed in a dream—a most peculiar psychological fact. I myself remember composing a few Latin verses in a dream, which I was able to recal on waking, but to my great disgust, they were very feeble lines, and contained one or more false quantities. Scientifically speaking, it appears probable that dreaming is nothing more than a wakefulness of one portion of a nervous centre, while the other portions and the other centres are in a state of sleep. Thus, through the transformation of one region of brain substance, particular feelings and certain orders of ideas may be called into active life, while all remaining feelings and ideas are asleep, and so no process of comparison or reflection can be exercised by that part of the brain which is sleeping over that which is wakeful. The subject, however, is too large for discussion now. I will

only add that moral considerations are by no means wanting in such a subject, and that there are no better disposing agencies towards light, gentle, healthful slumbers than simple tastes, a purified conscience, and a balanced harmonious life.

#### THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

An exhibition has been opened this season in the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall which has a unique position of its own. It consists of a very large number of articles which have been collected together by the managers of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The catalogue, as catalogues often are, is an extremely interesting publication, and brings together at one view all that vast field that can be occupied by the investigation of European Christians. It mainly consists of a list of an immense number of photographs taken in the Holy Land for this Society. The Exhibition principally consists of pottery, glass, carvings, &c., which Lieutenant Warren has found in the shafts. His work is much higher than to seek illustrations of Jewish art, but this also is one of the subsidiary purposes which are accomplished, and he wisely sends home all that the spades of the fellahîn turn up. It is not very much after all, but there is a charm of association about them, which, to most minds, will be very considerable. We must, however, forewarn our readers, whom we would willingly send to this interesting collection, that the subject is rather difficult, and has a terminology belonging to it which cannot be mastered without an effort. It is remarkable that amid all the travel that has been extended on the Holy Land, and all the poetry, sentiment, and religion that has been lavished there, there has rarely ever been any simple practical desire for real knowledge on the subject until the day of the recent American traveller, Dr. Robinson. We will venture to believe that a flood of light will ere long be thrown upon sacred history, and this effort is a veritable crusade in

the cause of religion and revelation, giving to religion a scientific character and to science a religious object.

Of all those religious meetings which are held in London in the season, perhaps there was none of greater interest than the meeting on Midsummer Day on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund. It might certainly be called the most intellectual of the great religious gatherings, including a chairman of such eloquence and culture as Archbishop Thomson, and such speakers as Mr. Deutsch, of the British Museum, Professor Owen, 'Rob Roy' himself, *i. e.*, Mr. Macgregor, and Mr. Grove was present, one of the most conscientious and able *littérateurs* of the day. It is not too much to hope that Lieutenant Warren's exertions will enable us to construct anew and aright the map of ancient Jerusalem. Mr. Macgregor pointed out the size and shape of the city of Jerusalem, by describing where its chief places would stand if the city were planted in London. He considered that the city could be placed in Hyde Park or in a slightly larger space. Mr. Deutsch said, that though we might not discover the golden throne of Solomon, with its lions, its eagles, and all its magnificent array, yet things of great

importance had been brought to light so far as we had gone. Some important discoveries were made by Mr. Deutsch himself when he found marks on the great wall of the Haram es-Shereef exactly similar or rather identical with those of absolutely undoubted antique Phoenician structures in Syria. The exploration is exciting deep interest all over the Christian world, and yet it seems that there is much difficulty in raising the modest sum of five thousand a-year necessary to carry on the work. We hear that some of the shafts are stopped for want of funds, at the very moment when we are approaching the brink of the discovery of most important problems. There is possibly a danger that some country less rich than England may take the honour of the work from our hands, or that we may lose the facilities of exploration which we now enjoy. Dr. Thomson made a happy quotation from the writings of a Spanish Jew of the twelfth century, 'Sion, Crown of Beauty! remember the tender love of thy children whom thy happiness filled with joy and thy fall with mourning.' And on such a feeling of love towards God-beloved Jerusalem must rest any hope of the successful progress of the Palestine Exploration Fund.





STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

B. 14th April, 1857.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.



# LONDON SOCIETY.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.



NINA AT THE COTTAGE WINDOW.—See 'M. or N.'

## MR. HARDCastle's FRIENDLY ATTENTIONS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

### CHAPTER I.

BEWILDERMENT AT BRIGHTON.

'IF the gentleman who found the lady's glove at the ball of the —th Dragoon Guards at Brighton on Wednesday last will be at the Zoological Gardens in London on Sunday next, he may hear of something to his advantage.'

VOL. XVI.—NO. XCIII.

The 'Southdown Reporter and Devil's Dyke Free Press,' in which the above advertisement was contained, fell from the hands of a gentleman who was reading that enterprising print in the coffee-room of an hotel in the town first

referred to—the Sybarite Hotel, facing the sea. I suppose it was the advertisement that caused the surprise, not to say emotion, which evidently possessed him. It could not be the attack upon the Mayor, nor the denunciation of the Town Council, nor the exposure of the Gas Company, nor the clever article upon the dearth of local amusements, nor the pleasant reference to 'Our Autumn Visitors,' nor the eulogistic review of 'Our talented fellow-townsman's' volume of poems, nor even the facetious letters about ladies' bonnets and high-heeled boots. Yes, it must have been the advertisement.

There is one thing that a man is sure to do when an announcement in a newspaper exercises upon him such an effect that he drops the newspaper upon the floor. The odds are at least Lombard Street to a China orange that he picks the newspaper up and reads the announcement again. The gentleman in question adopted this inevitable course of action; and while he is engaged in mastering the interesting paragraph, and making his reflections thereupon, I will tell you who he was and all I knew about him up to this period of his career.

You could see for yourself, as he sat in the bow-window in the twilight, with the broad sheet spread before him, that he was a gentleman, in the conventional sense of the term; that he was a well-made, manly-looking fellow of unmistakably military cut, with a leisurely expression of countenance suggestive of the fact that he need be in no hurry to assert his good looks, as they were sufficient to assert themselves; and if he kept curling that long tawny moustache round his thumb and finger you might be sure that it was an action caused by nervous anxiety rather than by any thought of improving that appendage. If you guessed his age to be somewhere between twenty and thirty you would not be mistaken; and if you made a bet that he was the Hon. Harry Doncaster, brother to Lord St. Leger, and a captain of light dragoons on leave from India, you

would win your bet beyond all chance of dispute.

But you would never suppose, unless you happened to know, what a troubled life Harry Doncaster was leading. Money had never been the strong point of his family, at least during the last two generations. His brother the Viscount had not much, and what he had he wanted—for viscounts must have money, of course, come what may. His family set Harry up in the cavalry—he took a great deal of setting up, by the way, though he got his promotion by luck—and he inherited some private means from his mother. But in reference to the latter he made the not uncommon mistake of confounding capital with income; and the original sum, after several abortive settlements in life, refused at last to be made the sport of an unscrupulous cheque-book, and disappeared indignantly below the financial horizon. After this pecuniary crisis Harry Doncaster, as far as any additions to his pay were concerned, was supported, like the hospitals, by voluntary contributions. But the voluntary system was no substitute for an establishment in his case; and in a thorough state of disendowment, without edifices, glebes, or any consolation of the kind, he found himself in a state which he described as 'dependent on the generosity of my family, who refuse to give me anything.' Then he began to borrow, which was crisis the second in his career. He began by merely overdrawing with his agents; and Cox, it must be said for that obliging firm, allowed him a considerable fling. But there is a point when even Cox loses patience; and Harry Doncaster, when he found his pay looking very small in perspective, compared with the massive foreground of liability, did not relish the effect of the picture, and squared up with Cox by a great convulsive effort. It was then that he took to borrowing in a direct manner, and came to crisis the second, as I have said. Now crisis the second would not much matter; but it is very apt to lead to crisis

the third, when borrowing becomes so difficult as to approach the confines of impossibility. And to this gloomy boundary, I regret to say, Harry Doncaster had arrived at the period in question. He did not know, as he declared, how to turn himself round, and performed the process only, like the scorpion girt by financial fire, the circle narrowing with every successive sun. He began serious borrowing in India—that gorgeous land which has the fatal gift of credit in a bewildering degree—and where the trail of the serpent (of high interest) extends from the rice-fields of Bengal to the rose-gardens of Cashmere. He had a few debts in England at the time. He thought they would not matter; but they did. And he soon found that the process which follows non-payment in the one country is much the same as the process which follows non-payment in the other; the principal difference being that in India you are arrested by a bailiff in a looser pair of trousers. On coming home upon leave he made another discovery—that Eastern impecuniosity is a tree of hardy growth, and will bear transplanting to the West with considerable success. It was with a profound conviction of this important truth that he began serious borrowing in his native land; and for a time his native land treated him with her well-known liberality in the way of advances, and equally well-known consideration with regard to their return. But there is a time for all things, and that for payment comes with remarkable punctuality, and when it really means business is apt to be a difficult customer. This is just what Harry Doncaster is beginning to discover when we find him at the Brighton hotel conning over the advertisement. He has exhausted worlds of leave, and will have to imagine new if he wants much more of it. But he dares not return to his regiment under present circumstances, and remaining in England seems equally out of the question. He has an idea that the interior of Africa would be a proper part of the world for his

future sojourn; but a recent event has made him reluctant to turn his back upon the land of his youth; and the latter feeling, I fancy, has some connection with the advertisement.

Were I to follow the example of many misguided novelists I should represent Harry Doncaster, at this juncture, as soliloquizing aloud, and giving a summary of his past life and present prospects, with a statement of the nature of the question which occupies his attention, for the benefit of anybody who might happen to be listening. But people never do this in real life; and, confining myself to facts, I shall simply mention that a few muttered words escape him to this effect,—

‘ Must be meant for me — will risk it — can’t come to any grief on a Sunday.’

And with the newspaper still in his hand he rises, with the intention of making for the fireplace, by the side of which is the only bell-handle he happens to call to mind, though there are half a dozen about the room. But he pauses in the act, for there is a stranger sitting with his back to the bell-handle, finishing his dinner (in a leisurely manner); and it is evident that Harry Doncaster cannot get to the bell without disturbing the stranger. The two have been taking their respective repasts a few paces apart. Each has been well aware of the presence of the other, but each has ignored the other’s existence, as in conventional duty bound—a very proper arrangement, by the way, in a public room, which ought to be a private room to anybody who pleases to make it so.

Having an object in so doing, Harry Doncaster considers himself warranted in addressing the stranger, which he does by asking him to ring the bell.

There are various ways of asking a man to ring a bell, and Harry’s, upon this occasion, was a little unceremonious—unintentionally so. But the stranger obeyed the mandate, and had evidently no intention of ordering the other stranger’s carriage, as the superb gentleman who

invented Brighton did with Mr. Brummell under similar circumstances; for before the waiter could obey the summons he remarked to Captain Doncaster—

'It is not the first time that I have obeyed your orders.'

'Indeed,' said Harry; 'I don't remember that you have served with me.'

'No, but I have served things for you at Harrow; don't you remember your fag, Jack Shorncliffe?'

'Of course I do, and I am very glad to see you again, but should not have known you, you're so altered.' Mr. Shorncliffe, as he now appeared, was a person of small stature, particularly neatly and compactly built, with a face that was particularly neat and compact also, and the same character belonged to his hirsute adornments. He had a very keen eye, and was very decided in speech and manner.

'Well, you don't expect me to look such a fool as I was then,' said he. 'I knew you at once; saw you the night before last at the Plungers' ball, but couldn't speak to you—always with some girl.'

'You mean *you* were.'

'Yes, of course; *you* seemed to be mooning about doing nothing.'

'And what are you doing yourself, in another sense? You were going into the service, but I never heard of you, or noticed your name in Hart.'

'No; the paternity changed his mind about me. He made the discovery that at least nine out of ten of our immediate family who have gone into the army have punctually come to grief, and are at the present time head over ears in debt.'

Harry could not deny that there are officers of the army in such a predicament.

'So he put me in his bank instead, where I am a partner—awfully rich—want a few hundreds, eh?'

Harry started at the question—jestingly put as it was—for he was by no means used to such pleasant inquiries. For a moment he felt a fiendish temptation, but he restrained himself. The thing would never do, at any rate it would be premature at the present time. Mr.

Shorncliffe abruptly returned to the subject of the ball.

'I saw who you were looking after there, the unknown enchantress with the pompous papa. Did you find out who they were? I couldn't. Governor must be an alderman, I suspect: they came from London, that was all I could pick up.'

Harry Doncaster looked a little confused, but he, answered carelessly—

'Ah! I know the people you mean, but I did not find out their names. Of course I admired the lady, like everybody else.'

'Superb creature,' pursued Mr. Shorncliffe. 'It would be invidious to particularise where all is perfection, as puffing critics say in the papers; but I think her great points are her eyes and shoulders—it would be difficult to say which are the brightest of the two.'

Harry Doncaster pretended to laugh at this criticism, but did not half like it. Jack Shorncliffe proceeded—

'I suspect her eyes are too blue to be very bright by day; but there is no mistake about her shoulders. Alabaster is a ridiculous comparison. There are no complexions like alabaster, and I should be very sorry if there were; her shoulders are simply like ivory, and the elephant tribe ought to be much obliged to me for the comparison.'

Harry was getting angry by this time, but he refrained from any manifestation which might betray his secret (you know as well as I do that he *had* a secret), or, still worse, make him appear ridiculous. The subject of conversation, too, was pleasant to him upon any terms, so he allowed Shorncliffe to proceed.

'I should like very much to know who found her glove,' pursued that gentleman. 'I know that she lost one, for a man who saw her leaving the ball said she turned round to look for it while stepping into her carriage, and that the governor said, "Oh, it doesn't matter, you are close at home." You have seen the advertisement in the paper, of course? Ah! you have the paper in your hand.'

Harry Doncaster, at the commencement of this colloquy, had taken his seat at Shorncliffe's table, and had brought the 'South Down Reporter and Devil's Dyke Free Press' with him, for the simple reason that he did not think of laying it down. However, there was no betrayal involved, and Harry simply said that he had seen the advertisement, adding, what was strictly true, that he was as much mystified by it as his companion.

But I am sorry to say that the matter did not end here. The two gentlemen spent the evening together, as well as that process could be performed in the absence of private engagements; that is to say, they walked out upon the new pier, and returned at ten o'clock or so to the hotel, where they were both staying. During their walk the conversation had not fallen upon the lady of the lost glove, but it did so when they returned, and Jack Shorncliffe, growing confidential, avowed himself an ardent admirer of the lady, whose acquaintance, he said, he was determined to make. The family lived in London, he knew, and if nobody would introduce him he would introduce himself. He was possessed, he added, of 'a genial audacity which might be mistaken for cheek,' that never failed in such cases. This was not at all pleasant to Harry Doncaster; but he could not help remembering that one stranger has as much right to be in love with a lady as another stranger. When, however, Jack Shorncliffe grew bold over his not unqualified seltzer, and began to express his admiration in a similar strain to that in which he had previously indulged, Harry remonstrated, somewhat to the speaker's astonishment—

'Why, the lady is nothing to you?' said Shorncliffe, inquiringly.

'I am not sure,' replied Harry. And then, I regret to say, he was weak enough to own the state of his own feelings, and, what was worse, to acknowledge himself as the finder of the glove, which article he produced from his breast-pocket in proof of the assertion.

Mr. Shorncliffe was very far from relishing this revelation, and the

pair presently found one another's society not quite so pleasant as it had been before. They discovered, in fact, that sitting up was a bore, and determined to go to bed. Harry Doncaster was the first to leave. He did not go to bed, but went out for another walk by the sea.

When he returned to his room he felt in the breast-pocket of his coat, remembering that it would not be well for its contents to come under the notice of his servant in the morning.

The glove was gone!

---

## CHAPTER II.

### WHAT HAPPENED AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Sunday at the Zoological. The season is drawing to a close, but the day is one of the fullest that there has been since its beginning. Everybody is there; but that is not saying enough. There are all the necessary nobodies to keep the everybodyes in countenance, and save them from staring at one another like idiots. There is even a Royal Prince and a Royal Princess, and these illustrious personages actually seem to like being present, for nobody bores them with intrusive attentions.

The day is one of the finest as well as one of the fullest of the season, and the one fact, I suppose, accounts considerably for the other. It has doubtless influenced the toilettes, which are lighter and airier than ever, as far as the ladies are concerned; and what wonderful coiffures these same ladies wear! Coiffures seem to reach their culminating point at the Zoological; go anywhere afterwards and you always notice a declension.

There is nothing to do, of course, at the Zoological after you have been to see some of your favourite animals. There are always a few of these in fashion, and you 'do' these rigorously. This object accomplished, you concentrate your attention upon trying to get chairs, a pleasing pursuit which passes away an hour very well. As everybody tries to get chairs, I suppose they

are the unsuccessful candidates who walk about; and it is well that somebody should so disport themselves, otherwise sitting would be comparatively dull work.

An elderly gentleman, to whom I wish to call your attention, has been foraging for seats ever since he entered the gardens. He has not regarded the chase, like more philosophical persons, as an incidental piece of amusement, and has been actually out of temper at the delay. But see, he has at last brought down his game, and comes upon the grass with a chair in each hand; and his satisfaction is complete when, on joining two ladies who form his party, he finds that one of them has found a seat for herself. As he also is thus saved from standing you might suppose that he would begin to be amiable. But he does nothing of the kind. He dislikes the place and the people also, and, as he says, doesn't care who knows it. A more insane way of passing the afternoon he cannot conceive, and he expresses his dissatisfaction in audible terms. He is a portly person with a pink face, dresses scrupulously in black, with a white cravat of a previous period of society, and a big diamond brooch in the bosom of his shirt which 'would buy half Northumberlee,' if half Northumberlee happened to be for sale. Both his pink face and his portliness are appearances in his favour. Neither is too pronounced, and both draw that nice line between prosperity and apoplexy which one always rejoices to see in elderly gentlemen.

Of the two ladies one is evidently his wife and the other apparently his daughter.

His wife is tall, stately, and reserved; grandly rather than gaily dressed, like many courtly persons of her period in life whom one meets in the exclusive circles of Madame Tussaud—persons whose manners have considerably more than the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere; for so little influenced are they by vulgar emotion that a condescending inclination of the head, or a haughty turn of that appendage upon their aristocratic shoulders are all the signs they

design to make of taking the smallest interest in their fellow-creatures. The lady in question has evidently modelled herself upon one of these courtly dames. You can see at a glance that her ideas of good-breeding are entirely of a negative character; and without overhearing any family conversations you may be sure that she tells her daughter not to do this and not to do that, because great people never do anything of the kind, neglecting, of course, to add what it is that great people *do* do, and in what respects the nature of their activity differs from that of little people.

Her daughter, ah! her daughter is very different. You have heard some account of her in the artless criticism of Mr. Shorncliffe; for—there need be no mystery in the matter—she is indeed the unknown enchantress of the Plungers' ball! But Mr. Shorncliffe, with all his enthusiasm and powers of description, did nothing like justice to her loveliness, which in its general character was like that of a lolling lily, if you can fancy a lolling lily with an aggressive abundance of chestnut hair and eyes the colour of the corn-flower. She has, as Mr. Shorncliffe observed, an ivory delicacy of surface; but that gentleman forgot to mention the pale coral tints that gave it relief. I am bound to admit also, on my own account, that I have never beheld a lily, lolling or otherwise, arrayed to such purpose in pale blue. It was Solomon in all his glory and the lily combined.

But it will save trouble to tell you at once who these people are.

Mr. Surbiton is principally known for having made a great deal of money. It is a very good reputation to have, and will carry its subject a considerable way into society. It is not quite understood how the money had been made, except, I suppose, by Mr. Surbiton's old and more immediate friends; but he is supposed to have begun in a very small way and ended in a very large way, and being now retired he is of course in no way at all. But do not suppose that people in general care in what particular line of business the money had been made, and

very few would trouble themselves on the subject but for Mrs. Surbiton's horror at any hint of her husband having been in trade, which makes her friends laugh occasionally, and of course tends to keep the fact before their eyes. Two-thirds of her life, I should think, are passed in trying to conceal what she considers this family disgrace, and, as far as any degree of success is concerned, she might as well proclaim it periodically from the house-tops. Her main object at the present time is to effect an aristocratic alliance with her daughter. That young lady, by the way, is happily uninfluenced by the peculiarities of her parents. Being no more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, she is not able to remember the humbler state of the family, and having been educated away from home she is unaffected by any of its traditions.

Scarcely have Mr. and Mrs. Surbiton and their daughter taken possession of their chairs than they are joined by a gentleman, a stranger, who addresses himself to the head of the family in a manner indicative of some special errand.

But I must here leave them to note a scene which is enacting in another part of the gardens.

\* \* \* \*

Harry Doncaster has been two or three times up and down that long walk where the walkers seem to congregate for the amusement of the people in chairs. He has performed the process with some impatience, having an object in view apart from being stared at. But his glances right and left are evidently not rewarded by the sight of some persons of whom he seems to be in quest, and after mingling for a few minutes with the crowd on the grass he turns away as if for the purpose of being alone. His mood is plainly not a pleasant one, and he seems preoccupied to an extent incompatible with enjoyment of the Zoological. So he sits under a tree and has an interview with himself—a very unsatisfactory interview, I should say, judging from his frowns and occasional ejaculations. It would end in a violent

quarrel, I have no doubt, but for a diversion caused by the appearance of a stranger.

Harry Doncaster, being rather slender in figure than otherwise, did not occupy the entire seven or eight feet of the bench upon which he had chosen to rest; so the stranger availed himself of the vacant accommodation. This stranger was one of the most agreeable persons you ever beheld. He was not a fat man, but he was certainly a plump man, with a beaming, radiant presence, confirmed by his face, which was so happy and healthy, smiling and benevolent, as to be irresistibly attractive. A sanguine complexion and sandy hair may have had something to do with the prevailing effect, but the genial nature of the stranger shone especially in his eyes.

Harry Doncaster, preoccupied though he was, could not avoid notice of these characteristics; so when the stranger spoke to him he did not resent the intrusion, but showed himself to be favourably impressed.

'You do not remember me, Captain Doncaster?' said the stranger.

Captain Doncaster could not dispute the proposition. The stranger continued—

'No doubt you do not; you were a small boy when we used to meet. But I was well acquainted with your father, the late viscount—was, I may say, his friend, and had the pleasure of obliging him in many ways. Always happy to do it, too, having the greatest respect for him and his family. Besides, it's always better to make friends than enemies, and every man has it in his power to do some good in his generation if he only has his heart in the right place.'

Harry Doncaster was charmed to hear such generous sentiments, and professed some hereditary gratitude for the services rendered to his father, not that he knew their nature, but he guessed that they might have been of a pecuniary character.

'You *do* remember my name, I dare say,' pursued his obliging neighbour—'Matthew Hardcastle.'

Harry Doncaster thought he re-

membered it—was not sure—yes, he certainly—it seemed familiar to him—he must have heard it at home when he was young.

'Ah! I thought you had not forgotten my name, at any rate,' said Mr. Hardcastle, with a pleasant chuckle; 'and now let me tell you why I have recalled myself to your recollection. Frankly, I wish to render you a service. There is too little sympathy in this world between man and man; we ought all to do more for one another than we do; the curse of the world is selfishness.'

'My dear sir,' said Harry Doncaster, 'it is charming to hear you express such noble sentiments, but I am not aware in what manner you can do me a service. I am full of troubles, but they are of a nature very difficult to provide for, and a stranger—'

'Not a stranger,' interrupted Mr. Hardcastle, taking Harry's hand and grasping it with much warmth; 'say a friend. It is indeed in my power to render you a service, and fortunately it is not necessary to test my friendliness by any sacrifice on my own part. The service I am able to render you will cost me nothing. On the contrary, I shall be a gainer by conferring an obligation in another quarter, not a pecuniary obligation of course. What I mean is that I shall gain the lasting gratitude of the family of one of my oldest friends, and that is payment to me enough. Nobody ever said that Matt Hardcastle ever did a good action only for money, though that perhaps is no merit of mine. I don't know what I might have done had I been poor, and we must always be charitable to the errors of needy men. Happily I have always been beyond the reach of temptation.'

'You puzzle me,' said Captain Doncaster, who thought that his new friend would indeed be a clever fellow if he could do anything for him. But he remembered that he had read of equally wonderful things in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.'

'Now, let me be frank with you,' Mr. Hardcastle continued. 'I know

your position at the present moment to be one of great embarrassment. I know that you have for years past spent a great deal more than your income. You have had expectations, doubtless, and were justified in so doing; but these expectations have not been realised as yet, and you have no time to wait for them. I know that besides a—if I may so call it—somewhat reckless personal expenditure, pardonable in a young man of family belonging to an expensive regiment, you have been unfortunate in horses and have dropped a little at cards. You have met debts of honour by contracting legal obligations. There are some of them considerably over due, and unless—in the immortal words of our friend Micawber—"something turns up" for you, you may be considered in the light of a ruined man.'

Harry was obliged to own that this was but too faithful a picture of his state and prospects in life; but he expressed some surprise that Mr. Hardcastle should have arrived at so accurate a knowledge of his condition.

'Never mind how I came to know it,' said that gentleman in his most genial manner; 'I know a great many things about a great many people that they little suspect. The fact is that I have rather a speciality for doing friendly offices for people in my humble way, and such cases reach my ears sooner than they reach those of most men. Now there is only one way of extricating yourself from your difficulties, and that one way is—marriage.'

Harry Doncaster was deeply disappointed at the nature of the remedy proposed. As if he had never thought of it before! Why, it is the first idea that occurs to every spendthrift who is hard pressed. Harry did not avow this contemptuous opinion, however, but contented himself with saying—

'I am much obliged, my dear sir, for your suggestion, and I must confess it had occurred to me before. But there has always been this difficulty in the way. I have a prejudice against marrying a woman I don't like, and I have hitherto been unable to combine the neces-

sary conditions. When I have liked, or fancied that I have liked, a girl, she has always turned out to be without a penny, and richer than myself only through having no debts. On the other hand, women with fortunes sufficiently large to enable them to take me, debts and all, have always been objectionable persons one way or another, besides being mostly eads. Indeed, women in my own rank of life are not to be had under the conditions, and I have never found any with money enough whom I cared even to ask. I am not very particular about grade, but in any grade I have always met with the same difficulty. As for selling myself entirely for the benefit of my creditors, I have not quite arrived at that pitch of heroism. Of the two I prefer the creditors to the kind of wife I could get—they may ruin me, but they cannot force me to suffer my ruin in their society.'

'But if I could introduce you to a lady whom you would be sure to like?'

'Thank you very much, my dear sir,' rejoined Harry Doncaster, somewhat decidedly, and getting rather red in the face, 'I have reasons, at the present time, for not being prepared to make the experiment.'

'An attachment already formed, eh? Excuse me—I am an older man than you—for asking the question. It is so, I see by your face. No doubt it does you honour, and so do all the sentiments you have expressed. It is something strange to meet with the finer feelings in a man who has passed through your career. But supposing that I could assist you with the object of your choice?'

'My dear sir, I have not told you that I have any choice, and I repeat—'

'Now, my dear friend, don't make a stranger of me, who only wish to oblige you. It is just possible that your choice—or shall I call it your fancy?—is but a few days old.'

'You are certainly determined, Mr. Hardcastle, to know as much as I know myself.'

'It is not improbable that you never yet spoke to the lady?'

'Mr. Hardcastle, I—'

'That you do not even know her name?'

'You are most determined in your interrogatories.'

'That you never saw her but once—at a ball?'

'Well, you evidently know something about it,' said Harry Doncaster, his first instinct of resentment appeased as he found his obliging friend really as well informed as he pretended to be.

'Supposing, then, as I have said, I could introduce you to the lady in question?'

'You would indeed please me, but I know not to what it could lead. To tell you the truth, I came here on purpose to see her; but even had I seen her I should scarcely have ventured to introduce myself, for I have no right to suppose that either she or her family desired to meet me, and the only excuse I had for intruding I have somehow lost.'

'You have lost the glove, then?'

'And you know about the glove?'

'Yes. I agree with you that they were not likely to advertise for such a very unimportant article, and it would certainly be strange if they advertised for you.'

'That is just what occurred to me. And you have seen the advertisement too?'

'Well, I have heard about it. But you won't want the glove if I present you myself.'

Harry Doncaster could not withstand the temptation; and in a few minutes the pair were in the midst of the promenaders, and peering in every direction among the occupants of the much-coveted chairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

I left the Surbiton party taking their rest, and being joined by a stranger. You may guess who it was—Mr. Shorncliffe, of course.

Mr. Shorncliffe rushed in where Captain Doncaster feared to tread; but he considered himself the lesser fool of the two on that account, and I suppose he was in the right.

Lifting his hat with a half recognition of the ladies, this enterprising gentleman addressed himself to Mr. Surbiton, who rose from

his seat with a certain air of deference; for Mr. Shorncliffe's manners were imposing—to Mr. Surbiton, at any rate.

'I have taken the liberty of intruding upon you here,' said Mr. Shorncliffe, with composed audacity, 'in obedience to your hint.'

'My hint, sir,' replied Mr. Surbiton, surprised out of politeness. 'What do you mean?'

'Mean, sir! Is it possible that you have forgotten the Plungers—the Dragoon Guards' ball at Brighton, and the advertisement in the "South Down Reporter"? I am the finder of the glove.'

The latter communication was conveyed in a low, confidential tone, as if it bore the weight of a state secret. Poor Mr. Surbiton was sorely perplexed. As soon as he could find words to reply, he said—

'Ball! Yes, I remember the ball, and a very dull affair it was. But what the deuce you mean by the advertisement and the glove I can't say. You must take me for somebody else, or have gone clean out of your senses.'

And here the horrible idea seized upon Mr. Surbiton that he had to do with a lunatic of a dangerous kind; so, with a precautionary instinct as creditable to him as his promptitude of action, he seized the chair upon which he had been sitting, covered himself with it, and covered the ladies with it, while awaiting a further demonstration on the other side.

The attitude was so unusual at the Zoological as to attract the attention of several bystanders; but they were well-bred persons, and did not precipitate a scene. The ladies, if not alarmed, felt very awkwardly placed, and Mrs. Surbiton told her husband in quiet, but commanding tones, to resume his seat, and hear what the gentleman had to say.

'I can assure you, sir,' continued Mr. Shorncliffe, rather amused than otherwise, and speaking round the chair for the benefit of the ladies, 'that I am not a madman, but am most pleasantly in my senses, and that I have intruded myself upon

you simply because I supposed you desired my presence.'

The explanation seemed at least reasonable, so Mr. Surbiton was persuaded to drop his defence and take his seat upon it—a pacific movement which satisfied the bystanders that there was nothing the matter; so they moved off, and an apparently promising scandal was nipped in the bud.

'The gentleman will tell you, I dare say, if you ask him,' said Mrs. Surbiton severely to her husband, 'what he means by the advertisement.'

'Well, what do you mean?' said Mr. Surbiton, sulkily.

'I mean the announcement which appeared on Friday in the "Southdown Reporter,"' said Mr. Shorncliffe, taking from his pocket the paragraph in question, which he had taken the precaution to cut out.

Mr. Surbiton read the advertisement with amazement; then he handed it to Mrs. Surbiton, who read it and looked scandalized; then Mrs. Surbiton handed it to Miss Surbiton, who read it—and laughed.

The latter lady was the first to express her views on the subject.

'If it relates to us, mamma, it must be intended as a piece of fun—though not such fun as a friend would practise upon us. I certainly dropped one of my gloves as we were going out; but nobody could suppose that we should advertise for such a thing as that; and I, at any rate, saw nobody pick it up.'

'I had that honour,' said Mr. Shorncliffe, not quite so assuredly as before, and addressing himself still to Mr. Surbiton, though with reference to the young lady, 'and seeing the advertisement, I was naturally under the impression that—that—there was a desire to communicate with me.'

'Then your impression was mistaken,' said Mr. Surbiton, recovering his self-possession as he began to understand the question at issue. 'We know nothing about the advertisement here; somebody has been making a fool of you.'

Mr. Shorncliffe began to think that he had at least been making a fool of himself, and sincerely wished that he had left Doncaster to perform his legitimate part in the affair.

'Shall I at least perform the commission which I have so innocently undertaken, and restore—'

Mrs. Surbiton here interposed, and stopped the movement which the speaker was making towards his pocket.

'On no account—such a proceeding could not be permitted in public—with the eyes of the world upon us—and nobody here requires the glove.'

'If the gentleman had found the little ring I lost the same evening I should be obliged to him,' said Miss Surbiton.

But Mr. Shorncliffe had unfortunately not found a ring.

'At least,' said that gentleman, as he made a movement to depart, 'I hope that I shall be acquitted of having taken a part in what seems to be a very silly hoax. My name—which I dare say is not unknown to Mr. Surbiton—should be some guarantee of my honourable motives.'

And here Mr. Shorncliffe handed his card to the gentleman whom he addressed. The latter glanced at it, and his manner changed immediately.

'Bless me!—Mr. John Shorncliffe! Are you of the house of Grampus, Shorncliffe, and Co., of Lombard Street?

'I am a partner in that firm.'

'My bankers. Then you are at least a respectable person. My dear sir, I am very glad to see you. This business of the advertisement is evidently a mistake—some foolery of those military coxcombs. I am very sorry that you have been imposed on. Grampus, Shorncliffe, and Co.—first-rate house—know some of the partners. You don't know me, I dare say.'

'Your name, I have no doubt, is known to me,' replied Mr. Shorncliffe, with renewed confidence at the turn which the conversation had taken.

'My name is Surbiton, sir. Do

you know me now? I have had an account at your bank—and, I flatter myself, never an unsatisfactory balance—for the last twenty years.'

'There is no name I know better—none more honoured in the firm—than yours. I am proud to make your acquaintance, Mr. Surbiton.'

'And I am proud to make yours; though I must confess I thought at first you were a swindler. Never mind—mistakes will happen. And now I know who you are let me introduce you to my wife and daughter.'

The wife and daughter duly acknowledged the introduction—neither of them, however, with any unnecessary graciousness; for Mrs. Surbiton, now that her husband had retired, 'did not approve of people in business,' and Miss Surbiton did not find herself taking much interest in the person upon short notice. However, Shorncliffe had gained his point, and, attaching himself sagaciously to the quarter where he had made an impression, he talked 'City' to Mr. Surbiton with such success as to fairly win that gentleman's heart.

The afternoon, which was young when they entered the gardens, had been middle-aged for some time past, and now showed signs of growing old. On every side people were seeking social safety in flight. Chairs—that sure test of the Zoological market—which had been so lately at a high premium, were now at a miserable discount. There had been no transactions in seats indeed, except in leaving them, for the last half-hour, and those comforting securities exhibited not only a downward tendency, but a rapid state of decline. I am indebted for this playful metaphor to Mr. Shorncliffe, who employed it in his conversation with Mr. Surbiton with such effect as to make that gentleman regard him as the most witty person he had ever met in the whole course of his life. Mrs. Surbiton, whose sympathies were wedded to the West-End, scarcely disguised her disgust at this kind of pleasantry; while Miss Surbiton, with whom the West-End was an open question, had a very small opinion of the wit, for the young

lady-like reason that she did not care about the individual.

'And now, my boy,'—it was my boy by this time—said Mr. Surbiton to his new acquaintance, 'you are leaving this place of course. Which way are you going? Westward, of course—everybody goes westward. Take a seat in our carriage. You have your own? Never mind—may as well drive with us—just room—tell your man to follow—take my wife out like a good fellow.'

So Mr. Shorncliffe gave his escort to Mrs. Surbiton, and Mr. Surbiton followed with his daughter.

\* \* \* \*

It was at this juncture that Mr. Matthew Hardcastle and Captain the Hon. Harry Doncaster encountered the party—just in time to be too late.

Harry was disgusted at the perfidy of his friend.

'Never mind,' said his genial companion; 'they have not seen us, and we shall have plenty of time to give him checkmate tomorrow. If we do not castle his queen—Hardcastle his queen I may say, ha! ha! ha!—never believe me again.'

—

### CHAPTER III.

#### RIDING, DINING, AND LOVE-MAKING.

Mr. Hardcastle, who was a bachelor—all these genial old boys are bachelors—occupied one of the best suites of chambers in the Albany—I will call it A 1, which it was in all respects but its local classification. Thither Captain Doncaster went to breakfast with him on the Monday morning succeeding the Sunday afternoon at the Zoological; and breakfast concluded, the pair arranged their plans for the coming campaign. These were not very elaborate, being limited to paying a visit at Mr. Surbiton's house, and enabling Harry to make what way he could with the ladies.

'There is no occasion,' remarked Mr. Hardcastle, 'to make the attack look premeditated, and that is why I proposed to introduce you in a public place; but nothing can be

more natural than that I—an old ally of the family—should take a friend with me when I happen to call; and I should say nothing if I were you about the advertisement in the paper, which is not likely to have come from the Surbitons, and is most probably some joke concocted at Brighton with which they have nothing to do.'

There was no end to the friendly attentions of Mr. Hardcastle. He suggested that, as they had nothing else to do after breakfast, they should have a ride in the Row; and when he found that Harry had no horse in town, he said it didn't matter, he could mount him, and he did so in a most satisfactory manner, and told Harry always to consider the horse at his disposal as long as he remained in London. Harry was anxious, too, about another point. He told Mr. Hardeastle that he did not feel safe in such a public place as the Park, where he had not been for months; but his new friend told him to be quite easy on that score. 'If anything happens,' said he, 'I will settle the thing for you; it is only for a short time that you need incur the danger. I hope very soon to see you a free man—now, no thanks—I assure you I take a selfish pleasure in obliging anybody to whom I take a liking—it is my way.'

The first person they met in the Row was a gentleman who was also fond of friendly attentions—a gentleman in humble life who followed a pursuit not unknown in the neighbourhood—that of warning persons in Harry's predicament, with a view to half-crowns, of enemies being in the vicinity. He gave an intimation of the kind to Harry, which made that gentleman wince, especially when he heard that the enemy in question had 'walked off with a swell only on Saturday, while he was riding with a lady.' But Mr. Hardcastle treated the matter so lightly, and renewed his assurances of support with such evident sincerity, that Harry was soon reassured, and felt almost as free as he did on what Fielding calls 'that happy day of the week when profane hands are forbidden to con-

taminate the shoulders of the unfortunate.'

The next person they met was Miss Surbiton herself. She came upon Harry Doncaster like a vision—only I doubt if any vision ever sat a horse half so well, or managed it with such ease and grace. A vision, I fancy, would ride more in the style of the lady in the picture advertisement, who sits sideways upon an agreeably rearing steed, holding the reins as if they were the handle of a tea-cup, while the skirt of her habit, which is about twelve feet long, meanders gracefully among the animal's legs. This was not Miss Surbiton's style you may be sure, or Harry would not have gone into such absurd raptures about her equestrian performance. He had never, too, he thought, seen anybody who looked half so well in a riding dress, though it is perhaps the *safest* costume for all styles of beauty, and most styles which are not beauty for that matter.

Mr. Surbiton, who accompanied his daughter, could not ride, but he did. He pulled up upon seeing Mr. Hardcastle, and the two immediately entered into conversation upon some sordid business in which they were both concerned. Meanwhile the younger pair, having no social licence to talk, felt rather in the way, until Mr. Hardcastle presently introduced his companion, and the rest was plain sailing. The party first rode abreast, and then in pairs, and after a canter or two together Harry Doncaster and Blanche Surbiton found themselves intimate friends.

\* \* \* \*

Three days afterwards Captain Doncaster dined with Mr. and Mrs. Surbiton at their house in Hyde Park Gardens. Mr. Surbiton did not much care about asking him, but Mrs. Surbiton did, which was decisive. That lady never neglected an opportunity to cultivate fashionable and well-connected acquaintances—they were such a relief, she said, from her husband's horrible City friends—and she treated the latest on the list with great distinction, as being no more than the

due of a person who was a possible viscount—the present one being childless—and who might—the lady had already great ideas in the way of an alliance for her daughter.

Among the guests bidden to the hospitable board of Mr. Surbiton was Mr. Shorncliffe. Harry Doncaster and he had not met since the memorable night at Brighton, and had their meeting now taken place been elsewhere, Harry would have quarrelled with him, for he could not doubt the means by which that gentleman had made the acquaintance of the Surbitons. It was clear that he must have dropped the glove in the coffee-room, and that Mr. Shorncliffe must have appropriated it. However, the house they were in was no place in which to settle a question of the kind; and having once let it pass, Harry thought he would say no more about it, contenting himself with the amiable revenge of making Mr. Shorncliffe particularly uncomfortable by taking no notice of him, and leaving him uncertain what kind of greeting he had to expect until the evening was well-nigh over.

Harry Doncaster indeed was far better employed; for he had Blanche Surbiton in charge at dinner, and enjoyed the lion's share of her society afterwards. Shorncliffe was powerless to interfere with this monopoly during the meal, for although placed opposite to the lady, there was a bar between them in the shape of a senseless contrivance of fruit and flowers, which, as he said afterwards, was all very well in its way, but a bore beyond bearing when it got in the way of one's observation. He could quite sympathise with the Frenchman who said that he detested the beauties of nature; and he hated the scent of roses as much as did Hood's flower-girl who associated them with so much sorrow. The object who filled his thoughts was almost shut out from his vision by these wretched representatives of grace and beauty. It was only, indeed, by a dive of a most undignified character that he could manage to address his *vis-à-vis*, and I need

scarcely say that a remark across a dinner-table must be of a special character not always at command to warrant a process of the kind. From his proper position the young banker could obtain nothing more satisfactory than the sight of a bit of blue *corsage*—blue was evidently Miss Surbiton's colour—and the glimpse of an occasional arm. This was the more exasperating as he was able to see and hear quite enough to know that Harry Doncaster was making his way in a triumphant manner, and thoroughly engrossing the girl's attention; while those more happily seated could place but one interpretation upon the manner in which, as she listened to or addressed her neighbour, the pink coral continually combated with the ivory of her complexion.

Poor Shorncliffe, too, had the additional mortification of being placed next to Miss Mankillen—a lady of undecided age but decided manners, arrayed for fascination in a style which ought to amount to conspiracy in law; who had no features to speak of, and thought therefore that her force lay in expression; who said the smallest things with the largest emphasis, and whenever she talked—which she always did—twisted her face into maniacal grimaces, and gave to her too agile form the contortions of a mermaid. She was called, indeed, the mermaid among the more ribald and insulting of her acquaintances; and one of these noticing the manner in which she was disporting herself towards Mr. Shorncliffe, remarked that if she carried her looking-glass and comb into connubial life, she would certainly give the most faithful reflection to her husband's least pleasant qualities, and comb his hair in a manner not contemplated by *coiffeurs*.

The neighbour tried to enter into her ideas of a pleasant conversation, but found himself so entirely opposed as to the required conditions that he contented himself at last by answering her at random; so they talked something in this manner—

‘ You go everywhere, Mr. Shorn-

cliffe. I have seen you at five hundred places this season.’

‘ No, I think she is best in the “Grande Duchesse.”’

‘ You are fond of dancing? I know you are.’

‘ I prefer Patti of the two.’

‘ Those are very beautiful flowers. I adore flowers.’

‘ I hear that his last novel is a failure.’

‘ Are you going to the Zoological next Sunday?’

‘ Yes. I heard her twice at Vienna before she came here.’

And so forth. But the worst of it—for Mr. Shorncliffe—was that the lady did not feel offended, but came to the conclusion that her neighbour was a little deaf, and that it was a well-bred thing to humour him.

It was a desperately long dinner; for Mr. Surbiton inclined to massive hospitalities, and thought there could never be enough of a good thing. But it came to an end, as even desperately long dinners must do; and when the ladies had all sailed out of the room—like a fleet of flowers—the gentlemen did what gentlemen always do on such occasions—took a little more wine, and tried to bring together the scattered elements of conversation. As for Harry Doncaster, he seemed, for the first time, aware of their presence—so engrossed had he been with his fair neighbour, who was not only by this time mistress of his heart, but of his head also; for his brain had gained new life from her beauty, and his fancies were exhilarated as if fresh from a feast of the gods. Mr. Hardcastle, who was on the other side of the table, nodded to him as he touched his glass with his lips, and his looks said as plainly as looks can say, ‘ I congratulate you.’

Shorncliffe was first in the drawing-room, and when Doncaster entered that apartment he found him engaged in conversation with Miss Surbiton, and pretending to take tea. To what extent he would have succeeded in interesting the young lady I cannot say; for he was cruelly treated shortly afterwards by his host, who drew him

away to ask his opinion upon some important question connected with the City. Harry took the opportunity to slip into the vacant chair, and was once more master of the situation.

How they got there—by what pretence—and at whose suggestion—I know not; but in a few minutes the pair were miles away (drawing-room measure) in the conservatory.

There was no one near; and you may be sure that both were conscious of the fact. Miss Surbiton, indeed, so far appreciated it as to take the opportunity of asking a question which she would not have liked to ask with a chance of being heard.

'Pray excuse me, Captain Doncaster, for asking you; but where did you get that little turquoise ring you wear on your watch-guard?'

'Originally,' answered Harry, 'by the prosaic process of buying it, if I remember rightly; but how I came by it lately is more than I can tell. I thought I had given it away years ago. It seems, however, that I have been wearing it, for some little time, at least, next to my heart, for my servant found it in the side pocket of a coat. How it came there is a mystery to me, but I remembered it as being my former property.'

'You were at the Dragoon Guards' ball at Brighton last week—I know you were—I saw you there. It was there that I lost the ring. It must have come off with my glove, which I dropped going out.'

A light broke in upon Harry Doncaster.

'I was an idiot,' said he, 'not to have connected the two circumstances before. It was I who found the glove. You were in the carriage, and had driven off before I could return it.'

'You found the glove? I thought it was Mr. Shorncliffe. He brought it back very unnecessarily, and made a great fuss about it at the Zoological Gardens on Sunday. He was a stranger to us then, though it seems that papa banks with him.'

'The fact is, I lost the glove by accident, and Mr. Shorncliffe appropriated it; but the ring, which I had not observed, was not then in it, and must have fallen out previously, and remained where I originally placed the glove. I ought to have quarrelled with Mr. Shorncliffe for his share in the proceeding, but have determined to forgive him in consideration of the temptation. His object was to use the glove for the purpose of getting an introduction to its owner.'

The pink coral gained a decided advantage over the ivory as Harry said these words.

'I consider his conduct highly impertinent,' said the lady; 'but it does not alter my opinion of him, for I did not like it from the first.'

'I will at any rate restore the ring,' said Harry, disengaging it from his chain, and placing it in its owner's hand.

Blanche Surbiton looked curiously at her companion as she received the ornament.

'Have you any recollection,' she asked, quietly, 'of the person to whom you gave it so long ago?'

'I remember her perfectly as she was then; but it is ten years since—just before I went into the service and to India—and she was then a little girl. Can it be that—'

And Harry paused to examine the possibility which suggested itself.

'She was a child of seven or eight years of age, and you gave the ring to her upon the beach at Brighton,' said Miss Surbiton, decidedly. 'She had ventured out a little too far, looking for seaweed, and had stayed upon a piece of rock until the tide—then coming in—surrounded her. She was in great danger, for she was too frightened to help herself. You were walking upon the beach at the time, waded through the surf, and carried her on shore. She was nearly fainting—you were very kind to her—revived and soothed her—and ultimately gave her back to her servant, who had been talking to a soldier and came up at the last moment. On leaving the child you placed this little ring upon her

finger, and she has always worn it since in remembrance of her deliverer.'

'I remember every incident you mention,' said Harry; 'and now that you bring the child to my mind I can recall her face in your own. But time makes great changes in young ladies who are not grown up.'

And here Harry Doncaster made an obvious remark or two about the influence of time being sometimes of a favourable character, which brought the pink coral to the surface again. Then he asked a question in his turn—

'Did you recognize me?'

'Immediately. At the ball I thought your face familiar to me, and soon remembered where we had met. You have changed very little—scarcely at all, indeed.'

Harry did not ask—and I dare say did not care—whether the tendency in his case had been favourable or otherwise; and the lady was not sufficiently gushing to volunteer the information. That the discovery of their old acquaintance gave pleasure to them both was easy to be seen; and when Mr. Shorncliffe—by the merest accident, of course—came presently into the conservatory, even that very assured gentleman arrived at the conviction that he was no welcome addition to the party.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### WHOM SHALL SHE MARRY?

'But how can I, as a man of honour, misrepresent my position, and conceal the fact of all these awful debts?'

Harry Doncaster asked this question of Mr. Hardcastle at breakfast next morning in the Albany, where, by the special desire of the occupier of A 1, the young officer had taken up his temporary quarters.

'As for your want of property—which will not be always a want, for you must have *some* one of these days, even if your brother marries, and you do not get the title and estates—I don't see that you need

feel any embarrassment. Nothing can be more fair than a match of the kind. There is birth and position on the one side, there is money on the other. The Surbiton family, I am sure, will be charmed with the alliance. Your debts are awkward, of course; but a great many of them are of a kind which no man ought to pay in full if he can avoid it. If you will authorise me to arrange with the rascals, I will undertake to manage them, to make a compromise as to amount, and give you time besides; and moreover, I will explain the whole matter to Mr. Surbiton, who has the highest regard for me as a friend and a man of business, and will, I am sure, act upon my advice.'

Harry was enchanted at the idea of such a satisfactory settlement, and threw his scruples to the winds. Mr. Hardcastle's generous proffers touched him to the heart; it would be foolish and ungrateful to refuse them. The result was that Harry placed himself entirely in the hands of his new friend, and thought how happy the world might be if friends of the kind were more common.

Released from sordid cares, Harry Doncaster could venture to declare his love. Indeed, to tell the truth, he had gone a great way in that direction on the previous evening while in the conservatory, and he was in no want of an opportunity for meeting Blanche Surbiton again, for he had learned that she intended to ride in the Row that morning, accompanied only, servant excepted, by Miss Mankillen. So Harry, mounted as before by Mr. Hardcastle, went into the Row also, and there the two met, quite by accident of course, and Miss Mankillen, not being the kind of person to ride with a lady if she could get a man instead, did not trouble them long with her company, a fact upon which I suspect Blanche Surbiton had calculated when she asked her to go.

Harry and Blanche—you will excuse my familiarity with the young lady—after seeing Miss Mankillen inflict herself upon a nervous gentleman who was riding for his health, and was too weak to make resist-





Drawn by Adelaide Claxton.]

### MR. HARDCastle's FRIENDLY ATTENTIONS.

[See the Story.]

ance, took a canter together, which had the effect of leaving everybody behind, and then walked their horses and began to talk as people do when they have a great deal to say and know not how soon they may be disturbed. It was Harry who took the initiative in this decided course of action, and resuming the conversation from the point at which it had broken off in the conservatory, made such rapid progress that he arrived at the ‘momentous question’ with a celerity that surprised himself, to say nothing of his companion. However, he had not mistaken his ground, that was clear, and before anybody came up to talk to them, Harry had not only extracted as favourable an answer as a lady is likely to give who is agitated and has a horse to manage, but extorted a confession that for ten years past the childish fancy that mingled with her gratitude had been a sunny memory of her life, which had been lit up with the hope of meeting its object once more. So when they rejoined Miss Mankillen, or rather when Miss Mankillen rejoined them, they both looked so happy as to be decided objects of suspicion; indeed the pink coral in Blanche’s face was sufficient evidence for conviction in any court of justice.

That afternoon, when Mr. Surbiton returned home—although retired from business he haunted the City upon various pretences—Mrs. Surbiton made him an important communication—that Captain the Hon. Harry Doncaster had made an offer for their daughter’s hand. Mr. Surbiton’s answer, ‘I am sorry to say, was coarse. He said ‘Rubbish.’ But it was not rubbish for all that, and Mrs. Surbiton assured him that the match was one of which she highly approved, the connection was so good, and would give them such an influential place in society, especially if her daughter should become a viscountess, of which there seemed every chance. The lady, in fact, was for accepting at once, and, what was more, celebrating the marriage as soon as possible, to prevent accidents.

But Mr. Surbiton, strange to say,

VOL. XVI.—NO. XCIII.

did not seem to see the advantage, especially compared with another offer which had been made to him in the City for the hand of the same young lady. This, it appeared, was from no less a person than Mr. Shorncliffe, who had formally asked for his consent in the event of his obtaining that of the lady. The worthy gentleman respectfully, but firmly, avowed his preference for the monied suitor. ‘What is rank to us?’ he said; ‘I am a self-made man, and everybody knows it. With the money I can give to Blanche, and that which Shorncliffe has, their position will be second to nobody’s. We don’t want empty handles to names, and to be hanging on to poor, proud families that will scarcely own us. I like to have the sinews of war that I have always relied on, not the gold lace and the gloss, that nobody cares about if they can get the other thing.’ Mrs. Surbiton could not conceal her disgust at this commercial view of the question, and intimated to her husband, though in more polite and prosaic phrase, that however he might, on account of his wealth, have inherited some of the flowers of a social Eden, the trail of the City was over them all, and that she was ashamed of his mean way of looking at the position.

The position, indeed, was a very awkward one, for the harmony of the family, between whose heads nothing could more confidently be expected than a right royal row. But Mr. Surbiton had a fortunate preference for peace and quietness, and an idea occurred to him.

‘I tell you what it is, my dear,’ said he; ‘it is of no use for us to quarrel about this business. People are never good judges of their own affairs. It is always better that they should take counsel’s opinion, and I know of no man whose opinion I would rather take than that of Hardcastle. I have known him for these thirty years; he has always been my friend, and I have always found his advice put money in my pocket, and if by following it I have put some into his own, that is only fair. He is a clear-headed man of the world, and I promise you, if you

agree, that I will be guided by his decision.'

Mrs. Surbiton did not directly make her election; but on the following morning, after a careful consideration of Mr. Hardcastle's character, and the peculiar circumstances of the case—the lady had considerable shrewdness and penetration, and saw into character rather more deeply than her husband—she consented to the compact, reserving to herself mentally the right of playing false if the decision went against her. It was a reservation which I cannot defend, but I am only recording facts, and perhaps I have no right to expose the aberrations of so respectable a lady. So Mr. Hardcastle was bidden to a private dinner, and the two gentlemen had a long discussion on the subject after the ladies had gone up stairs.

The result may be soon told. Mr. Surbiton put the case to his friend as one in which it was impossible for them to have a difference of opinion, and he made it a question, he added, only for the sake of peace and quietness, that is to say, to please his wife. Mr. Hardcastle at first seemed to agree with him entirely, and then proceeded to urge, with an adroitness for which he was remarkable, a long series of qualifications, the upshot of which was that he ranged himself unreservedly upon the side of the wife, and advised his old and valued friend so strongly in favour of the Doncaster alliance that the old and valued friend was fairly carried off his feet. Mr. Hardcastle said a great deal about the young lady's preference, of which he was well aware, and the duty of parents—he was solemn and pathetic upon this subject—to forward the happiness of their children irrespective of sordid considerations. Mr. Surbiton, although an affectionate father in his own way, was not greatly impressed by these arguments; but when Mr. Hardcastle dwelt upon the advantage given to capital by connection, and showed how, for the highest aspirations of finance, social position was indispensable, Mr. Surbiton was visibly moved. And finally, remembering

how he had for thirty years followed his old and valued friend's advice with advantage—which advice he could not consider otherwise than disinterested, though the old and valued friend had always made something by it himself—he decided to take it in the present instance.

'But the young man has no money,' (Shorncliffe had told him that,) urged Mr. Surbiton, as a last appeal; 'and he has debts.'

'That is quite true,' replied Mr. Hardcastle, in his most smiling manner, and treating the question as if it were a mere bagatelle. 'But you cannot give your daughter less than twenty thousand pounds down, whoever marries her, besides the fortune you leave her in your will; and that will be sufficient for them—and his pay is something remember—until he comes into money of his own, even if he does not get the title and estates, which he will in all probability. As for his debts they are not very serious, and I shall be able to arrange for them. Leave that matter in my hands. I should add, by the way, that the twenty thousand pounds ought to be unfettered—and I really think that the alliance is cheap at the price.'

So Mr. Surbiton yielded, and the only uncomfortable feeling that he had when he rose from the table was the triumph that his compliance would give to his wife. He felt small, in fact, as a family man.

\* \* \* \*

The marriage of Captain the Hon. Harry Doncaster with Blanche, daughter of John Surbiton, Esq., was duly celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square. It was announced in the papers as a marriage in high life, and already the Surbitons felt themselves a part of the peerage.

## CHAPTER V.

### AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Never did bride and bridegroom return from their wedding tour more happy than did Harry and Blanche. It was then that their troubles were destined to begin.

A country seat of the viscount's

had been placed at their disposal until they made arrangements of their own; and on the third morning after their arrival, when they were seated at breakfast envying nobody in the world, a letter arrived from Harry's solicitor. It announced that his creditors had all proceeded against him to the utmost extremity—to executions, in fact, in every case, for the full amount of the several debts, and that he must immediately pay a sum of something over nineteen thousand pounds.

I need not say how hard the blow was to bear. But it was certainly harder when they learned that Mr. Hardcastle, the disinterested ally of Harry, and the old and valued friend of Mr. Surbiton, held all Harry's bills, and indeed every debt that the young officer had incurred—obligations which that friend of humanity had been able to buy up, at a time when Harry's fortunes looked desperate, at a remarkably low figure. There was no help for it now. Harry had twenty thousand pounds—just a little dipped into—by right of his wife, and had to pay every farthing.

I need not say what Mr. Surbiton said; indeed I should be sorry to repeat his language, even in a Latin note. The old and valued friend had been too much for him after all, and had made a profit of, I dare say, nine-tenths of the nineteen thousand pounds by the transaction. I need not say either what the viscount said, and how he threatened to marry, and, as Harry had already lost so much, cut him off from all compensatory prospects. I need only record actual events. Mr. Surbiton would not give another farthing, though, to do him justice, he did not talk 'about altering his will; so there was nothing for it—as far as Harry was concerned—but to accommodate himself to his new condition of life. He sold his commission in the first place—realising its full value, as there were no claims upon him—and with the sum thus obtained, he was able to go into the country and live in a quiet way while waiting for happier

times. His only consolation was in the devotion of his wife. Blanche did not care at all for their loss of the great world, and she made their little world perhaps pleasanter than it would have been had it been great. She would rather, she continually declared—and she was a very veracious young lady—be the wife of Harry without a sixpence, than have accepted Mr. Shorncliffe's offer with all its substantial advantages. And as events turned out, it appeared that she would have been justified, even financially, in her choice; for a commercial crisis came, and Mr. Shorncliffe's bank broke, and left that gentleman considerably worse off than Harry himself. It was particularly unlucky, too, that by the breaking of the great house of Grampus, Shorncliffe, and Co., Mr. Surbiton lost another great slice of his splendid fortune. In fact, he came down greatly in the world, and had to remove from Hyde Park Gardens to the comparative obscurity of Notting Hill. This was a great source of satisfaction to Mr. Hardcastle, who moralised a great deal upon his friend's incautious disposition of his money, and claimed to have been his benefactor to the extent of twenty thousand pounds by having saved that sum out of the fire. 'It would all have gone,' said that disinterested gentleman, 'if I had left it in his hands; he never had a knowledge of business, and all the money he made I made for him. But human nature is frail, and even my old friend Surbiton is ungrateful.'

Mrs. Surbiton still had things her own way with her husband. His losses, she maintained, were all caused by his trusting to those commercial people; and, after all, the Doncaster alliance gave them dignity even in their reduced circumstances. Her husband did not see it; but he had learned the wisdom of silence when his wife pronounced. Mr. Shorncliffe, it should be recorded, was equal to the occasion. After casting about for a little time, he cast himself into the arms of Miss Mankillen, who was very much obliged to him, and

repaired his shattered fortunes with her money, of which she had a considerable amount. It must be said for that lady that she was not mercenary, and had an abstract reverence for a man. I have not heard whether she makes the prophesied use of the mirror and the comb; but it is certain that Mr. Shorncliffe has lost the audacity which formerly distinguished him, and is a sadder, if not a wiser man.

As for Harry and Blanche, they vegetated for a considerable time, until expectations began to be realisations; and, at last, the title and estate—the latter not large but sufficient for their dignity—came to them, and then they began to live again. They were very happy throughout their troubles, and are

very happy now. They are not proud, and they delight in nothing more than to talk about their impecunious days. Harry, who is an hereditary legislator, is taking to politics, and it will be hard if his wife's social influence, and beauty combined, do not get him at least an under-secretaryship of state one of these days. Meanwhile, they are so contented, that, while carefully cutting him off from their acquaintance, they feel a secret sentiment of gratitude towards Mr. Hardcastle; for, after all, they say, it was he who brought them together by putting the advertisement into the 'South Down Reporter,' and luring Harry into the pleasant meshes of matrimony.

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.

### LIGHT-HEADED SOVEREIGNS.

NOT real kings and queens, emperors and empresses, czars and czarinas, sultans and sultanases; not wanderers like George of Hanover, Otho of Greece, Bomba of Naples, or Isabella of Spain. We do not mean these. Our thoughts are bent rather towards those metallic sovereigns on which the royal countenance is simply a *bas-relief*, and which we reverence with a very peculiar sensitiveness. The sovereigns here under consideration are nearly always light-headed; nay, their lightness affects them all over, on both surfaces and round the edge. William IV. is lighter-headed than Victoria, and still lighter is George IV., not through any peculiarity of mental constitution, but on account of a longer career in this world; and if we happen to catch sight of one of the old guineas which our grandfathers paid and received, we should find the effigy of George III. very light-headed indeed. The truth is, that all kinds of coin, whether of gold, silver, copper, or bronze, are constantly wearing away. Hard and durable as it may seem, every coin loses something of its weight on every occasion of using. The old illustration about drops of water wearing away a block of gra-

nite is applicable by analogy here. Every time we drop a sovereign into a purse or a pocket, or ring it on a counter, or put it in a till, or tie it up in a bag; every time that it is transposed from one hand to another (hard or soft), even without touching anything else, it loses a few of its particles. Small they may be and unquestionably are, too small and too few to be visible; but still they are veritable particles. Never mind if it be only the hundredth, thousandth, millionth of a grain, it tells up in time.

'Mony littles mak' a mickle.' In this as in other matters. Every time of using rubs off some of the metal from every coin. Where it goes to—'goodness knows.' It must be in the air, in the water, on the ground, about our persons, on our clothes, in rooms and on furniture, in drawers and on counters. Nothing (we know from the modern teachings of science) is really lost or destroyed; the gold does not cease to be gold merely because it is in excessively minute particles; but certainly it ceases to be gold *to us*. Nobody knows even what becomes of all the pins, the steel pens, the cigar-ends which we throw away when done with; and still less do we know the

fate of those morsels which result from friction or rubbing.

This wear and tear of a good golden sovereign leads to some very curious calculations at the Mint. We mean a *good* sovereign, rascalities of all kinds being supposed absent. Professor Jevons, a learned man on these subjects, estimates that there are about eighty million sovereigns (including an equivalent for half-sovereigns) now circulating in the United Kingdom; and other authorities have arrived by other modes of investigation at a similar result. Now these sovereigns wear away with singular regularity. Very few of them are hoarded; for nearly all classes are now conversant with the fact that it is better to invest than to hoard, better to have money out at interest than idle in a box or an old stocking; and thus most gold coins go through about an equal amount of hard work. A sovereign of good sterling gold remains legally current until it has lost three-quarters of a grain in weight, after which time it becomes 'light,' in which state any one may refuse to take it; and so proportionately of the half-sovereign. Now it is found that a sovereign generally becomes 'light' in about eighteen years, and a half-sovereign in ten years: the difference being due to the fact that the *surface* of a half-sovereign is much more than half that of a sovereign, and is therefore exposed to proportionately harder usage. From this we may draw a safe kind of conclusion, that if a sovereign above eighteen years old be proffered to us in payment, we should act prudently in testing its weight. If we now receive one of these gold coins that was minted before the year of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, there is more than an even chance of its being light, however good in quality.

It comes to this, then, that sovereigns ought to be called in, remelted, and recoined every eighteen years and half-sovereigns every ten years. It is supposed that the eighty millions sterling of gold coin are made up of sixty-eight million sovereigns and twenty-four million half-sovereigns. Taking these pro-

portions, and taking the two periods of time in which the two denominations of coin become 'light,' our Mint doctors tell us how much recoinage there ought to be annually to get rid of the light-weights as soon as they become light; the annual average would be about three millions and three-quarters of sovereigns and two millions and a half of half-sovereigns. If a sovereign is set to work on the 1st of January it becomes lessened in value by the 31st of December to the extent of one-third of a farthing. A trifle certainly; but when we consider that nearly all the brother sovereigns are working away at the same rate during the same time, we shall see that the aggregate of trifles assumes a form very much like thirty thousand pounds sterling. This is a remarkable instance of unintentional and unavoidable waste. The particles of gold disappear, no one knows whither. In all the ways just mentioned the infinitesimally-minute morsels make their escape, never more (so far as we can see) to be re-collected. Doubtless we eat gold, drink gold, wear gold, and walk upon gold, just in the same way as we eat dust, drink dust, wear dust, and walk upon dust, and through the effect of the same processes of abrasion and disintegration. The chief difference is that of quantity, and an important difference this of course is.

A very elaborate calculation has been made of the expenses imposed on the Mint by these processes of recoinage, *plus* the actual loss of precious metal by the wear and tear of every coin. This calculation has been made by Mr. Graham, Master of the Mint, and Colonel Smith, late Master of the Calcutta Mint. Of course if sovereigns and half-sovereigns will and do wear away, somebody or other must bear the loss; and this somebody, in our own country, is the state. We might make a law to the effect that a sovereign shall continue to be a legal tender, a legal representative of twenty shillings, however much it may be worn away, but we could not compel foreign countries to attend to this law; great confusion in

foreign trade would ensue, and the high financial reputation of England would receive a check. It is considered much better for the government or the state, as representative of the whole nation, to bear the loss.

A question lately submitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the two experienced mint-masters above named assumed this form: 'What would it cost, first to manufacture a sovereign, and afterwards to keep it in good condition for all time?' Each individual coin has a limited existence, and must be withdrawn and replaced by a new coin of full weight, that again by another in due time, and so on. To make the coinage self-supporting, the Mint ought to charge a price that would cover the first mintage and all the subsequent renewals; and this price would be a sort of endowment, which would have to be provided, in some way or other, for the permanent maintenance of the coin. The experience of the English Mint tallies almost exactly with that of the French, that in the large operations to which the two establishments are accustomed, the whole cost of coining a sovereign is just about one halfpenny. As matters stand, we as a nation lose that halfpenny; we pay it out of the taxes. Then there is the loss of metal by wear and tear, above adverted to; and then there is a cost of one halfpenny per sovereign at the end of eighteen years for recoining the piece. These three items have to be combined. Some sovereigns quit the country never to return; some are lost by wreck, fire, and other casualties; some are purposely melted down for special purposes; and it is found that to fill up the gaps thus made, as well as to accommodate the ever-enlarging trade of the country, about four million new sovereigns must be made annually.

Calculations such as actuaries only are accustomed to, and which have rather a frightful look to other folks, lead to this result: that the Mint ought to charge thirty-three shillings extra for every hundred sovereigns supplied, or fourpence per sovereign, in order to defray the expense (1) of the original coining,

(2) of re-coining after intervals of eighteen years, and (3) of the continuous loss of precious metal by wear and tear. Unless we individually pay fourpence per sovereign in this way, for all the use and wear and tear, we must pay it collectively out of the taxes.

Of course silver coins are subject to some such rough usage as those of gold, and even more rapidly and seriously, on account of their incessant movement in retail trade. Indeed it was to the effect of wear on the silver coinage that the attention of the government was in the first instance directed. About eighty years ago the shillings and sixpences were in a condition that we can hardly now imagine. Some were mere flat discs of silver, without a vestige of device or pattern on either surface. Some had been maltreated in the most unmerciful way—bitten, hammered, bent, broken, perforated, filed, stained, blackened—victims of hard work in a cruel world. And when the balance instead of the eye was applied as a test, a significant tale was told. The coins were not only light, but *very* light. The Bank authorities, knowing that sixty-two new shillings (of that date) weighed one pound troy, were rather staggered to find that it required seventy-eight of the worn and torn shillings to turn the scale. With sixpences the case was still worse, for the pound weight absorbed a hundred and ninety-two instead of a hundred and twenty-four; they had actually lost more than one-third of their substance. And these were not picked or selected; they were a fair average sample of the coin paid in every day at the Bank. The crowns and half-crowns were found to be relatively less worn. Eleven years afterwards—that is, about seventy years ago—batches of silver coins were again weighed; they were still worse than before, seeing that it required eighty-three shillings to make up a pound; and as for the sixpences, there were now needed two hundred and one instead of a hundred and ninety-two to weigh a pound. Later investigators have arrived at these curious results:—

that our silver coins, taken one with another, depreciate about a two-hundredth part in the course of a year; whereas our gold coins depreciate a nine-hundredth part. The silver wears four or five times as rapidly as the gold, partly through more severe usage, partly owing to the less durable nature of the metal. We shall readily be able to believe something of this kind; for many of our shillings, and especially our sixpences, have a very queer and shrunken appearance, telling of much wearing, toil, and trouble.

This matter, of the durability of our sovereigns, depends very much on the kind of alloy mixed with the precious metal. For, be it known to us all, the *purest* of gold is not the *best* of gold for coins. Mr. Cavendish, the celebrated philosopher, made many experiments on this subject at the request of the government. He combined gold with more than a dozen other metals, one or two at a time, and shaped the alloys into pieces to represent coins. He then rubbed away for weeks together, with the aid of apparatus devised for the purpose, to ascertain which kind of alloy bore most bravely this severe ordeal. Some he found too soft; some too brittle; some were too soon affected by heat; and some badly coloured. It was satisfactory to the Mint authorities to be told by Mr. Cavendish, as the net result of his experiments, that the usual standard, or sterling, or guinea gold (eleven of pure gold to one of silver), is better fitted than any other combination, and better than pure gold itself, as the material for gold coins. Lest mere rubbing should not imitate the rattling and ringing which coins undergo on the counter and in the till, or not imitate with sufficient closeness, the acute inquirer put his experimental coins into a box mounted on an axle, and rotated it fifty or a hundred thousand times. Such a ‘rubbing of shoulders’ was seldom before seen; everything rubbed a bit off of everything else; but the result supported the same conclusion as before—sterling gold won the victory.

About ten years ago, Mr. W. Mil-

ler, assistant cashier at the Bank of England, reported, as the fruit of lengthened experience, that sovereigns issued from the Mint in different reigns, or at different times, do not wear equally well; that the wearing is more or less according to differences in alloy, in the impression, or in the temper of the metal; that when the impression is simple, without many sharp prominences, the coin wears better; that a plain rim, with letters round it, wears better than a milled edge; that if the metal is either more soft or less soft than usual, it suffers more in wear; and that the first coinage of a new reign will, after a long period, be found in better condition than one of two or three years' subsequent date, from the fact of many coins of the former date being hoarded as curiosities. Some curious facts came out relative to the difference between wholesale and retail trade, as well as between trade in rich and in poor neighbourhoods, in the effect upon coins. ‘A sovereign passed at the West End of London meets with better usage in such shops as jewellers' or milliners' than it does when rung with a strong arm on the counter of a potato salesman, where it would be rubbed by the sand. In commercial towns the coin becomes light sooner than in other places, not only from its greater circulation, but in consequence of the rough usage it undergoes in being so often thrown into bankers' scales and drawers. During a time of great commercial activity, as the coin would be used more, of course its wear would be greater than at other times. It is probable that the coin issued during the last ten years has become light more quickly than that issued in the preceding ten years; and it might perhaps be found that our coin becomes light more rapidly than the coin of other countries.’

The rogues and roughs of this naughty world are always more or less actively at work in making sovereigns light-headed before their time. They *sweat* the coins by shaking them in a bag, thereby rubbing off particles which are

good for the melter. They split them, take out a thin film of gold, fill up with a film of some cheaper metal, and doctor up the edges. They file them, if the state of wear enables this to be done without too ready chance of detection, and melt or sell the filings. They wash them with certain acids which dissolve a little of the gold, and then obtain the gold again from the solution. There may be other modes of robbing the sovereigns of some of their precious metal; but the Mint people do not like to talk much about them, although they doubtless have suspicions. As to the really bad or spurious coins, made and uttered by smashers, we do not advert to them here; all our light-headed sovereigns are supposed to be good in

quality, by whatever cause they became light.

Since the above was written, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has put forth a scheme for saving the thirty thousand a year which the state now loses by the coinage. He proposes that a sovereign shall in future weigh one grain less than at present; that the Bank shall receive a coin weighing 122·274 grains, in exchange for 123·274 grains of bullion. The value of the one grain would cover the expense of coining, the expense of recoining after eighteen years of wear, and the value of the precious metal rubbed off during that period. The matter is submitted for a time to the consideration of bullionists and bankers—in order to ‘do nothing rashly.’

## CODES OF CEREMONIAL.

### II.\*

**I**N our previous paper we endeavoured to show the necessity of forms for the proper working and conduct of society, and at the same time pointed out their variability and elasticity, explaining that their right application is often a mere question of degree. At bottom, the social forms of all civilised nations are based on the grand principle of mutual good-will and of doing to others as we would that others should do to us. There must be a reciprocity, both of forbearance and of active kindness. The French have a proverb, ‘Un plaisir en vaut au autre,’ ‘A pleasure conferred deserves another in return,’ and in popular language, *plaisir* has a wider sense than the mere dictionary meaning, stretching so far as even to include a money present. When once the mutuality basis of all politeness is admitted and adopted, the rest, as we wrote a twelvemonth ago, will ever be a question of *degree*, to be regulated by the sliding scale of time and opportunity. Hence, cases, anecdotes, and illustrations, are better guides to the true spirit

of all ceremonial, than any codes of abstract rules. Common sense and ready tact can alone prevent people from committing blunders and improprieties. If from the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step, who does not feel that there is only half a step from civility to affectation, from kindness to familiarity, from pleasantry to sarcasm, from dignity to stiffness, from unreserved to rough behaviour, from cheerful fun to boisterousness? Whoever keeps on the right side of the boundary, and, by long usage or by natural instinct, not only does what he ought at the right time and place, but absolutely and completely refrains from everything that would compromise him, may fairly claim the title of a well-bred person.

In manners, as in diplomacy, excess of zeal is a great mistake; in none of its shapes should politeness ever be over done. When Francis Joseph, emperor and king, visited the city of Pesth towards the close of 1865, the official world did their utmost to give him a flattering reception. One personage, however, contrived to out-do all the other utterers of pleasant sayings. Francis

\* See ‘London Society’ for July, 1868, page 51.

Joseph having inquired of the President of the Medical Society what was the sanitary condition of Pesth, the intrepid and hyperbolical doctor replied, 'Your Majesty's presence renders us so happy that not a single individual is ill.'

The emperor had the good sense to reply, 'I believe you exaggerate a little.'

But set compliments are dangerous things to handle. They may be offered in all sincerity, and yet have a very equivocal sound; as in the case of the city knight, unable to aspirate the letter H, who, being deputed to address William III., exclaimed, 'Future ages, recording your Majesty's exploits, will pronounce you to have been a Nero.'

There are African tribes who represent the Virgin Mary as a black, and the Devil as a white. A similar feeling must have inspired the negro's compliment to the great emancipator of his race, 'Goramighty bless Massa Wilberforce! He hab a white face, but he hab a black heart.'

Even in the highest regions, ceremonial has its moments of relaxation. When the French Court is at Compiègne, the guests enjoy great liberty, and are but little restricted by etiquette. Every one breakfasts in their own apartments; friends and acquaintances can breakfast together, if they like. During the day, the gentlemen wear frock coats or jackets; the ladies, ordinary walking dress. They make excursions in the neighbourhood, whithersoever it pleases any one to stroll. On sporting days, a general rendezvous is appointed.

In the evening, full dress is indispensable. The gentlemen in knee-breeches or in uniform, and the ladies in evening dress, assemble for dinner. Then follow cards, jeux de salon, drawing-room games, music, or theatrical performances. Any guest, if his affairs require it, can run up to Paris in the course of the day—M. de Rothschild never failed to do so—and return or not for the dinner and the soirée afterwards.

We have seen in print the aphorism, 'All men are equal before

Politeness,' which is certainly a great mistake. On the contrary, ceremonial politeness recognises and regulates the inequality of men and women. It gives unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to the underling the things that are the underling's. It is as strict as Portia in the matter of the pound of flesh; it forbids the taking a hair's breadth more or less than the pound written in the bond and due to the claimant. It metes out its awards with an iron rule. This is your right, and that is yours; here is his place, and there is theirs. No cavil, dispute, or discussion is possible; still less pleading for indulgence and favour. Can a commoner take precedence of a duke? Can the difference between an earl and a viscount be ignored?

The marriage of the Princess Alexandrine of Prussia, in 1865, was the occasion of raising an important point of etiquette, beautifully illustrating the inequality established by ceremonial amongst the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve. The ambassadors of France and England demanded seats at the royal table, where the crowned heads were to sit. This honour could not possibly be granted. Why? Because the crowned heads refused to admit them to their company? Not a bit of it. The sole and stringent reason for their exclusion was, that the generals who enjoyed the privilege of setting the soup and the boiled beef on the royal table, although willing to serve sovereigns, refused to serve ambassadors. Neither would they waive their right to set the said beef and soup before the royal diners. How, then, was it morally possible to grant the request of the ambassadors? It is easier to climb the Himalayas, to traverse the desert on foot, to swim across the Atlantic, than to break through the inclosures of courtly etiquette.

A far truer maxim is that 'Small presents help to maintain friendship.' Who of us is not pleased with a tasty little present, gracefully offered on a timely occasion? Everybody likes liberality in others, however rarely he may practise it

himself. It is the accepted excuse for prodigals, and has softened many an insolvent's fall. An awkward and a naughty fact is, that people who are generous before they are just, are more popular than those who are just before they are generous. A youthful spendthrift may find many to plead for him, a youthful miser will not have a friend.

Between friends and equals, it is a rule that presents should be of trifling value; when such is not the case, it should be the workmanship rather than the material which renders them valuable. To superiors, only one kind of gifts are admitted as allowable and acceptable; namely, choice provisions, fruit, flowers, garden produce in general, local curiosities and specimens, birds or animals, living or dead, &c. &c. And yet through this rule, as through many an Act of Parliament, a coach and four has often been driven. For instance, when a wealthy nobleman did not dare to offer a young princess a diamond necklace which she wished for as a birthday present, he has got out of the difficulty by sending her a doll wearing the forbidden but desiderated necklace. Dolls, exactly the size of the young ladies for whom they were intended, have also been the innocent conveyancers of accurately-fitting silk dresses, high-priced furs, velvet cloaks and mantles, elaborate lace robes and skirts, and other costly articles of dress, which circumstances and social barriers prevented the giver from laying directly at the recipient's fair feet.

Even admitting the small gift to be a sprat thrown out to catch a mackerel, or, as our French friends phrase it, 'un pois donné pour avoir une fève,' a pea given, to get a broad bean in return—never mind that. Accept the sprat and repay it with a mackerel. It is more blessed to give than to receive. But the gift comes from an interested motive. Well, what of that? Are your own actions always and altogether purely disinterested, especially in the case of anything likely to procure you the favour of others? It is wiser

to take it as flattering to your dignity, a proof of your importance, a tribute to your self-esteem, a plain admission that you are somebody worth conciliating by a little trouble and a trifling outlay. Votive sprats laid upon your altar need remind you of nothing more unpleasant than that you are possessed of mackerel which other people would be very glad to have. Remember that it is better to be envied than pitied, and graciously receive any small-fry homage that may be offered by your less wealthy or less influential acquaintances.

Moreover, there are times (as in cases of sickness, or loss, or temporary deprivation of any accustomed object) when small presents become doubly seasonable and acceptable. And a small present that is at once serviceable and ornamental, frequently in sight and repeatedly in use, is especially both a judicious thing to give and an agreeable thing to receive. Its daily presence recalls the giver to mind, and its daily utility causes him to be gratefully remembered. Such a thing acts much more effectually as a token and a souvenir than a trinket or knick-nack of greater costliness, which is used or perhaps only looked at twice or thrice in the course of a year, and stowed away safe out of sight in its drawer or jewel-case for the rest of the twelvemonth. We have only to consult our own proper feelings, and recall our own private experience, to admit the truth of this remark.

In all barely or semi-civilized countries, presents are a claim, an observance exacted by the great from the small, by the patron from the client, by the resident from the stranger. In the East, they are an indispensable formula of manifesting obedience, respect, or affection. In every land, small presents are admitted to be an approved means of manifesting and maintaining friendship. A word in season, how good it is! And so is a flower or a fruit in season, or a fish or a fowl, wild or tame.

Our late friends, or opponents, the Abyssinians, are very fond of having presents made to them.

They also consider that custom as the best way of keeping up friendships. In Turkey or in Egypt, the first time you enter a house, it is customary to secure your welcome by making presents to the domestics. In Abyssinia, on the contrary, neglecting the servants, you must lose no time in laying your offering before the master. If he accepts it, after consulting his friends, he is obliged either to render you every service in his power, or to return you a present thrice the value of yours. Between equals, it is a compact of friendship—a treaty of alliance, defensive and offensive, on all occasions. In short, although an Abyssinian may bestow alms in charity, he cannot make a present without conditions of receiving its equivalent in some shape or other.

This custom gives rise to ludicrous incidents. Often, at a meeting between two near friends, they will remind each other (enumerating them) of all the services that have been mutually rendered—doubtless, to keep gratitude from growing cold. The sensible part of the population have a saying that Providence gave us a tongue, to ask with. Amongst the Chokos, the custom of begging, always and everywhere, is so deeply-rooted, that several of their chiefs have insisted on being buried with their outstretched hand above the earth, in order not to lose the pleasant habit, even after death.

In some countries, gifts come due, like rents and bills, at certain seasons. In France, there is the universal new year's gift tax, perplexing people's wits to make a choice, and often pressing hard upon their pockets. Easter eggs are less unavoidable; they, however, should contain some surprise. Their value ranges from the merest trifle, through costly trinkets, up to the inestimable and the priceless.

Throughout the whole of a recent Passion week, a lovely and not-unprotected creature was disconsolate, because her dearest friend—she had no husband—was mean enough to refuse her a charming carriage, brilliant harness, and perfect pair of cream-coloured horses,

on which she had set her feminine mind. ‘Ce que Femme veut, Dieu veut.’ Sympathy blunts the edge of sorrow. So she confided her griefs to a friend of her friend. Whether they mingled their tears, we know not. But the consequence was that he sent her, in an Easter egg, the means of procuring the equipage in question. It was an extravagant but not an extraordinary egg.

The lady, not to be out-done, contrived a monster egg some five feet long and three feet deep. When finished, it was taken to her friend's apartments, like a sedan chair, by a couple of porters, only reclining on its side. He eagerly opened it, and discovered—not a magnificent Newfoundland dog with a jewelled collar, nor a Lilliputian tiger to ride behind his cab, but —, sweetly sleeping on a bed of roses, the lady's pretty, precious, and pretentious self!

A code now lying before us directs, ‘Whatever the object presented to you—even a copy of the Budget or one of Tom Noodle's tragedies—manifest your great satisfaction at receiving it. Let your thanks be warm and not forced or affected.’ This is equivalent to our homely saying, ‘Never look a gift-horse in the mouth,’ about which a good deal may be said. ‘Never look a gift-horse in the mouth,’ may be taken to mean that any horse, even a Rosinante, gratis, is better than no horse at all, and is therefore to be accepted without any fault-finding. Otherwise, no one observes the rule; everybody does look gift-horses in the mouth. Givers, therefore, do well to take care that the horse's mouth will bear inspection.

‘The turkey Smith has sent us this Christmas, looks smaller than usual.’

‘Last year's Stilton was decidedly superior to this year's.’

‘I wish Cousin Blanco would send his salmon earlier in the season, instead of waiting till August, when it will neither travel nor keep. To be sure, it is at its cheapest now; but I would willingly pay the difference out of my own pocket.’

'Of course I cannot mention it; but Uncle Brown has been nicely taken in. I am sure he would never give *me*, if he knew it, a chain that was only *gilt*.'

There are few people who cannot remember to have heard, or uttered, observations similar in style and tone to the above.

'Sir! sir!' shouted an indignant beggar-boy. 'You have given me a bad shilling instead of a half-penny.'

'Have I, really?' exclaimed the hypocritical almsgiver, feigning partial deafness. 'Well, well; never mind for once. You may keep it, this time, as a reward for your honesty.'

'And what are you going to give me to-day?' a flighty beauty inquired of a member of the French Jockey Club.

The *bouquetière*, or flower-girl, attached to the Society, happened fortunately to be close by in attendance. The gentleman selected a single rose, the choicest in the whole collection, and offered it to the unfortunate fair one.

'Only that?' she pouted, her ideas probably running on more durable though equally portable property. 'Only that? A thing that costs you five or six francs, perhaps.'

'I beg your pardon, it costs two hundred.' And he immediately handed to the official flower-seller ten golden napoleons as the price of her specimen.

It was the sharpest-thorned as well as the dearest rose which the lady had ever received in the whole course of her butterfly existence.

From all which we gather, that, not to look gift-horses in the mouth requires a degree of forbearance too great to expect of ordinary human nature.

It is allowable for people of wealth and rank to season their liberalities with a little fun. An honest, hard-working countryman, who had bought his winter stock of firewood in the Comte de Colombert's forest, came to the château to pay for it.

'Mon Dieu!' said the Comte, 'what an ugly fellow you are!'

'C'est parfaitement vrai.' I know I am ugly, Monsieur le Comte; but there are other men uglier than I am.'

'I don't believe it.'

'Si fait! Si fait! Yes, yes. It is the fact.'

'Eh bien! If you bring me an uglier fellow than yourself, you shall have your lot of firewood for nothing.'

The man departed in high glee, because he knew precisely where to lay his hand on this rare pearl of beauty. Finding him at home, he thus gave tongue:

'Bon jour, mon ami. The Comte wants to speak to you on important business. Dress yourself at once, and come along with me.'

'I wonder what he can want *me* for—doubtless something to my advantage. Allons! I am at your service.'

'Of course you are. The Comte is impatient to see you.'

On the arrival of the pair—*Arçades ambo*, beauties, but not as Byron translates, blackguards both, the Comte acknowledged himself fairly beaten.

'You are right, Master Belhomme,' he said. 'Your friend is uglier than you. So here is the receipt in full for your firewood. But to keep him in countenance, and ready to serve you on the next occasion, I advise you to present him with a couple of écus.'\*

The presents which ladies may make to gentlemen much depend upon circumstances. As a general rule, and amongst equals, they should never offer anything but trifles whose value consists in their being the donor's handiwork. And on whatever terms of intimacy, or even relationship, you may be with them, it often tasks all your ingenuity to find something to give them in return. Great ladies may claim the masculine privilege of making any presents they please; but it is not always safe to assume the right to a reciprocal liberty. A French lieutenant in the navy had been received with great favour by the ex-queen of Greece. Being a handsome young fellow and vain in propor-

\* \* \* The old écu was three francs: six francs, therefore, or five shillings in all.

tion, he interpreted it in a way, for which there were no real grounds. So happening to fall in with some exquisitely beautiful apples, he bought a hundred, and sent them to the queen with a note.

'MAJESTY,

'Paris presented Venus with an apple, because she was the most beautiful of all the goddesses. You are a hundred times handsomer than Venus, I therefore send you a hundred apples,' &c., &c.

The queen complained to the French minister of the impertinence, and the gay young lieutenant was removed from the station. Nevertheless, very shortly afterwards, his government appointed him to the command of a frigate.

From giving to withholding, the literary transition is easy. Either lavishness or stinginess, habitually practised by nations, must considerably influence their code of manners. Did you ever, gentle reader, remark the difference of the moral point of view from which the great body of the French and English nations respectively philosophise on life in general? We have often meditated, in reference to that diversity in the national character, a lucubration to be entitled 'The Two Gods: Respectability and Avarice.' The English are given to worship a fair outside; appearances well kept up; admission to certain coteries, the more exclusive the better to their liking. Consequently they dread the slightest breath that may threaten to tarnish either their private or their commercial reputation; &c., &c. On the other hand, the French, taken as a body of men, are inclined to fall down before the golden calf; court solid wealth, for its own sake rather than for the consideration it brings; and have a great propensity to secret hoarding combined with a parsimonious style of living. When they do indulge in extravagant expenditure, it is rather the outbreak of reckless young spendthrifts, and the indulgence of strong sensual passion, than a deliberate course of action employed in the hope of maintaining a precarious position, of hiding empty pockets, or tiding over insolvent

business concerns. Hence different temptations and different motives, leading to different errors and crimes, when the leading passion or stringent circumstance acquires undue power over the individual, and evolving different dramas of equal interest, but unlike in their course and their springs of action. Hence also the difference of the social codes, according as respectability or avarice is the ruling influence.

In all nations, misers are to be found; and the appearance here and there of a few such characters is no proof of wide-spread or general penuriousness. But when a nation accuses itself, when everybody tells tales of his neighbour's avarice, there must be reasonable grounds for believing in the prevalence of that 'good old-gentlemanly vice.' The newspapers abound with anecdotes in confirmation of the fact. Local newspapers fling at one another stories of stupid self-denial in the midst of abundant means, or of penny-wise-and - pound - foolishness. The two following traits of avarice are ascribed to a parish near Valenciennes. We gather them from a whole parterre of flowers of stinginess which lies before us, to pick and choose.

Madame X—, living in a rickety old house, had the imprudence to trust a little boy with a five-franc piece; not to play with—it was too precious, almost too sacred a thing for that—but to admire, and perhaps say his prayers to, as he would to the picture of his patron saint. The careless, wicked child, regardless of his trust, let the heavy silver coin fall and disappear behind the planks of a dilapidated staircase. Great was the consternation of the family. Though far from being indigent or even straitened, their nerves could not stand such a shock as that. They tried to take the staircase to pieces, but the well-seasoned oak resisted their efforts. They sent for a mason; he warned them to think twice before they pulled an old house about their ears, for the sake of five francs. He might as well have talked to the winds; they thought of nothing but recovering the five-franc piece. A large bit of wall was soon in ruins;

the staircase itself was taken down—and nothing found. The coin had probably rolled into a mouse-hole. Everybody set to work like mad, to assist the mason in his search. Pavements were broken up, excavations made in the floor, and the whole house filled with earth and rubbish. On halting for breath, they took fright at the spectacle, and began to think it might be time to stop and leave the lost money where it was. In the hope of recovering a four-shilling piece, they had committed damage to the amount of more than five pounds.

Another thrifty dame, Madame Z—, allowed her aged father to reside under her roof. One day the old gentleman complained of indisposition. They went to the doctor's, and bought him some medicine; but it turned out so nauseous that the patient refused to take it, saying that he preferred the disease to the remedy. Nevertheless, it was quite out of the question to waste physic that had cost hard cash. Madame Z—, after making that reflection, soon solved the difficulty. Although in the enjoyment of perfect health, she took the potion from the old man's hand, and swallowed it with a courage worthy of Socrates. And here the story ought to end; but it was reported in the neighbourhood that the lady's measure did not turn out altogether so fruitless as the search after the five-franc piece above related.

Not less heartily welcomed are stories recording how people have overreached themselves; how young men, marrying ugly and incapable women for the sake of their dowry, have missed the money and been saddled with the wife; how exorbitant claims have been resisted; how greedy and skin-flint tradesmen or innkeepers have been paid off with 'tit-for-tat.' Thus:—

A few days since, a traveller arrived by railway at a locality not far from the Belgian frontier, and went to a hotel which we refrain from naming. Dinner being ready, and his appetite keen, he took his place forthwith at the table d'hôte, depositing his carpet-bag on the chair beside him. Next day, on call-

ing for his bill, he was surprised to find in it '*Dinner for two.*' His complaint was met by the observation, that, as his carpet-bag had occupied the place of a guest, he was bound to bear the innkeeper's loss. Very well; be it so. He paid the bill without further remark, and went about his affairs in Belgium.

A few days afterwards he returned to the same town and went to the same hotel. Untaught by his previous lesson, he would not part with his inseparable carpet-bag, but again placed it on the chair beside him. This time, however, it was open-mouthed; and of every dish that was offered to its master, the carpet-bag received its share—now the wing of a duck, then a bit of beef, and then a dainty slice of ham. The guests wondered, but said nothing; the innkeeper at last did venture to remonstrate. 'Sir,' said the traveller, 'the last time I was here, I paid for my carpet-bag's dinner, although it ate nothing. But if its appetite is improved today, you cannot reasonably complain of my indulging it.'

The traveller, having the laughers on his side, got ample revenge for the previous extortion.

It is difficult to say, according to some people's notions, what may *not* be put into a bill.

'You have killed the waiter,' said a restaurant-keeper to an Englishman, 'because he brought you soup with a hair in it.'

'Put him into the bill, then,' was the reply.

A lady, possessed of a rather scanty wardrobe, and therefore hard pressed for time by the receipt of an unexpected invitation, went to order a dress for an imminent ball. It was requisite that the delicate and much-discussed article should be ready in four-and-twenty hours. The dressmaker, overwhelmed with orders, hesitated to undertake the herculean task. But the dress, as may be supposed, was indispensable for the occasion. The day after the ball it would be useless.

'Since you cannot make me a formal promise,' observed the lady, 'I am very sorry, but for this once I must go to another dressmaker.'

The artiste's eyes flashed with indignation. Nevertheless she controlled herself, observing, in a tone only a little less amiable than usual—

'I hardly know, in truth, whether madame can permit herself to go elsewhere—for, after all——'

'After all?—'

'Now that I have given madame my ideas——'

'Good,' said the lady, leaving the room in a pet. 'You will send me the bill for your ideas.'

As may be imagined, great pecuniary prudence is manifested in contracting holy wedlock. Matrimonial agencies are as publicly recognised, though not quite so numerous, as register-offices for servants. In a country where there is no divorce, husbands and wives cannot change their places quite so frequently as valets, cooks, and *femmes de chambre*. It is only fair, however, to state that the bargaining, which precedes almost all French matches, is less the work of the young people themselves than the result of the immense power possessed by parents and near relations to check, retard, and eventually prevent imprudent or undesirable marriages.

'You are dull this morning, nephew. What is the matter with you? But I suppose you are thinking about Sophie and the water-mill?'

'No, indeed, uncle, I am not.'

'Ah, I see! You mean to take the farm and Flore. Well; there is no objection to that.'

'Yes, uncle, indeed there is.'

'You prefer some other kind of property. Nevertheless, you might do worse. Farms are safe, and so are watermills.'

'The truth is, uncle, I have fallen in love with Rose.'

'Rose who? Rose Lefebvre? and pray what has she got?'

'Nothing.'

'Nothing! Fallen in love with nothing! You are a greater fool than I took you to be.'

The following is guaranteed as genuine.

Lately, two families of small farmers met in the 'study' of a notary, in the neighbourhood of

Orleans, to draw up the marriage contract between the son of the one and the daughter of the other. All went right, till the cash was discussed.

'How much do you mean to give your son down?' asked the young lady's father.

'Fifty francs (two pounds) was the stingy answer.

'Oh, no! that's not enough. You'll surely go as far as a hundred francs.'

'No; fifty francs, and not a centime more.'

'Very well. In that case, I shall take my pigs to a better market.'

He was as good as his word, and led the girl away; nor is there at present any likelihood that the young people will ever come together again.

Still, there are persons perfectly capable of bargaining on their own account. Witness the frequent matrimonial advertisements, which are serious business affairs, and not mere hoaxes, as a stranger at first sight might suspect. The following appeared both in the 'Constitutionnel' and the 'Opinion Nationale':—

'Somebody wishes (*on désiré*) to marry an aged person, either an old maid or a widow, possessed of property. Write, post-paid, to A. Z. 4, Poste-restante, Paris.'

As we are on the subject of marriage, we will conclude with a few maxims from another French 'Code,' now lying before us:—

'Keep your marriage projects secret till the very moment when you appear before the mayor (to celebrate the civil marriage, which precedes the religious marriage). It is the only way to prevent gossip.'

'Invited to a wedding feast, conduct yourself with the same decorum as you would at any ordinary repast.'

'If you sing broad comic songs, or make equivocal jokes, or address the bride in double meanings, or make crude observations on her change of condition, you are a coarse fellow and a vulgar personage. A well-bred man would carefully refrain from the slightest indelicate allusion to the subject.'

'If there is a ball after the dinner,

the bride should open it with the most honourable man in the company, or with her husband.

'The guests ought not to seem to be aware of the bride's departure, when she retires.

'A single young lady ought never to be present at the putting of a bride to bed.

'The new-married couple ought to call on their relations and the wedding guests within a fortnight after their marriage. Other friends and acquaintances receive letters of *faire part*. The wedding guests

return the call within a week, at the very latest.

'There are mothers who will not take their young unmarried daughters to the play, and yet allow them to go to a wedding. What inconsistency!

'Weddings are the poor man's ruin, and the triumph of the rich man's vanity. Sensible people do not make a *noce*, *i.e.*, expensive and riotous wedding feasts and rejoicings; and if the fashion were more widely spread, decency and modesty would be the gainers by it.'

E. S. D.

## DARK OR FAIR.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

**M**AIDEN fair  
With the golden hair—  
Sweet Brunette  
With the locks of jet,  
As you roam side by side  
On the marge of the tide,  
I know not on which my heart I should set.

The hazel orb  
Will the heart absorb,  
And the eye of blue  
Is tender and true:  
But when both are together  
This sunshiny weather,  
Their powers combined must our peace undo.

Beautiful pair,  
Our bosoms spare!  
The moon and the sun  
Shine never as one,  
And why should you two  
Both rise on our view  
When either alone had our worship won?

From crown unto feet  
In beauty complete,  
Like the Night and the Day  
Together you stray,  
Past the pier and the shipping  
So daintily tripping  
In your pretty, bewitching, unconscious way!

The maiden fair  
Would I gladly declare  
My darling—and yet  
There's the dark-eyed Brunette!  
And I vow on my word  
To say which I preferred  
Is a question with terrible doubt beset



Dr. w n by Townley Green.]

DARK OR FAIR?

[See the Verses.



What shall I do  
To decide 'twixt the two ?  
So beautiful both  
That to choose I am loth,  
And which was the fairest,  
The sweetest and rarest  
I could not declare, were I put on my oath !

If I ventured to toss  
It would end in my loss,  
Since if ' woman ' I cried  
There'd be one on each side :—  
Here Britannia is seen—  
And there our loved Queen !  
So on no coign of 'vantage 'twould prove I relied !

Brunette and fair maid  
Like Sunshine and Shade—  
Each in her sphere  
Is the loveliest here,  
And I own I'm as fond  
Of Brunette and of Blonde.  
A shocking confession I very much fear.

## IN A KENTISH MEADOW.

## A Retrospect.

'IS there no advance on fifteen hundred ? At fifteen hundred, going ;—a pause, and the hammer falls — a likely-looking colt by Stockwell, the pick of Middle Park, being knocked down to a tall commoner who sits on the box of a drag near the off-side of the circle. No ordinary sale is this of carriage nags or hacks ; and though some of the lots may in time descend to ' plating,' we have before us the stuff of which Derby and Oaks winners are made. It is a blazing Saturday in the height of the season ; fully a thousand purchasers and spectators are on the ground ; and over fifty ' traps ' of various kinds form a ring round the rostrum of our most noted auctioneer. He is tall and of comely exterior, and but for the emblem of office wielded by his well-gloved right hand, might be chosen at hazard for one of patrician extraction. A century has elapsed since the establishment so long known as the ' Corner ' first became famous, and it has passed from father to son and to grandson and great-grandson till we come to its present presiding genius who stands before us.

Throughout their career the family have borne an untainted name, and their character for straightforwardness has ever insured the respect of all with whom they have had dealings. Right and left of him sit representatives of the press to the number of a dozen or so. The stout, farmer-like looking man nearest the auctioneer furnishes information to a rising sporting journal hardly yet three years old, but already possessing a reputation for the excellence of its reports and the soundness of its ideas on all matters connected with sport. He is probably one of the best judges of a horse on the ground, and relies on breeding, make, shape, and public form when offering opinions on coming events rather than on the uncertain movements of the market. The ' sage of Carshalton,' too, occupies a prominent position, and expresses his notions in somewhat pronounced terms, similar, in fact, to those we may find on reference to his highly-spiced and amusing paper. Near him sits a tall grey man of military appearance, but evidently padded and dyed. The

'Thunderer' retains his services, and, as becomes his station, he holds himself the merest shade aloof from the rest of his brethren, though affable and courteous when replying to an inquiry or seeking information. On the left stand a couple of gentlemen belonging to the staff of *Nunquam dormio*, the hand of one of whom may be found in the prophetic article, whilst the other sings sweetly under the shade of an 'Orange Blossom.' His pen is ever ready, his rhymes never lack point, and are scholarly withal. A little distance off, conversing with a well-known jockey on the points of the colt just purchased, we espy the fiery correspondent of 'Jupiter junior.' He is here for a sort of holiday after the labours of the week, and mayhap to pick up the latest gossip or scandal, which we shall read, dressed with a *sauce piquante*, in Monday's issue. There, too, reclining on the wheel of a barouche, is the 'Man about Town,' and not far away, talking to a foreign agent, commissioned by his government to reside in this country with a view to the purchase of some of our best 'crossing strains,' loiters the 'Gentleman in Black,' whose lucubrations find space in the pages of 'Baily.'

We next come upon a group of more interest to racing men, and perhaps also to general visitors. They are lounging in various positions about a waggonette, and, having already purchased two or three serviceable-looking lots, seem to be turning their minds to the champagne-cup just handed to them by the main spring of the most famous breeding establishment in the world. The Earl of Open-hand it is who has raised his hat to Lady Limmer, and with an approved bow offers her the tankard. Above all others he is liked by his 'set.' Of a kindly, chivalrous nature, backed up by good looks and a handsome inheritance, he is the fascination of the women, while the men are happy who can lock an arm in his and stroll with him along Pall Mall, for they are in the company of a daring soldier, a first-rate horseman, an extensive owner of blood stock, and perhaps one of the

most agreeable and well-dressed fellows of the day. He was formerly in the Guards; then volunteering for the Crimea, he took his turn at trench-work and in the field, returning loaded with honours and bearing a high name for valour and fearlessness. Succeeding, however, to an earldom, he plunged headlong into the wildest dissipations of London life and the extravagances of the Turf. Gradually the harpies gathered their nets around him, and although for a time he eluded and baffled them, his strategy was but that of one against many, and to-day he too surely finds himself a long way down the road towards that end which must bring with it ruin and desolation. Still he bears himself as of old and recklessly awaits his fate. On his right leans over a Yorkshire baronet, relating an adventure to a well-known member of the Gun Club. Both are prosperous, well-to-do men. Sir G. Turnbull has seen much service, and was one of the 'six hundred' who immortalised themselves by their desperate ride for the guns. Taken prisoner by the Cossacks, he might have met a hard fate had not good luck and his own strong arm befriended him. Left for an instant with a couple of guards, he seized upon a sword and cut them both down; then catching a stray horse succeeded, after half a score of hairbreadth escapes, in rejoining the few of his regiment who were left at the close of that disastrous day. He, too, returned to England to hear of the death of his father, and after a night of 'wrist-shaking' in St. James's Street that involved years of care to make up his income, devoted himself to farming and to following a pack of hounds, of which, later on, owing to a sad accident which befel their master, he was requested to assume the direction and control. His hearer is Sir C. Regaud, a crack shot and a heavy speculator, with a talent for horse-racing such as few men, except those who live by their wits, possess. He has owned not a few famous animals already, and though the down on his chin is hardly rooted, his *finesse* has received commenda-

tion from experienced hands, and he is spoken of at the clubs as a shrewd promising 'lad.'

Not far off, in solemn conclave, are 'the confederacy,' both commoners, who pulled off the Derby and a 66 to 1 chance not many years ago. The civilian already noticed as the buyer of a colt will shortly make his voice heard in the lower house, and will gradually withdraw from the Turf; but 'the Captain' still continues to run his horses and to hit the 'ring' some hard knocks, having a tremendously large stud under his control.

Near to the pair reclines the pale, worn-looking Marquis of Harold. More than 100,000*l.* passed from his possession over Hermit's Derby, and still he gambles on and cares little what may come. Never a rich man, he was always discontented unless he could bet. On a 50*l.* plate, with three or four runners, he would think nothing of backing his fancy to win 10,000*l.*, and it is reckoned by his commissioners, and the few turfites with whom he did business on so extensive a scale, that during his brief racing career he won upwards of *three millions of money*. His losses, of course, must have been similarly enormous, but it is supposed that the expenses of a costly stud, seldom fewer than sixty animals, of town and country houses, and of entertainments, combined with a weakness for deep play, led to his early poverty, rather than the amount parted with on the Turf. His transactions were never limited, and even hampered as he eventually found himself, he could not refrain from laying or taking the odds until that disastrous back end of the year came when, failing to meet a large engagement, he found himself prevented temporarily from seeing his own horses run. This was a severe blow, and probably hastened to some extent the end which was so fast approaching. Later a compromise was effected, and he again 'assisted' at Newmarket. But the pluck for which he had been so celebrated a year before was gone; the voice which had so often shot a fielder and mulet him of a large stake was silent; the marquis's day had

passed. One betting man, out of pure compassion, begged of him to back his fancy for a few hundreds, adding, 'Pay when you like, you know, my lord.' The offer was kindly meant, no doubt, but it told only too plainly how the tide of affairs had changed, and with calm dignity it was rejected. The subsequent retirement of the marquis from racing did away, in a great measure, with the false prices which his leviathan speculations had brought about, and horses against whom, by reason of the enormous sum of money they were backed for at the post in a single 'hand,' not more than 3 to 1 could previously have been obtained, returned, in races of similar calibre, to 7 to 1 or 10 to 1, allowing the public to win something like a stake in the event of success.

A short distance away, in the midst of a little group, may be seen the 'Admiral,' the chief of our turf legislators, whose fiats have for years been readily accepted. He still remains the prince of handicappers, and his duties require the guidance of a steady hand. 'Cute indeed is the owner who can mislead him, or the trainer who can remove a previously-formed notion of the quality or merits of a racer. Book in hand, and with his Voightlander brought to bear on the race, the 'Admiral' steadily notes the running of every horse, which is forward for three-quarters of a mile, which is stopped by the hill, where weight begins to tell; how the Sweetmeat filly, of whom such great things were expected, is but a jade after all; and how little Snaffles is pulling double to keep his charge in check. All these things are jotted down; and when the great handicaps are published, trainers and owners find to their chagrin that the quality of their favourites is already known to an ounce, and that their pet schemes for throwing dust in the eyes of the handicapper have signally failed. Now and again discrepancies may 'crop up,' but as a rule the weights are administered with an impartial justice that admits of but few adverse criticisms. If the 'Admiral' has a fault it is that

of being too outspoken, as we have found in many curious racing matters. Not by any means that he is incorrect, but simply because it is easier to say than to substantiate; and when he has been called on for proofs they have been difficult to find, although the sympathies of the public have been with him.

Another looker-on amidst a knot of his brethren is the gigantic Sheffield speculator, whose huge form and stentorian lungs have been celebrated any time these fifteen years. The days were when he dabbled little in horse-racing, but had the reputation of being one of the astutest backers of pedestrians, amongst whom many still living have 'taken their breathings' from his stable. He supported the speedy Tom Horspool and the equally celebrated Jim Sherdon, the former of whom ran a mile in the then fastest time on record, viz., 4 min. 28 sec., and followed up the feat by covering in the ensuing summer the same distance in 4 min. 23 sec., a rate of celerity unsurpassed for over two years. A fortunate 'land' over a handicap put our Leviathan in possession of wherewith to begin his turf career, and by degrees he has attained wealth and position, paying his way with scrupulous honesty, and never shirking an engagement however sorely it tried his purse. Like the late Mr. Gully, he has ever been one of the first to enter the rooms on settling-day, and amongst the last to leave, every claim on him being satisfied in full before the doors closed upon him. Amongst his stanchest friends he reckons the 'Squire of Oram,' who reclines not far off in a pony-chaise. He is now stricken by disease, and but a shadow of the man who five years ago was the life of the ring and the hunting-field, ever ready for sport, and imbued with a love of fair play and high sense of honour seldom expected in men of his class. He has attained the respect of his associates and the companionship of men in high positions in life; wealth, too, is his, and with it he has established a stud-farm for breeding purposes, which would in time be made second to none. Already

Blair Athol ranks amongst his purchases, and far and wide he has secured the best blood the country can afford. But what of all this? Consumption has marked him with its deadly hand, and at an early age he must leave the fruits of his tremendous labours. The outside world knows nothing of the life of a gambler, and cannot guess at the hardships and anxieties he must undergo. The wear and tear of travelling almost daily for nine months out of the twelve, the early rising to see the horses gallop, tearing about the paddock, enclosure and course all day, shouting the odds and running immense risks; then attending at the rooms at night and hanging about until the small hours, retiring perhaps after all with the consciousness that the chief race of the morrow must end in the loss of several thousand pounds through the treachery or ill luck of some owner whose horse had never been laid against, and whose scratching or lameness, or what not, has alone prevented his winning. This continual wear and tear of mind and body during eighteen or nineteen hours out of the twenty-four are more than human nature can long endure; and those speculators who watch the horses and the market and the people behind the scenes, and live after all to a long age, must be possessed of constitutions and nerves of iron.

Another form easily recognised by an 'outsider,' and thoroughly known to every frequenter of race-meetings, is that of Mr. Raine, who any time during the past half-century has been an upholder of the turf and of sport of every description. As a horseman, a crack shot, and a whist-player of the highest order, he has ever ranked amongst the most popular men of his time, and his unblemished honour and long experience have caused his *dicta* on all games of chance or skill to be accepted at the clubs and elsewhere without hesitancy or demur. He was the friend and companion of Osbaldeston and of Kennedy, and one of the chief actors in the unhappy 'Queen of Diamonds' scandal, which resulted in the disgrace of Lord de la

Roos, one of the leaders of society and a most accomplished man. In converse with Mr. Raine is a tall, stout, jolly-looking fellow, pointed out to strangers as the first trainer of the day. His connection with the turf began first as a jockey, and he has since had the care of horses belonging to all the principal owners, his stables at Danebury having enclosed the winners of hundreds of races and of tens of thousands of pounds in stakes. One of his greatest patrons was the late Lord Palmerston, to whom on an application for a place for his son, the veteran trainer stated that the 'young 'un had been highly tried and had won easily.' Latterly a succession of events have threatened to militate against his success; but he has borne himself well in his encounters with the world, and still enjoys the patronage of a large number of owners, who place the fullest reliance on his judgment and probity. Other trainers, too, are on the ground, including he that had the care of the redoubtable Frenchman whose double victory in the Derby and St. Leger will long be remembered by the sporting world. Amongst the jockeys, too, we note the forms of several of the flower of England's horsemen, jockeys as great as the Chifneys or the Days, celebrated as they were; jockeys whose forte lies in a rapid start for a half-mile spin; jockeys whose power to hold up or help their cattle along is tremendous; and jockeys whose finish is a marvel of grand riding, and whose patience is the

surprise of their fellows. A few of them already have the world beaten, but for the most part it is 'come easy go easy' with them, and ere they reach that age when they should cross a horse for pleasure only, they will see the folly they have committed in squandering their earnings in the reckless manner which sporting men so thoroughly enjoy.

We have not surveyed half the celebrities present, and yet the printer bids us wind up, the space allotted to us being already over-filled. We should like to have looked over 'Lord Freddy's' book on the Leger, or watched the movements of the 'Baron,' for whom many of the lots possess unusual interest. Or it may be the 'Squire,' who was so soon to pass from amongst us, will shortly make a purchase. The 'Spider' also we ought to have noticed, as he marks the investments of the 'flies' on whom he will but too soon and too surely pounce. He possesses a hold on half a dozen of the fattest of them, and will shortly take possession of the property of one to the tune of 97,000*l.*, and, unabashed, fight the case before a court of law against another of his class. Horse-racing as a sport can never die out in this country; but it is improbable that speculation will again be carried on so extensively as since the year 1860. Owners will be able to breed and train at a lighter cost; and, in fact, it is very unlikely we shall in future see a gathering 'in a Kentish meadow,' or hear such prices offered.

H. B.



## A HEART UNFELLOWED.

THE autumn mellowed the year, the year,  
     And by the sea  
 Sat an angel, or fay, or lady rare—  
 I know not which—with a shell at her ear  
 That from the depths of the ocean near  
     Whispered and wailed this melody :—

‘ Oh! if it were mine to love, to love,  
     And thou wert she ;  
 Thou shouldst to me be an isle of the prime,  
 Where, rolling backwards the wheels of Time,  
 All bliss should meet in an Eden clime,  
     And I would be the ambient sea.

‘ Oh! if to thee, my love, my love,  
     But once were given ;  
 Thou shouldst to me be the fount of light,  
 The star of stars in the infinite,  
 And I, as worlds glowed into sight,  
     Would be the gazing rest of heaven.

‘ Oh! if, in the might of thee and love,  
     To dare were mine ;  
 The throne of the world should be my seat,  
 The neck of the world should bend at thy feet,  
 And the waves of its praise should break most sweet,  
     That they were doubly mine and thine.

Oh! if to thee I brought my love,  
     An offering ;  
 My captives of victor thought, I ween,  
 Should march in flowers with dainty mien,  
 And, paying homage to thee their queen,  
     Tell me I was the more a king.

‘ ’Tis mine, alas! to love, to love,  
     And thou art she.  
 Not a word? not a sigh?—I am too bold ;  
 My heart is on fire, but thine is cold ;  
 Thus the empty sum of my life is told—  
     That I am nought, since nought to thee !

Such were the words of the shell, the shell,  
     Words sad and few ;  
 But whose was the voice that spake to her ear,  
 That whispered and wailed forth its deep despair,  
 Was more than that angel or lady rare,  
     Or fay, or shell, or ocean knew.

## M. OR N.

*'Similia similibus curantur.'*

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'CERISE,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## COAXING A FIGHT.

MR. RYFE could now congratulate himself that his puppets were fairly on the stage prepared for their several parts; and it remained but to bring them into play; and with that view, he summoned all the craft of his experience to assist the cunning of his nature.

Lord Bearwarden, amongst other old-fashioned prejudices, clung to an obsolete notion that there are certain injuries, and those of the deepest and most abiding, for which neither the opinion of society, nor the laws of the land, afford redress, and which can only be wiped out by personal encounter of man to man. It seemed to him that he could more easily forget his sorrow, and turn with a firmer tread into the beaten track of life, after a snap shot at Mr. Stammore across a dozen yards of turf. Do not blame him; remember his education and the opinions of those amongst whom he lived. Remember, too, that his crowning sorrow had not yet taught him resignation, an opiate which works only with lapse of time. There is a manlier and a truer courage than that which seeks a momentary oblivion of its wrongs in the excitement of personal danger—there is a heroism of defence, far above the easier valour of attack—and those are distinguished as the bravest troops that under severe loss preserve their discipline and formation, without returning the fire of an enemy.

Lord Bearwarden, however, as became the arm of the service to which he belonged, was impatient of inaction, and had not yet learned to look on hostilities in this light.

'We'll parade him, Tom,' said he, affecting a cheerfulness which did not the least deceive his companion.

'I don't want to make a row about it of course. I'll spare *her*, though she hardly deserves it, but I'll have a slap at *him*, and I'll shoot him, too, if I can! You needn't put us up much further than the width of this room!'

They were closeted together at the back of a certain unassuming hotel, where their addresses, if required, would be consistently denied. The room in question was small, gloomy, and uncomfortable, but so shaded and sequestered, that, lulled by its drowsy glimmer, for its inmates, as for the lotus-eaters, 'it was always afternoon.'

'Suppose he won't fight,' observed Tom, shaking his head.

'Won't fight!' repeated his lordship, in high disdain. 'Curse him—he *must* fight. I'll horsewhip him in the Park! That's all nonsense, Tom. The fellow 's a gentleman. I'll say that for him. He'll see the propriety of keeping the whole thing quiet, if it was only out of regard for *her*. You must settle it, Tom. It's a great deal to ask. I know I ought to have gone to a brother-officer, but this is a peculiar case, you see, and the fewer fellows in the hunt the better!'

Mr. Ryfe mused. He didn't much like his job, but reflected that, under the management of any one else, an explanation would assuredly put everything in its true light, and his web would all be brushed away. What he required was a scandal; a slander so well sustained, that Lady Bearwarden's character should never recover it, and for such a purpose nothing seemed so efficacious as a duel, of which she should be the cause. He imagined also, in his inexperience, like the immortal Mr. Winkle, that these encounters

were usually bloodless, and mere matters of form.

' You're resolved, I suppose,' said Tom. ' I needn't point out to you, my lord, that such a course shuts every door to reconciliation—precludes every possibility of things coming right in future. It's a strong measure—a very strong measure—and you really mean to carry it through?'

' I've made up my mind to shoot him,' answered the other, doggedly. ' What's the use of jawing about it? These things should be done at once, my good fellow. If we have to go abroad, we'll start to-morrow night.'

' I'd better try and hunt him up without delay,' said Tom. ' It's easier to find a fellow now than in the middle of the season, but I might not hit upon him to-night, nevertheless.'

Lord Bearwarden looked at his watch. ' Try his club,' said he. ' If he dines there, it's about the time. They'll know his address at any rate, and if you look sharp you might catch him at home dressing for dinner. I'll wait here and we'll have a mutton-chop when you come in. Stick to him, Tom. Don't let him back out. It would have saved a deal of trouble,' added his lordship, while the other hurried off, ' if I could have caught that cab to-day. She'd have been frightened, though, and upset. Better as it is, perhaps, after all.'

Mr. Ryfe did not suffer the wheels of his chariot to tarry, nor the grass to grow beneath his feet. Very few minutes elapsed before he found himself waiting in the strangers' room of a club much affected by Dick Stanmore, comforted with a hall-porter's assurance that the gentleman he sought had ordered dinner, and could not fail to arrive almost immediately. He had scarcely taken up the evening paper when Mr. Stanmore came in.

Anything less like a conscience-stricken Lothario, burdened with the guilt of another man's wife, can scarcely be imagined. Dick's eye was bright, his cheek blooming, his countenance radiant with health,

happiness, and the light from within that is kindled by a good conscience and a loving heart. He came up to Ryfe with a merry greeting on his lips, but stopped short, marking the gravity of that gentleman's face and the unusual formality of his bow.

' My errand is a very painful one,' said Tom. ' I regret to say, Mr. Stanmore, that I have come to you on a most unpleasant business.'

' I thought you'd come to dinner,' answered Dick, no whit disconcerted. ' Never mind. Let's have it out. I dare say it's not half so bad as it seems.'

' It could not possibly be worse,' was the solemn rejoinder. ' It involves life and honour for two gentlemen, both of whom I respect and esteem. For the sake of one, a very dear friend, I have consented to be here now. Mr. Stanmore, I come to you on behalf of Lord Bearwarden.'

Dick started. The old wound was healed, and, indeed, perfectly cured now, but the skin had not yet grown quite callous over that injured part.

' Go on,' said he. ' Why didn't Lord Bearwarden come himself?'

' Impossible!' answered Tom, with great dignity. ' Contrary to all precedent. I could not have permitted such a thing. Should not have listened to it for a moment. Quite inadmissible. Would have placed every one in a false position. His lordship has lost no time in selecting an experienced friend. May I hope, Mr. Stanmore, will be equally prompt? You understand me, of course.'

' I'm hanged if I do!' replied Dick, opening his eyes very wide. ' You must speak plainer. What is it all about?'

' Simply,' said the other, ' that my principal assures me he feels confident your own sense of honour will not permit you to refuse him a meeting. Lord Bearwarden, as you must be aware, Mr. Stanmore, is a man of very high spirit and peculiarly sensitive feelings. You have inflicted on him some injury of so delicate a nature that even from me, his intimate friend, he with-

holds his confidence on the real facts of the case. He leads me to believe that I shall not find my task very difficult, and my own knowledge of Mr. Stanmore's high character and jealous sense of honour points to the same conclusion. You will, of course, meet me half way, without any further negotiation or delay.'

'If he's ever spoken three words of endearment to "the Viscountess,"' reflected Tom, 'he'll understand at once. If he hasn't, he'll think I'm mad!'

'But I can't fight without I'm told what it's for,' urged Dick, in considerable bewilderment. 'I don't know Lord Bearwarden well. I've nothing to do with him. We've never had a quarrel in our lives.'

'Mr. Stanmore!' replied the other. 'You surprise me. I thought you quite a different sort of person. I thought a gentleman—here a flash in Dick's eye warned him not to go too far—a gentleman of your intelligence would have anticipated my meaning without trying to force from me an explanation, which indeed it is out of my power to make. There are injuries, Mr. Stanmore, on which outraged friendship cannot bear to enlarge for which a man of honour feels bound to offer the only reparation in his power. Must we *force* you, Mr. Stanmore, into the position we require, by overt measures, as disgraceful to you as they would be unbecoming in my friend?'

'Stop a moment, Mr. Ryfe,' said Dick. 'Do you speak now for yourself or Lord Bearwarden?'

There was a slight contraction of the lip accompanying this remark that Tom by no means fancied. He hastened to shelter himself behind his principal.

'For Lord Bearwarden, decidedly,' said he, 'and without intention of the slightest courtesy. My only object is indeed to avoid, for both parties, anything so revolting as a personal collision. Have I said enough?'

'No, you haven't!' answered Dick, who was getting warm while his dinner was getting cold. 'If you won't tell me what the offence is,

how can I offer either redress or apology?'

'No apology would be accepted,' replied Mr. Ryfe, loftily. 'Nor, indeed, does his lordship consider that his injuries admit of extenuation. Shall I tell you his very words, Mr. Ryfe, addressed to me less than an hour ago?'

'Drive on,' said Dick.

'His lordship's words, not my own, you will bear in mind,' continued Tom, rather uncomfortable, but resolved to play out his trump card. 'And I only repeat them, as it were in confidence, and at your own request. "Tom," said he, "nothing on earth shall prevent our meeting. No. Not if I have to horsewhip Mr. Stanmore in the Park to bring it about."

'If that don't fetch him,' thought Tom, 'he's not the man I take him for.'

It did fetch him. Dick started, and turned fiercely on the speaker.

'The devil!' he exclaimed. 'Two can play at that game, and perhaps he might come off the worst! Mr. Ryfe, you're a bold man to bring such a message to me. I'm not sure how far your character of ambassador should bear you harmless; but, in the mean time, tell your principal I'll accommodate him with pleasure, and the sooner the better.'

Dick's blood was up, as indeed seemed natural enough under so gross an insult, and he was all for fighting now, right or wrong. Tom Ryfe congratulated himself on the success of this, his first step in a diplomacy leading to war, devoutly hoping that the friend to whom Mr. Stanmore should refer him might prove equally fierce and hot-headed. He bowed with the studied courtesy assumed by every man concerned either as principal or second in an act of premeditated homicide, and smoothed his hat preparatory to taking leave.

'If you will kindly favour me with your friend's name,' said he, in a tone of excessive suavity, 'I will wish you good-evening. I fear I have already kept you too long from dinner.'

Dick considered for a few seconds,

while he ran over in his mind the sum total of intimates on whom he could rely in an emergency like the present. It is wonderful how short such lists are. Mr. Stanmore could not recall more than half a dozen, and of these four were out of town and one lay ill in bed. The only available man of the six was Simon Perkins. Dick Stanmore knew that he could trust him to act as a stanch friend through thick and thin; but he had considerable scruples in availing himself of the painter's assistance under existing circumstances.

Time pressed, however, and there was nothing for it but to furnish Mr. Ryfe with Simon's name and address in Berners Street.

'Can I see him at once?' asked Tom, strangely anxious to hasten matters, as it seemed to Dick Stanmore, who could not help wondering whether, had the visitor been a combatant, he would have proved equally eager for the fray.

'I am afraid not till to-morrow,' was the reply. 'He has left his painting-room by this time and gone out of town. I cannot ask you to take another journey to-night. Allow me to offer you a glass of sherry before you go.'

Tom declined the proffered hospitality, bowing himself out, as befitted the occasion, with much ceremonious politeness, and leaving the other to proceed to his club-dinner in a frame of mind that considerably modified the healthy appetite he had brought with him half an hour ago.

He congratulated himself, however, before his soup was done, that he had not sent Mr. Ryfe down to the cottage at Putney. He could not bear to think of that peaceful, happy retreat, the nest of his dove, the home of his heart, as desecrated by such a presence on such an errand. 'Come what might,' he thought, 'Nina must be kept from all terrors and anxieties of this kind—all knowledge of such wild, wicked doings as these.'

So thinking, and reflecting, also, that it was very possible with an encounter of so deadly a nature before him they might never meet

again, he knew too well by the heaviness at his heart how dear this girl had become in so short a time—how completely she had filled up that gaping wound in his affections from which he once thought he must have bled hopelessly to death; how entirely he was bound up in her happiness, and how, even in an hour of trouble, danger, and vexation like this, his chief anxiety was lest it should bring sorrow and suffering to *her*.

He drank but little wine at his solitary dinner, smoked one cigar after it, and wrote a long letter to Nina before he went to bed—a letter in which he told her all his love, all the comfort she had been to him, all his past sorrows, all his future hopes, and then tore this affectionate production into shreds and flung it in the fireplace. It had only been meant to reach her hands if he should be killed. And was it not calculated, then, to render her more unhappy, more inconsolable? He asked himself the question several times before he found resolution to answer it in the practical manner described. I think he must have been very fond of Nina Algernon indeed, although he did not the least know she was at that moment looking out of window, with her hair down, listening to the night breeze in the poplars, the lap and wash of the ebb-tide against the river-banks, thinking how nice it was to have met him that morning, by the merest accident, how nice it would be to see him in the painting-room, by the merest accident again, of course, to-morrow afternoon.

The clock at St. George's, Hanover Square, struck nine as Mr. Ryfe returned to his hotel. He found Lord Bearwarden waiting for him, and dinner ready to be placed on the table.

'Have you settled it?' asked his lordship, in a fierce whisper that betrayed no little eagerness for action—something very like a thirst for blood. 'When is it for, Tom? To-morrow morning? I've got everything ready. I don't know that we need cross the water, after all.'





Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

'The action of the farce amused her at first. It was soon to become interesting, exciting, terrible, even to the verge of tragedy.'

[See 'M. or N.,' Chapter XXVI.]

'Easy, my lord,' answered Tom. 'I can't get on quite so quick as you wish. I've seen our man, and learned his friend's name and address. That's pretty well, I think, for one day's work.'

'You'll meet the friend to-night, Tom!' exclaimed the other. 'Who is he? Do we know him? He's a soldier, I hope?'

'He's a painter, and he lives out of town; so I can't see him till to-morrow. In the mean time, I would venture to suggest, my lord, that I'm recovering from a severe illness, and I've been eight hours without food.'

Tom spoke cheerily enough, but in good truth he looked haggard and out-worn. Lord Bearwarden rang the bell.

'I'm ashamed of myself,' said he. 'Let's have dinner directly; and as for this cursed business, don't let us think any more about it till to-morrow morning.'

They sat down accordingly to good food, well-cooked, good wine, well-decaned: in good society, too, well chosen from a select fraternity usually to be found in this secluded resort. So they feasted and were merry, talking of hounds, horses, hunting, racing, weight for age, wine, women, and what-not. The keenest observer, the acutest judge of his kind, could never have detected that one of these men was meditating bloodshed, the other prompting him to something very like murder as an accessory before the fact.

I will never believe that Damocles ate his supper with less appetite, drank his wine with less zest, for the threatening sword suspended overhead.

---

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### BAFFLED.

Mr. Ryfe, we may be sure, did not fail to make his appearance in Berners Street at an early hour on the following day, as soon indeed as, according to Mr. Stanmore's information, there was any chance of finding the painter at home. He felt, and he told himself so more

than once, that he was enacting the part of Mephistopheles, without the supernatural power of that fatal auxiliary, without even a fair allowance of time to lure his Faust to perdition. He had undertaken a task that never would have occurred but to a desperate man; and Tom was desperate, inasmuch as the one hope on which he set his heart had crumbled to atoms. He had resolved to bring together in active hostility two men of the world, versed in the usages of society, themselves perfectly familiar with the code of social honour, that they might attempt each other's lives beguiled by a delusion gross and palpable as the common tricks of any fire-eating conjuror at a fair.

The very audacity of the scheme, however, seemed to afford its best chance of success; and when that success should have been attained, Tom's fancy, overleaping all intermediate difficulties, revelled in the wild possibilities of the future. Of bloodshed he took very little thought. What cared he, with his sad, sore heart, for the lives of those prosperous men, gifted with social advantages that had been denied to himself, and that he felt a proud consciousness he could have put to a far richer profit? Whether either or both were killed, whether either or both came home untouched, his object would equally be gained? Lady Bearwarden's fair fame would equally be dishonoured before the world. He knew that world well, knew its tyrannical code, its puzzling verdicts, its unaccountable clemency to the wolf, its inflexible severity for the lamb, above all, its holy horror of a blot that has been scored, of a sin, then only unpardonable, that has been 'found out.'

Men love the women on whom they set their affections so differently. For some—and these are great favourites with the sex—attachment means the desire of a tiger for its prey. With others it is the gratification a child finds in a toy. A small minority entertain the superstition of a savage for his idol; a smaller yet offer the holy homage of a true worshipper to his saint. A woman's heart pines for unrivalled

sovereignty—a woman's nature requires the strong hand of a master to retain it in bondage. For this, as for every other earthly state, there is no unalloyed happiness, no perfect enjoyment, no complete repose. The gourd has its worm, the diamond its flaw, the rose its earwigs, and

'The trail of the serpent is over them all.'

So Tom Ryfe, taking time by the forelock, breakfasted at ten, wrote several letters with considerable coolness and forethought, all bearing on the event in contemplation, some providing for a week's absence abroad, at least, smoked a cigar in Lord Bearwarden's bedroom, who was not yet up, and towards noon turned out of Oxford Street to fulfil his mission with Simon Perkins the painter.

His step was lighter, his whole appearance more elate, than usual. The traces of recent illness and overnight's fatigue had disappeared. He was above all foolish fancies of luck, presentiments, and such superstitions—a man not easily acted on by extraneous circumstances of good or evil, trusting chiefly in his own resources, and believing very firmly in nothing but the multiplication table; yet to-day he told himself he 'felt like a winner,' to-day victory seemed in his grasp, and he trod the pavement with the confident port of that pride which the proverb warns us 'goeth before a fall.'

He rang the door-bell and was vaguely directed to proceed upstairs by the nondescript maid-servant who admitted him. The place was dark, the day sultry, the steps numerous. Tom climbed them leisurely, hat in hand, wondering why people couldn't live on the ground-floor, and not a little absorbed in preparation of such a plausible tale as should bring the contemplated interview to a warlike termination.

Turning imaginary periods with certain grandiloquent phrases concerning delicacy of feeling and high sense of honour, he arrived at the second landing, where he paused to take breath. Tom's illness had no doubt weakened his condition, but the gasp with which he now opened

his mouth denoted excess of astonishment rather than deficiency of mind.

Spinning deftly into its place, as if dropped from heaven with a plumb-line, a wreath of artificial flowers landed lightly on his temples, while a woman's laugh, soft and silvery, accompanied with its pleasant music this unexpected coronation.

Tom looked up aghast, but he was not quick enough to catch sight of more than the hem of a garment, the turn of an ankle. There was a smothered exclamation, a 'my gracious!' denoting extremity of dismay, a rustle of skirts, the loud bang of a door, and all became still. 'Deuced odd,' thought Tom, removing the wreath and wondering where he should put it, before he made his entrance. 'Queer sort of people these! Painter a regular Don Giovanni, no doubt. So much the better—all the more likely to go in for the fuss and *éclat* of a duel.'

So Tom flung his garland aside and prepared to assume a lofty presence with his hand on the painting-room door, while Nina, blushing to the roots of her hair, barricaded herself carefully into a small dressing closet opening on the studio, in which retreat it was Simon's habit to wash his hands and smarten himself up when he had done work for the day.

Poor Nina! To use her own expression, she was 'horrified.' She expected Dick Stanmore; and with a girlish playfulness sufficiently denoting the terms on which they stood, had been lying in wait at the top of the stairs, preparing to take a good shot, and drop the wreath, one of Simon's faded properties, on that head which she now loved better than all the world besides.

The staircase, I have said, was gloomy. Young gentlemen all brush their hair the same way. The missile was out of her fingers ere a horrid suspicion crossed her that she had made a mistake; and when Tom looked up there was nothing for it but *sauve qui peut!* After all, one head, perhaps, also, one heart, is very like another; but

Nina had not yet mastered this, the first element of a rational philosophy, and would have fled, if she could, to the ends of the earth.

In the mean time she took refuge in the little room off the studio, blushing, palpitating, very much ashamed, though more than half amused, but firmly resolved not to leave her hiding-place nor face the visitor, devoutly hoping, at the same time, that he might not stay long.

Simon was in the act of lifting his Fairy Queen into her usual position. She had been dethroned the day before, while he worked at a less congenial task. On his visitor's entrance he put her back with her face to the wall.

Tom made an exceedingly stiff bow. 'Mr. Perkins, I believe?'

'Mr. Ryfe?' replied Simon, in the same half-interrogative tone, with a very stiff bow too.

'I am here on the part of Lord Bearwarden,' said Tom. 'And I have been referred to you by Mr. Stanmore. You expected me, no doubt.'

'I had a communication from Mr. Stanmore an hour ago to that effect,' answered Simon, with a gravity the more profound that he had some difficulty in repressing a smile. The painter was not without a sense of humour, and this 'communication,' as he called it, lay crumpled up in his waist-coat-pocket while he spoke. It ran thus:—

'DEAR SIMON,—I have had a visit from a man named Ryfe that puzzles me exceedingly. He comes from Lord Bearwarden, and they want to fasten some sort of quarrel on me, but why, I cannot imagine. I was obliged to refer him to you. Of course we'll fight if we must; but try and make out what they are driving at, and which is the biggest fool of the two. I think they're both mad! I shall be with you rather later than usual. In the mean time I leave the whole thing in your hands. I don't know Bearwarden well, but used to think him rather a good fellow. The other's an awful snob!'

Now I feel that it would be unbecoming on my part to tax a young lady with so mean an act as that of listening; nevertheless, each of the gentlemen in the studio thought proper to speak in so loud and indeed so pompous a voice that Miss Algernon could not avoid overhearing them. It was surely natural, then, that when Mr. Stanmore's name was brought into the colloquy she should have drawn nearer the door of partition, and—well—not tried to avoid overhearing as much as possible of their dialogue.

The action of the farce amused her at first. It was soon to become interesting, exciting, terrible, even to the verge of tragedy.

'That makes my task easier,' continued Mr. Ryfe. 'He has explained, of course, the tendency of my instructions, the object of my visit. It only remains for us to fix time and place.'

'He has explained nothing,' answered the painter. 'What is it you complain of, and of what nature is the dispute between Lord Bearwarden and my friend?'

Tom assumed an air of extreme candour, and opened his case artfully enough; but, forgetting that every painter is necessarily a physiognomist, omitted the precaution of turning his back to the light.

'You are on intimate terms with Mr. Stanmore, I believe,' said he. 'Yet in matters of so delicate a nature men of honour keep their own counsel very closely. It is possible you may not be aware of much in his daily life that you would disapprove—much that, under the circumstances, though I am no rigid moralist, appears inexcusable even to me.'

How white that delicate face turned in the next room! How eagerly those dark eyes seemed trying to pierce the blank panels of the door!

'I have known Mr. Stanmore several years,' answered the painter. 'I have seen him almost every day of late. I can only say you must be more explicit, Mr. Ryfe. I do not understand you yet.'

'Do you mean to tell me you are ignorant of an entanglement, a *liaison*, a most untoward and unfortunate attachment, existing between Mr. Stanmore and a lady whose name I fear it will be impossible to keep out of the discussion?'

A wild misgiving, not altogether painful, shot through the painter while he thought of Nina; but, watching the speaker's face, as was his wont, and detecting a disparity of expression between eyes and mouth, he gathered that the man was trying to deceive him in some particular, not speaking the whole truth.

Miss Algernon, who could only listen, trembled and turned sick at heart.

'I think you must be misinformed, Mr. Ryfe,' was Simon's reply.

The other smiled, as pitying such ignorance of social gossip and worldly scandal.

'Misinformed!' he repeated. 'A man is not usually misinformed who trusts his own eyes. A husband cannot be called unreasonably dissatisfied whose wife tells him distinctly she is going to one place, and who sees her an hour after in company with the man he suspects at another. It is no use beating about the bush. You cannot ignore such outrages as these. I wish to spare everybody's feelings—yours, mine, even the lady's, and, above all, my poor friend's; but I must tell you, point-blank, that the intimacy which I have reason to believe existed between Mr. Stanmore and Lady Bearwarden has not been discontinued since her marriage; and I come to *you*, as that gentleman's friend, on Lord Bearwarden's behalf, to demand the only reparation that can be made for such injuries from man to man.'

The painter opened his eyes, and Tom told himself he had made a good speech, very much to the point. Neither gentleman heard a faint moan in the next room, the cry of a gentle heart wounded to the quick.

'You mean they ought to fight,'

said Simon, still scrutinizing the expression of the other's face.

'Precisely,' answered Tom. 'We must go abroad, I fancy, for all our sakes. Can you be ready to start to-night? Tidal train, you know—nice weather for crossing—breakfast the other side—*demi-poulet* and bottle of moderate St. Jullien—needn't stop long for that—Belgian frontier by the middle of the day—no sort of difficulty when once you're across the water. Shall I say to-morrow afternoon, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mouscron? We can all go together, for that matter, and arrange the exact spot in ten minutes.'

Tom spoke as if they were planning a picnic with nothing whatever to dread but the chance of rain.

'Stop a moment,' said the painter. 'Not quite so fast, if you please. This is a matter of life and death. We can't settle it in five minutes, and as many words. You call yourself a man of the world, Mr. Ryfe, and, doubtless, have some familiarity with affairs of this kind, either from experience or hearsay. Do you seriously believe I am going to put my friend up as a target for yours to shoot at without some more definite information, some fuller explanation than you seem inclined to give? Lady Bearwarden has not left her home. My friend has been here every day of late with the utmost regularity. It seems impossible that Lord Bearwarden's suspicions can be well grounded. There must be some mistake, some misconception. Over-haste in a matter like this would be irrevocable, and ruinous to everybody concerned.'

Nina was listening with all her might. Every word of Tom's answer sunk into her heart.

'My friend has left *his* home,' said he, in a voice of assumed feeling. 'I was at luncheon with them just before the disclosure took place. A happier couple you never saw. Lately married—new furniture—wedding-presents all over the place—delightful house, overlooking the Park. This paradise is now completely broken up. I confess I feel strongly on the subject. I know his lordship intimately. I can appre-

ciate his good qualities. I have also the honour of Lady Bearwarden's acquaintance. The whole affair is extremely painful even to me, but I have a duty to perform and I must go through with it. Mr. Perkins, we are wasting time, let us come to the main point at once.'

Simon pondered for a minute, during which he made another narrow scrutiny of Tom Ryfe's face. Then he said, in the tone of a man who comes to a final decision, 'I suppose you are right. I fear there is but one way out of it.'

It did not escape the painter that, notwithstanding his obvious self-command, the other's countenance brightened far more than was natural at this admission. A duel in these days is a very serious matter to every one concerned, and why should this man seem so truly rejoiced at the progress of an affair that might put his own neck in danger of a halter?

Simon's natural shrewdness, of which, in common with many other simple-minded persons, he possessed a considerable share, warned him there was something more here than appeared at first sight—some mystery of which time alone was likely to afford the elucidation. Time he resolved accordingly to gain, and that without putting the other on his guard.

'But one way out of it,' he repeated, gravely. 'I wish indeed it could be arranged otherwise. Still this is a serious matter—quite out of my usual line—I cannot undertake anything decided without advice, nor entirely on my own responsibility. My intention is to consult with a friend, an old military man. You shall have my definite answer in a day or two at furthest.'

Again watching Mr. Ryfe's face, Simon observed it cloud with dissatisfaction, and his suspicions were confirmed. This fire-eater was evidently only anxious to hurry on the duel with unseemly haste, and make the principals fight at all risks.

'We object to delay,' he exclaimed, 'we object to publicity.

The thing is plain enough as it stands. You will only complicate it by bringing others into council, and in such a case, surely, the fewer people aware of our intentions the better.'

'I cannot help that,' answered the painter, in a tone of decision. 'My mind is made up, and I see my way clearly enough. You shall have our answer within forty-eight hours at furthest. I repeat this is a matter in which I will not move an inch without the utmost certainty.'

Tom began to lose his temper. 'Your scruples will bring about a flagrant scandal,' he exclaimed. 'Lord Bearwarden is determined not to be cheated out of his redress. I know his intentions, and I know his character. There will be a personal collision to the disgrace of every one concerned!'

'Then I shall recommend Stanmore to walk about with a thick stick,' answered Simon, coolly. 'I often carry one myself, Mr. Ryfe,' he added, in a tone of marked significance, 'and should not scruple to use it on occasion to the best of my abilities.'

The painter, though a small slight man, was utterly fearless. Looking Tom Ryfe straight in the eyes, while he made this suggestive observation, the latter felt that nothing was to be gained by bullying, and the game was lost.

'I am surprised,' he replied, loftily, but with a ceremonious bow, as reminding the other that his character of ambassador was sacred. 'I am disappointed. I wash my hands of the disagreeable results likely to arise from this unfortunate delay. I wish you good-morning, Mr. Perkins. I leave you my address, and I trust you will lose no time in making me acquainted with the result of your deliberations.'

So Tom walked down stairs with great dignity, though he smothered more than one bitter curse the while, passing without so much as a glance the rejected garland, lying where he had thrown it aside before he entered on his unsuccessful mission.

Had he been a little less stately

in manner, a little more rapid of movement, he might have overtaken the very lady of whom he obtained a glimpse during his ascent. Nina Algernon was but a few paces ahead of him, scouring along at a speed only accomplished by those who feel that goad in the heart which stimulates exertion, far more effectually than the 'spur in the head,' proverbially supposed to be worth 'two in the heels.' Nina had overheard enough from her hiding-place to make her angry, unhappy, and anxious in the highest degree. Angry, first of all, with herself and him, to think that she could have set her affections on one who was untrue; unhappy to feel she still cared for him so much; anxious to gather from the cold-blooded courtesies of the odious Mr. Ryfe, that a life so dear to her was in danger, that perhaps she might never see Dick Stanmore again. With this ghastly consideration, surged up fuller than ever the tide of love that had been momentarily obstructed, forcing her into action, and compelling her to take immediate steps for ascertaining his perfidy, while, at the same time, she warded off from him the penalties it entailed.

'He'll know I love him then,' thought poor Nina. 'But I'll never see him, nor speak to him, again—never—never. How *could* he? I wonder why men are so bad!'

To this end, acting on an impulse as unreasonable as it was essentially feminine, she resolved to seek Lady Bearwarden without delay, and throwing herself on the mercy of that formidable rival, implore advice and assistance for the safety of the man they both loved.

So she fled down stairs and was out of the house like a lapwing, just as Tom Ryfe's warlike colloquy with the painter came to a close.

Simon, missing her, after he had taken leave of his visitor, was not therefore disturbed nor alarmed by

her absence. He accounted for it on the very natural supposition that she had met Dick Stanmore at the door, and pressed him into her service to act as convoy in some shopping expedition, before she sat down to her daily duty as a model for the Fairy Queen, now completed, all but a few folds of drapery, and a turn of the white hand.

Till she came back, however, the great work must remain at a standstill, and Simon had leisure to reflect on his late conversation with Mr. Ryfe, which astonished and perplexed him exceedingly.

Neither his astonishment, nor his perplexity, were decreased, to learn, on Dick's arrival, that he had no knowledge of Miss Algernon's movements—had not met her—had not seen her since yesterday, certainly expected to find her here, and was to the full as anxious and uncomfortable as the painter himself.

'This other business will keep cold,' said Dick, in a great heat and fuss. 'I don't care whether it will or not. It *must*! But we can't have Miss Algernon wandering about London by herself. We can't, at least, *I* can't be easy for a moment till I know what has become of her. You stay here, Simon, in case she should come back. After all she may be shopping in the next street. I'll rush down to Putney at once, and find out if she's gone home. Don't be afraid. I won't alarm the old ladies. If she's not there I'll be back immediately. If she comes in while I'm gone, wait for me, or leave a line. Old man, if anything goes wrong with that darling, I—I've nothing left to live for in the world!'

Even while he spoke, he was on the stairs, and Simon left in the painting-room, shook his head, and pondered.

'They'll never make me believe that cock-and-bull story about Lady Bearwarden. Ah, Nina! I begin to think this man loves you almost as well as I could have done!'



HUMOURS OF THE ROAD.—REIGN OF VICTORIA.

Drawn by William Brunton (for the benefit of Macaulay's 'New Zealander,' or future Students of the History of England).





## A RUN TO THE SOUTH AFTER CREATURE-COMFORTS.

**B**AEDEKER, in his excellent 'Guide to Switzerland,' advises you, while climbing a mountain and pausing a moment to take breath, not to look upwards at the distance still to be traversed, but downwards and behind you at what you have already accomplished. The same encouragement is derivable, in a similar way, while travelling. You say to yourself, 'All this has been done; to-morrow we can easily do more.'

Accordingly, at Avignon, we inspect the map of France—the biggest we can find—to chuckle over the interval—and it is enormous—which we have put between distant Paris and ourselves, from seven in the evening till ten next morning, with time to spare. Why, Paris looks quite northern, hyperborean, compared with this place! Mark all the names in our vicinity; Toulon, once expected to convert the Mediterranean into a French lake; Marseilles, on the highway to Egypt and India; the Gulf of Lyons; the coast of Spain. There exists, published some forty years ago, a gastronomic map of France. Instead of the names of places are pictures of their produce for the table. Arles is figured by large smoked sausages; Frontignan, Lunel, and Rivesaltes by bottles and casks of sweet muscat wine; Narbonne by pots of honey; Perpignan and other localities by bunches of grapes, various fruits, and truffled game patties. Here they are, all close by. We have now only to take our walks abroad, as it were, to move on by easy-going, lazy stages, skirting the sea, a barrier in one direction; or to hit upon Spain, a still more effectual check to our further progress that way, from its melancholy paucity of creature-comforts. Truly, to-day's lesson in geography is unusually amusing and inspiriting.

From Avignon the railway wafts you to Nîmes, over an arid plain covered with stunted olive-trees, vines, and corn, with small patches of evergreen oaks here and there

taking possession of uncultivated weedy spots. They settle and strike root where no other more highly considered plant thinks it worth while to enter into competition with them. They exist on the leavings of agricultural enterprise, and seem to serve no other purpose than to supply a little brushwood for the fire or the oven. Note well—and take care not to fall asleep before reaching it—that with some trains, at the *next* station after Avignon, with others at the third, namely, at Tarascon, to go westwards you branch off from the Grand Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles Railway, taking a new line and changing trains. In doing this you are not plagued about your luggage; the administration relieves you of that trouble; you have only to take care of yourself and your sundry portable effects—things made to be lost, like umbrellas or walking-sticks, or things for private consultation, such as indicateurs, guide-books, sandwich-boxes, and brandy-flasks. We experienced only a short delay; just time enough to stretch our legs, which hardly yet wanted stretching, and to walk in at one door and out at the other through a spacious waiting-room, well arranged for the admission of air and the exclusion of light and heat.

Thence you reach Nîmes through a similar tract of country. We passed that city, in spite of the tempting attraction of its very perfect Roman antiquities. No doubt also the fleshpots, the roasts, the fruits, and the wine-casks of the South are obtainable there at least at one good hotel. But with a still unattained object in view it is unwise to halt too frequently on the way; so we left it for some future possibility, submitting in the station to a tiresome delay of fifty-five minutes, which were beguiled by the fag-end of the breeze—now refreshing instead of demolishing—which we had left at Avignon; secondly, by contemplation of the steam-lift which raises and deposits

luggage and merchandize from and in the entrance, a story lower; thirdly, by admiring the multitudinous flat cages, containing hundreds of live tame rabbits, brought by rail—a branch line from Carpentras. See Bradshaw's or other railway map. We never saw so many rabbits, wild or tame, together in our lives.

'Alas! regardless of their doom  
The little victims play.'

For in some of the cages there was just room enough for the exchange of a few mutual pattings and tappings; some also, unconscious of the future, were brushing up their own toilettes. Not a few looked as if they would gladly have partaken of refreshment; but if any had been supplied to them at starting it must have served its purpose long ago. We did not wonder whether we should have rabbit next day at dinner at Montpellier; for it was evident that, for some days to come, rabbit would be on the bill of fare of every town along those lines of railway; and hereabouts they branch into several; but we did wonder where cooks could find a sufficient variety of receipts to make 'rabbit every day' supportable. Those innocents, reared at Carpentras, were neither large nor particularly fat; which would enable a respectable minority of them to be passed off as 'lapins de garrenne'—genuine wild rabbits, redolent of marjoram and thyme—if introduced to their interior as soon as room was made for them, and other aromatic herbs, aided by pepper, salt, bay-leaf, and the rest. Somebody at Carpentras must have studied with profit the tenpenny pamphlet, 'How to make Ten Thousand (francs) a Year by Rearing Rabbits.' I like rabbit well enough, and don't object to thrifty neighbours; but I hardly think I should like to live in a rabbit-rearing street at Carpentras.

From Nîmes onwards stretches a monotonous plain, whose prevailing colour is bright pea-green, covered with vines and olives, until we reach Montpellier, passing Lunel, a flat, plaster-coloured, un-

healthy-looking village, with one stumpy, stubby church to mark its site; ready uncorked bottles of whose strong, sweet, rich, yellow muscat wine are offered for sale at the station when the train stops. But we warn the traveller to beware of it. It is good at its proper time and place. Here and now, unless liberally watered, it is best eschewed. It is of much too heating and thirsty a quality, however luscious and insinuating, to be prudently indulged in at the present season and latitude. It is an essence extracted by the vine, with the earth's assistance, from the sun, which ought to be reserved for invigorating invalids exposed to the chills and damps of a northern winter.

People noticing the low, flat-topped olive-trees are apt to suppose that they are swept into that shape by the blasts of the mistral. But even though the mistral be capable, as it is, of sweeping anything into shape, it is not answerable for this. The fashion here, for which we may suppose there is good local reason, or at least old local tradition, is to train cultivated trees *en gobelet*—into a goblet shape—as is successfully practised in some English gardens with currant and gooseberry bushes and dwarf apple-trees, preventing the crowding of branches in the centre, and admitting all the light and air possible. Here the plan is adopted not merely with fruit trees, but also with the mulberry, grown for its leaves for silk-worms, and with large ornamental shrubs and small flowering trees, as the Judas-tree. For instance, Montpellier exhibits this taste in the lower avenues surrounding three sides of its boasted public walk, the Place du Peyrou. Orange-trees, in boxes, trained *en gobelet*, are to be seen in some of the public gardens in Paris.

At Montpellier there seems to exist a considerable and wholesome competition amongst the hotels. Thus we observe, anxiously advertised, an '*Avis*', informing travellers that henceforward they will find at the station an omnibus which will conduct them, *directly*,

mind you, and without any roundabouts or circumlocution, to the Hôtel du Tapis-Vert; proprietor M. Rieusset. So much the better for the traveller. We went to that which has the reputation of being the best, the Hôtel Nevet; large, old established, obliging, with very praiseworthy cookery. Monsieur Nevet, a tall old man, now seventy-five years of age, and who served Napoleon I. in some capacity, began life as a courier. From his industry, and doubtless from his merits and ability, the present large establishment arose. In the front court, laid out as a garden, are a handsome cedar of Lebanon (we have those in England, quite as handsome); an evergreen magnolia at least thirty feet high, with a fine straight stem; and a bay-tree the tallest I ever saw, and not easily matched anywhere. This last is pointed out to you as a proof of the mildness of the winter climate. It is a tree with a trunk of equal thickness to a considerable height, more than a yard in circumference. It is but sparsely leaved and twigged, bearing signs of old age, but is said to be recovering a second youth. Anybody would be excusable for exhibiting such specimens with complacency, even if nobody had an interest in implying that where certain trees have thriven so well invalids may go and do likewise. But were I the proprietor, I would not advertise my 'terrasses,' such as they are, as attractions to the *general* public; because, on approaching one of them, you behold a board on which is painted 'Société Particulière'—Private; or, No Admission, even on Business.

Arriving late, after the table d'hôte, we were charged four francs and a half, instead of four francs, for dinner. I make no complaint of this, because late arrivals give extra trouble; but the management would act wisely and rightly in abolishing the half-franc of surcharge, which is anything but a general practice. It is useless as a *fine* for unpunctuality; because his late arrival is not the traveller's fault, but the necessary conse-

quence of the time-tables. And he is sufficiently punished without the fine by getting only remnants and things warmed up, instead of the fresh-cooked articles presented at the general meal.

At breakfast, amongst other good things, a Mediterranean species (of mussel, I suppose, or nearly akin to that genus)—a shellfish not found, that I am aware of, in the British seas, was served, uncooked and unopened, to be opened by each guest and eaten like oysters (or as mussels and cockles are occasionally eaten with us, and elsewhere), raw. This is called *clovis*; pronounce *clovisse*. Note that, in the South, the final letter of French words is often pronounced when it should not. The other day we heard a pretty little waitress joked by a Parisian buck, because, when presenting a dish of *salsifis*, she called it *salsifisse*. But if you want a thing of local production, it is as well to know *how* to ask for it. I am therefore glad to be told that *clovis*, in Southern *patois*, is often called *arselis*, or *arselisse*, expecting shortly to test, on the coast, the value of the information.

We asked to have some of these *clovisses* cooked, *i.e.*, hustled in a stewpan without any water. The request was granted at once; and they were very nice eating, in the full sense of the word—choice, delicate. These bivalves, about an inch and a half long (although they are found and sent to table of a larger size), were of a rounder oval than the common mussel; the shell clean and clear, cloudy bluish-grey. We venture to recommend this excellent little mollusc to the attention of the Acclimatization Society. If they can establish it here and there along our coasts, they will supply a new pleasure and a new means of earning a living to many Britishers.

From the Botanic Garden of Montpellier, which is the oldest in Europe, having been founded by, or during the reign of Henri IV., we expected great things, but found little more than disillusionments. It is in a sad state of neglect and decline. The public might derive from it

equal benefit and more amusement if it were converted into a well-kept tea-garden. There are venerable evergreens and lanky yuccas, which may be seen in any old pleasure-ground in the South. For the rest, there are plenty of run-up things in pots, which in many private establishments would be barrowed away to make leaf-mould. A large handsome bush of *Rosa macrophylla*, the broad-leaved rose, refused to open its numerous flower-buds. If it does not behave better than that in England, it is hardly worth keeping, unless for its foliage, which is singular and striking, though scarcely so elegant and graceful as that of the Macartney rose. I could not learn the name of a little flowering plant which I had seen used as an edging at Avignon. An old gentleman, some species of 'conservator,' whose occupation of catching small flies with a net (of course for scientific purposes) my presence interrupted, told me that it was a *gazon*—all turf-like, carpety, low-growing plants are popularly called *gazons* in France; that its dwarf habit was the result of culture; that it was a crucifer; that he had forgotten its name if he had ever known it, which he didn't think he had; and that the plants were not labelled with their names because the funds of the garden were very low. I was about to observe that it would not require a cart-load of timber nor a hogshead of paint to make labels for every plant in the garden, if his fly-catching pursuits allowed him the time, when he urged his occupations in the conservatory (empty) to escape from further catechizing.

The real and favourite lion of Montpellier is the Place du Peyrou, a parallelogram-shaped architectural garden, surrounded by stone balustrades, with plenty of stone seats in and around it. At the further end is an elevated sort of Temple of the Waters for the supply of the town, received from a handsome aqueduct on lofty arches. The platform on which this temple stands commands a view whose interest depends on the clearness of the atmosphere. The sea and the

Pyrenees ought thence to be visible. We saw neither; which, however, did not make us less grateful for the shade and the breeze of the Place du Peyrou. In the middle is a spirited bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIV., which struck us as being considerably superior to the average run of such effigies.

While lingering on the steps which lead to the Temple, we were accosted by a woman looking like a confidential nurse, who asked, hurriedly and feverishly, if we had seen a couple of little children 'hauts comme ça,' 'so high,' indicating their small stature with her hand. 'No,' we answered. 'Why? Have you lost them?' 'Yes; depuis deux heures'—for the last two hours. And she hurried away to continue her search.

What had she been up to during the last two hours, leaving the two small children to take care of themselves in a public garden? Who were the children, French or English? Townspeople's babes, or strangers strayed in a foreign city? In her fright, she gave us no time to inquire. But we looked after this particularly trustworthy guardian, remembering Hood's broad but truthful woodcut, 'Accustomed to the Care of Children'—a nurse-maid flirting with a soldier, while baby, unnoticed, falls into a pond. Woe betide poor children confided to the charge of 'very superior persons,' who make nurse-maids the opportunity for following their own devices! I am far from saying that none such are good, but there are many of unknown badness; and it is the concealment with which their badness is covered which makes them all the more dangerous. Our babes are like our domestic animals; they cannot, or dare not, complain of the wrongs they suffer. And for maltreating or straying babes in the wood, there is often little choice between a cruel uncle and a confidential nurse.

Of course, as we left Montpellier next day, we never knew what became of the children and their model protectress; whether they were found immediately afterwards, or whether they remain missing to

the present hour; whether nurse whipped them, and made them hold their tongues, except to say that *they* had been wicked children, and that the fault was *theirs*; or whether they spoke out before she could whip them, and the parents sent her off with a month's wages and an excellent character. Many of these little incidents of travel remind one of the truth of Alphonse Karr's remark that actual biography has no sequel, real romance no third volume. In daily life, the only *dénouement* we meet with is the grave; and that is often an unsatisfactory and incomplete *dénouement*. As to the two little children in question, we comforted our sympathies with the probability, that, at worst, they might only have to spend a few weary hours under the protection of a commissaire of police, before being restored to their parents' arms.

Leaving the Place du Peyrou, a few steps to the left down hill, and then a few steps in a street branching off from the Boulevard to the right [I like to find my own way about a town which I am visiting for the first time, instead of taking a guide or a commissionnaire, and suppose the reader may like to do the same], will bring you to the cathedral, now under repair, and not worth the trouble of going to but for its very extraordinary porch—so massive in its ugliness as to command respect. Two cylindrical pillars, which cannot be less than five feet in diameter, and as tall as the church itself, support a little roof, which, at that elevation, looks much like the top of a four-post bed. Instead of the superstructure overloading the base, the stout supports look as if they wondered why they were placed there to do so little work.

By mounting the steep lane in front of the cathedral—Montpellier is full of ups and downs—you once more reach the central town, with its narrow streets and still narrower foot-pavements. You can hardly fail to fall upon two covered markets, an old one and a new, the latter redolent of cheese, salt pork, and the refuse of vegetables under-

going cold infusion in water, with which the pavement, in not a few places, is drenched for the purpose of uncleanness. Barring the smells, this modern market is a useful compendium of the diet, costumes, and customs of the country, to be studied at leisure under shelter from the sun.

We drove first along a dusty road or rather lane, between two stone walls, to a summer resort on the banks of the Ley, where you can see a little green grass and drink Seltzer water corrected with liquids of stronger potency. Fresh and clear running water being scarce in these parts, the youth of Montpellier have made of this place a swimming-school, where they can bathe first and breakfast afterwards in trellised birdcages overlooking the stream, or the pools of what is a stream when it flows. And, in fact, this little bit of water and verdure render the restaurant on the banks of the Ley refreshing in every sense of the word. Thence, escaping the walls, but not the dust, we proceeded to the cemetery, full of thrifty cypresses and prosperous weeds. The latter in places were completely laden with clusters of small cream-coloured snails. They were dormant for the time in consequence of the drought, the soil being then baked as hard as a rock. Where rank herbage grows, snails may be expected anywhere; and we should not have noticed them, but that we saw the very same snails exposed for sale, uncooked, by *small* saucerfuls, as if they were very choice delicacies, in the above-mentioned covered market. When I say the same, I mean in kind, not asserting that those identical snails, intended for table use, came from the cemetery. If indeed they had, they would have been none the worse, but the better, according to the theories of natural philosophers. We must have phosphates to invigorate us, wherever they come from. It is said that not a little bonedust, used to stimulate the growth of corn, has been procured from battle-fields. From the same source has been obtained animal charcoal, for refining sugar. And,

more frequently years ago, perhaps, than now, many a sheep, before making the butcher's acquaintance, has known the taste of churchyard grass.

We return, to seek shelter from dust and light. But though the glare of these light-buff southern towns pains the eye of the passenger, it helps them to radiate the sun's heat and tends to keep the inmates cool. Walls in hot weather should be coloured white outside, on the same principle as we select for the dog-days a white hat, a white suit of clothes, and a white umbrella. Were all the houses black or dark chocolate-brown, during a southern summer their inhabitants would be almost baked to death. There is a *côte rotie*, famous for its wine; we can conceive an unfortunate *ville rotie* acquiring a notoriety for human patities.

When you have no intention of making a sojourn in a place, it is astonishing how soon you have done with it. As our objects lay beyond Montpellier, we had very speedily taken its measure. Two days' observation and two nights' reflection told us as much about it as we wanted to know at present. We departed, quite content with the Hôtel Nevet, and only hoping we might never fare worse. But it is after leaving Montpellier that hospitality tribulations begin. There is choice enough to satisfy any who are not over fastidious. For instance, we heard much in favour of the Hôtel Bannel and its cookery. It comprises (and I fancy began as) a restaurant, where you can déjeuner or dine, without taking up your abode in the house. Its fame commenced with some successful mode of dressing potatoes, or other unpretending article of food, and spread as it deserved to do. If you want a small dinner, composed of a few dishes perfectly served—and those are the dinners we rejoice to partake of—especially if you wish it to comprise some good sample of southern cookery, there, they say, is the place to go. Nevertheless, we can only speak of what we found; and not having tested B.'s

cuisine, are bound to repeat that the Hôtel Nevet's is very satisfactory.

From Montpellier to Cette, by railway, you skim over a sea of the summerly pea-green leaves of the vines. The season and the weather may have something to do with that tint, as also the variety of grape principally cultivated; for different kinds of vines differ greatly in the general tint and tone of their foliage, which becomes most apparent when they are grown in large masses, as here, and over extensive tracts. As we approach the coast, appear tree mallows, vegetable witnesses who, from John o'Groat's House to the Mediterranean, tell you that the sea is not far distant. Speculators, whom some consider wild, will tell you that *all* plants, as well as animals, have sprung from aquatic ancestors. Certainly there exists a coterie of plants, like this tree mallow, the fig, and others, which delight to linger close to the shores of their native element.

We choose a train, 11:42, in the morning, which, instead of carrying us straight on, allows us to loiter more than an hour at Cette, giving us an opportunity, if we liked the look of it (which we don't), to decide on stopping there at some future time. In a parenthesis it is only just and due here to note the great politeness and attention of the railway officials along the whole of this line or lines, the Chemins de Fer du Midi. Were we to go to Cette, we should try the Hôtel Barillon, strongly recommended by one who knows it. But we hope to find some more inviting seaside residence along this line of coast.

From Marseilles eastward, on the Mediterranean shores, there are many inviting spots, charmingly situated, where a stranger would willingly linger for a while, if he could only find inn accommodation. Some of these we know to be without it; in others it still remains a matter to be ascertained, as far as ourselves are concerned. In several where there is now good reception for travellers, there was little or nothing not very long ago. But

where the picturesque, healthy, and convenient site exists, and Nature has given what is required, the enterprising settler can always take apartments, or better, a house, and gradually collect his own proper comforts around him. This system has been the origin of several now celebrated winter retreats. Quiet families, with whom the health of one or more of their members may be a paramount consideration, will care little about what is called 'society.' If they like a place well enough, or find it suits them well enough, to spend three or four months in it, they naturally return to it at the recurring season. If others chose to follow their example or not, is to them a matter of little moment. They have found what they wanted; sunshine, shelter, pure air, and pleasant scenery.

But from Marseilles, westward, such spots are rare, independent of the question of hotels or lodging-houses. As yet, we know of none, although we have looked out sharp for them. Places that promise well on the map, when seen, at once tell you they won't do, even with the passing glance you catch of them from the railway. If there were ever such good hotels, you would never select them as watering-places. Along part of the way, in fact, from Montpellier to Perpignan, the railway demonstrates the melancholy truth. It skirts, or runs between, the étangs, ponds, lagunes, salines, and salt-pans, which separate the Mediterranean from terra firma. They are curious, but far from beautiful to behold. Hereabouts, the shores of the midland sea are not only depressed but almost depressing. Square miles of shallow, sometimes stagnant water, make a sorry fringe to the bright salt sea.

The natives, who have no help for it, bear the disappointment and cross the barrier as best they can. Sometimes, they must and do get sea-bathing; but we do not envy them the means by which they attain that privilege. It seems a paradox that the sea should shut you out from itself; nevertheless, such is the fact. Montpellier ad-

vertises, for strangers, and frequents itself, the Bains de Mer de Palavas, eleven kilomètres, or about seven miles, distant, informing the world that, from the 1st of July, the omnibus service will commence from Daumont's, letter of carriages, Place de la Comédie, at moderate prices, with six departures per day. Such numerous 'trains' would not start unless there were customers. And it appears that at Palavas there are villas, chalets, cabins, tents, with every desirable convenience, as near to the sea as the lagoon permits, which you have to cross before you get at the real, unmistakeable, though tideless beach—such a genuine beach as we are accustomed to in most of the watering-places of the United Kingdom.

Frontignan, again, famous for its perfumed muscat wine, promises well on paper, in the immediate vicinity of two lakes and the sea. In the widely-circulated '*Messager du Midi*' you read of its capabilities for marine recreation. You are informed of the opening, on the 15th of June, of the Grand Hôtel and Café Restaurant, kept by Goudard the elder, the concessionnaire of the Bains de Mer and of the sporting grounds appertaining to them—where, during the season, there must be snipe and waterfowl, and, perchance, even a little fever. What awakens one's attention is the announcement that there is a 'succursale,' or branch house, on the beach, for persons who wish to take their meals there—implying that the hotel itself cannot be on the beach, nor very near it—board and lodging, seven francs per day, and upwards, including your transport to the beach and your bathing-box. M. Goudard has neglected nothing to give his hotel all the 'comfortable' which one finds in a first-class establishment. Nota. One is begged to write beforehand in order to secure rooms.

How athirst the southerners must be for salt sea-breezes, if there is a likelihood of your arriving at Frontignan and not finding a resting-place! On leaving Vic-Mireval, the station next before Frontignan, we anxiously strained our expectant

eyes. We saw marshes, muddy streams, rushes, coarse grass, bridges crossing sluggish canals, and, wherever there was quite dry land, vines. Here and there, on the banks of the dykes, were what looked like thatched cottages without walls, and consequently without doors and windows. It was as if somebody had taken off the roofs of a village and laid them flat ' promiscuously' about the grass. The rooms, if rooms there were, must be sunk in the ground, which would, in all likelihood, introduce them to the water. Were these marine villas in a new style of architecture adapted to the climate of the region, or were they merely salt-houses for storing the produce of those interminable salt-pans? We did not stop the train to get out and see, but afterwards learned that the latter conjecture was correct. And then appeared Frontignan. That this life should be so full of undeceptions! It was impossible to mistake it for a pretty place, or for a place that by any possibility could ever be pretty. A dull, flat, marshy, dilapidated-looking village, with a ditch that somebody had scooped out with a fire-shovel, between a couple of hedgeless mud banks, to keep out the ooze and slime of the lagoon, and allow a boat to reach the sandy tongue of beach, beyond which lies the real sea. In the lagoon lay an unfortunate canoe, drawing perhaps nine inches of water, hopelessly stuck fast aground, and stranded. Bains de Mer, indeed! including mud baths, gratis —mud baths enough to bemire and besmear, in their capacious slough, the whole population of France. Ting, bell; and whistle, engine! roll, wheels, we have seen enough. We will spend our seven francs per day, *and upwards*, for board and lodging, at some other maritime paradise, if such is to be found. But how lucky we didn't take tickets to Frontignan, on the chance of spending an interesting day there, especially as the grapes are not yet ripe!

To Cette, hard by, the sea makes a somewhat nearer approach. We actually saw the breakers. They

happened to be small that day, but are by no means despicable upon occasion. At the back of the town is a massive isolated hill, so high that donkey assistance would be acceptable to mount it, and sprinkled with villas and country boxes. It is not wooded enough to be pretty or picturesque. On the top stands something that looks like a restaurant, whence the view must be extensive, if not fine. The surrounding country does not supply the materials for a grand panorama however wide. Cette is ill-famed for its dirtiness; we did not find it dirtier than its neighbours. The inhabitants complain of a want of fresh water, visitors of its distance from the sea, so that in no sense is it a good watering-place. It is a famous place of business, nevertheless; but as we did not go to it for wines or spirits, nor to cheapen oils, sardines, vermicelli, corks, or capers, we turned our backs on it without regret.

With Cette fled all our hopes of fresh sea-breezes hereabouts. The railway continues to tantalise you by offering them to your lips and then snatching them away. Agde is not in the equivocal position of 'one foot on land and one on shore'; it has both feet firmly fixed on land. Narbonne the same. It is eight long kilomètres from the Mediterranean. Of what use is such a place to people who want to be within hearing and sight of billows while they are eating their shrimps and bread and butter (or the local substitute for them) at breakfast? Farther on it is ten times worse. Of La Nouvelle, a place doing a good stroke of coast-trade business, and actually containing a population, I can easily give you an idea. Take a sandy desert; stir into it as much water as will bring it nearly to the consistency of a quicksand; let it stand to settle and form one or two little channels for the water to drain; scoop and scrape out one of them into the semblance of a canal; drop human dwellings by the side of it, opposite to a small cluster of masts; build a new church there and a railway station; cause a few douaniers, soldiers, and sailors

to crawl about cautiously, as if they were afraid of sinking in the quagmire, and you have La Nouvelle. To complete the picture, in one direction, on the far horizon, stick a few white spots, to indicate that coasting-vessels may there be sailing in an open sea, and in the other direction pleasant-looking mountains, so distant as to be useless and hopeless, telling cruel tales of the freshness and verdure which are not here.

Thence to Salces, past Leucate station (which is not a station, but a point where omnibus trains stop; what for, they know better than I do)—to Salces is the same theme with variations. The rocky promontory of Leucate gives hopes which it does not fulfil. It is an utter solitude. Wayside human habitations are very few and far between. One dilapidated, lonely farm, approached by an avenue of weatherbeaten almond-trees, struck me as a retreat to which a criminal pursued by justice might retire in perfect confidence. At Rivesaltes (another low, unbaked-bread coloured, small town, celebrated for its delicious sweet white wine, of the same class as those of Lunel and Frontignan) you have left the lagoons behind, and are again in the midst of a vine-covered plain. For seaside pleasures we must hit upon a different geological formation. The next station after Rivesaltes is Perpignan, the chef-lieu, or as we should say the county town, of the department of the Pyrénées Orientales. At the above places, I do not speculate about the inn accommodation, though the thought of what it may be makes me shudder; because if any generous benefactor were to present us with a house and grounds there, to improve and arrange according to our own devices, and *not* sell but inhabit and enjoy, we should respectfully decline the boon, preferring a chamber surrounded by pleasant objects to a mansion in a medium of unpleasantry.

At Narbonne was a halt for change of train, not long enough to be tiresome, but long enough to stretch your legs. It is the junction of the

railways proceeding to Cette from the different directions of Bordeaux and Perpignan—the southern meeting-point of the east, the west, and the utmost south; for at Perpignan are diligences which carry you across the Pyrenees into Spain. You can go still further south, by railway, in France, namely, as far as Port Vendres, whence the railway may proceed onwards into Spain one of these days; but at present, there, you are in a blind alley, a cul de sac, the bottom of a bag. There is a carriage-road as far as Banyuls-sur-Mer. If you wish thence to pass into the Peninsula, you must do it in a boat, on mule-back, or on foot. At both those places, Port Vendres and Banyuls, of which you shall hear more anon, we are promised a bit of real sea.

Of Perpignan I have little to say, and should be glad to say even less. Outside the station was a great bustle, partly caused by a competition of diligences for Spain, partly by inn-touters and their omnibuses. In a moment of economical weakness, from which the wisest and the wealthiest are not exempt, we had let fall a half-formed intention of going to a second-class hotel, and were instantly taken at our word, caught up, and carried off. Perpignan, they say, is too near to Spain to be comfortable, according to northern notions. Other places along the Pyrenees are just as near the frontier, and yet are clean and comfortable; but they have less frequent communication and little old-established familiarity with their ultramontane neighbours. They don't adopt their peculiarities in eating, drinking, house-building, and bed-making. Great caution, it is stated generally, is to be exercised in choosing a hotel at Perpignan. We had been 'sent on' with orders to go to the Hôtel Bosc, and it was in some degree owing to our human perversity in not choosing to be sent on too often that, to our sorrow, we did not go to the Hôtel Bosc. The reader will profit by our mistake, and prefer Bosc, where at least you can breathe, as it looks out on the fresh green grass and trees of the ramparts, to intra-

mural dens and dungeons. And, to embitter our too-late repentance, we are assured Bosc's charges are by no means high.

Whether in consequence of the stifling atmosphere at the bottom of deep wells and ravines called courts and streets, or other unseen but not unfelt cause, we slept badly, all of us, that night, rose early, and resolved to make our escape forthwith. Luckily, in the diligence that was to start for Amélie-les-Bains at 11 A.M., there still were vacant places not absolutely where, but exactly in the number, we wanted; some below, some above, some behind, some in front. Triumphing in the discovery, I did not leave the office till the receipt for those places was safe in my pocket. We should not be, as we wished, together, but we should be embarked in the same ponderous, hospitable, terrestrial Noah's Ark, traversing something less monotonous than a dull, flat plain, sometimes watery sometimes leafy, but, of whatever kind, apparently interminable in extent. We should soon be fairly amongst the hills, and be rising, now imperceptibly, now quite perceptibly, to the respectable elevation of more than seven hundred feet above the sea level.

It was hot, although anywhere else, and after a better night's rest, we might not have complained of it. We had suffered more from heat between Boulogne and Paris than along the whole distance from Paris to Perpignan. The night-flight from Paris to Avignon was a great success; but in Perpignan, with its narrow, crooked streets and its lofty houses, whose upper stories stretch forward to shake hands with opposite neighbours, we were almost stifled. We perfectly appreciated the luxury to the inhabitants of ice being retailed there at ten centimes the kilo, or less than a halfpenny per pound avoirdupois, and showing at least one advantage of the vicinity of mountains in a warm climate. I went to the market for strawberries, to moisten our lips during the ride to Amélie, and there saw, amongst other strange things, fowl-butchers, of whom you could buy the half,

the quarter, and even less, of a fowl. The blood drawn in killing the said fowl was also offered to a hungry public for sale.

We are in a strange country, amongst a strange race, with blood in their veins having no affinity to our own. Their complexion and the expression of their countenances are alien to what we have been accustomed to. Happily not 'a lion,' as the parish clerk made it when he read '*I am a lion to my mother's children.*' While waiting for the horses to join the diligence, the time is beguiled by what threatens to be a fight between a porter and one of the superior authorities of the office. Though French is spoken to passing strangers, the interlocutory language is Catalan patois, a mixture of Spanish, Italian, Latin, Arabic, and French, with the addition of sundry native and imported roots. Catalan, we are told, was once an official language under the kings of Arragon. Works of considerable historical value still exist in Catalan; but as the Arragonese dynasty has passed away, sharing the fate of the kings of our Saxon Heptarchy, I have never learnt Catalan, and never shall; consequently I did not understand the compliments that passed between the porter and his employer. The former, however, after ceasing personal strife, struck work pantomimically, and sat down on his barrow with an expression of face which said that it was great forbearance on his part not to cut the other's throat with the sharp-edged, sharper-pointed, gay-handled Catalan knife he had in his pocket.

Luckily he was not the only porter in the world, nor even in Perpignan. In spite of the want of his visible aid, the luggage was piled on the top of the diligence, and we drove to the post-office to receive the letters. There, a brother porter climbed up to me and demanded a tip for his assistance. I offered him half a franc as a sufficient extra to the office charges; but he made a face so piteous, so remonstrative, so appellant to my feelings as a gentleman, without the least insolence, that I immediately changed it for a franc. The franc was received with

another look, the same in kind, though less intense in degree; so, remembering the worthies of his class in Italy (who, if you give them five francs will ask for ten, and if you give them ten will insist upon twenty, and who acknowledge in their confidential and impulsive moments that they are ‘mai contenti,’ never content), I told him to be satisfied and go about his business. He did the one if he was not the other.

Immediately there followed, to make a like claim on a fellow-passenger, the combative, pantomimic, work-striking man of burthens, who had no more thought of striking for the diligence than I have of striking for ‘London Society.’ My companion, a lieutenant in the French navy, gives five sous. Grimaces, beating those addressed to me hollow, because *these were* mischievous; immense indignation. ‘How was a man, with bread to earn, to live like that? Take that? That enough? Never; no, never, till the Grand Never. Take them back yourself,’ and that not in Catalan, but in quite intelligible French. The sous were dashed, not to the ground, but on the board sustaining the leather apron. Not to prolong the dialogue, in which urgency of extortion was met by equal firmness of resistance, at the moment when our steeds were starting, the sous *were* taken with the thankful remark, ‘Never will I work for you again.’ It

would seem that this industrious Catalan earns his living by refusing to work.

Along the road (this being the middle of June) they are already cutting wheat and oats. There are even lands ploughed after carrying the harvest. Green peas are over, all but a few exceptionally tardy samples; but there are plentiful supplies at table of broad beans, French beans, strawberries, and cherries; other fruits are not yet ripe, but will be soon. In the south, *in the plain*, I have nowhere seen either currant, gooseberry, or raspberry-bushes—nor windmills. As we advance, although now fairly in the mountain, we are still surrounded by olive-trees, vines, and other southern crops. The hedges show bright scarlet-bloomed pomegranates, with occasional patches of aloes and clumps of that innocent-looking but formidable stop-thief, the Christ’s Thorn, *Rhamnus palmarius*. There are ilexes where there is room for them; and one or two wayside cork trees are seen, but they cannot be allowed to count. We reach the Baths of Amélie—which appear a perfect paradise after windy Dauphiny and flat, dusty Languedoc—about five in the afternoon, allowing us each to rinse ourselves well in hot mineral water, to dine, and go to bed with the cocks and hens, with a private band of blackbirds and nightingales to serenade us.

E. S. D.

(To be continued.)

### POPPIES IN THE CORN;

OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS.—No. VIII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,’ &c.

#### AN AUTUMN WALK.

**I**F dull Care, which sits behind the horseman (as most people have heard at least once in their lives), can be eluded, and if the heart be light, and the step springy, and the brow clear, and the internal machinery well oiled; and life, just

then, a glad thing both for mind and body—under these propitious circumstances there is hardly any recreation to be placed above a good walk, hardly any poppy which I would rather gather out of the long rows of busy days. In company;

thus it is delightful: alone; this has also its delights. *Alone*, however, I repeat, it must be:—if that weary-faced, brow-seamed companion, of which I spoke just now, be likely to draw near, and take your arm, and, regardless of with-your-leave, or by-your-leave, insist on interspersing every incident, view, object, pause, or progress, with his joy-killing remarks, the very last thing which I would recommend for your recreation would be a walk alone (so-called) through whatever scenery.

'One morn I put my heart to sleep,  
And to the lanes I took my way.'

Thus one writes; but how useless was this make-believe; how vain to slip, however stealthily, out of the back door, leaving Care, dull Care (you thought), asleep in the parlour. You have hardly gone a hundred yards, before (with that odious matter-of-course familiarity) his arm is locked within your own, and you are deep in busy, anxious conversation with him. You stop at a stone set all over with vivid dwarf moss, and tiny turquoise forget-me-not. You pause to admire and love it; but lo! it vanishes from you soon in an abstraction, even while you bend over it, for your ill companion is plying you with anxious considerations as to how that pile of bills at home may be diminished, and a fresh, free start made on a better plan. Or you are leaning on a fence, looking through trees at the gleam of a wide shallow river; the cool that comes from it always is delicious to your heated brow; the crisp brattle of the ever-rushing waters brings lulling and refreshment to your brain. It is but for a moment; the plashing murmur has passed from your regard, the grey, leaden gleam among the alders is not perceived any longer, even though you are still looking at it; the eyes are fixed, but the brain has been called off. 'Ah!' that malicious comrade has whispered, 'How lonely your life will be now all hope of winning *her* is gone!' And the picture that you drew a veil over, and thought to forget for at least a while in your walk; the

picture of that face whose very sweetness is your inexpressible sadness, is, in a moment, with cruel distinctness, held before your thought.

'Thus did she look, on such a day,  
And such the fashion of her hair;  
And thus she stood, when, stooping low,  
You took the bramble from her dress,  
And thus she laughed and talked, whose "No"  
Was sweeter than another's "Yes."

Ah! no wonder that the cool murmur and the cool gleam faded quite from your mind, and that your brow sets, and your head is bent, and your eyes moodily fixed on the road, as you turn with a sigh to pursue your unrefreshing walk with your inexorable and unshakeable companion. You should not have done it, you know; the very last thing that you should have devised by way of recreation and diversion of thought was this walking tour, alone, but indeed with this kill-joy comrade! '*Laid your heart to sleep*', had you? 'Tis too light a sleeper, and however you stole away on tip-toe, there it is, after the first few minutes, standing up in the crib, and that wearying perpetual wail has begun again.

'While thus I went to gladness fain,  
I had but walked a mile or twain,  
Before my heart woke up again,  
As dreaming she had slept too late;  
The morning freshness that she viewed  
With her own meaning she endued,  
And touched with her solicitude  
The natures she did meditate.'

No; the solitary walk is but a slow and refined torture under circumstances like these. If troubled with a mental toothache, and desirous of a lull, you must take some other pursuit as your prescription. Gardening or carpentering; these are both admirable for quite absorbing the mind until Care's ever-tolling bell at first is muffled and presently is unheard. At least this is true of minor worries, and matters which are more anxieties than sorrows; making a bee-house or altering a garden-bed won't make you forget for even a while that you have buried your bonny boy, or your life's hope, or that you have committed a murder. But the process is an admirable one for taking

your mind clean away from the depressing routine of the office in which you have to sit all the long spring and summer days; or from the contention of philosophy, history, mathematics, &c., in the head of the intending double-class man.

Yes, avoid the lonely, even though lovely, walk, if you cannot really be alone; as you would avoid the roasting yourself at a slow fire. If, however, things are so with you that you can for those days count reasonably (amid the changes and chances that yet must always peril it) upon the gay, blithe boy-heart again, there is, I repeat, nothing in the way of recreation more intensely, exquisitely enjoyable to the man with an eye for seeing, a mind for appreciating, and a heart for loving, than a leisure walk through fair scenery.

Let me recall such a walk, one link in that pleasant chain yclept a walking tour. Half of the chain welded with that of a dear companion; half fashioned in solitude. Care, dull Care; ah, I had eluded thee then! I had gone, and left thee no address; the wrinkles were ironed out of my brow; the song of younger days welled up spontaneously now and then. I need hardly say that one would not wish it always, not very often, but it is, as I have said or sung before in these idle papers, an exhilarating feeling to have sometimes, the feeling that for a few weeks you have *nothing to do*, a gap in a life of incessant occupation, if not of hard work; a blank space in the close-written pages. Nothing to do but to please and amuse yourself. I really think that of all people who can enter the most fully into the relief and delight of such an occasional surprise the parson is the one. However he loves his labour, it is a thing always with him, and its influence must necessarily have a strong depressing element, from the fact which is obvious—that so much of it must be, or must appear, labour in vain. Then his whole life (if he be a faithful servant) is one of self-denial: he has not, as the business man has, any time certainly to call his own; much of his work lies in

the evening, when others are entitled to rest; and Sunday brings few vacant hours to him. He is not his own, nor expects, nor wishes to be: he is a servant first of that Master the least ray of whose helping and approving love brightens his heart really more than all the glad sunshine of any world's joy could do: and he is also the servant of every one, the greatest and least, the oldest and youngest, in the parish: he has a concern in the concerns of every man, woman, and child in it. They are his family, under his care; and what with his consciousness of his own inadequacy and shortcomings, and what with his anxiety for them, and continual apparent failure in his work for them, you will allow that, though peace underlie it, there is yet much care in his lot. The business man achieves so much day by day; the work is done, and successfully done, so far as it goes. But fancy if he had to keep accounts, very few of which would have any reasonable likelihood of being correct, and do work a great deal of which was next to certain to end in failure: to number that which next time would be found wanting; to make straight that which a week after would in all probability have started aside into crookedness again: and then grant that there would be wear and tear in such work. Thus you will be able to enter sympathetically into my elasticity of spirits, and light springiness of foot, as I sally forth, on a warm autumn morning; breakfast over; the long day before me; forth from my cozy little lodgings just under Tintern Abbey, for a walk (a first visit) to the Wyndcliff, and to Chepstow Castle. Sweet Tintern! I will not speak of thee in an episode, I, thy lover, am purposed to pen one day a whole paper in thy praise. I pass thee lingeringly, lovingly, reverently; as I turn my back on thee and wend my way by the upper road, old and impracticable for wheels, towards the Wyndcliff. Often I face back to regard thee, changing in aspect as I follow the path and ascend the hill; at last thou art far below me, grey with thy green larch against the

coloured hillside; a few steps more—walking backward—and I have lost thee. Then I am able to go on merrily, with undistracted mind, towards the grandeur and beauty which I am delightfully anticipating.

Certainly a lovely bit of old unused road. Through the hedge I spy the dry bed of a mountain streamlet, the banks moss-covered, and fern drooping from the green stones. Far from the dust and drought, green, doubtless, all the year, under the roof of clematis, honeysuckle, and wild rose, shut in by nut and maple; how quiet a fairy valley! I dare say the squirrel races across it, and bead-eyed mice flit, rather than move, about it; and the chaffchaff gives the word for the wild hyacinths to ripen into blue: and the silver laugh of the willow-wren peals above it, and sprinkles the leaves with that light rain of sound; and, for ruder noises there is the scolding of the blackbird if any obnoxious intruder should move his ire. And soft winds sigh through it; and there is the patter and rustle and rush of showers above it; and in the still autumn days the slight excitement of a nut, making its way through the yellowing leaves. What a secluded miniature dell! No wonder the tall or drooping plumes of ferns keep so lush and green, and last on through the winter, which levels the hollow with a smooth sward of snow. Or sometimes, after a thaw or long rains, a twisting cataract rushes down it, whirling away the sodden leaves which thought to have rested there in that long fosse for ever in peace. Then the hedges are lit with the scarlet hips and deeper haws, and some branches are dressed with clustered wealth of blue-purple sloes. I leave this tiny glade with some regret, remembering, however, that, after all, it is but the first course of the day's feast. And now I have attained to a considerable height, and looking back, can descry some distant black, stern-looking ranges of Welsh hills appearing above their wood-clad kin that shut me round beneath in the valley.

A quiet stretch of cultivated table-land; a farm at which I ask my way,

and now I am close to the moment which, for this famous view, will change anticipation into memory. I am just above the point; approaching it by the upper road, I drop down upon it, and get the panorama suddenly complete, not having forestalled it by driplets in ascending. I pause for a moment: there is always a reluctance to turn a keen future enjoyment into a however delightful past experience. I have this feeling especially with a new poem of Tennyson's. Still no doubt a possession is more valuable than a hope: let me descend and secure this.

\* \* \* \* \*

And this is the view from the Wyndcliff. How long have I been here, still, wrapt in speechless admiration, and deep content? A grand and lovely view indeed. A double-tier balcony of stone ended my descent through the trees, and on this I am sitting. A bad head is mine for looking down steep places, and I lean very gingerly forward to look over the parapet. A sheer and lofty cliff standing out of the wood which lies at its feet, and stretches down, a marvel of colours, hues, tints, to a green strip of pasture meadows, and the winding Wye. How one thinks at once of the feeling of toppling over, losing the clutching hold, and then down, down, and the crash into the sea of trees below, worse than that fall of the youth from the top of a fourteen-storied house at Edinburgh, of whom it is related that his grave meditations resolved themselves into outspoken comments on his way down. A gentleman standing in a balcony about half-way up the house heard the solemn remark as he sped by, 'Eh! what a clite I'll get!' How lovely, this looking down on the foliage, masses of all colour and hue, orange and red, and purple and sienna, and yellow and green, studded with very many dark yew-trees, distinct from and enhancing the delicate, frail decay-colours. But even these had arrayed themselves with a very illumination of rose-berries. I never saw them in such fruit, tiny, innumerable, fairy-lamps stringing all the branches.

And below and beyond all this beauty, a sort of theatre shutting in green fields smooth and vivid as lawns; here and there dotted with the red white-faced Hereford cattle. The Wye winding wonderfully through these meadows, and under wooded hills, crowned by terraced, tree-crested cliffs, standing out of clasping woods. Stern and hard they looked, the bare and rugged cliffs, with the woman-wood clasping their knees—

"He added not, and from her turned: but Eve,  
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not  
flowing,

And tresses all disordered, at his feet  
Fell humble; and embracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:

"Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness  
Heaven

'What love sincere and reverence in my heart  
'I bare thee, and unweaving have offended,  
'Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees!'"

Thus fancifully I parallel the lowly tree-grace, and the lofty cliff-sternness, and easily find human analogies in the pathos of nature.

But my trouble is the river, this winding Wye. Do I not remember it clear and full, and deep and grand, flowing past the woods, and brimming up to the meadows of fair Herefordshire; the silver Wye, the abundant Wye. And now what do I see? Deep muddy banks, and a shrunken stream flowing low down between them. Is this my darling river? How can I understand the change? I seem to have lost an old friend. I suppose the long drought of that year accounts for the meagre waters, now the tide is out, and leaves the river

"Vocal in its wooded walls,"

and I must wait for full enjoyment until

"The salt sea-water passes by,  
And rushes half the babbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills."

And lo! already it is setting back again; the seaweed is drifting fast inland: the channel is rapidly filling, the mud banks sinking lower; and I seem to have watched but a little time before if not my silver Wye, at least my full Wye, has taken away my one regret and disappoint-

ment. And far over the coloured woods, and rugged cliffs, the yellow sea has returned and covered the mud banks of the Firth, and the sun has hammered a broad plate of the water into wrinkled, dented, beaten brass.

In looking at a landscape like this, you first admire it, and are content for a long while to admire it, as a whole. Then you begin to pick out, and to appreciate, and to dwell upon and gloat over, the details. How delicious in colour, that long rugged rampart of Bannager crag, quite bare, except just at the very summit, as though scathed by some wide lightning sheet. The grey limestone singularly beautiful, out of the thousand coloured hues. One part had been lately quarried, and the stone there was warm-tinted; time had not yet toned and hallowed it into that cathedral-grey. My eyes dwell for a long time upon this grand titanic wall, passing thence again to the river, full now, and, after its wonderful curves which make an island almost of part of the valley, disappearing behind a bold-outlined hill, tree-clad, rock-varied. Beyond, it appears, leaving Chepstow, the chapel of whose castle could well be seen, and the smoke of the town behind the hill. Here it joins the Severn, that has before shown its distant gleam behind the rocky rampart. Then stretches the wide Firth of this river opening into the Bristol Channel. And, furthest, spreads the sunlight, burnishing the sea.

But while I waited, I heard a bustling noise in the oak above my head, and lo, a squirrel, busy and blithe! These little creatures in their free state have a vast charm for me; I have not often been where they are abundant. And I can fancy the delight of the Londoner, accustomed to see them only in the Pantheon bird-room (alas, only a memory now!)—or in the Regent's Park Gardens (soon, there is a mournful whisper, to become the same:)—or on a vendor's hand in the streets; I can fancy, I say, the delight of seeing the little creatures, free and happy and with no price on their heads, running with their

length of tail across the path, or up the tree-trunk; sitting on their branches, with the train become a standard, eating, or watching with bead-like eyes, while they clean their whiskered face; anon, affrighted or playful, dashing, rather, lightly flying, it seems,—from bough to bough, or from tree to tree, agile, bird-like, but yet giving us a change from birds:—for tree-animals are few with us. All this is a delight, even where it is not also a wonder; and for myself I love to keep a breathless quiet, and watch the movements and conduct of creatures that gradually then cease to be suspicious and become at their ease. Thus I have watched for a long while with much satisfaction, water-rat, shrew-mouse, ring-ouzel, squirrel. Presently, however, on this occasion, my friend disappeared into a retreat in a tree with a thick head of ivy; and so I went on with my landscape. Again he appeared, but almost directly re-entered his retirement. Here I acted in a way which will not bear relating, spoiling the harmony of the spirit of the woods; I bombarded the ivy castle with rotten sticks and pebbles,—not to harm, I need not say, but to scare him out. For a time he stood the siege; then, on a sudden, the sally-port was thrown open, there was a rush, and a bound, and a little long red flash, that leapt from tree to tree. A guilty feeling came over me to have disturbed his confidence.

A trifling incident, I grant. But somehow I fancy that it may have its passing interest not only for me, who remember it, but for others condemned to pass much of the fair year where there are no free squirrels, in the hard work of London offices, or London society. The poppy-petals are, in truth, fragile; yet you pluck the flower lightly without stopping, as you pass the crowded bank, and you find a moment's pleasure in the wrinkled scarlet, and glossy black, even if you throw it away and forget it the next. And if it gave a moment's pleasure let us imagine the gentle, humble-hearted, if gaily-attired thing, content; and conscious that it has not lived and died in vain.

Enough of apology: it is time, moreover, that I descend the hill, and get into the road to Chepstow, whose town, especially whose castle, is included in my bill of fare for the day.

And now I have a renewed enjoyment of the view. True, it lessens, and narrows; soon I lose the wide waters of the Firth and the Bristol Channel: and the great amphitheatre of the hills shuts in the view, with no suggested distance beyond. Still, I get my panorama cut up into pictures; and these framed by the trees under which I am walking, and through which I catch glimpses of the glories beyond. Just now, it was all background, now there is tree-foreground too. And under my feet, not a deep abyss ending in a billowy ocean of foliage, but firm forest-paths, gracefully littered with the wealth of the woodlands: bronze leaves lined with frosted silver: thin patinés of tarnished gold, eaten all over into holes: brown leaves, and leaves of faded crimson, and crisp rolls of dull buff or maroon. And I descend, and I descend, and still I pause with a new treat. Oh it is a great, an inestimable boon to be gifted with this capacity for appreciative enjoyment; to find gleanings everywhere, and harvests on special occasions! You may see, you have seen, tourists ‘doing’ a place like this; ‘doing’ Dovedale; ‘doing’ Tintern; ‘doing’ the Alps, or Niagara; all just as a matter of business or as the necessary preliminary to the great delight of the day and the expedition, viz., the inevitable and heavy feeding to which it leads. The appetite which the change of scene and air, and the unwonted exercise, give; this, believe me, is often the true delight of your London tourist. A party of these sight-seers, (name-carvers;) we met in Dovedale; hollaing and larking; my brother waxed indignant; would have turned them out, had he been autocratic; I reasoned with him, on the live-and-let-live principle. ‘You have your refined, let them have their vulgar enjoyment; each is enjoying himself, though in a different mode.’

He grumbled in reply; but I am bound to say that I also was staggered when further up, and on our inquiring of a youthful tourist (one of Leech's) as to how much farther we could go, or as to whether we could get to Thor's Cavern, he directed us, but assured us feelingly, that we should not find a 'Pub' all the way. A 'Pub' in Dovedale! The very trout might have leapt from the stream in dismay.

However, I am not now in Dove-dale, but on the lower road, at last, to Chepstow. Here I was flanked with rich wood on either hand, and could more closely wonder at the crimson-strung yews. I leant for a time by the road-side; a mass of autumn-stricken foliage yet under me. Never tired was I of contrasting that rich dark green of the studing yews with the lighter variety that embedded them; nor of looking from scarlet to orange, and thence to the frail wan green that had gone back to look (in vain) for the fresh and vivid spring tint, after a heavy summer sameness; thence to a glare of yellow; and so to a bewildering mosaic of colour and tint, until pulled up short and righted by the emphasis of one of my red-fruited black-green friends. There was here also a lovely lower view of the Wyndcliff scene. How grand the abrupt and inexorable walling in of the Wye-valley; the grey range of terraced limestone standing out of the colour, crowned with a grave green; the muffled sky (for it had clouded over) in beautiful harmony.

On, however, on; for there was much to be done. And so the stately Wyndcliff and its clasping woods were left behind, and I found me before long in a straight dull road, which ran on with little variety for a mile or two.

\* \* \* \* \*

And this is Chepstow Castle. A grand ruin, with its round grey towers, and walls built on the perpendicular cliff that rises sheer and sudden from the bank of the Wye; the rampart, indeed, that checked the wanderings of the erratic river. A grand old ruin, grandly placed, fixed and stolid beside the swift-

gliding water; seeming to grow out of the solid rock, as old, and apparently as enduring as that. Naturally one looks at these proud but fallen relics of an ancient time with a certain degree of compassionate sentiment. They have outlived the days of their glory and their might, we might think of Keats's dethroned Titans as we contemplate their fallen grandeur and despised strength. How strong they were, how almost impregnable; and now a few rounds of our modern artillery would shake their huge towers and heavy walls into a heap of shapeless ruins. Yet (however we feel inclined to insult them with our bemoaning) they ask not our compassion, they accept it not. Sternly and grimly they frown at the frivolities and lightnesses about them, never condescending to relax their severity. The sunlight at evening rests upon them and lights their summits and the rounded towers. But the warm light only brings out more distinctly the roughness and scars, the dents and ravage of sieges and many wearing years. Gaunt, scarred veterans, they know not how to smile. The graceful ivy crowns their turrets with victor's garlands; they do but suffer apathetically that she work her will: she carefully hides the deep dents and the ruined breaches, and kindly and tenderly clothes the weatherbeaten sides; but that ungracious abstraction still remains as before. Spring comes, feeling kindly to all, and adorns the grey ruins with a thousand touches of loveliness and grace; but her blackthorn spray, or her unrolling ferns, or the delicate and tender green that lovelily decks the mountain ash, or the beech, or fragile birch, that somehow have found a hold half way up those grim battlements; these fantasies and conceits find no response at all. Then glowing Summer tries her hand, but the warrior Ruin yields no whit to her blandishments, and stares impassive and unsoftened out of the wild rose-mass that scarfs the battlements, or the honeysuckle-wreaths, and white bindweed, and red sweetbriar clusters, or the bristling deep-blue bugloss, or the tall

scarlet snapdragon with its brim-stone mouths, or the pink valerian that leans over from giddy heights above depths where the prisoners used to moan; or the sweet-breathed wallflower that clings to the sheer perpendicular walls. Bees murmur in the flowering ivy; butterflies 'show and shut' their 'splendid wings' upon the grey warm old stone; busy jackdaws chatter about the loopholes, doves woo and coo in the full-foliaged trees about the moat that brim up even with the grass-fringed walls; thrushes sing out clear and glad from the highest bough of the beech; a hum of busy men, or a laugh of gay idlers rises from the upstart modern houses built (not like these old buildings), only *to let* and not *to last*. But Summer with her gay life is only by contrast in harmony with this relic of the deathful past; she prevails nothing to move its cynic stolidity. Nor is Autumn much more successful, with her decking of scarlet rowanberries, or her burning hips and haws; even her sympathetic death is too frail and weak to have much in common with this unyielding, everlasting decay. Winter suits better, when the snow has hidden all vegetable life, and the whole earth lies in a calm desolate serenity; and the birds are silent or dead; and a winding sheet cast, like a 'scarf, even over the evergreen naked-stemmed pines. Great folds of snow hide the ivy on the ramparts, and smother the withered grass on the towers; and like silver moss it clings to every ruggedness and broken surface of the grey stone; and little ledges have their high-piled rim, and every loophole has its white threshold; and the Ruin in its shroud looks now less ungentle than at any other time.

But how I am rambling on! What fantasies are these? I was lost in a reverie as I stood before this grim dead Building; nor was the thrill of respectful sympathy unnatural nor unshared by others. What more grand than such a Ruin can Milton find for comparison with his fallen Archangel, whose face

'Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage.'

Thus he describes him, essaying, you remember, to address his army:-

'He above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
*Stood like a tower*; his form had not yet lost  
All her original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than Archangel ruined.'

Oh, yes! there is much to think of, standing before a ruin like this. We fancy the ranks of stalwart yeomen, the archers in Lincoln green, the gallant knights; we see Rebecca watching from her loophole, eager Ivanhoe, half risen, leaning on his arm; we hear the Black Knight thundering at the postern; there are the massive rocks ready to be hurled on the besiegers' heads; here the bright molten lead pours down, part clinging to the walls; here there are the clutching fingers still extended, as the ladder is forced backward into the moat. A rude cannon bursts, killing the men that were working it; there is a trumpet-call; and, ah! the foe have mounted the ramparts at another point; the garrison throng to oppose them; they close hand to hand upon the wall; here an attacker and there a defender topples headlong over the rampart, cleft to the brain, thrust to the heart; the combat deepens, the victory wavers; the attacking party begin to give ground. Just then, see, at some other point neglected in the struggle a fresh party of assailants have won the heights; they fall on the garrison in the rear; the case is desperate now, the castle is taken; it is but to sell life dearly; one by one they fiercely die, but ere the last falls, lo! the castle gates have been opened, and the enemy swarms in.

Well, I had better go in too; the castle gate is opened, partly because I rang the bell. I am not ill-pleased that there should be no kindly preparations for greeting my entry with a ladle of boiling lead; such a ceremony might please the antiquary, but I love not such horrid rain.

A grand ruin! Yes, a grand ruin. Exceedingly interesting, but not, I think, *fascinating*, like Haddon Hall or Tintern Abbey. Here you seem to want a companion; at the Abbey you would rather be alone.

Not such a companion, however, do you desire, as this, that shows you over for base lucre. Glad are we when she has shown us the fine storeroom, which we are interested to hear was supplied from the river;—indeed, we find ourselves nearly set musing again;—when, besides, she has pointed out the buttery hatch, and, giving us a general idea of the plan of the castle, has left us free to meditate in the tower where Jeremy Taylor, Divine and Poet, and Henry Martin, Regicide, were confined. Three stories of prisons. Let me climb first to the midmost, and contemplate the ledges on which once rested the floor paced for twenty weary years by the feet of the unhappy man whose hand was stained with the blood of his weak and culpable, yet surely good and noble monarch. Can I pity him? Could I pity the Right Honourable John Bright, or Edmond Beales, the democrats of our day, if—but this is hardly likely! I fear in such a case pity and sympathy would be difficult: but I am removed from the contentions of those old troubled times, and I cannot help feeling a prick of compassion and sorrow for that lonely fanatic. Twenty long years! Even fanaticism would (one might dream) cool down in such a time; and maybe he repented of his deed before he died. Yet his epitaph in a Church near by seems to forbid such a hope, and to take the lofty martyr-strain. Well, well, still I cannot help sorrow for him. Twenty long years! and only this span for his walking, and just those slits in the wall for his seeing. I dare say he at last wearied of even this view. And never a soul to speak to but his gaoler; no kindly word, no kindly look, no sympathizing pressure of a hand—for twenty years! So to live; the dial of his life stopping, as it were, while other hands moved on; and so twenty years of the world's history worked itself out, while, still

living, he was shut away from its events and struggles; the ever-moving caravan had left him twenty years behind. And then when old age crept over him; when death was now overshadowing him; no face to look at, sorrowful because of him; no hand to grasp when the great loneliness seemed most present to his soul; none to mourn for him, none to regret him: the old friends had died long ago, and for twenty years he had been debarred from the chance of making new. Or did the stern old Puritan care for none of these things? Had the maggot of self-righteousness eaten out all the kernel of his heart, and left nothing there but dust and dryness? Who can tell? Only this we know, that a creature, once a blithe and laughing child, with the world for his playground; once a lithe youth, with a still wider domain of dreamland;—was shut up for the last third of his life in this narrow, round room. And, so thinking, we descend.

What a contrast is found in the tenant of the next story! I ascend, and now I am looking at the walls which hemmed in our poet-divine, the sweet and saintly Jeremy Taylor. Indeed, his writings are the very poetry of Theology: his well-known ‘Living and Dying;’ his less known, but exquisite ‘Life of Christ.’ Around such a theme you may guess how his appreciative and creative thought burst into luxuriant bloom; for even a bare rod would put out bud and blossom and almonds in the shrine of his heart. And I see his sweet, grave face, and his broad, calm brow, as he stands half musing, half watching the molten crimson of the sunset from this loophole: saintly thought and natural beauty being spun in a twisted thread through his meditations. Not long stayed he here: now, however, the abundant pink valerian and fragrant wallflower have marked the place where his footsteps perhaps trod. He goes forth to his Master's work in the world again; this has been, to him, a retreat, rather than an imprisonment: a hermitage, rather than a dungeon.

But, oh! this pit, this dungeon indeed, underneath; below, under the damp earth; no sign at all of any window for light. Can we imagine it possible that any poor wretches can have been thrust down here? Oh, what horrors may have been enacted and endured in this dark and dismal hole! The growing terror of the everlasting darkness, especially if the heart were ill at ease; the horrible familiarity of toads and worse reptiles; the dread of sleep because of the swarming rats. Ah, me! to think that men should be so cruel to men! To go to your comfortable bed happy because you had thrust some enemy into such a place; to pull the sheets to you, gloating over his agony. Well, I can't enter into the feeling at all. I must have had the poor fellow out and enjoyed the luxury of seeing his surprise at the hot supper and comfortable bed which should have been provided for him; and I should thus go to bed a happier man, and never regret my weakness, even though he should have cut my throat by the morning.

It is time that I went on, or good Mrs. Geaves will have to wait over-long with potato and roast fowl anxious to be dished up. I come to the hollow chapel, with remains of fine chancel arch and windows. I climb wherever I can, startled by finding myself sometimes coming suddenly upon the edge of a parapet with a smashing descent beneath. Along the wall by the chapel many ferns and the dear little toad-flax have wrought modern and natural carvings, unsurpassed by any of the old. I come round another way, and now, on my return more particularly notice that which was pointed out as the fireplace of the soldiers' room. The wall has gone; the roof has gone; but here still remains this old centre of attraction to the former rough occupants of this room. Here buff coat and jack, here helm and shield, here spear and bill, were cast together; and the rude, coarse jest, and the volleying laugh, and the words rising higher and higher, were heard.

Here the brown ale flowed round; here the half-trees were laid, and, smitten, sent a sheet of fireworks up the chimney;—but how silent, how desolate, is all now! ‘*There's nothing colder than a desolate hearth*’, says one; and there is truth in the saying, both literal and figurative. ‘*Where be your gibes now? your songs? your flashes of merriment?*’ Extinct; and the world has rolled on, and altered all the fashions and all the warfare of that day; and the broken and blank fireplace and the rugged old castle yet remain into these later years.

One more look at the castle from the bridge over the Wye; and then, brisk, on the homeward route again. *Homeward*: it was but the home of five days, that cottage under Tintern; but we call them homes, our resting-places, shifting tents though they are, until the Mansions come.

Quickly home: the dull road passed, and then, in the setting sunlight, a new enjoyment. For in going back you have variety in the same view, and, besides, you remember that I came by the upper road as far as the Wyndcliff; and so now there was an unexplored region, an unexperienced loveliness, awaiting me on my way. So I got a view of the Wyndcliff itself from below. Sublime in front of me it rose: majestic, clad up to the summit one way with most vivid colour and darkest yew, but sheer and precipitous on one side. And I entered my wooded road again, glad to leave the bare part behind; and I paused long to take in a tall wych elm, gold-yellow against the stern rock of Wyndcliff, springing from the roadside: ethereal, rarely lovely. Also a very golden bushy lime. The very next day, when I passed, I was pained almost to see how thinned my wych elm had become in the night; there was a wind, and the leaves snowing down thickly as I passed.

Once more I leant on the low wall; once more I looked down on beech, bireh, oak, wych elm, varying in colour, and pale-yellow ash, and rich yews, stretching down beneath; spread out; wonderful in

tint and hue. And yet below there were those soft pasture lands, parted by the winding Wye.

So I passed on, drinking in beauty. Strange roots of beech twisted within the stones; yews clinging hardly to the very edge of cliffs; fluffy hemp—agrimony in seed; in the low wall delicious tufts of maiden-hair and small ruefern. Carefully did I collect roots of these next day, walking to the railway station—lamentably did I leave them in an omnibus, and stood, in despair, in Oxford Street, suddenly aware of my loss, but too far behind to redeem it.

But I passed on. The hills behind Tintern rose clothed with close brushwood, a contrast to the Banniger crags. I had seen these last to singular advantage. The setting sun lit the limestone terrace, and just touched the further rocks.

The warm glow on the cold grey was a thing rather to be inhaled than spoken of. But now the close and coloured brushwood clothed the hills, and (prosaic as is the simile) almost suggested a Brussels carpet of richest texture. Out of it stood, here and there, sheer bare or ivy-sprinkled cliffs, abrupt and sudden. But in contrast to this colour, wonderfully various and bright, of the copse-clothed vast hill-side, there was one wide sheet all a dull green. Just newly-springing ash, &c., from last year's cutting, and thus keeping its greenness longer. I found a pleasure in looking from this to the coloured hills: accustoming the eye; then suddenly looking back.

When I had got back to my snug little cottage under Tintern I much enjoyed my quiet evening: also my chicken and potatoes.

---

## THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

---

CRABB ROBINSON'S 'DIARY.'\*

IF the late Mr. Crabb Robinson had contemplated these three goodly volumes, his breast would have heaved with gentle emotion, and he would have felt that he had not lived in vain. He always used to say of himself that in his long career he had done nothing. The point of the remark was that it contained an immense deal of truth. His long, leisurely life of ninety years has left little records beyond these jottings of diary and reminiscence. There are many persons now living who could write even a much better diary, only they are hardly likely to do so. Very few men care to preserve diaries for publication. Mr. Robinson had not a productive mind, but he had one of rare receptivity, with a precious vein of genuine Boswellism in it, and he was a master in the art, now nearly lost, of conversation. He was a man of limited means, and he moved

within a limited range of society, but within these limits he achieved a high social reputation. He was a man of great moderation and good sense. He went to the bar late in life because he had not enough money, and quitted it comparatively early, when he thought he had as much as he wanted. Still, he modestly admits, that though a barrister he was no lawyer. Though he made an opening on the 'Times' and the 'Quarterly Review' he did nothing in literature. Accident and good fortune and his own merit drew him while in active life into contact, and, in some cases, into close intimacy with many distinguished persons. Later in life he joined the Athenaeum Club, assign-

\* 'Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister-at-Law, F.S.A.' Selected and Edited by Thomas Sadler, Ph.D. In three vols. Macmillan.

ing at the time no importance to the step, and he found that it immensely increased the circle of his acquaintance. A bachelor of simple tastes and of a generous disposition, he was able to do many kind things, and when money came to him at last largely by inheritance he was able to do munificent things. He was always a Liberal of the Liberals both in politics and theology, and with the *bonhomie* of his party he clung close to his friends, and his friends clung closely to him. Every one knew something more or less about Crabb Robinson, and his 'Diary' has been received with the greatest avidity. In his ninety years he seems hardly ever to have made an omission of any remarkable incident, personage, or good saying that came to his knowledge. If such a rule were generally followed biography would be wealthy indeed; we almost shudder to think how wealthy. Dr. Sadler has gone very carefully and judiciously over the vast mass of papers that came into his hands, and forms a perfect repertory and magazine of good things. Mr. Robinson is a most amusing old Herodotus, and has, like that father of history, an infinite collection of stories. We shall not give much attention to his life beyond indicating its leading landmarks, and shall make a *florilegium* from its records.

He came of a humble stock, but claimed some affinity with the poet Crabbe. He entered an attorney's office and became clerk to Cowper's friend, Hill. Coming into a little property of a hundred a-year, he determined to improve his mind and to travel. He spent some years in Germany, and made himself thoroughly master of the German language at a time when this was an intellectual distinction. Here he made also, though after a somewhat distant and stately fashion, his acquaintance with Göthe. His first English literary acquaintance of note was Mrs. Barbauld, who wrote those lines which Wordsworth wished were his, and which some people have repeated every night of their lives:—

'Life, we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear:  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good morning.'

He got a brief engagement as foreign correspondent to the 'Times' at Altona, and afterwards in Portugal, and for a short time he was their foreign editor. He became acquainted with Charles Lamb, who brought him into connection with Coleridge, Hazlitt, Wordsworth, and all that set. In fact, he comes in contact with an immense number of eminent people, and has always something noteworthy to say about them; but in a very large number of cases—of course there are many exceptions—he merely comes in contact with them and there is no lasting intimacy. With the Lake poets there was a sincere and prolonged friendship, though neither in poetry nor in religion had he much real community of feeling with them. Most years, also, he went abroad, but his descriptions of travel, which did not extend beyond the beaten track, are not so good as his personal sketches of the foreigners whom he met. We have a description of O'Connell in his Irish home highly favourable to the Liberator, of whom Robinson was an undisguised admirer. In Italy he became acquainted with 'Walter Savage Landor—half an eagle, half a gander,' and his portraiture may be compared with Mr. Forster's elaborate work, being not quite so favourable. After his retirement from the bar he devoted himself with increased earnestness to society. He was fond of companionship, and he was himself most companionable, but he had little serious aim in life, and on the most important subjects his mind was always halting in a fog. His own views, concerning which he manifested some ambiguity, appear to have been distinctly Unitarian; latterly, he regularly attended one of their chapels. He was, however, fond of Anglican clergy of 'Liberal' views, what he calls 'clerical free-thinkers'; and their 'liberalism' in conversation

appears to have considerably transcended what they manifested in print. He knew Robertson, of Brighton, very well, and his great friend, Lady Byron, the widow of the poet. Fully allowing the many noble and excellent qualities that Lady Byron possessed, from all we hear respecting this lady we shall think she possessed an eccentricity, self-will, and unwomanliness (not using the word in any extreme or unfavourable sense) which rendered her as bad a wife for the poet as the poet was a bad husband to her. We have here one very remarkable letter which Lady Byron writes respecting her husband, in which she seems to break that remarkable silence which she otherwise uniformly preserved. The following extract contains more original matter than all the Countess Guiccioli's two elaborate volumes. 'Not merely from casual expressions but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator I have always ascribed the misery of his life. It was impossible for me to doubt that, could he have been at once assured of pardon, his living faith in a moral duty and love of virtue ("I love the virtues which I cannot claim") would have conquered every temptation. Judge, then, how I must hate the creed which made him see God as an avenger and not as a father. My own impressions were just the reverse, but could have little weight; and it was in vain to seek to turn his thoughts for long from that *idée fixe* with which he connected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be "turned into a curse" to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expressions of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy. You will now better understand why "The

Deformed Transformed" is too painful to me for discussion.' Mr. Robinson has also a very interesting anecdote of Wordsworth coming to him one day at Charles Lamb's, a number of the 'Edinburgh Review' in his hand, and being exceedingly angry at the unfair attack on a young lord's poem, and prophesying that the young poet would do something. 'Ah! if Byron had known that,' said Lady Byron, 'he would never have attacked Wordsworth.'

There is something melancholy in reading of the last days of this life, prolonged to the ninety-second year. The 'Diary' goes down to the year 1867, discussing an immense variety of matters, which are only as of yesterday in point of date, but which are here presented to us in an historical point of view and from a dead man's record, as if a whole chasm of time were interposed—talk about our judges, such as Sir F. Pollock, Byles, Channell; talk of Miss Coutts's breakfast parties and the men whom he met at the Athenæum, such as Dean Stanley, the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Grote, and others; about poor Robson at the Olympic; very much talk about London University, to which he left a good deal of money. On every side his friends were dropping away from him through death; and though he made new ones, they were hardly equal in intellectual calibre to those of his youth. He could not go about in the streets without an attendant for fear of accident or of garotters. Some of his last entries indicate mortification and dispiritedness; he was haunted by the ill-founded suspicion that he was 'no longer a desirable companion.' His concluding entry of these many manuscript volumes is, 'But I feel incapable to go on,' and before another week he passed away.

Here are about a score of passages, which we quote from a larger selection, as well worth transplanting.

*First interview with Goethe.—* 'Goethe lived in a large and handsome house, that is, for Weimar. Before the door of his study was marked in mosaic SALVE. On our

entrance he rose, and with rather a cool and distant air beckoned us to take seats. As he fixed his burning eye on the friend, who took the lead, I had his profile before me, and this was the case during the whole of our twenty minutes' stay. He was then about fifty-two years of age and was beginning to be corpulent. He was, I think, one of the most oppressively handsome men I ever saw. My feeling of awe was heightened. . . . Goethe sat in precisely the same attitude, and I had precisely the same view of his side face. The conversation was quite insignificant. My companions talked about themselves—one about his youth of adversity and strange adventures. Goethe smiled with, as I thought, the benignity of condescension. When we were dismissed, and I was in the open air, I felt as if a weight were removed from my breast. Goethe has often been reproached for his *hauteur*. I believe, however, that this demeanour was necessary for self-defence. It was his only protection against the intrusion which otherwise would have robbed him and the world of a large portion of his life.'

*Horne Tooke.*—‘Anthony Robinson related an anecdote of Horne Tooke showing the good-humour and composure of which he was capable. Holcroft was with him at a third person's table. They had a violent quarrel. At length Holcroft said, as he rose to leave the room, “Mr. Tooke, I tell you you are a — scoundrel, and I always thought you so.” Tooke detained him and said, “Mr. Holcroft, some time ago you asked me to come and dine with you; do tell me what day it shall be.” Holcroft stayed.’

*Anecdote of a dancing master.*—‘Fraser related a humorous story of his meeting in a stage coach with a little fellow who was not only very smart and buckish in his dress but also a pretender to science and philosophy. He spoke of having been at Paris, and of having read Helvétius, Voltaire, &c., and was very fluent in his declamation on the origin of ideas, self-love, and the other favourite doctrines of the new school. He said, “I have no objec-

tion to confess myself a materialist.” On this an old man, who had listened for a long time to the discourse, and had more than once betrayed symptoms of dissatisfaction, could not contain himself any more, “D——n, that's too bad! You have the impudence to say you are a materialist when I know you are a dancing master.”’

*Anecdote of the late Lord Cranworth.*—‘My immediate senior on the circuit was Henry Cooper. He was very far my superior in talent for business, indeed in some respects he was an extraordinary man. His memory, his cleverness were striking; but so was his want of judgment, and it often happened that his clever and amusing hits told as much against as for his client. One day he was entertaining the whole court when Rolfe (afterwards Lord Chancellor) whispered to me, “How clever that is. How I thank God I am not so clever.”’

*Hume on Shakespeare.*—‘On my noticing Hume's obvious preference of the French tragedians, Coleridge exclaimed, “Hume comprehended as much of Shakespeare as an apothecary's phial would, placed under the Falls of Niagara.”’

*Waterloo.*—‘A more uninteresting country or one more fit for “a glorious history,” being flat and almost without trees, than that round Waterloo cannot be imagined. I saw it some years afterwards, when ugly monuments were erected there; and I can bear witness to the fact of the great resemblance which the aspect of the neighbourhood of Waterloo bears to a village a mile from Cambridge on the Bury road.’

*The saying of a busy man.*—‘He who calls on me does me an honour; he who does not call on me does me a favour.’

*Wordsworth in his own neighbourhood.*—‘I may here mention a singular illustration of the maxim, “A prophet is not without honour save in his own country.” Mr. Hutton, a very gentlemanly and seemingly intelligent man, asked me, “Is it true, as I have heard reported, that Mr. Wordsworth ever wrote verses?”’

*Your obedient servant.*—‘Hammond went to France, having de-

clined an offer by Serjeant Rough, who would have taken him as his private secretary to Demerara. He assigned as a reason that he should be forced to live in the daily practice of insincerity by subscribing himself the humble servant of those towards whom he felt no humility.'

*Duke of Wellington.*—'The Duke of Wellington was there, and I saw him looking at a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough. A lady was by his side. She pointed to the picture and he smiled. The Duke of Wellington's face is not flexible or subtle, but is martial, that is, sturdy and firm.'

*Rome.*—'Sir,' said a king's messenger to me one day, "don't believe what travellers tell about Rome: it is all a humbug. Rome is more like Wapping than any place I know." "That man is no fool," said Flaxman, who laughed on my repeating this. "Of course he could not understand, perhaps he did not see, the antiquities; but some of the finest are in places that resemble Wapping in general appearance."

*Sir Thomas Lawrence.*—'Jacob being restless, Mrs. Paterson said, "I fear, Mr. Lawrence, Jacob is the worst sitter you ever had." "Oh, no, ma'am, I have had a worse." "Ay, you mean the king," said the lady. (Lawrence had been speaking of George III. as a bad sitter.) "Oh, no!" said Lawrence; "it was a Newfoundland dog!" The lady was not a little affronted.'

*Lord Jeffrey.*—'At seven I dined with Rolfe. An interesting party—in all twelve. Among them was Jeffrey, once editor of the "Edinburgh Review." Jeffrey is a sharp and clever-looking man; and, in spite of my dislike to his name, he did not on the whole displease me. His treatment of Wordsworth would not allow me to like him, had he been greater by far than he was. And therefore when he said, "I was always an admirer of Wordsworth," I could not repress the unseemly remark, "You had a singular way of showing your admiration."

*Clarkson.*—'I asked Clarkson whether he thought of the fate of

his soul hereafter. He said he had no time; he thought only of the slaves in Barbadoes.'

*Anecdote.*—'I have heard of a lady, by birth, being reduced to cry, "Muffins to sell" for a subsistence. She used to go out a-nights with her face hid up in her cloak; and then she would in the faintest voice utter her cry. Somebody passing heard her cry, "Muffins to sell!—muffins to sell! Oh! I hope nobody hears me."

*Southey.*—'I walked out with Wordsworth. We met with Dr. Arnold. We talked of Southey. Wordsworth spoke of him with great feeling and affection. He said, "It is painful to see how completely dead Southey is become to all but books. He is amiable and obliging; but when he gets away from his books he seems restless, and as if out of his element. I therefore hardly see him for years together." Now all this I had myself observed. Rogers also had noticed it. With Wordsworth it was a subject of sorrow, not of reproach. Dr. Arnold said afterwards, "What was said of Mr. Southey alarmed me. I could not help saying to myself, 'Am I in danger of becoming like him? Shall I ever lose my interest in things and retain an interest in books only?'" "If," said Wordsworth, "I must lose my interest in one of them, I would rather give up books than men."

*Wordsworth.*—'Mr. Wordsworth ought to have been at Buckingham Palace at the Queen's Ball, to which he received a formal invitation. "The Lord Chamberlain presents his compliments. He is commanded by Her Majesty to invite Mr. William Wordsworth to a ball at Buckingham Palace, on Monday, the 24th July—ten o'clock. Full dress." To which he pleaded as an apology for non-attendance the non-arrival of the invitation (query command?) in time. He dated his answer from this place: "The Island, Windermere;" and that would explain the impossibility. But a man in his seventy-fourth year would, I suppose, be excused by royalty for not travel-

ling three hundred miles to attend a dance, even if a longer notice had been given. [He subsequently went to such a party, and enjoyed it much.]

*A mot of one Sylvester.*—‘When people tire of business in town they go to retire in the country.’

*Mr. A. H. Layard as a boy.*—‘Tuesday I had at breakfast Nineveh Layard, whom the others came to meet. You will remember your son’s having spoken of this high-spirited lad whom he once dined with and used to meet in my chambers. His uncle accused me of misleading him. I believe I did set his mind in motion, and excited in him tastes and a curiosity which now will not be matter of reproach, seeing that the issue has already been so remarkable. His adventures in Asia terminated in the discovery of the Nineveh antiquities, which have given him a place in the future history of art. But, more than that, he has had the means of developing such personal qualities that he has been put into a place which may lead to his one day occupying a prime position in our political institutions. He has been appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs: he will now show what is in him. This is a start that of course delights his hopeful and alarms his timid friends.’

*Harriet Martineau.*—‘She can write a fair leader and plan something useful for her neighbours, while her voice is lost from debility.’

*Kenyon and the Brownings.*—‘John Kenyon has the face of a Benedictine monk and the joyous talk of a good fellow. From him Mr. and Mrs. Browning received legacies amounting to more than ten thousand pounds, and R. D. Porter between six and seven thousand.’

*Samuel Rogers.*—‘The acquaintance I have seen most of is Samuel Rogers. It is marvellous how well he bears his affliction. He knows that he will never be able to stand on his legs again; yet his cheerfulness and even vivacity have undergone no diminution. His wealth enables him to partake of many enjoyments which could not other-

wise be possessed. Yesterday I took a drive with him through Lord Chichester’s park. He has had a carriage made for him which deserves to be taken as a model for all in his condition. The back falls down and forms an inclined plane. The sofa-chair in which he sits is pushed in; the back is then closed, and a side door is opened to the seat in which his servant sits when no friend is with him.’

These are select items from volumes which are exceedingly rich in literary *ana*, and which will be very helpful to the future historian in constructing a literary history of the century.

#### MR. MILL ON THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.\*

Mr. Mill still labours assiduously in the cause of ungrateful clients, most of whom repudiate his advocacy and give him no thanks for his exertions. We may say at once that he has entirely failed to convince us of the truth of the main thesis of his work. The matter may be put very simply. To give women political power would be to hand over political supremacy to women, since women are in a majority in this country. This procedure, as Aristotle so often remarks in his writings, ‘seems to be absurd.’ In these days, when all the chivalry of the Lower House does not permit the removal of the grating, it appears to be in the highest degree unlikely that our senators will ever make room for the ladies at their sides on the green benches. Still, Mr. Mill has brought together a very important body of reflections which deserve serious attention, and it is always a pleasure to read a new publication of his, written in a style as clear and transparent as the subject is weighty and the treatment full of thought.

There is no doubt but men, while legislating for women, have acted slowly and selfishly. The old English law has been barbarously harsh in the case of women. Only by Serjeant Talfourd’s Act, as it is

\* ‘The Subjection of Women.’ By John Stuart Mill. London: Longmans.

called, were women allowed, despite the husband, to have access to their children, and by more recent legislation they have acquired some proprietary rights. Latterly a strong effort has been made to throw open the medical profession to them; and so long as their practice is confined to women and children the measure merits strenuous support rather than the strenuous resistance which it sometimes received in medical circles. In these days women publicly lecture, like Mrs. Clara Balfour and Dr. Mary Walker, or preach, like Miss Marsh or Mrs. Thistlethwaite. Literature and art are as much their domain as that of the unworthy sex. The rarity of instances in which these accessible paths of public life are sought out by women prove that the sex is hardly taking heartily to public life. Before long women will probably have the right of voting in municipal elections, and we see no reason why they should not vote in parliamentary elections. It is absurd enough that Miss Burdett Coutts should not enjoy a right that may be obtained by the lowliest of her dependants. We would rather have the judgment of such women as Miss Martineau or Mrs. Somerville on any public question than that of any five thousand householders taken at random. We might even take a lesson from the Turks, who are traditionally supposed to be hardest of all upon women, who yet allow the women to retain their name and their property, permit appeal against a husband's ill-usage, and in case of separation decree the restoration of the wife's property. Beyond amending defective and barbarous legislation, it is quite possible that direct avenues of distinction may be thrown open to women who have legitimate aspirations for a career of some greater freedom and independence.

But, in a way which is rather unusual for him, Mr. Mill does not deal with the question practically, and fails to combat the main reasoning that lies against his propositions. We go with him thoroughly in thinking that a *femme sole* should have the same voting power, pos-

sibly some of the offices, which her husband would have were she married. But he distinctly contemplates the case of husbands and wives having different and conflicting votes. We are old-fashioned enough to follow the theological *dictum* which tells us that a family should not be divided but have a head, and that this headship should reside in the husband. He fails to note how just in proportion as a woman makes an inroad on public life she abdicates her undoubted supremacy in domestic life. If women take one set of offices from men, why should they not take another set? If they wish to be politicians and rulers, why should they not also be soldiers and sailors, fire-women and police-women? In making these demands are they not practically abandoning their claim to chivalry, courtesy, and forbearance?

The evading of this direct difficulty is the ignoring of the substantial fact of the controversy—that distinction of sex which physically and morally must be followed by a variety of other distinctions. We may have mannish women and womanish men, but for all that, to quote the ‘Princess,’ which is a real contribution to the solution of the question, each is ‘distinct in individualities’—‘woman is not undeveloped man but diverse.’ There is a woman’s kingdom, and in the promotion of all the sanctified and lofty objects of life, in the culture of affection and character, in the silent effective influence she wields in every matter of action and opinion brought within her cognizance, women obtain an enormous compensation for those technical disabilities which are consequently often more apparent than real. The fact is, that Mr. Mill is seeking to impose for the sake of a minority an order of things which the majority of women would assuredly reject. They would ill exchange the state for the family and reasoning for love. The minority is made up partly of women who voluntarily or in the course of events are unmarried; partly of those whose families have gone out into the world and

now require a fresh field for their energies; and partly of women, in any state of life, who possess unusual ability and force of character. Surely such women might find the sphere they seek without a formal invasion of that sphere which the instinct and judgment of the whole world, since the world began, have assigned to the other sex. They may do so both on the active and practical side of life, and also on the still, speculative, and retired side of life. In the latter, literature and art, the whole domain of thought and imagination are open to them. On the former side much more might be done than has been done already. Mr. Mayor, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has recently promulgated an admirable scheme for the formation of an institution where single women might live together on a plan of ample self-support, and be a nucleus for many schemes of useful and charitable work. A writer in the '*Morning Star*' has just called attention to the engraving a home system on the hospital system, if we would lower the death-rate and promote the practical aims of medicine, and strongly urges the wisdom of employing well-paid lady nurses. The Ladies' Work Society also indicates an important outlet. In fact, we believe that no good, sensible, moderate-minded woman ever sought, and sought in vain, the enjoyment of an active and blessed life.

We have especially to thank Mr. Mill for the sustained high ethical tone with which he has discussed a confessedly perilous subject. Nobler utterances on the subject of marriage have very rarely been made than in this little book. In the present day subjects of philosophical discussion are fashionable, and young people can hardly do better than read these striking pages of Mr. Mill. They will find more matter really bearing upon human life than in all the poetry and novels of the season. 'What marriage may be in the case of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinions and purposes, between whom there exists that best kind of equality, similarity of powers and

capacities with reciprocal superiority in them—so that each can enjoy the luxury of looking up to the other, and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and of being led in the path of development—I will not attempt to describe. To those who can conceive it there is no need; to those who cannot it would appear the dream of an enthusiast. But I maintain, with the profoundest conviction, that this, and this only, is the ideal of marriage.' It is well known that Mr. Mill ascribes a large part of the merit of his works to his late wife, but we are afraid that the experience of most men is less happy and would point to different conclusions. Lastly, we would recommend young ladies, before accepting an offer of marriage, to give a careful perusal to Mr. Mill's pages. They little know the state of subjection, misery, and tyranny into which they may be about to plunge. We are afraid, however, that all his philosophy will have but a slender effect upon the marriage rate. Mr. Mill personally is to be congratulated. It is true that most ladies will have nothing to say to his views, which are simply abhorrent to their feelings; but there is a devoted minority to whom he is the champion of a downtrodden sex. In how many gentle bosoms would his appearance at any time excite sensations of gratitude and delight, as a second Bayard, a happier Lancelot?

#### THE VENTNOR NATIONAL HOSPITAL.

The Isle of Wight is to the Peripatetic, as to the rest of the world, a favourite locality. We know of no district, so easily accessible, where the change is so thorough and so salutary. Despite Newport with the neighbouring Carisbrook Castle, Cowes with its yachts, Ryde with its piers, to our mind Ventnor is the true capital of the ancient Vectis. It is a great thing for the island that the Queen has fixed her marine residence there, and there is hardly a family in it which in some way or other has not benefited by the fact; and in a different way, it is also a great thing that

Mr. Tennyson has done for the island what a group of elder poets have done for the Lakes. We are sadly afraid that in our youthful days of Tennysonian ardour we made an irruption on Faringdon House and carried away some memorial flowers. The peculiarity of Ventnor is, that whether you turn eastward or westward you have some of the loveliest walks in the world. I never enjoyed a drive more than that to Bonchurch the other evening. The fountain and lake-like pond, the wayside fount or well, the large cross surmounting the cliff, the raised cross in the churchyard of the old church on the grave of William Adams, the mountainous hills in the rear, and the wide and great sea in front, make up a picture that leaves the heart and imagination satisfied with its sweetness. When you fall into the scenery of the Landslip, stretching onwards towards Shanklin, whose chine certainly surpasses all the other island chines, you alight on a kind of primeval wilderness of rock and meadows that might have been the border land of Eden. I met an old man there the other day who remembered that famous landslip half a century ago, and, unlike some old men, and many young ones, could give his experience intelligently and brightly. Then westward you come to that scenery of the Undercliff which is absolutely marvellous and unique. Whether you take the road or the footpath, the undercliff walk of six or seven miles between Ventnor and Blackgang is absolutely unsurpassed. The scenic advantages are great, but the climatic advantages are still greater perhaps than Hastings, Torquay, or Penzance.

Dr. Hassall, a name of high scientific mark, that years ago struck abject terror into the hearts of fraudulent tradesmen, has for some time back been residing with essential benefit at Ventnor. Despite what Mr. Bright may urge in favour of free trade in cheating, most people will think that Dr. Hassall has in his time done real services to the community. His most recent services have, however,

been perhaps his best. Himself a delicate-chested man, he has sympathy for those similarly circumstanced, and has started, and carried a good way onwards towards completion, a new national cottage consumptive hospital. Wednesday, the 28th of July, was the day fixed for laying the foundation of the second pair of cottages for the hospital. The Princess Louise was appointed by her royal mother to perform the office of foundress. We cannot say that the Princess exactly observed the punctuality for which Queen Victoria is always so gracefully notable. The authorities gave her luncheon as soon as she arrived, while we, poor, common thirsty clay, were obliged to stay till five o'clock before we could partake of that 'luncheon' which is popularly supposed to succeed breakfast at no very enormous interval. Still it was a pleasure to see the face of the Princess, so honest, and so full of intellectual power; and her great and manifest nervousness was rather interesting and becoming than otherwise. She was well supported by the Prince and Princess Christian. We saw with regret that the royal liveries are still in mourning, which surely now might be exchanged for the pristine colours. The Princess had greater courage than ourselves, for she went a long distance through the wet grass to plant a tree in a distant corner of the hospital lands. Then, after an inspection of the buildings, she went off amid hearty cheers from the loyal islanders.

Thus far the London reporters have given some account of the proceedings; but they have been silent about some of the best speechifying I have ever heard, which took place at the marquee after the luncheon. Viscount Eversley took the chair, who, as Shaw Lefevre, Speaker of the House of Commons, earned his own niche in our history. He took the chair in virtue of his position as Governor of the Isle of Wight. Once, he told us, there had been great advantages attached to the office, but they had now all disappeared. There was a salary, but it had been stopped; there had been

a yacht, but it had rotted, or gone to the bottom; and there had been a castle, but it was in ruins. If he was not disestablished he was certainly disendowed. Then Bishop Ryan, Sir Lawrence Peel, Sir John Simeon, Dr. Hassall, and others made speeches, not of the empty and wordy kind, but of that better kind of table oratory which is anything but table beer. This is the roundabout, or peripatetic way, of saying that they were exceedingly good. Of course the theme was this special institution. The institution is national, and not local. It gives the consumptive patient two special advantages which are not found in ordinary hospitals. In the first place, he has the advantage of the loveliest scenery and the most salutary climate in the world. In all surgical, and in many medical cases, these are altogether subordinate considerations. But in consumptive cases they are paramount considerations. Most physicians prescribe change of climate to their patients as a good remedy, some as the best and only remedy. In the next place the hospital puts the patients under the very best conditions for profiting by the climate. This could only adequately be done on the cottage system. Each patient has a separate sleeping chamber opening on the south. Behind he is sheltered by the cliffs, in front the sea lies before him. The bedrooms are exceedingly good, as good as those for which you pay first-class prices in first-class hotels. The stairs and corridors are amply spacious. There is one sitting-room in proportion to six bedrooms, which strikes one, however, as being rather stiff measurement. A second sitting-room, perhaps on a smaller scale, would be a great improvement. Those who may wish to add a cottage to the institution can establish it under their own name.

But I must deprecate that conflict which seems to exist between the theory of the hospital and the cottage hospital. It is not possible, and it is not desirable, that the plan of the larger buildings should altogether give way to that of the smaller. In large cities you must

have large buildings; to lay out the London hospitals on the cottage system would be to take a suburb for them alone. Only in large hospitals can you rely on the constant presence and supervision of the most eminent men in the profession. Their presence is so important, not only to the sufferers and the students, but to the public at large, who are benefited to an enormous extent by hospital practice, that it would not be right to risk such advantages. Again, there is no doubt but in a palatial hospital you concentrate means and appliances which it would be very difficult to do in a cottage. In country districts, however, if you multiply hospitals, you are bringing the means of healing within readier access—you are multiplying patients—you are enlarging the character and experience of provincial medical men. The leading characteristic of the cottage hospital might perhaps be engrafted, in a measure, on London hospitals, by multiplying separate rooms. St. Thomas's Hospital, now rising on the southern side of the Thames, fronting the Houses of Parliament, being built on the system of communicating blocks, appears to approximate so far to the cottage plan. In the case of the Ventnor buildings all the advantages of the cottage system apply, and the disadvantages do not apply. It is not immaterial, but in the highest degree material, that the consumptive patient should be removed from the dense air of towns to a pure climate and essential position. His case is simple, awfully simple, and presents few problems for the consideration of our great medical lights. The average medical man will serve as well as the greatest genius; and in the Isle of Wight you have probably a higher than the average medical standard. We trust that the institution will soon be completed according to its splendid design. There is something happily contagious in the good example; and we trust that in other parts of the coast the example will be followed, till the supply of such institutions is equal to the demand

and necessity for them. We can nowhere send our patients with greater confidence than where we know dame Nature may employ her own restorative method.

#### THE SEVEN CURSES OF LONDON.\*

Ever since Mr. Greenwood, rivalling Quintus Curtius, took his celebrated leap into the mud bath in his famous character of an Amateur Casual, he has been accumulating an experience of an unenviable but very remarkable kind. When he undertakes to tell us about the 'Seven Curses of London,' we know that he is a master of this description of knowledge. Any ill-conditioned individual who wants to find anything wrong or morbid about the work will be as disappointed as he ought to be. Mr. Greenwood has done his work with a keen, searching, unsparing analysis, but he has done it as a gentleman, a thinker, and a philanthropist. We could greatly wish that his work were studied carefully by our legislature, for we have never elsewhere seen such a body of facts so skilfully and carefully arranged; and the book might serve as a corrective to much hasty and ill-considered parliamentary discussion this session. We see, with pleasure, that incessant observation of criminality and baseness has not deprived Mr. Greenwood of sympathy with those human outcasts who victimize society, indeed, but are themselves the worst of their victims. We confess to entertaining the suspicion that it is not the worst kind of people after all who are always getting into prison, and we think that Mr. Greenwood's pages will go some way to strengthen this impression. They possess a decided value on all subjects of contemporary social interests.

Mr. Greenwood has a sad story to tell, but it is a story not altogether unrelieved by brighter gleams. His moderate statistics on such a subject as the peculiar vice of great

cities disprove the exaggerated accounts so often confidently given. In the same way he disproves Lord Shaftesbury's strangely overdrawn statement about the thieves' meeting-houses. At the same time we are glad to see that he fully recognizes Lord Shaftesbury's eminent philanthropic services. Mr. Greenwood has also a good word for the City Mission. He tells a story of some city missionary being able to go fearlessly to the den of some human tiger which three policemen together were afraid to enter. He reports, to our great satisfaction, that drunkenness, which he justly considers the crowning curse of all, actually shows diminishing statistics. If his frightful accounts of adulteration in drink were circulated among the poor, they would be sufficient to scare many a drunkard. We only wish that Mr. Greenwood could have given utterance in parliament to his scathing denunciation of Mr. Bright's pleas on behalf of adulteration as being a thing essential to competition in trade. Mr. Bright expresses his fear that the low thief of a tradesman, disestablished and disendowed from poisoning and pilfering, should be obliged to leave the country and settle among a more easy-going people. 'Undoubtedly the better for him and the better for us,' says Mr. Greenwood. 'I would make this difference, however. When his iniquity was discovered, he should not go altogether unrewarded for his past services. He should be assisted in his going abroad. He should not be called on to pay one penny for his outward passage, and, what is more, he should be supplied with substantial linsey-wolsey clothing, and his head should be cropped quite close, so that the scorching sun of Bermuda or Gibraltar might not upset his brain for future commercial speculation.'

Mr. Greenwood treats the subject of boy criminals humorously as well as gravely. The little urchins soon find out the hobbies of the prison governors. One governor ascribes all immorality to immoral publications, another to tobacco, and a third has the theory that

\* 'The Seven Curses of London.' By James Greenwood, the 'Amateur Casual.' London: Stanley Rivers and Co.

any boy's heart can be melted who will talk about his mother. With infinite skill they play upon such hobbies. His account of the infamous fabrication of begging-letter impostors opens up a new and surprising chapter in human villainy. We had marked various passages for discussion, but our space is full.

We advise our readers to go to the book itself. The most valuable feature of it is, that Mr. Greenwood is fertile in suggestions about meeting the evils he describes. It is a painful, but intensely interesting work, and we are not without the hope that it will be attended with some practical good.

### AT ALBERT GATE

*In and out of the Season.*

(ILLUSTRATED.)

'TIS Albert Gate where I am musing, and as all around I scan  
I own myself a lonely and unfashionable man.  
The Ladies' Mile is vacant now, a long white dusty glare—  
Policemen, ragged boys and girls—and thunder in the air.  
It is the spot, it is the hour, but it is a mental fix  
To remember how the Corner used to look at half-past six;  
And most of all corroding care is mine as I remember,  
That of all the days of all the year 'tis the First day of September.

And here I used to rein my steed, and here I took my chair,  
And close by yonder clump of trees, the maid I loved was *there*;  
I leaned upon the railings, and I trotted in the Row,  
Amid beaux and cavaliers a cavalier and beau;  
Arranged with men to dine at clubs, and get some opera stalls,  
My presence in those vacant halls the steward now appals.  
I'm the Last Man, the Ghost, Deserted, Shipwrecked I,  
Stranded upon these arid sands beneath a glowering sky.

No longer can I chat and chaff with my pretty second cousin,  
But though I cannot flirt with her, she'll be flirting with a dozen.  
I've lost my chance of wooing, and it drives me into fits  
To think that I'm in Pimlico and she's at Barritz.  
I've blood and brains, but old Sir John has got the land and money,  
And what avails the honeycomb if there isn't any honey?  
They've gone abroad, the house shut up, and never any partridge  
Need be afraid that on the First I'll use a bit of cartridge.

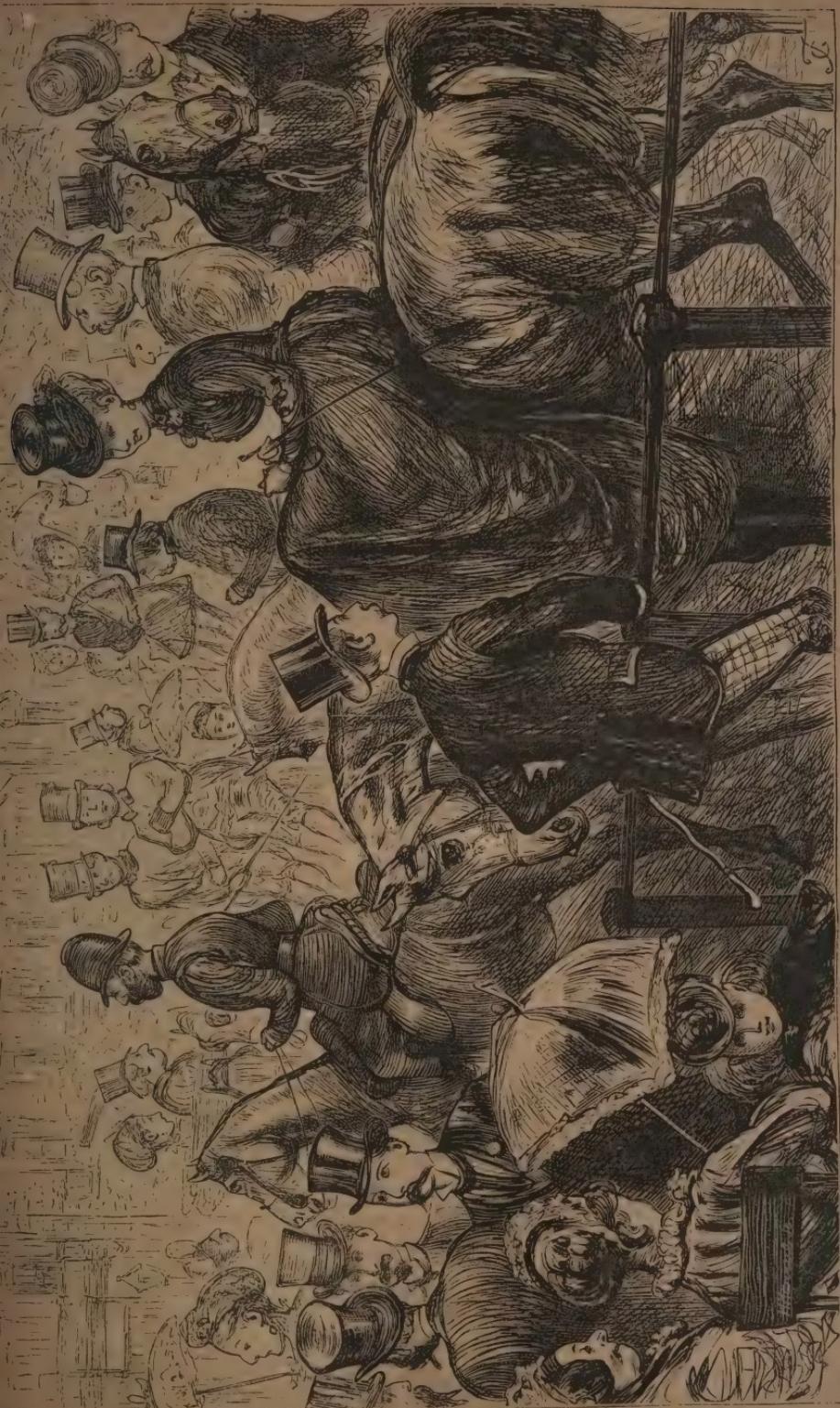
No invite comes, no leave is given, and so ensues the miracle  
That instead of being on the moors, I'm only growing lyrical.  
'Mid social desolation and pecuniary trouble  
'Twould be better to be shouldering my gun across the stubble;  
To lunch beneath the spreading beech, in lovely glades to wander,  
Drink iced champagne, see charming girls, on locks and looks to ponder;  
To recall the maze of chariots, smile, glance, greeting of the Row  
Which was seen at Hyde Park Corner an eternity ago.

Other men are mountaineering, every man a climbing squirrel  
On Norway or the Caucasus, the Alps or in the Tyrol;  
And some intent on prairie sport or Mormon maids terrific,  
Are trying the new line that runs across to the Pacific.  
Like ghosts fair distant visions fleet—a sad but hungry sinner,  
I pace grass-growing streets to get my solitary dinner;  
Brood grim and grumbling on the past, and once more after dark  
I'll make my flitterings like a ghost in the deserted Park.

[See the Verses.]

AT ALBERT GATE.

Drawn by Gordon Thomson.]





## SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

NO. II.—THE TREASURY BENCH—*continued.*

CERTAINLY Mr. Gladstone is the most triumphant minister whom the country has seen for many years. He has a larger majority even than Sir Robert Peel, in 1841; but then Peel's majority, until it was disorganised and upset, was more compact and manageable, as Conservative majorities generally are. Politicians would, we think, prefer a hard, close-voting, working majority of forty, to a nominal majority three times as large. In the present session there has been immense stress laid on personal loyalty to the leader, owing to the rebellion and disruption of previous sessions. A glance at the House shows us how thickly his followers muster. They overflow the Government side, they overflow the gangway, they overflow the Opposition benches. A remarkable incident this session proved the intense strength of his dictatorship. We do not mean Mr. Milbanke's irate expression, when he burned to avenge on Lord Salisbury the phrase of 'the arrogant will of a single man.' It is ordinarily Mr. Gladstone's custom quietly to slip into the House behind the Speaker's chair; but after the Lords had carried their amendments, it was resolved that a defiant ovation should be given to him. Mr. Gladstone was told that he must not enter the House in his usual way, but must go round to the front, and walk up the floor of the House. It was hardly worthy of Mr. Gladstone to fall into such petty tactics, and to use a small device. But he did as his party wanted him and had preconcerted, and as he advanced to his place he was greeted with a diapason of cheers which was lustily echoed again and again. The astonished Tories were prepared with no counter-demonstration, and the '*Times*' came out with an edifying article next morning, warning the Lords to take to heart this impressive demonstration.

It certainly proved that Mr. Gladstone was for the time lord of the ascendant, only in the political world lords of the ascendant succeed each other almost with the rapidity of the long procession of Banquo's ghosts. The great business before the House this session has been the Irish Church business—now, to the immense relief and satisfaction of all parties, brought to a conclusion. Never has any legislation been more entirely the work of a single man. Lord Salisbury was to a certain degree right, inasmuch as any amendment which would have satisfied Mr. Gladstone would have satisfied the House. To him the cause in which he has been engaged is glorified. He has been fighting in a sacred crusade. In the opinion of many judges, the great speech in which he introduced the bill was the greatest which he ever delivered; only something of the same sort is generally said after any one of his great speeches. He has shown the strength of the elephant, who can both tear up trees by the root and pick up a pin. Not the smallest detail of this great measure was unfamiliar to Mr. Gladstone. He was the Atlas who sustained the entirety of the burden: still there were certain members of the Government who gave him conspicuous assistance. Such were the Attorney-General for Ireland, who vindicated for himself a great reputation. The Chief Secretary for Ireland, also, naturally, had a great deal of work to do, and he did it very fairly. We must say a few words respecting Mr. Chichester Fortescue.

He has obtained a great political,—a great social success. He is well known as the Chief Secretary for Ireland. He is perhaps better known as the husband of the Countess Waldegrave, that is, the lady who was once wife of Earl Waldegrave. This lady, the famous Miss Graham, or Abraham, has

been married four times, and is now one of the leaders of fashion. The present Earl Waldegrave, though not disestablished, is certainly disendowed. Mr. Fortescue belongs to an ancient Irish family, which within recent years has had revived in its favour the barony of Clermont, to which he is heir. He is one of the many statesmen whom Christ Church has given to the country. In his parliamentary life he has always filled the same seat which his father filled before him. Under the auspices of Lord Palmerston he was a Lord of the Treasury and an Under-Secretary; shortly after his marriage he was made a Right Honourable, and he is now, for the first time, a Cabinet Minister. Mr. Chichester Fortescue is unquestionably an able and vigorous man, endued with strong English sense. When at the Colonial Office he contrasted strongly and favourably with the thin official nature of Mr. Cardwell. His knowledge was broader and his views were sounder. He has also published a brace of essays, one of them, indeed, only a university essay, but showing a breadth of view, an independence of thought, and a power of industrious investigation which shows us that Mr. Fortescue would have succeeded still better if he had lived under conditions that would have forced him to work harder. But things altered when he had married the lady of Nuneham and Strawberry Hill. It is confidently said that the Chief Secretary for Ireland is to be a peer and Lord Lieutenant. Ordinarily the Chief Secretary shines with borrowed lunar light, as compared with the vice-regal sun. But the Countess Waldegrave is every whit a vice-queen, and so Mr. Chichester Fortescue will probably be soon Irish Viceroy. The drawback to this elevation would be, that he would be pitchforked into the House of Lords, a circumstance of horror to many minds, as perhaps Lord Salisbury would testify.

When we look at the members of the Government out of the Cabinet, we are at once reminded of several who have just claims to be there. The

inequalities and iniquities of fortune are strongly marked. Earl de Grey and Lord Hartington, in a less remarkable degree Mr. Göschen and Mr. Chichester Fortescue, are excluding from the Cabinet better men, in common estimation, than themselves. The absence of Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Horsman at the opening of Parliament—though the latter has now crept in for Liskeard, and will doubtless soon diffuse the taste of nitric acid into the debates—might account for their not being in the Cabinet, although this objection was not allowed to stand in the way of the elevation of Mr. Bruce and Lord Hartington. There is a school of Radicals of an infellectual type which has hardly obtained the meed of recognition that might have been expected of Mr. Gladstone. Such men as Mr. Layard, Mr. W. E. Forster, and Mr. Stansfeld possess an interest for the public which they refuse to accord to the double earldom of a De Grey, or the prospective duchy of a Hartington. The school of intellectual Radicalism is especially strong on the subject of foreign affairs. Mr. Stansfeld somewhat injured himself at one time by his avowed sympathies with Mazzini; but it was a generous error, which the public has condoned, and which has not altogether been without its use in showing the intelligent and hearty sympathy which English statesmen can import into their consideration of foreign politics. It was found necessary to construct a place on purpose for Mr. Stansfeld. He was not aristocratic enough for the Cabinet, but he must not be sent down to the common ruck of under-secretaries and junior lords. So the place of Third Lord, taking precedence after the First Lord and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was constructed for him, with the glory and privilege of having an official private secretary to himself, while the junior lords must be their own private secretaries. The principal work of these persons, who are sometimes by no means juvenile, is to fetch and carry, to make a house, or not, to make a house, as the case may be.

In the last administration some of the juniors neglected this duty, and got a very severe rating from Mr. Disraeli, in consequence of which one of them proffered his resignation, which was too absurd to be accepted. Mr. Stansfeld is really one of those who assist to form public opinion, and his views would on all sides be heard with respect; but when a man takes subordinate office, to a certain extent he forfeits his power of giving deliberate utterance to his convictions. It was originally much complained that he should have taken the sop of office, but now Mr. Bright has done so, our rising patriots all bid fair to be placemen. We do not altogether approve of Mr. Stansfeld's foreign politics, but we respect the sincerity and knowledge which belong to them.

Another man who has a wonderful speciality for foreign affairs is Mr. Grant Duff. It is hardly possible that any one should take a more masterly and comprehensive survey of the whole field of contemporary politics than he does. His publications on European affairs are most instructive, and show the industry and candour with which Mr. Duff has mastered a subject which is not over popular among our statesmen. Mr. Duff, however, is not effective as a speaker. He goes off in a shrill scream of a very unattractive kind. However, towards the close of the session he had the opportunity which he earnestly desired, and which had been long in its incubation, of delivering a set oration two hours long on the Indian Budget. It has been mentioned as a great oratorical triumph for him that he actually attracted more than forty members; indeed there were some seventy present. It is a more decided honour that he succeeded in getting the debate adjourned. But it is hardly fair towards the House of Commons to say that they care little for, and do not attend to, the interests of India. The real finance business of India is transacted in India itself. The House of Commons has only a nominal, and not a real and effective control over Indian taxation and

expenditure. They hear a prolonged statement, and do not take any action upon it. Moreover, the main interest of Mr. Grant Duff's speech had been already extracted by the previous speech on the same subject of the Duke of Argyll. Still Mr. Duff made a great effort—with only indifferent success—to achieve a great success. It was a somewhat confused attempt at being very clever. He apparently shuts his eyes, and bolts out his sentences without any stops. There was something too florid, epigrammatic, and would-be clever about it. It was a second-rate imitation of some first-rate performances of Mr. Lowes. It was amusing to see how, in the middle of his speech, he suddenly bolted out of one style into another, from figures of rhetoric to figures of arithmetic. The peroration was particularly admired because it was the end of it.

Mr. Layard, again, is a great man on foreign subjects; but he has been taken away to the Board of Works. Mr. Layard has substantial claims to the title of being a really illustrious man. But he is imprudent, and even when he has a good case, as he probably had, against Dr. Beke, of Bekesbourne—that Beke, as he called him, with an arrogance very ungraceful from one eminent traveller to another. There is danger that Mr. Layard's moods may alienate from him the sympathies of his political friends and unfit him for practical politics. And yet what a noble fellow Mr. Layard confessedly is! Look over the folio volumes of his 'Nineveh Monuments,' and you will see that he has obtained a name to be remembered long after the lesser stars of politics are forgotten. Yet even in politics Mr. Layard has done very much. In the days of the Crimean war, when our army was more besieged than besieging, there was need for patriotic men to speak out boldly, and he did so with the authority of a man having the widest possible acquaintance with the 'Eastern Question.' At this time, too, Mr. Bright made his great denunciation of a 'wicked and incapable ministry,' which was, the

most striking speech which he had hitherto made. He is one of the few men who have really put his mark upon the century. If we take Mr. Layard as a whole, his figure looms large over many of his contemporaries. Public men ought to be taken as a whole, but this is not the way in which the public ordinarily take them; but their reputation goes up and down in the political market, just as there are variations in the money market—a state of things which has done substantial injustice to Mr. Layard. It is remarkable that in the two most interesting biographies of the season—we of course mean Mr. Forster's 'Life of Landor' and the 'Crabb Robinson Diary'—there is mention made, exceedingly interesting and honourable, of Mr. Layard in his youth, and we are told of the great presages that from early days were formed of him. If Mr. Layard does not advance from his present point his political career will be a comparative failure; but he will have made his own niche in our history for all that.

Mr. Forster has an hereditary fame, for his father, for more than fifty years, was a prominent member of the Society of Friends, and died as an anti-slave missionary in Tennessee. He, too, has made a great reputation within the present decade—perhaps no statesman more so within the last six years. He sits for Bradford, having failed for Leeds. Mr. Forster is said to be unpopular to a degree among those with whom he is brought into business negotiations. This is the more unfortunate since, as Vice-President of the Committee of Council of Education, he succeeded a nobleman—Lord Robert Montagu—of whose kindness and courtesy all men said all good things. Lord Robert's appointment as Minister of Education was deservedly popular; even Mr. Lowe gave it nothing but warm praise. Yet Mr. Forster is a man of the very highest ability—only perhaps with too much consciousness of it—and there is a great administrative work which he may discharge in his high office. If he is surly it is a surliness of the honest

kind. He is, next to Bright, and before Mr. Milner Gibson became lazy and ineffective, the most conspicuous member of a school of politicians curiously identified with the north of England. Like Mr. Bright he is a Quaker; but while Mr. Bright's vehemence, bitterness, and unfairness make him contrast most strongly with the peaceable principles of the Friends, Mr. Forster has an honest intellect of his own. He is a true friend of the people, and his object is not to flatter but to serve them. Mr. Bright affects to love the people, and after a fashion he does so, but in great measure he uses them as dummies to effect his purposes, and sides against them to promote the special interests of his own order, the large moneyed employers of labour. Mr. Forster, in class one of the capitalists, is in sympathy one of the operatives. It has been truly said that while Mr. Bright's imagination is full of the social aristocracy he hates, Mr. Forster's is full of the working classes whom he loves. He has given to the trades unions a support and appreciation very rare indeed for one of his class to give. Mr. Bright would trample down with the sheer brute force of multitudes a minority of rank, thought, culture, and refinement, with the kind of savage joy with which a conqueror would contemplate a sacked and burning city; but Mr. Forster frankly told the working men that he thought the representation of minorities was right in principle. It was a general relief to all public men to find Mr. Forster so honourably and completely exonerated in the matter of the Bradford petition; and the deep appreciation of his services at Bradford, so much re-echoed in the wider sphere of English opinion, shows that Mr. Forster is becoming a power in the country.

Among the smaller men in the administration should be mentioned the Secretaries to the Treasury, Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Glyn. It was thought at one time almost impossible that Mr. Ayrton should take office. He ran a real risk of being considered a genuine parliamentary

bore; but subsequently it was discovered that though not pleasant or popular, it would be almost practically impossible to exclude Mr. Ayrton. He was so energetic and useful, always in his place, always speaking, always doing, that it was held certain years ago that he would have his place in the next Liberal administration. The place imposes much work and many duties, but Mr. Ayrton fully proves himself equal to them. Mr. G. O. Trevelyan is one of the most rising and promising of young statesmen. He learned his oratory in the school where his uncle, Lord Macaulay, learned it before him, but he did not learn it so well. Neither did he keep on such good terms with the authorities of Trinity as his uncle did before him, or become, like that uncle, a fellow of Trinity. His mother was the favourite sister of Lord Macaulay, and to her and her family came the fine inheritance of what Macaulay gained by ink and India. Mr. Trevelyan belongs to that *littérateur* class which we do not indeed desire to gain the same predominance which it possessed in France under the brief period of French parliamentary and constitutional government, but which we could wish to see more respected and more influential in the House of Commons than it is. This, too, we say, with the recollection that Mr. Gladstone has a verbose title to being a man of literature, and Mr. Disraeli is avowedly 'a gentleman of the press.' And yet Mr. Disraeli's party is that which has discouraged and overlooked the power of the press; and we are not surprised that at the present moment they should be in a minority in the country, when in the daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly press they are in a minority much more decided. Mr. Trevelyan's powers of writing will stand him in good stead when he comes forward more prominently as a speaker. He belongs to the old school of politicians who go through a regular apprenticeship for high office, achieving an academic reputation, serving long apprenticeships in minor offices, and so progressing

to the Cabinet. We have high hopes of Mr. Trevelyan, and though he will never rival the great literary reputation of his great relative, he will probably be more active and more famous as a politician.

Of all the officials of the Treasury Bench there is none that has a post so unique and important as the Patronage Secretary. He flits about the Treasury benches with careless and good-natured familiarity, and is condescendingly affable even to Cabinet Ministers. He takes his orders from no one but the Premier. With the Premier he has whispered conferences that often terminate in important practical results. It is interesting to contrast the Government Whip with the Opposition Whip. It is all the difference between up-hill and down-hill work. The one is flourishing like the green bay-tree, but the other is the good man struggling with adversity. The one is all buoyancy and cheerful promise; the other is administering heroic consolation to the forlorn hope. Bribery is not coarsely administered, as in the Walpole days of secret-service money, but, human nature being what it is, there are gratifications customarily given and expected. The Whip has to conciliate many a man's little tempers and to 'meet his views.' Above all, he has to inculcate the great moral lesson, that assiduous silent voting for Ministers must ultimately, sooner or later, lead to recognition and reward. A man is 'put out,' he does not get something that he thinks he ought to get, and he lets the Whip know that he cannot support the Government on their second reading, the subject being one on which he has always held independent convictions, or that he must insist upon a rigid inquiry into that shameful Borriaboola business. And then the question arises, What does the man want? Does he want a place in the colonies, or does he only want an invitation to a party? Will a *fête champêtre* do, or must we make his brother a judge or a commissioner? It is on the social field of the secretarial patronage work

that women exercise so much of their vast political influence—an influence which political ladies would not exchange for anything which Mr. Mill could offer them. Many an imposing-looking senator is a mere marionette played on by feminine wires. The social attractions of memberdom has for many minds an overweening attraction that is not without its danger. An M.P. is a considerable somebody in the world. If not an actual title, it is the very best next thing to it, and of the nature of a title; by various people held preferable to a mere title. The wives and daughters naturally make much of their position, and it is impossible to act against those whose champagne you drink, and who bring yourself and your people into society. The wily Patronage Secretary knows all this, and he has all kinds of bait for all kinds of fish. The most troublesome is the Randall Leslie type of politician, who resembles the ferry-boat constructed to be always passing from one side to the other. In critical times, when parties are tolerably balanced, and a few votes might upset a Ministry, you require a Patronage Secretary, like Mr. Brand, of exquisite tact and skill. Just now they put up with Mr. Ayrton—Mr. Ayrton, who before now has been the solitary occupant of the Treasury Bench, and has pompously announced the intention of the Government, or what Gladstone, Ayrton, Lowe, and the rest of us mean to do. But any Patronage Secretary would do now, as a huge majority has swallowed Gladstone, and swallowed him whole.

The talk of Parliament reported in the papers is not the only, and often not the best talk in the House of Commons. An almost separate study of the lobby is required, not to mention tea-room, smoking-room, and other adjuncts in the House. Even while a debate is going on, if some pretentious bore is speaking, there is a tremendous buzz of conversation. The orator of the moment is using tremendous force of lung, thoroughly convinced of the importance of the subject

and his own ability in dealing with it. But he has not got the ear of the House, and criticisms, inquiries, rumours, gossip, talk—often trenchant and witty enough prevail during his speech. Some such men may succeed in goading the House to fury, and then it becomes very like a bear-garden, or as the undergraduates' gallery at Commemoration what time a man with a white hat may have come in. If members choose to pull their hats right over their eyes, they may yell *crescendo* and *ad libitum*, and Mr. Speaker will be unable to detect the ringleaders. He will, however, speaker-like, call out 'Order, order,' Reader, that 'order, order' of the Speaker seems so very simple, but in fact, it is a very important, and perhaps mysterious part of the British Constitution. It is calculated by good judges that it takes a Speaker just five years to acquire the art. Though Mr. Denison had been in the House just thirty-five years before he became Speaker, yet he has never approximately realised the ideal of that great office as set forth by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Viscount Eversley. But then Lord Eversley was a model Speaker, to be contemplated by all other succeeding Speakers with what Gibbon calls 'an admiring despair.' The rumour now is, that Mr. Denison is turning over in his own mind whether he had not better resign the Speakership some early session, and that same rumour somewhat confidently assigns Mr. Brand as his successor. The chat, broken off by the rising of some eminent man who calms the billows like Eolus, or the subsidence into his boots of the obnoxious one, is resumed in the library or the smoking-room. The House is really the best club in London, and the gossip of clubs, which really indicate the formation and current of the best political opinion in London, is eagerly watched by politicians and journalists. A great deal of talk is done in the lobby, which is an institution in itself. Members abuse the lobby, and on busy nights the police clear it, but it is indispensable. The knowing

members carefully cement their political ties. How speedily the honourable member recognises that most respectable alderman or common counsellor who proposed or seconded his nomination at the last election! It is little that he should write him an order. He will see if the Speaker will find room for him in the Speaker's gallery, or will send the Serjeant-at-arms to give him a place underneath amid peers or illustrious strangers. He will probably, if a wise man, ask his influential friend to feed with him at his club. One very pleasant feature that characterizes the House is the hearty and strong friendships that is always gradually growing up between members. It is impossible to be sitting on the same benches, attending to the same topics, dwelling in constant companionship, without a kindly feeling being created. This feeling is perhaps too limited and restricted to those of kindred political sympathies; but still the place of each eminent man is soon assigned and respected; and as from time to time some member drops in the ranks, or perhaps some great one whose presence and brain have long commanded the House passes away, one becomes more and more conscious of the kindly, thorough, and even chivalrous feeling which is the happiest feature of the inner life of the House of Commons.

We have already spoken of the possible troubles that belong to the Cabinet. Triumvirates, like coalitions, are not favourites in history. The captain and crew hardly prosper when the lieutenants have such opinions of each other as Mr. Lowe has of Mr. Bright and Mr. Bright has of Mr. Lowe. But beyond this we believe that there is a section of the Cabinet and of the party who are in heart disloyal to Mr. Gladstone, and would prefer other guidance. He is a man of scholarship and refinement, but scholarship and refinement are repulsive to minds of the revolutionary caste. He is an eminently religious man—religious according to an unpopular high church groove, and he gets twitted with his 'ecclesiastical hu-

mility,' and many of his party are men of free thought in religion as well as free lances in politics and letters. We should side with Mr. Gladstone against mutineers, but the mutiny is there, and will upset its head if ever the chance should come. The Irish question is still the rock ahead. The church question, compared with the land question, is 'as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine.' And, to whisper such a supposition with bated breath, suppose Mr. Gladstone were to disappear from the political scene. He was dreadfully ill towards the end of the session, and although the perseverance of Mr. Bruce pushed on the business of the House, it is not to be expected that he would be an efficient leader. Nothing is more unlikely than Mr. Gladstone's eclipse, but every lawyer, politician, historian, has to study contingencies. What, then, would be the political situation—where would be the arrayed phalanx of the unparalleled majority? Would Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright serve harmoniously under Lord Granville? But we are now concerned with the aspect of the last session, and not with speculation respecting the next. In its concluding days that session exhibited some remarkable phenomena in the intense vitality of discussion maintained to the very last. Although the Irish Chitreh Bill has received the royal assent, though the twelfth of August came nearer and nearer, though Mr. Gladstone was absent amid the hills and woods of Chislehurst, it seemed that the lust for talk was absolutely insatiable. The House did not get on quite well without its leader. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Gladstone has for a time thoroughly cemented the party. The head thrown back and directed towards the ceiling, that stands duty for while it shuts out heaven; the clear, keen, trenchant voice that has about it a witchery and a force possessed by no other man, were sadly missed by the ministerial horde. While the weather grew hotter and hotter, when hardly a breeze stirring on the terrace of the Thames, when members plunged out of the House

to partake of iced drinks, there were members who talked and talked away, and would not be ill content were the session prolonged to Christmas. Old members of the House who have passed the best of their days there, who were so acclimatised that the House to them had become a second nature, seem perhaps restive and unhappy for the last month or two, missing the excitement of the early summer, the crowded house, the cross-fire of interpellations when the cartel of defiance had been honourably sent by the querist, and the question had its interest; the yelling cheers and the vociferous 'Oh, Oh's'; the shouts and cries of 'Division' when outlying members had madly to race into the House; but the young members have kept up the game cheerily to the very last, as unwilling to renounce speechifying as young ladies who are reluctant to give over their croquet, and even insist that lights should be brought out upon the lawn.

Considering that there were some hundred new members in the House, it becomes an anxious inquiry how far there is any genuine oratorical talent to be found there. Such is Mr. Harcourt, the 'Historicus' of the 'Times,' who must not, however, assume that he knows so very much and that everybody else knows so very little. Mr. Jessel is a hard-

headed, powerful lawyer, whom his friends speak of as a very possible Chancellor of the future. These are the lawyers—a very acceptable reinforcement to the Liberals, who generally do not boast many adherents of a class naturally conservative. Then we have Sir Charles Dilke, a supporter of the *littérateur* kind. Mr. Gladstone has shown great sagacity in bringing forward Mr. Baxter, the hard-headed member for Montrose. The Conservative recruits must be spoken of elsewhere. We shall see how Mr. Gladstone's skilled eye will detect dormant talent and train up his disciples in the ways of statesmanship. It is always the kindly and honourable office of a Premier to act as a nursing mother to rising political genius. Mr. Gladstone takes broader and more genial views than his austere master, Sir Robert Peel, who chilled the ardent spirits of the 'Young England' party by advising them to 'stick to committees.' He has certainly no want of kindness and geniality towards young men. It is possible that, unknown to the ranks, there lurks some future Premier, at present inglorious, mute, to shine forth in the future, as the vessel of the state, unloosed from ancient moorings, dips into the future and passes away towards new skies studded by new constellations.

### THE REGATTA WEEK AT RYDE.

'A DISTINCT success.' That, we believe, was the social verdict unanimously given, without a single dissentient voice *à propos* of the delightful seven days as to which it is the purpose of this paper to say something. A success, in truth: why, where could you have found and realized all the elements of success, if not at the exquisite little watering-place whither the centrifugal force that was strong upon us compelled us to retreat, just as London was becoming intolerable, and August was fairly entering upon the second week of its exist-

ence. Weather, that, on the whole—in a matter so delicate it is well to speak *en masse*—that behaved itself admirably: a sun seasonably fervid, with just enough of wind to blow any superfluous heat away; breezes of exquisite softness, yet, withal, invigorating in their influence; company well-selected and agreeably assimilative; delicious scenery, and all those human accompaniments, without which, we are free to confess—we beg pardon for introducing parliamentary phraseology upon our readers in the middle of the long vacation—good

scenery goes an uncommonly short way; flirts and flirtations, dancing and dinners, luncheons on board the 'Sea Foam,' and champagne breakfasts on the 'Firefly'—well, are not these enough to constitute an extremely promising programme for the enjoyment one of brief week? Do you care for the softly attractive side of what one Mr. Russell has termed 'a life on the ocean wave'—for *déjeuners* of altogether unimpeachable description, served by skilled menials beneath a judicious awning, your good ship speeding her way the while at the rate of nine knots an hour through the blue waters of the Solent, to say nothing of accessories galore in the way of feminine smiles, laughter, melody, and what not else? if so, by all means pass the Regatta week at Ryde. Or possibly you incline to Dr. Johnson's opinion, and are disposed to think that, even given these conditions of perfection, a ship is little better than a prison with a chance of being drowned in it, to say nothing of realizing the pangs of nausea? Even then, we repeat, go to Ryde. Of course when there you must be nautical or you are nothing—must be great upon all matters touching the *vetus-volum mare*—must be able to criticise the foresail of this yacht and the mainsail of that—must have some notion of what a flying-jib really means—and must be able to pass off-hand a judgment into which the terms breadth of bar and length of beam are introduced. But then what on earth is to prevent you doing all this as well on shore as at sea? Distance, in such cases, not merely enhances the beauty of the view, but replenishes marvellously your marine vocabulary.

To a certain extent this is possible at all seaside places. At Ryde, however, a peculiarly happy kind of compromise between the romantic perils of a sea life and the prosaic security of a shore one has been devised; and this compromise, what is it but Ryde Pier? When the tide is up, and you are projected by the agency of a ten minutes' walk 'far amid the melancholy main'—when you look back and see the

inglorious land retreating in the distance—or when you look forward upon the outspread main, you feel that you are a kind of amphibious creature, and are possessed by an influence which makes you throw forth wildly a whole string of nautical utterances of which the most seasoned tar might be not ashamed. You have combined in a marvellous degree the advantages of both situations, and in a different sense from that in which the poet first used the expression, you feel that you have 'one foot on shore, one foot on sea.' You have the idea of the brine without the gushing motion of the waves: there are still craft in number numberless on each side of you: wavelets of all sizes are moored within a stone's throw: you can distinctly discern the ungainly efforts made by the amateur sailors to preserve their sea-legs—can deride their failures, and laugh at their misfortunes. Is not this, we ask, the very acme of that species of enjoyment—rather uncharitable we admit, in its way—hinted at by Lucretius, and epitomized in the well-worn phrase *Suave mari magno?* If, then, you go to Ryde—and by all means go there when the regatta week of 1870 comes round—and if, at the same time, you have a misgiving that your ambition to realize the charms of 'a home on the ocean wave, &c.', in the shape of a brief cruise in an exceedingly comfortable schooner yacht does in reality outstrip your discretion, walk to the pier-head, and shut your eyes to the fact that there is a wooden isthmus connecting you with the land, and revel in the idea that you are emulating the watery freedom of the albatross.

A distinct advantage this possessed by Ryde Pier, but by no means the only advantage or the sole attraction. Fashion, beauty, flirtation, gossip, scandal, costumes of myriad orders, yachtsmen and yachtswomen of every conceivable gradation, nautical attire of all degrees of eccentricity, curious persons, people you meet everywhere, and people you have never met before, the belles of last season, and those who were belles once but

many seasons ago; damsels fresh and faded; widows, whose garb betokens every grade of not irredeemable grief; the inevitable Russian count, whose wealth is fabulous; the hero of the last divorce case, and the heroine of the last elopement—*que vous?* Go to the pier at Ryde and you have them all. Indeed, for all practical purposes Ryde and the pier are convertible terms, just as for a considerable section of humanity London means nothing more than the few square miles comprised within the precincts of Belgravia and Mayfair. The pier at Ryde is, in fact, the alpha and omega of existence at Ryde—the centre of the social system of the place—the terminus quo and the terminus ad quem of all our movements—the beginning, middle, and end of our occupation. That promenade on the pier-head, extending over a space of some two hundred feet—it is the main business of our lives. We lounge there after breakfast, parade there after lunch, and, if you like it, flirt there, though there is no immutably-fixed and definitely-assigned period of the day for this occupation after dinner.

Time, 4 P.M.: the admirable band of which the Royal Regiment, quartered over at Southsea, boasts, in full play: a breezy afternoon—the wind just enough to freshen, but not disagreeably to agitate: a regatta-day of course; the competing yachts every moment expected to make their appearance round the eastern headland—the race has been round the island. Given these conditions, and you have on Ryde Pier a sight and an assemblage well worth a few minutes' study. If you please we will lounge up and down, investigate faces, scrutinize dresses, observe character, and pass our remarks. A monotonous occupation rather, this habitual walking up and down? Monotonous, in truth, it would be, were it not that the mass of animation crowded together upon this wooden platform imparts to the whole a variety full of flavour and piquancy. Besides, it must be confessed that there is a certain indispensable air of romance

in the situation. On one side of you are the blue waters of the Solent flecked with dainty yachts of all sizes, laughing that innumerable laughter which gladdened the soul of the old Greek poet—whiteened here and there by the foam that the wavelets toss as steeds their mane! On the other you have a fair stretch of ten miles of the richly wooded land-line of the island. Is that not enough? Well, then, better even, in your opinion, than the soundless music of the spheres, you have by way of accompaniment the strains of the band, and you can gaze upon as fair a sight, whether in the shape of animate or inanimate nature, as you could well wish, the while that your ears are delighted with the Shadow Song in "Faust," or the last new selection from—should you wish a merrier strain—from Offenbach's "Barbe Bleue." The pace—we use the word in its literal and pedestrian acceptation, without any undercurrent of moral significance—is slow! If 'tis motion 'tis scarcely walking, but seeing that we have crowded into a square surface of four hundred yards rather more than the same number of human beings, it would be wonderful were it otherwise. Ryde pier-head is a lounge rather than a promenade: you must fall in with the actions of the spot, and adapt yourself to the *genius loci*, if you wish to be here. Physically or morally there must be no traces of indecent haste about you: you must abandon for the time being all desire to get on, and must above everything beware of laying yourself open to the charge which the Sultan brought against the whole race of Englishmen—that of doing things in a hurry.

Lounge then with us, and you shall have your reward. What is the effect which the dresses have upon your optic nerves? They impress you as being clever photographs of kaleidoscopic hues, do they not? It occurs to you that you have before you the counterfeit presentment of all the myriad tints of the rainbow. Well, we are not surprised, for there is certainly a maximum of multiplicity

of colour in the matter of costume exhibited here in a minimum of space that is surprising. It may be questioned whether it is not the studiously *dégradé* and natural toilette of the Englishwoman which is in reality, and upon a very slight amount of inspection, the most elaborately artificial. Here we are rather supposed to study nature; but if nature is, as it has been beautifully called, by Sir T. Browne in his, 'Religio Medici,' 'the art of God,' then nature in a lady's dress simply means the most consummate art of the dressmaker. However this may be, the feminine costumes visible on Ryde Pier this afternoon are a great success. *Simplex munditia* is not the phrase which we would apply to our Pyrrhas of to-day. A pretty woman is rendered ten times prettier by a pretty dress. To come back, however, to the original question—Who are here to-day? Yonder sits Miss Garrula Withers, a lady whom you probably know by reputation as having in her day made more mischief than probably any other wicked being of her sex. However, as you have learnt by this time that reserve and reticence which constitute one of the great moral lessons of life, and as you feel anxious to have the benefit of the experience of the knowledge of men, women, and things which that garrulous old lady—old, we beg her pardon, why it is whispered that Miss G. Withers is on the look-out for an eligible opportunity for changing her patronymic—devotes her whole existence to accumulating, we will stroll in her direction and hear what she has to say.—

Remark to Miss Withers that that young lady with the glorious masses of golden hair, and the deep dark-blue eyes, that stand out in brilliant relief against a countenance fair as ever was that of the tinted Venus, is not devoid of natural charms, and this good lady will be obliging enough to sneer at your taste. 'Call her pretty? Really I am surprised. She is so horribly insipid to my eye, a kind of milk-and-water girl, and then look at her dress.

It's not silk, I assure you; it's only camelot, and abominably made into the bargain.' And then with a little more of that systematic *ignoratio cluchi*, which is the main characteristic of women's criticism upon each other, Miss Withers will go on to tell you that though her name is Proudaire, she is not the least relation to the Proudaires of Cockalorum, but is in reality the daughter of a retired cheesemonger. 'And, I've no doubt,' continues this charmingly charitable lady, 'that she thinks a great deal of herself because she is talking to Captain Fryers. I wonder, by-the-by, whether she knows that Captain Fryers is a married man, though he does send his wife and children every year to Boulogne and comes to Ryde with that horrid little— Well, well,' and Miss Garrula Withers gives us an anxious nod. But it matters little what may be the subject-matter of Miss Withers's criticisms. From costume to character it is all conceived in the same vein. If you want to be disillusioned as regards either, Miss Withers is emphatically the person to do it. A little of this sort of thing goes a long way, and as you do not particularly care for being told on what shamefully economical principles Mrs. Blank's dress is made, or who Miss Blogg's great-great-grandfather was, or why Mrs. Chicken is at Ryde by herself this year, you make your bow and pass on.

Gossip, that of course there is, for gossip is the inseparable accident of a crowd such as we have to-day on Ryde Pier. You may hear strange things about divers people—will probably be told, as a young gentleman passes close to you in company with a young lady at his arm, that the name of the knight is Plunger—Frank Plunger late of the Dancing Buffs, who was obliged to sell out in consequence of financial difficulties, and who has lately done quite the cleverest thing which he was ever guilty of perpetrating in his life, in persuading Miss Minto, who it is reported has, or will have immediately something like fifteen thousand a year in her own right, to

elope with him. The result is, that our friend Frank, whom only six months ago they declared would never be able to show up again, is here to-day infinitely more prosperous than ever. He has taken that delicious villa which you see yonder to the westward, nestling amid the trees that grow down to the water's edge, for a month; and there out at anchor is moored his recently-purchased yacht, the 'Sea Foam.' Of course the fact of the elopement and everything else connected with it are perfectly well known to a majority of those who promenade up and down the pier-head this afternoon, and the consequence is that the newly and furtively married pair are decidedly amongst the heroes and heroines of the situation. *Di majores et minores audite!* Alas! the morality of this young England of ours! There is little Faddle, whom only three years ago you had to tip when he called on you before his return to Eton from the holidays, languidly propounding to some equally beardless boy this alarming sentiment, gazing the while after the receding forms of Mr. and Mrs. Plunger: 'Gad! in my opinion the next best thing you can do to running off with a married woman, and leaving the disconsolate husband to tear his hair, is to bolt with an heiress.' Boy, what would thy father, the Rev. Septimus Faddle, and thy mother, who is at this moment engaged in the study of pinching economy that thou mayest have thy allowance paid regularly, say to these new-fangled ethics developed by *imberbes* subs. across the mess-room table?

Omitting the variously composed crowd in no way peculiar to Ryde, let us glance at some of what we may call the idiosyncrasies of the pier, and gaze upon the spectacle of the yachtsmen of the period. You have them here of all descriptions and of all appearances. We have not the slightest idea of the name of that gentleman yonder, but he is a fair specimen of at least one order of the amateur votaries of Nereus, Thetis, and the whole choir of the Oceanides. A fearfully and wonderfully composed thing is

the sum total of his costume, decidedly 'fancy' in its conception if unquestionably dazzling in its effects. There is a lack of 'business' look about it which at once inspires you with a conviction that his nautical experiences are limited to his pier parades. The very breezy straw hat, encircled by the delicate and multi-coloured riband, the jacket of exquisite texture, the perfect fit of the dainty glove—all these naturally give you the impression that their possessor is intended for land display rather than for sea-service. Contrast with him the knots of men clad in complete suits of dark-blue serge, covered as to their heads with the hat of oilskin, the comfortable rather than the showy wide-awake, and the roughly-plaited straw, who are collected here and there along the pier, discussing matters with each other, or more generally with some of those fair demoiselles to whom we have already alluded. Members these of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, most of whom are the possessors of barques that lie beyond in the offing, and who are perfect repertoires of nautical and yachting information on all possible points. They are not racing to-day, but they will be to-morrow in all probability. These are the great central attractions of the place, the great centre, too, of the flirting interest, we believe we ought to add. As they come for the most part to Ryde every year without fail as the regatta week comes round, it is not wonderful if their information as regards the *personnel* of the company assembled on the pier is tolerably extensive. They will tell you at once which are the new faces, and which those of the old *habitues*. They know by heart the list of diplomatic mammas who repair to Ryde, to say nothing of most of the fashionable watering-places in England, with their marriageable daughters, or to an eligible matrimonial hunting ground during the course of this eventful week of the widows. Ryde Pier, as we shall presently show, is a great place for widows, who come hither for a similar purpose, and of all the other stock characters on

view. Flirtation! if it is ubiquitous, as it is on Ryde Pier, you get the very quintessence of the thing among these groups of members of the R. V. Y. C. There are flirts and flirts; but these gentlemen, we sadly fear, are altogether incorrigible. Yonder you see Mr. Lyteyoke talking to pretty Mrs. Agamos. Hoist up the danger signals, for danger is there. When Mrs. Agamos was still in possession of her maiden name Mr. Lyteyoke was a great flame of hers. Unfortunately—for we conceive it is unfortunate—they have met now for the first time since their marriage, and Mrs. Agamos is telling Mr. Lyteyoke the history of her married life. The history is not a happy one; but is it wise to make Percy Lyteyoke the depositary of such secrets? He may be an amusing companion, but a continental training has not sharpened his moral sense or elevated his ideas on the subject of the inviolable sanctity of the wedding tie. Is there not something suggestive in the tone in which our friend Percy informs his old love—for he thinks that he did love her—that he intends going for a cruise up the Mediterranean directly he can start; that the 'Nautilus' lies out there ready to take him at a moment's notice, and that he will go at once if—, and here Mr. Lyteyoke stops short and casts an eloquent glance upon Mrs. Agamos? Is there not something dangerous, too, very dangerous indeed, in the look of feverish longing which the lady gives as she gazes through eyes tear-dimmed upon the white silver sails of the 'Nautilus'—in the tone of anguish in which she says 'For God's sake, Percy, do not tempt me!'—in the hurried whisper that follows between them? What says, what thinks the world? Why, Bob Flutter, of the 999th, remarks to his friend, 'Gad, Lyteyoke's going it with his old flame. I'll take odds that the "Nautilus" is not to-morrow this time where she is now!'

A decidedly dangerous specimen of a yachting flirtation this. As for what passes between Mrs. Sully, the widow of five years' standing, and Charles Chatbury yonder, that is

nothing. No doubt Charles goes a long way, calls her Julia, but then Mr. Chatbury has known her for some years, and Mrs. Sully is a born flirt. No more regular *habituée* at Ryde during the regatta week than Mrs. Sully. Hitherto her efforts have not been crowned with success. In vain in the sight of the wary bird has the matrimonial net been spread, for Mrs. Sully is still to be wooed and won. That, there are persons who will tell you on the pier to-day, is a thing that will never be done. 'By George!' is the verdict of the members of the R. V. Y. C. generally, 'the man who marries Mrs. Sully will have as much as he expects.' And indeed there is about the face of the lady in question a look which is what some people would call tigerish. It is emphatically a hard face; there is no play of sentiment about the mouth, and no touch of softness in the region of the eyes. Yet in spite of all this it may be questioned whether Mr. Chatbury does not at times exercise too far his prescriptive right as a privileged person. It is said, and probably with truth, that in spite of the badinage which passes between them, Mrs. Sully really entertains something like an affection for the gentleman who is talking to her now. At any rate, those who study Mrs. Sully's face will not fail to notice that there are minutes when, in spite of all her gaiety and heartless merriment, she so far forgets herself as to look intensely wretched—moments when, as you catch her profile, you see a look of desolate sadness overspread her countenance. It may be questioned whether there is anything more intensely melancholy in its way than the face of the hardened flirt as it looks at those times when the thought comes full upon her that her better days are over, and that as she saw herself reflected in the glass this morning she could no longer be blind to the fact that there were symptoms of age not to be concealed and no longer disguised.

There are, as we have said, flirts and flirts, flirtations and flirtations on this Ryde Pier: many of them

purely harmless and innocent. We draw, however, from the life; and the parts of Ryde flirtation during the regatta week which we have sketched are the most characteristic as they are also the most striking. If the reader who knows not the place wishes to convince himself or herself of the entire truth and special applicability of these remarks, let him or her repair thither next year at the season indicated.

There is a perfection of pleasure in the mere consciousness of existence apart from any result which that existence fulfils; and it is the superabundance of animation visible on every side of the Ryde Pier which constitutes its essential and main charm. Life on the land and life on the sea—motion everywhere, yet no commotion—that is what you have, and that is all you want. What the Ascot are to the Epsom races, what the lawn at Goodwood is to the heath at Newmarket, that the regatta week at Ryde is to the regatta weeks at other places. Above all things, we are select: we are exclusive: we are extremely décorous: and rigidly well bred. We flirt, it is true, perhaps more than is good for us: *cela va sans dire*; but then we all know the adage touching the stable-door and the limits of impunity assigned to different individuals. Now we are very fond of Brighton: and Brighton Pier on a fine December day is charming: but Ryde Pier during the regatta week is as different from the fashionable promenade of London-super-Mare as Monmouth is from Meudon. There is a marked deficiency in the company that congregates at the Isle of Wight watering-place of the flashy commercial element noticeable by the Sussex seaside metropolis. A Cockney in his noisy attire, his superabundance of heavy jewellery, his gorgeous neckcloth, and his resplendent shirt, is pleasantly conspicuous by his absence. You are

not perpetually haunted by visions of your tailor and your bootmaker, and you may take your walks abroad without running up at every corner against the same ruck of humanity that you meet with in Cheapside or the Strand. Nor is this the only attraction which Ryde in a general way presents. To come from London to Brighton is simply to shift your quarters from one town to another. It is true that in the latter place you have the sea substituted for the Thames, but here the difference ends. Now Ryde, town though it is, offers peculiar attractions in the way of change. If you wish to be fashionable, to see the sights which we have described, you can: if, on the other hand, you desire to infuse an element of rusticity into your daily life you can do that too. You have the free, open country within a few minutes' access; and such are the opportunities of the insular situation, the regattas themselves may be seen from elsewhere just as well as from the pier-head. Nay, whereas from the latter you are only able to view the start and finish, you may witness far more of the race itself *in transitu* from less populous posts of observation. Take the train to Sandown, or Brading, and, given a fine afternoon, you shall enjoy as pretty a spectacle as you can desire. Climb up that breezy height, and there in the distance you shall spy the silver-canvassed fleet of yachts come into sight round the Marina headland. Or start a little earlier in the day, and you may make the cliffs that look down upon Freshwater Bay in ample time to witness the beautiful sight of the contending craft as they round the Needles. Regattas, indeed, are in themselves things of common occurrence enough: but regatta weeks with the attractions of the Ryde regatta week are exceptional institutions.





STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.  
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.



# LONDON SOCIETY.

OCTOBER, 1869.

## DOWN AT WESTMINSTER.



PEOPLE talk about the World of London. London has a dozen worlds at least. For all that some of these know or care of others they might as well be shining in different planets. But there is one world with which most other worlds cannot avoid making occasional acquaintance—that is the world of Westminster Hall. Apart from the legislative chambers, in whose proceedings everybody is concerned, it must be strange indeed for any member of the general community not to be interested, directly or indirectly, at one time or another, in a transaction connected with a Parliamentary Committee or a Court of Law. Certain it is that you will meet on most days down at Westminster—and more especially in the height of the season and the session, during the last two terms before the long vacation—representative men and women of all classes, drawn to-

gether by business or curiosity as the case may be.

The way down to Westminster—that is to say, the way of those who go from the Temple—has been made more easy than it was by the Thames Embankment, which will be a right royal road some of these days when it has intelligible approaches, and the trees have grown, and the small boys have been driven away, and carriages can be driven along it—when, in fact, it has dropped its present dissipated character of a show and a playground, and has settled down into a respectable thoroughfare. At present the swiftest mode of making the journey is by a penny steamer. But penny steamers are of course available only if you do not happen to be proud. The penny public whom you see on board are not pretty to look at, and seem principally possessed by a keen sense of economy,

extended not only to travelling expenses, but to the article of soap. Some philosophic barristers patronise the boats; indeed there is a plentiful sprinkling of these early in the morning; but being residents in chambers they are principally juniors, and do not include the great dignitaries of the profession. The latter are represented, however, by their clerks—barristers' clerks are wonderfully partial to penny steamers—who may be seen at all hours of the day going backwards and forwards with briefs and bags; and among them, with melancholy marking him for her own and remaining in undisputed possession, you may surely note the clerk of some unhappy Mr. Briefless, who 'brings his master's grey wig down in sorrow to the court' with a constancy worthy of a more successful cause. They are horrible means of progression—those penny steamers—but there is no reason why they should be so. With a supply of boats such as should be employed, the river might be as crowded as the streets, for the mode of travelling might be made far pleasanter than the mode of travelling by land, and in point of speed a steamer has an advantage over any carriage except a railway carriage. There are thousands upon thousands of the public who would be glad to make use of a better class of boats, say such as the Saloon Steamers that now ply above bridge, only of suitable size. With conveyances of this kind the journey between London and Westminster might be made a festive progress, and passengers would cheerfully pay, say, the prices charged on the Metropolitan Railway, first, second, and third class. I throw out the hint to speculators, who, I am certain, would never repent a little enterprise in this direction.

The way down to Westminster by road is broad and pleasant enough after you get out of the Strand; and scarcely have you passed Charing Cross than you come upon Westminster Hall, as represented by the people about you. It is, say, between eleven and twelve o'clock in the day. A few barristers, solicitors, and witnesses are still going down

to the courts; also 'parties' in actions, their witnesses, and their friends. But a great many more of all these classes are bound for the committees, which sit for the most part at twelve. Headlong Hansoms are dashing along, conveying gentlemen with that kind of cheerfulness in their faces which comes of being engaged, under profitable conditions, upon other people's business rather than their own. A large number of the same class are on foot, walking three or four abreast, and engaged in pleasant discussion. The happiest of all are the witnesses, for they have not the same cares upon them as the parliamentary agents and solicitors. All they have to do is to stay in London and wait day after day until they are wanted, receive their liberal diurnal allowances for their trouble, and in the end permit the counsel on their own side to extract from them such information as they may have to supply, and prevent, if possible, the counsel on the other side from demolishing their assertions. There are some members of parliament among the crowd, riding, driving, or walking, as the case may be. They are the members of the committees, and, if the day be a Wednesday, their number is increased by those going down to attend the morning sitting, or rather the afternoon sitting, of the House.

As you get lower down, into Parliament Street proper, Westminster is still more largely represented; for here, on the left, is the Whitehall Club, a handsome stone building of a few years' standing, which accommodates a large number of persons whose avocations call them to the neighbourhood. The members include M.P.s, parliamentary agents, barristers, solicitors, engineers, contractors, and business men of many kinds; and the institution, I believe, is found to be a useful success. For the public generally the popular resort appears to be a restaurant, still lower down, where even now, to judge by appearances as you pass the window, lunch seems to be going on. The lunches, however, at this hour, are not very numerous, and are con-

fined, it may be presumed, to people who have risen late and gone out in a hurry, and have not had time to breakfast. A couple of hours hence, besides the occupants of the tables, you will see a luncher on every high stool before the counter, forming together a serried line of determined refreshers, escaped for a brief but pleasant period from their serious duties on the other side of Palace Yard.

Palace Yard, which you now approach, has become a noble expanse, and it will be nobler when certain old houses are removed. But turning your back upon these, there is no such fine spectacle in London as that presented by the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Hall, with the adjacent objects, including the handsomest bridge in the metropolis. If you are not a person of importance, which you probably are, you will at least fancy that you are; for the policeman at the crossing, struck, no doubt, by your imposing presence, rushes forward and behaves with despotic tyranny towards a waggon, a light cart, and a four-wheel 'grinder,' which he compels to draw up in order not to interfere with your progress. He would exercise the same arbitrary authority towards a Hansom which is also among the vehicles emerging from the bridge; but the Hansom cabby is too much for the minion of the law, and nearly drives over you while you are availing yourself of the facility afforded by judicious regulations.

Inside the Hall of Rufus there are a great number of the same kind of persons as those who have accompanied you down Parliament Street, with the difference that the barristers, pacing up and down, or staying to talk in groups, are all wigged and gowned, and produce the inevitable impression which Mr. Dickens has made immortal, having reference to 'that variety of nose and whisker for which the bar of England is so justly celebrated.' There are a great many idlers among these—idlers in spite of themselves—and some of them seem to find it difficult to keep up an appearance of preoccupation. It would be a very valuable addi-

tion to a legal education if its recipient could manage to throw into his face an expression which should inevitably convey the idea to the public mind that he would be particularly wanted in court in a quarter of an hour. But I have never known perfect success attend an attempt of the kind; and the impression usually conveyed by a more or less unknown junior wandering about Westminster Hall is that it does not particularly matter where he may be. To-day one of this unhappy class has the temerity to take two ladies about, with an evident mission to show them the lions of the locality. You can see at once that they are not 'parties' or witnesses. Parties and witnesses may be as young, as blooming, and as fashionably dressed; but they would never be so smiling and so easy, wear that pretty fluttering manner, and talk with such charmingly volatile rapidity as the fair creatures in question. I should mention, by the way, for the sake of the propertied, that, besides the barrister, they are accompanied by a young gentleman who is evidently their brother, from the entire contempt with which he regards them and their proceedings. He gives them entirely up to their friend in the wig, who may be heard to say in the course of conversation—

'I think we might hear some fun in the House of Lords. They are engaged with appeals, and I think Miss —— is still addressing the court. This is her tenth day.'

The idea of hearing a lady conducting her own case finds immediate favour, and the party soon make their way to the bar of the House. As we also are idling and looking about us, we may as well follow them.

They are very inhospitable to strangers in the House of Lords, that is to say, when the House is sitting in its legal capacity. The court occupies a very small part of the legislative chamber, and the impression produced is that the members huddle together in order that they may not have to speak too loud. There is no accommodation even for counsel who are not engaged in the proceedings, and

very little allowance is made for curiosity on the part of any class of persons; but you are free to push in at the bar and see and hear what you can.

Upon the present occasion there are only two lords besides the Lord Chancellor, and only one of these—an ex-Lord Chancellor himself—appears to take any interest in the proceedings. The central object is the suitor. This, as we have already

heard, is a lady. She is addressing the court when we enter, seems to have been addressing it for some time past, and evidently intends to address it for some time in the future. As she stands behind a table, upon which her papers are placed, she is in advance of us, and we can catch a glimpse of her face only at intervals, when she turns aside to place her hand upon a document which she wishes to con-



sult. But we can observe at first glance that she is a little lady rather than otherwise, that she has a neat, slender figure, carefully and compactly clad in black, and that upon her head she wears a little hat, 'of the period' as to size, and to some extent in the manner in which it is worn, but by no means exaggerated in any respect. Upon further observation you see that she has what

is called a clever face, with an expression indicative of culture and refinement; and the latter conclusion is justified by the voice, which is clear and ringing, and remarkable for its nice intonation. The lady, too, enjoys the advantage of an easy flow of language, which never halts for a point or an expression, and she has apparently a thorough mastery of her case. If the Lord Chancellor

ventures to question a statement or criticise a conclusion, the fair pleader at once puts her little black-gloved hand upon the document containing her authority, and the great legal functionary is at once confuted. The next time he ventures an objection the same process is repeated, until his lordship at last seems to arrive at the belief that it is safest not to open his mouth. The other lords, when equally rash, meet with a similar fate; so by degrees the lady has everything her own way, and continues her address unmolested. The composure with which she goes over her ground is something wonderful. There is no flurry, no undue excitement, and only a certain serious emphasis which her arguments receive distinguish her manner from that of an ordinary advocate, and indicate that she is pleading her own cause and has a strong interest in the case. She has near her a legal adviser in the person of a Queen's counsel, but she seldom consults him, and seems indeed to know her own business remarkably well. This is the tenth day of her address, and it threatens to last for many days more: it would be rash indeed to calculate when it is likely to conclude. The case, it may be here mentioned, is a very complicated one, involving a question of legitimacy; the documents connected with it are of a voluminous character, and the lady has a great tendency to read these at length, to refresh herself, through their agency, in the intervals of original argument. How the case will end I will not venture to surmise, but the reflection certainly strikes one that if ladies get called to the bar and advocate other people's cases with the persistency that they do their own, the proceedings of the courts will be considerably lengthened, and far greater demands than under present conditions will be made upon the endurance of the judges.

Happily we are doing no more than amuse ourselves; so after half an hour's acquaintance with the great legitimacy case we are content to follow the example—set a quarter of an hour before—of the

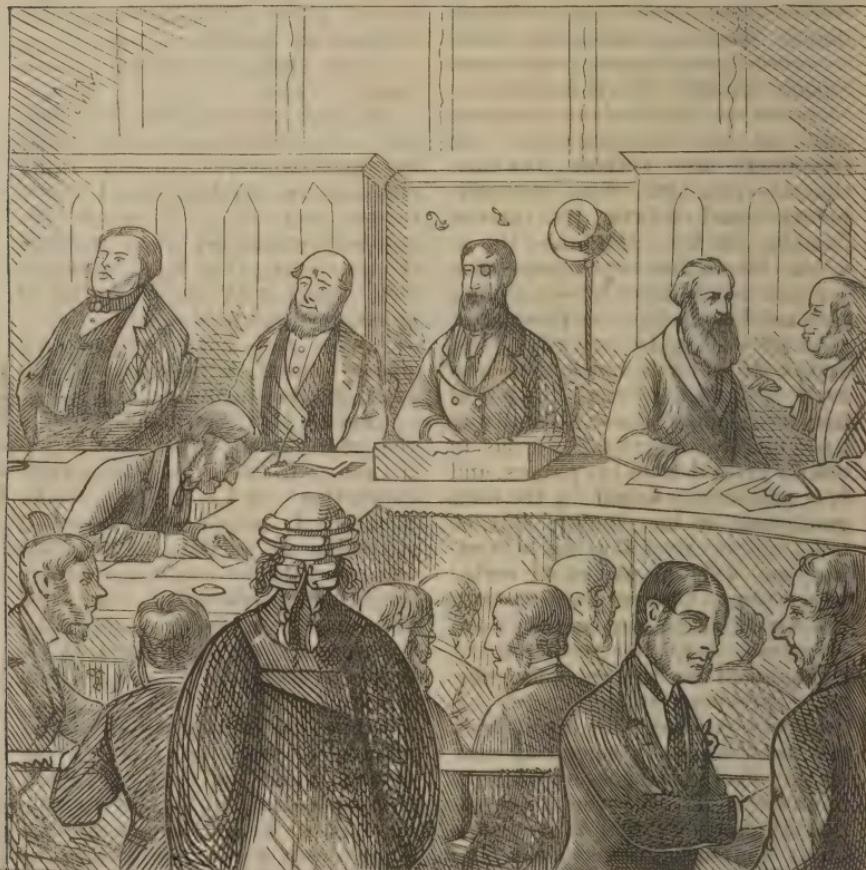
young barrister and his interesting friends, and betake ourselves elsewhere.

There are several committees sitting up stairs, and seeing a throng of persons proceeding thither we follow them, as in curiosity bound. The Commons gallery is crowded with counsel, solicitors, agents, witnesses, and all the rest of the people of whom we have seen so many specimens in Parliament Street; for one of the rooms has just been cleared for the deliberation of the committee. Some are walking up and down; others are standing about in groups; everybody is talking; there is general excitement, and some little hilarity on the part of those belonging to the apparently winning side. The witnesses are, as usual, more lively than anybody else. It is all holiday with them, far away as they are from their provincial homes; and their feet *not* being upon their native heaths their names are all the more Macgregor. They begin already to take refreshment at the adjacent buffet, to compare notes as to who stayed latest, or did something most remarkable somewhere last night, and to make arrangements for dining together this evening and going to some entertainment afterwards—the words 'Gaiety' and 'Alhambra' being not unfrequently heard in such discussions. Mingled with this kind of talk you hear a great deal about corporations, town councils, water supplies, preambles, clauses, traffic, trade, shipping, curves, gradients, and engineering in general to any extent. An Irish Bill which is under investigation in one of the rooms is a frequent subject of conversation. It is connected with the supply of water to a large city, and a certain corporation is more anxious, somehow, to confer the boon than the ratepayers are to receive it. We enter the room in expectation of some amusement, and are not disappointed.

It is a spacious and imposing apartment, conceived when the architect was in a massive mood, but with compensating tendencies towards lightness. The oak panel-

ling and the window-frames are in antique style, but designed with a modern eye to business. The fashion is bold, with no gratuitous ornament. It is mediævalism made easy; mediævalism made light and cheerful, and receiving a modern character from green baize, blotting-paper, and wafers. At the upper end of the room, within the bar which excludes the profane public, is a table of horseshoe shape, at the upper end of which,

on the convex side, sit the committee. On the right—looking from the lower end of the room—is an exclusive table occupied by the clerk of the committee, who makes minutes of the proceedings. In the centre of the horseshoe is another exclusive table, occupied by a short-hand writer, engaged, I suppose, by the promoters, whose business it is to take a full note—that is to say, take every word—of what passes. There are reporters for



the press also, at another table, in a corner; but their office can scarcely be an arduous one, judging from the little you ever see in the newspaper of proceedings before Parliamentary Committees. At a long table in front are the counsel, agents, attorneys, &c.

One of the counsel—a silk gown—is addressing the committee; but the members thereof do not seem to

be listening with much attention. Their attitude is one of keen and appreciative indifference; and but for an occasional question in reference to a doubtful point you would think that they were not listening at all. The fact is that they are following the statement with much attention—with more, indeed, than they would bestow upon the speeches of counsel in general;

for the committee are for the most part men of business—in a parliamentary way, but still men of business—and regard counsel *prima facie* as impostors. But the counsel in question is a great man. He is one of the leaders of the Parliamentary bar. He is allied to noble families, and makes fabulous sums of money. So the committee pay him some kind of deference when they make any sign at all; and when they speak to him it is always with social respect. They address him by his full name—a double surname—and always with a certain graciousness, even upon a point of difference. It is always—‘Excuse me, Mr. Verbose Jawkins, but I do not quite understand,’ or ‘I think, Mr. Verbose Jawkins, that the committee have some difficulty’—and so forth. Mr. Verbose Jawkins, in the meantime—(he is a big, bland, handsome man, with a grand society manner)—is gliding through his brief in the pleasantest possible style, patronizing his facts, and setting forth his conclusions as if they were so many friends of his, who must make their way upon his introduction. He has to refer a great deal to his papers, and is occasionally coached by the keen gentleman at his elbow. But he talks all the time that he is reading; and when he pauses for verbal suggestions, always does so with the air of being unnecessarily interrupted, and, after receiving enlightenment in this manner, corrects previous statements of his own with a severe air, as if they had been made by somebody else. In this manner he goes on for forty minutes; and then, after a peroration which shows that he at least is quite convinced, runs away and leaves the rest of the business to his juniors. He has during the forty minutes been opening the case for the promoters, and his fee for this little attention is five hundred guineas, to say nothing of refreshers and consultations.

Mr. Verbose Jawkins being wanted in another committee, the examination of witnesses is proceeded with under the conduct of juniors, as I have intimated. But

all goes well. Never were witnesses more willing; never were counsel more alive to the importance of their communications. One of the witnesses is an elderly gentleman, and the counsel who examines him is a very young gentleman. The former, in fact, is the father of the latter; but the coincidence of names is apparently not noticed, and the examination goes on as glibly as may be.

The counsel looks as if he had never seen the witness before. Referring to his brief, apparently for information, he says—

‘Your name, I think, sir, is Mulligan?’

‘It is,’ replies Mr. Mulligan, with an evident desire for frankness and fair play.

‘You are an alderman, I think, of the city of —,’ rejoins the counsel, determined, in the interest of his clients, that their witnesses shall speak with the authority of the offices they hold.

‘I am,’ says the witness, taking upon himself, with Roman fortitude, the responsibility involved.

‘Then, Mr. Mulligan,’ pursues the counsel, ‘I shall be obliged if you will tell the honourable committee’—and so forth. Junior counsel, I notice, are generally particular in referring to the committee as the *honourable* committee, which is a deferential concession not strictly enjoined by etiquette. I suppose they think that it looks parliamentary; and perhaps it does.

While the examination of the witness is being thus agreeably conducted lunch-time arrives. There is no adjournment for this refreshment, and indeed the committee alone seem to be influenced by the event. At about two o’clock stealthy waiters creep in, and bring to the members small plates of sandwiches and little cruetts of what appears to be sherry, the latter being imbibed from tumblers, with the addition of water. As a general rule members take in their lunch with an air of reserve, as if it were statistics which might be outbid, or arguments to be subsequently refuted. But one of the number I

notice receives his with relish, as if he believed in it, and intended to give an opinion in its favour. Counsel are evidently not supposed to require extraneous support, in common with the other assistants at the proceedings. Some, I suppose, are too busy; others too idle. Among the latter the clerk, I think, must be held to bear the palm. He is a young man—always a young man—scrupulously dressed, with an eye to dignity rather than display; and, like all officials with too much leisure, he seems to hold work in supreme contempt. He does a great deal in the fresh disposition, from time to time, of his papers, but has little employment for his pen. I suspect that he considers the actors in the scene as so many harmless lunatics, who have a *raison d'être* for his especial benefit, which benefit is rather a bore than otherwise. The most occupied person is one who has no formal recognition. He is the short-hand writer at the centre table, close by which is the chair assigned for the accommodation of the witnesses. His pen never ceases so long as anything is being said. He gets a little holiday if the counsel read something already on record, have to wait a minute or two for a document, or pause while refreshing themselves with facts; but these are but brief oases in the desert of his labours. He has one advantage, however, which those otherwise engaged do not enjoy. I suspect that he knows nothing of what is passing, and while pursuing an almost mechanical task is able to think about anything he pleases. He certainly never seems to take the smallest interest in the proceedings. The reporters for the press, who are digesting them into narrative form, evince something like an opinion, as you may hear in remarks from time to time, or see in the expression of their faces. But the official stenographer is unmoved as the Sphynx, and takes no account of the meaning of the words—his business is only with the words themselves. He does not even feel bound to see; and I believe that if the chairman were to take

his seat with his head under his arm this imperturbable functionary would not consider himself called upon to record the fact. I have heard of a gentleman of this class, on the staff of a daily journal, being sent at Easter or Christmas time, when critics are in great request, to write a review of a theatrical performance. He attended with notebook and pencils as soon as the doors opened, was a little puzzled at the overture, but brightened up when the play began, and then proceeded cheerfully to take a full note of 'Romeo and Juliet' from beginning to end. He was rather surprised, on arriving afterwards at the office, to find that he would not be required to 'write out' the result of his labours. Upon another occasion, it is added, he was deputed to furnish an account of an eclipse of the sun which was exciting unusual attention. He attended with characteristic punctuality, note-book in hand, and waited with great patience during the progress of the event. But as nobody connected with the business in hand was heard to make any remark he conceived that he had nothing to do, so contented himself with sending in a report that the proceedings were devoid of interest.' Such men as these are fortunate if they have much to do with Parliamentary Committees; for they escape from a great deal that is boring to other people.

There is nothing remarkable in the cross-examination of the witnesses, as far as the opposing counsel are concerned. But there is a gentleman representing a particular body of ratepayers, whose interests are affected by the Bill in a particular manner, who is not a barrister, but an attorney, and he imports into the proceedings any amount of liveliness that may be missed by his brethren of the law. He is a North-of-Ireland man, and does not care who knows it. His accent, indeed, proclaims the fact in unmistakeable tones. The question involved has nothing to do with politics; but the importation of the Orange element seems inevitable in his case. Before he begins to speak, you can see 'No

surrender' visibly depicted in his countenance; and were he to volunteer to sing 'Boyne Water,' in illustration of his case, you would consider the song as a matter of course. He bullies the witnesses with forty-barrister power, and in the intervals of his questions persists, in defiance of all rule, upon addressing the committee in a similar strain. He is told that he must not do anything of the kind, so he does it more and more; and when he has abused everybody else he takes to abuse the committee itself. Like the gentleman of debating tendencies, who applied for the situation at the Bank, and was asked to state his qualifications, he 'combines the most powerful invective with the wildest humour,' and he treats his audience to an unlimited supply of both. The committee at first do not exactly know how to meet this kind of attack. They are protected in the House by the Sergeant-at-Arms, but here there is no functionary responsible for the preservation of order. A judge in court can invest an usher with terrible powers upon an occasion of the kind; but the committee have no usher, nor any analogous official. So, after enduring this belligerent advocate considerably beyond the limits of endurance they order him to sit down, and be silent. As well might they order a hurricane to take a calm view of affairs. The belligerent advocate only goes harder to work, and in connection, somehow, with a water-supply and the rights of ratepayers, we have again a furious tirade, in which the siege of Derry figures in a prominent manner, and 'Boyne Water' becomes imminent. So in this dilemma the committee speak to somebody. I believe the somebody is the clerk, who has a great deal in common with the stenographer, and is sitting patiently during the scene, considering it no business of his, as he cannot see his way to including it in the minutes of the proceedings. That functionary seems, however, aroused at last to the consciousness that something is the matter; and I fancy that it is through his agency that a messenger is found, and a policeman appears

upon the scene. But one policeman is nothing to a belligerent advocate, with his head full of 'Prentice-boys at Derry, No Surrender, the Victory of the Boyne, the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of King William, and the rights of wronged ratepayers, all at the same time; and he makes a sturdy resistance to authority. So more policemen are called; and when four of those functionaries have arrived, it is found that constitutional rights are controllable, and that even resistance to the water-supply may be kept within proper bounds. By this I mean that it is possible to eject the belligerent advocate—not merely push him out by the neck and shoulders, but carry him out by the arms and legs—which extreme process is duly performed, despite protests which, I am sorry to say, besides the action of the tongue, are intimately associated with the hands and feet. The belligerent advocate, in fact, fights like a kangaroo, which is said to stand upon its tail, and use its four extremities at once as aggressive agents. The efforts of the police, however, are in the end successful, and the belligerent advocate is carried to the gallery outside, where he is left to finish his speech as he best may to a crowd of clerks and idlers. The business of the committee is then resumed.

The consideration of the Bill is likely to occupy a great many days. Meanwhile let us look into another committee-room. Here the scene is very similar to that presented in the adjacent apartment. At first sight you would say that there were the same walls and windows, the same horseshoe table, the same committee, the same clerk, and the same short-hand writer. I cannot say the same counsel, for there are no counsel at all. The subject of investigation is connected with the registration of voters, and the witnesses are examined by the members of the committee themselves. Glancing again at the latter, you observe that they consist of prominent political men, including several Cabinet Ministers, the latter of whom are remarkably reticent, and seem bent upon acquiring informa-

tion for their own purposes, as they doubtless are. The proceedings are very dull, and do not repay the uninterested listener, who is unlikely to make a long stay. In another room a railway bill is undergoing investigation. It is an auxiliary to the Metropolitan line, and a great map of the route is affixed to the wall. We come next to an apartment where several little bottles of water are engaging the attention of the committee, and several scientific gentlemen are explaining the results of their investigation into the quality of the more or less pure liquid. But there is nothing very interesting in all this, and a proposal to descend once more into Westminster Hall will probably meet with approbation.

All the courts are sitting, and the proceedings in each must concern a great number of persons. But there is one court—the one whose entrance is the farthest from Palace Yard and the nearest, therefore, to the steps we are now descending—which seems to have a peculiar interest for the public. There is a large crowd outside, the members of which are evidently incredulous of the policeman's assurance that there is no room for them within. But they can scarcely fail to concede the fact when they see the concourse which pours forth when the doors are presently opened; for it is now the middle of the day, and the court has adjourned for refreshment.

In either body the idlers are predominant. Scores upon scores of these seem to spend their days down at Westminster, with no apparent object but to obtain gratuitous entertainment of a dramatic character. In this object, however, they must be frequently disappointed; for, although many cases in court may be 'as good as a play,' a great deal depends upon what play they are as good as. They may be a great deal better than some plays, and yet not be amusing. But I suspect that many of these mysterious people, who patiently sit out the long hours when everybody else wishes to get away, have a stronger inducement than mere amusement. Some are so mouldy in appearance, and so

abject in their manners, that they must surely come for shelter and something like society. It is a distraction, I suppose, for these unhappy men to concern themselves about other people's business rather than their own. I say men, but there are some women among them, and their case is still more anomalous. They come in couples, never alone, as the men always do, and instead of being abject in their manners, take up a tone of smart cynicism when commenting upon the proceedings to one another. To judge from their remarks, which I have overheard from time to time, I suspect these ladies to be under the fixed and unchangeable belief that her Majesty's judges are a set of old villains who have themselves been guilty of most of the delinquencies upon which they sit in judgment, and that the counsel-less wicked than the judges only because they are younger—are all habitual liars, and hate truth as another person, to whom their fair critics frequently compare them, is said to hate holy water. Further, I believe the said fair critics to entertain the impression that no poor man or woman can possibly obtain justice in a court of law.

This class of persons—men and women—form, as I have said, the majority of those who emerge from the court—which court, it may be here mentioned, is no other than the Court for the trial of Matrimonial Causes, otherwise known as the Divorce Court. But many of those concerned in the proceedings also come forth, and either go off to lunch or distribute themselves in groups about the Hall. A case of unusual interest is to be taken presently, and the parties appear to be all present. That well-built gentleman with the objectionably curled whiskers and the somewhat simpering smile, who is dressed with such scrupulous care and regard for conventional authenticity, I take at once to be the co-respondent. What nonsense it is to judge people by appearances. The only co-respondent present (and he belongs to another case) I afterwards find to be that ugly, brutal-

looking man with a black beard, whose countenance, sufficient to convict him elsewhere, ought to be his best defence in the Divorce Court—and would be, probably, were the court a less experienced tribunal. The gentleman with the curled whiskers walks off with a lady, and promenades with her up and down the Hall. The fact I find to be that he is the lady's solicitor, who is giving her some parting words of advice previous to her appearance in the box; for the lady, it seems, is the petitioner, not the respondent, and will be the first witness called. She is a charming creature, the petitioner: gushing to a fault; with fair, fluffy, and fashionable hair, and no bonnet to speak of, as regards its size, though the accessory is calculated in every other respect to inspire admiring remark. Her costume—well, it is one of those complete dresses which are especially called 'costumes' by milliners. Altogether her array is admirably calculated to encourage her natural gifts and graces; and it would be difficult to conceive a more perfect object of sympathy—except that she shows no sign of having been ill-treated. Her husband, I am informed, is not to be seen in the Hall. He is probably in court. But some of his witnesses are there; for the monster, it seems, intends to defend the case. The witnesses pointed out to me are a couple of women—one said to be a cook, while the face of the other says 'charwoman' as plainly as countenance can speak. These two worthies are sitting together upon the steps of the court discussing some sandwiches which they have brought with them in a basket, and enlivening their collation by frequent appeals to a flat bottle containing a white liquid which, other things being equal, might be mistaken for water. The naked eye indeed might make the mistake, but the naked nose never; besides, they take it in measured doses from a wine-glass, which is a mark of attention that people seldom pay to liquid in its virgin condition. The fair creatures seem to be

greatly entertained by their conversation, which has partly reference to the particulars of the case just concluded, and partly to their expectations of the case about to commence. They are not long in anxiety concerning the latter; for the judge is now found to have taken his seat, and there is a general rush into the court. We get foremost places—never mind how—and are able both to hear and see.

The petitioner's counsel, like her solicitor, is a 'ladies' lawyer'—a Q.C., and a highly successful man in his profession. He tempers firmness with the utmost suavity, and his appearance generally is greatly in his favour. He is none of your slovenly barristers who wear slatternly robes, crumpled bands, and wigs that have not been dressed for years. His appointments are all neat and compact, like himself generally, and he even carries his regard for the graces so far as to wear gloves, unlike most men at the bar, who fancy, I suppose, that clients and attorneys think them unbusiness-like. He states the petitioner's case with all the eloquence of which he is master; and such a course of insult and injury as he narrates one could scarcely suppose to be exercised towards so fair a victim except by a monster in human form. Not, however, that such is the appearance of the respondent, who is now pointed out to us, sitting at the solicitor's table. He looks a mere boy; a little dissipated, perhaps, in appearance, but more foolish than anything else. I believe his mental condition to be induced, not by insanity, as some of his friends have tried to make out, but a strong determination of blackguardism to the head. Looking at the petitioner, one cannot help hoping that he will prove the M. in H. F. which he is represented to be.

The petitioner is called upon in due course for her evidence. There are some lady-like delays, as there always are in such cases. First the usher tells her that she must remove her right glove, as preliminary to holding 'the book.' What a pity that she was not apprised

of this necessity a quarter of an hour before! Gloves that fit like gloves are not got off in a hurry; so there is a little delay, not made less by the confusion of the wearer, who is evidently conscious that the eyes of Europe are upon her. Then the judge tells her that she must lift her veil. He has a notion that the short spotted piece of net which the lady wears stretched across her face can be thrown over her head on the shortest notice. Nothing of the kind. She has to unpin it, and take it bodily off. 'So very provoking,' as she afterwards remarks; 'before the whole court, too!' I am bound to say that she looks far more injured without her veil than with it; for a pretty little spotted thing which throws up the delicacy of the complexion is not so well calculated to inspire pity as it ought to be. The good impression which she has already created is confirmed by the manner in which she gives her evidence — somewhat reluctantly, and with the sympathizing assistance of the junior counsel, but consistently and to the purpose. She is not unagitated, as you may suppose, and at one point in her statement drops the glove which has been withdrawn. This is picked up at once by the taxing master of the court, who retains it during the remainder of her examination, and then hands it back with a chivalrous air such as would not have been expected from so prosaic an official.

At last, after having been thoroughly stared out of countenance by everybody in court for twenty minutes or so, and made the subject of *sotto voce* commentary of an improving kind on every side, the petitioner resumes her place in front of her counsel, her first care being to re-attach the spotted veil, which she does with the aid of a young person of most exemplary appearance, looking like a governess with a grievance, by whom she is accompanied. The glove she resumes at her leisure.

Some evidence follows in support of her case, which seems as strong a one as could well be.

But the respondent has a case also, and his too is not without support. The cook and the charwoman, inspired by their lunch, compromise themselves so completely that they are told one after the other to stand down; but the evidence of a gentleman who follows them is decidedly damaging to the petitioner. He makes some unexpected statements, indeed, which the other side shows no signs of meeting. When the time comes, however, when he is open to cross-examination, the junior counsel for the petitioner, who has never held a brief before, makes, from the freshness of his inexperience, a suggestion to his senior, to which the senior, after some hesitation, accedes. The witness, it should be here stated, bears a name not unknown as a novelist, but the fact has not yet appeared before the court.

Ignoring loftily the allegations made by the witness, the junior proceeds in this fashion with his cross-examination —

*Counsel.* 'I believe, sir, that among your other avocations you are a writer for the press?'

*Witness.* 'I am.'

*C.* 'You are a writer of fiction, I believe?'

*W.* 'Yes, I write novels.'

*C.* 'You write from your imagination, I think; you invent what you put into your books?'

*W.* 'I certainly do not take my writings from other people.'

*C.* 'And what you write is not true?'

*W.* 'I do not pretend it to be so.'

*C.* 'Oh! you do not pretend it to be so. So everything you write is simply lies; there is not a word of truth in any of your works?'

*W.* 'They are written from the imagination.'

*C.* 'Do not prevaricate, sir; remember, you are upon your oath. Have you been writing truth, or have you been writing lies?'

*W.* 'Well, lies, since you will have it so.'

*C.* 'Very well, sir. And for how long have you been writing nothing but lies?'

*W.* 'I must really appeal to his

lordship—whether I am to be subjected—'

Judge. ' You had better answer the counsel, sir.'

C. ' I repeat, for how many years have you been writing nothing but lies? '

W. ' Well, since you will have it so—about twelve years.'

C. ' Very well, sir; it would have been much better to have told us so candidly at first. And you have a mother, I think, who also writes lies? '

W. ' I have a mother who used to write novels.'

C. ' This is very sad—that I cannot induce you to be definite in your terms. For how many years did your mother write lies? '

W. ' She wrote for about twenty years.'

C. ' And during that time never wrote a word of truth? '

W. ' I suppose not, in the sense you mean.'

C. ' That will do, sir. You have been writing nothing but lies for the last twelve years, and your mother wrote nothing but lies for twenty years before. I need not question you as to your statements concerning my client, as the court and the jury must have formed their own opinion upon that subject. You may stand down, sir.'

The witness's testimony is thus triumphantly shaken—a fact of which the leader does not fail to make use in his reply. The judge tells the jury that they need not trouble themselves about the facts elicited in cross-examination; but the jury are evidently impressed with the lying propensities of the witness, and return a verdict for the petitioner without leaving the box.

A friend tells me that my memory is misleading me, and that the case to which I refer was not tried in the Divorce Court. It may be so; but it is nevertheless true that even in such a well-conducted tribunal as that of Lord Penzance a pretty petitioner excites more interest than an ugly one, and a bold line of cross-examination will sometimes materially assist a case.

One of the chief difficulties in the Divorce Court is to keep out the

gentler sex, who always form a large proportion of the auditory. As the recitals are not always strictly 'proper,' their presence is frequently a source of embarrassment to counsel and the court. It is told of the late Sir Cresswell Cresswell that upon a counsel making an objection to proceed under the circumstances, the judge directed the usher to request that all respectable females would leave the court. The request was made, and there was a stir among the interesting sex in question. The majority rose and withdrew, but three kept their places and showed no signs of following the example of the others. There was a pause; after which, the judge, addressing the counsel, said—

' All respectable females having withdrawn, you can proceed, Mr. —'

We turn next into another court, where nothing less interesting than a breach of promise of marriage case is being tried.

The experience of most persons, I fancy, would tend to the conclusion that the offences which lead to actions of this nature are continually being committed in all classes of society, and that the occasional cases which we hear of in the courts are but a small proportion of the number. It is seldom, indeed, that we find an instance in which both of the parties belong to the upper ranks; for it is only under very exceptional circumstances that persons of high social status would voluntarily submit to the exposure involved. As a general rule, the plaintiff or the defendant, or, it may be, both the one and the other, are of eccentric character, whose courtship has been removed from the ordinary conditions which precede matrimony. There are usually discrepancies as to age, or station, or money, or good sense, or good looks; and the revelations to which the proceedings lead frequently bring before us the strangest pictures of life. Here, for instance, is one as developed in evidence to-day. The plaintiff and defendant stand in the same relation to one another as the plaintiff and defendant in the case of ' Bardell v. Pickwick'—that is to say, Mrs.

Brown let lodgings, and Mr. Jones lived in them—otherwise there is not much resemblance between the two cases. Mrs. Brown was a widow with two children. She enjoyed a combination of personal characteristics which, as her counsel reminded the court, might, upon Royal authority, be considered attractions; that is to say, she was ‘fair, fat, and forty,’ though it seems that she did not, in the opinion of those who saw her in court, look anything like the age which was considered so charming by his late Majesty George the Fourth. Mr. Jones, described by the plaintiff’s counsel to be about fifty-five, but ‘guessed’ by one of the witnesses to be nearly twenty years older, is evidently, from his appearance, an aged man, is paralysed besides, and has been so for some years, though one of the witnesses says that ‘he sometimes got better.’ He is, however, capable of enjoying life in his own way, which way seems to be by no means disassociated with amusements out of doors. Thus it appears that he has been in the habit of accompanying Mrs. Jones, her two children, and his particular friend Mr. Robinson, a retired builder, to music-halls and similar places of recreation; and not only Mr. Robinson, but the cabman who drove them about, is stated to have been aware of the understanding between him and the fair—not to say fat and forty—widow. Mr. Robinson’s view of the matter was that Mr. Brown, by proposing such an alliance, was ‘going to make an old fool of himself,’ but it is to be feared that Mr. Robinson’s opinion was not quite disinterested, for he admitted that he lived not only with, but ‘upon’ the defendant, in whose premises he must have been rather at home than otherwise; for, according to his own comprehensive account, he slept there, he breakfasted there, he dined there, he supped there, and he ‘grogged’ there. The force of living with a man, one would think, could no farther go. In return for this slight accommodation he was in the habit of giving defendant such little assistance as his infirmities might require; and the idea of being displaced by such

an intrusion as a wife seems to have been peculiarly distasteful to him. For the defendant, it should be observed, was a rich man for his station in life, and ‘did not care who knew it,’ for he had cards announcing that he was ‘a widower and gentleman,’ and was so ‘described in the books of the Bank of England,’ and further, that he had an office where he lent money. He told his friends that he had nearly five thousand pounds in the Bank, and that he would settle four thousand of it upon the plaintiff. The cabman, who, in consequence of being regularly employed to drive the party about on their pleasures, seems to have been quite on intimate terms, deposed that the defendant spoke about the lady ‘in a jocular way,’ the jocularity consisting, as he explained, somewhat to the surprise of the judge, in saying that she was a very nice woman, and that he intended to marry her. The cabman, too, was able to tell that he had driven Mr. Jones to Doctors’ Commons, and saw him get a marriage-licence, and present it to Mrs. Brown. Nay, more, he certified that the defendant had given a material guarantee of his honourable intentions in a manner, I fancy, hitherto unknown to courtship, having ordered a brass plate with his own name to be placed upon her door, and adorned the portal with a touching mark of his affection in the form of a new knocker. It might be said that ‘he who adored her had left but the name,’ and that, notwithstanding the knocker, he did not care a rap about her. But such things are difficult to conceive; and the evidence discloses every appearance of the fact that if ever man meant seriously towards a lady, that man was Mr. Jones.

But he failed in his troth after all. We are proverbially told that one power proposes, and another disposes; but Mr. Jones did both. He had proposed to Mrs. Brown, and then he felt disposed not to have her. Hence the present action. The defence, as frequently happens in breach-of-promise cases, is that the defendant was not worth having; and he certainly presents a helpless and generally abject appearance in

court. But appearances of the kind are not always implicitly relied upon by judges and experienced juries. A wealthy farmer, under similar circumstances, has been known to present himself before the tribunal in the guise of a farm labourer, in a smockfrock, with hay-bands round his legs, a pitchfork in his hand, and presenting generally, in his language and deportment, a picture of Cymon before he fell in love with Iphigenia. Such stooping to conquer is usually appreciated by spectators, and there is evidently a suspicion in the present case that Mr. Jones's miserable make-up has been overdone. Both Mr. Robinson and the cabman distinctly state that he was a very different person during his courtship—looked well fed, was well dressed, wore jewellery, and took care of himself generally. So his counsel's appeal cannot, evidently, be sustained upon the grounds urged; and the judge directing that the question is simply one of damages, the jury assess them at a good round sum—evidently beyond the expectations of the lady's counsel, who, in the absence of any allegation of damaged affections, had not anticipated that a business-like view of her loss of position would have produced so much. But the element of hazard enters considerably into the finding of juries, as we all know.

The next case is of a commonplace character, and there is nothing to note except a couple of stories then and there told to me, of a similar number of counsel present. One is a tall man, who looks principally keen, but has a great turn for humour, and will make any case in which he is engaged amusing. He has a large practice now, but a very few years ago he had none at all, and was glad to hold any brief with which his more fortunate friends might entrust him. One of these was a very eminent member of the bar, who happened one day to have a particularly bad case, which, scandal has it, he felt particularly inclined to shirk. It was a bill case of a very disgraceful kind, and his client was on the wrong side; so, under the plea of business elsewhere, he handed over his brief to the faithful

junior, and sought refuge in another court. Half an hour afterwards he was in Westminster Hall, taking his ease in legal meditation fancy free, when the faithful junior was seen rushing out of court with his gown torn nearly off his shoulders, his bands rather more behind than before, and his wig scarcely asserting a connection with the wearer's head.

'Well, how have you got on?' asked the great man, smiling, and declining to notice the other's confusion.

'Got on!' was the agitated answer; 'the bill is impounded, the witnesses are ordered not to leave the court, the attorney is to be struck off the rolls, and I—I have with difficulty escaped!'

What a charming thing it is to be a great man at the bar—so that you can leave embarrassing cases of the kind to faithful juniors!

The other member of the bar to whom I have alluded is a very severe-looking person who enjoys a great deal of what is said to have been Lord Thurlow's privilege—that of looking a great deal wiser than any man ever was. Did I say that I heard only one story connected with him? I should have said two. One is to this effect. When a young man—he has learned a great deal since then, I have no doubt—he held the office of judge in a small colony. He was the sole occupant of the bench, so he carried everything his own way. One day a member of the local bar disputed his ruling upon a certain point and appealed to printed authority in support of his position. The judge's account of the incident, as given by himself, is said to be this: 'Would you believe it—one of my own bar had the impudence to tell me that he was right and that I was wrong, and he appealed to a law book to support him—his own book, and the only one in the colony.'

'And what did *you* do?' was the natural question.

'What did I do?' was the indignant answer; 'there was only one thing to do; I borrowed the book from him, and *lost* it, so that we shall hear no more scandal of that kind.'

A prisoner brought before him on a charge of theft pleaded ‘guilty.’ The judge explained to him that he was not obliged to take this course, but might have the benefit of a trial, so the prisoner pleaded ‘not guilty.’ The jury acquitted him. Upon which the judge, addressing the accused, said in his most severe manner—

‘Prisoner at the bar, you have confessed yourself a thief and the jury have found you a liar—begone from my sight.’

We are now in another court, where an unusual scene is presented to a stranger. He has surely come into a convent! There are nuns on all sides of him, varied by a few priests! At a second glance, however, he is assured of the fact. He has not come into a convent, but a convent has come into court. There is a nun in the witness box—a mother or a sister, which is it? Some of the mothers are as young as some of the sisters. She is certainly younger than most of the nuns present, has a comely face and figure, and the clearest of complexions. She gives her evidence—which has reference to a late member of the community who has been expelled, and the legality of whose expulsion is being tried by the court—with an artless innocence which interests all present. She is the best witness that the defendants have had on their behalf—for some members of the order were not more engaging in appearance than nuns need be, and cannot be considered to have given their evidence without a strong feeling against the plaintiff. This same plaintiff, who sits in front of the counsel, with her face towards the bench, has been the main object of public attention for a fortnight past, and her case promises to engage the court for days still to come. She is closely veiled, and the curious public have not been able to see her face since she gave her evidence in the box. She talks sometimes to an old gentleman and a young lady who sit on either side of her—the latter understood to be her sister—but otherwise shows little signs of animation. The sister, by the way, is of the period, periody, and her elaborate coiffure, bonnet,

and robes, contrast strangely with the muffled figure, in deep black, of the ex-nun. The latter made out a strong case in the beginning, but it has been weakened considerably by the character of the defence; and the revelations of convent life, made on the one side or the other, have at least not been so alarming as they were expected to be by the public. Still the impression upon the minds of those who have watched the proceedings is that the girl has been harshly treated, and it is generally expected that she will get a verdict with tolerably substantial damages. And here it may be mentioned—as I am not adhering to unity as to time, and have not confined myself to any one day ‘down at Westminster,’ that the end justified the anticipations, as far as the court was concerned. How far the case can be considered concluded remains to be seen.

At four o’clock the committees close their proceedings, the Speaker of the House of Commons being announced in the different rooms as ‘at prayers,’ and the Hall is once more full of the moving life from upstairs. Some of the courts, too, have risen, and are pouring forth their quota to the crowd. There is a large assembly of the public, moreover, in the Hall, waiting to see the members go into the House; and there is a great deal of cheering and counter-demonstration as certain statesmen are recognised. For a great question, of a constitutional character, is before the legislature, and popular feeling runs strongly on both sides. In a short time the last court will have closed, and all engaged therein will have disappeared, except those of the lawyers who are members of the House. These have a laborious time of it, and must perhaps attend in their places for two or three hours before they can get away to dine, either in the House or elsewhere. So those of the public who choose to remain must transfer their interest to a new direction. For ourselves, I think you will agree with me that we have had enough of Westminster for the present.

S. L. B.

## OXFORD AS IT IS.

TO the anxious parent unable to decide whether he is or is not right in committing the plastic material of his son's nature to the all-moulding forces of a university career, and who finally, not without vague misgivings, excited by the remarkable stories that he has heard as to the way in which Oxford has been instrumental in shipwrecking the hopes of many a promising young man, entrusts his charge to the critical influences of academical existence; to all those who know Oxford only as it is depicted in the pages of flimsy novelists and sensational playwrights; to those, in short, who have formed their impressions of the old university town upon the *Isis* on the strength of loose intelligence conveyed to them second or third hand, and who may care about correcting them by reference to the standard of reality and truth, the remarks, which we shall have to make in this paper on the subject of Oxford as it is, will be not merely, considering the fact that the present month witnesses the inauguration of the academical year, seasonable, but, in view of the insight which it is to be hoped we may give them, and the errors which we may tend to remove, profitable and valuable as well. Precisely in proportion as the class from which the colleges of Oxford are annually recruited with undergraduates has increased, will the importance of this theme have increased also, and the circle of interests to which it necessarily appeals have become enlarged. It seems somewhat remarkable that the time which the champions of that sonorous war-cry should have selected for demanding the nationalisation of the universities, should be above all others the present, when the ideal condition of things so clamorously and unceasingly shouted for is infinitely nearer attainment than it ever was before. Assuredly if by nationalisation is meant a gathering together of the representatives of every grade and order in our social economy, from the highest to the

lowest, within our academic walls, nationalisation is pre-eminently the feature already existing in the Oxford of to-day.

Happy is the nation which has no history; happy would it be for Oxford, and for those who, for whatever reason, are interested in her, if she had never attracted the attention of the writers of flimsy novels and fashionable romances. By these she has been monstrously caricatured at every turn. She has suffered alike at the hands of friend and foe, and those who would have wished her best have misrepresented her most. We all know the kind of view which authors of this type have delighted to give of the everyday existence of the average undergraduate. As we recal it to our mind there float before us visions of apartments gorgeous with mirrors and luxurious with velvet, replete in every corner with articles of *vertu* from the East and delicate knick-knacks from Turin. The atmosphere is pervaded by a rich fragrance of rare exotics, and there, languidly stretched on a subtly-devised couch, in the very heart of this chamber of Sybaris, this bower of roses, reclines the youthful hero of the spot, the master of the academic revel, wearied by the nightly dissipation of his extravagant career, surrounded by companions encrowned as to their heads with metaphorical laurel-wreaths and figurative roses, sipping the perfect produce of some priceless vintage. Or we may change the scene and contemplate a different feature in the work of these remarkable sketchers of ordinary Oxford life. If one of this order of novelists has desired to introduce us to the night-side of academic usages, he has given us a meretriciously-graphic painting of what goes on in these several splendid chambers towards the small hours. He has lifted the curtain, and we have gazed upon a youthful band of academic revellers plunging in each maddest excess which their inflamed imagination could conceive. We have been told of flushed faces

and high play; of hair dishevelled, and of prospects ruined; of fearful losings and nefarious winnings. Dark pools of Burgundy have stained the Brussels carpet on the floor; there has been a reckless waste of material, which would have supplied the most elaborate supper; profusion, prodigality, and vice—this has been the trinity of features held up by these annalists of the impossible to our contemplation. Or supposing the ingenious writer has desired, for some reason or other, to contrast this mode of undergraduate life with another species of existence, and to introduce to us the reading man of the period—what a dilapidated picture of studious mortality have we not had! Could we conceive of a more emphatic caution to young men in general not to go and do likewise? Morning, noon, and night this creature is perpetually poring in his cloistered cell over dusty old tomes and recondite treatises, which one enthusiastic lady represents him as having ‘disentombed among the archives of the Bodleian,’ it being one of the rules of the Bodleian Library, by-the-by, that no volume belonging to it shall be removed from the premises. As for his social traits, how should he have any, seeing that his whole existence is passed exclusively in his own room? He is a youthful anchorite—a complete troglodyte. And what is the pinnacle of ambition which he is allowed to reach? In due time he gains, of course, a double first class—let us remark, *en passant*, that writers of this order always appear to think that a double first makes a man twice as good a classical scholar as a single first, and that nothing more is wanted to confer the dual honour in question save a knowledge of ‘Aristotle’s Ethics’ and other germane subjects standing towards that displayed by less gifted youths in the relation of five to one. He is waited on in the dingy little attic, already referred to, by the members’ whole tutorial staff of the college—which comprises all the fellows, it being a necessary sequence, in the opinion of these novelists, that the fellow should also be a tutor—

one fine morning, who request that henceforward he will become one of themselves, and reap the fruits of the same endowments as those which they enjoy. Immediately he is caught up, as it were, in a cloud, and the episode terminates, for the present, with his apotheosis in the common room, there to make Greek puns, and to endeavour to recruit his nerves, shattered by much study, on the celebrated old college port wine. Probably, however, all the port wine which was ever drunk on a ‘gaudy day’ in the most bibulous of Oxford colleges, would not suffice to repair the ravages which a too lavish consumption of the nightly oil in the past has made upon the studious hero; for the author or authoress, as the case may be, by way of pointing out a melancholy moral to all studiously-disposed youths, generally kills off the newly-made fellow before the curtain falls, and the desperately hard-reading man in the first volume is, in the majority of examples, represented as a corpse in the third. It is only the other day that a novel, in which nearly all these conditions were exactly fulfilled, was written and published, the author being, we believe, or professing to be, a member of one or other of the two great English universities.

Now, stupidly monstrous and unnatural—and we must confess that it was the stupidity of the piece which impressed us infinitely more than a conviction of its tendencies moral or immoral—as Mr. Boucicault’s drama of ‘Formosa,’ which all persons who happen just now to be in London are crowding to see, it is nothing more than a *reductio ad absurdum* of this most vicious habit of misrepresentation of the facts of university life. If Mr. Boucicault has fallen into a few additional absurdities more or less than those ordinarily perpetrated by the writers of such books as ‘Charlie Villars,’ that is simply due to the circumstance that his ignorance has compelled him to draw somewhat more largely upon his imagination. Energetically as Oxford men, young and old, and all who have

the interest of Oxford at heart, ought to protest against Mr. Boucicault's tissue of dramatic monstrosities, as against a series of libels upon the character of undergraduates in general, and the aquatic undergraduates in particular, they are by no means more objectionable than the subtler and less extravagantly-glar-ing misrepresentation which finds favour with fashionable novelists. Indeed, by reason of this very fact their danger is probably much less. The calumnious caricatures of a playwright who would wish his audience to believe that the university crew is trained by a prizefighter—that its members invariably walk about the streets of London in straw hats and white flannels—that a course of frantic debauchery does not sufficiently interfere with the most rigidly self-denying ordinance of training, to prevent the stroke of the boat doing his work on the day of trial, so as to enable his companions to win the race in admirable style, are not likely to carry with them any large amount of popular conviction. The world has heard too much lately of the abstemious austerity of living to which the selected crews of Harvard and Oxford had to submit before they engaged in the contest of the 27th of last August, to believe that victory on the Thames is compatible with orgies in the Haymarket, and nights spent on the sofas of boudoirs in a cottage *ornée* at Fulham.

It is somewhat surprising, too, that this literary or dramatic passion for investing our academic youth with vices more 'splendid' than, as a class, they ever possessed—for surrounding them with a halo of purely fictitious iniquity—and for portraying them in the gaudy colours of a perfectly spectral mode of life, should still retain any attraction whatever. As we have said, within the last few years the pale of Oxford has become extended to an unprecedented degree. Its mysteries have been not indeed violated—that is not the word—but certainly divulged *sub auris*. The existence which is passed within those cloistered walls—if there

still lingers around it any charm of romance—has ceased to be anything of a secret: *intus et in cœtu novimus*; the world knows or might know exactly how the mass of our undergraduates live, and that if their existence is not passed Diogenes-like in tubs, college rooms are yet very far from supplying an adequate reproduction of the social usages of the island of Cyrene. Yet in spite of all this it is not so very long ago that 'tutors of thirty years' standing' seized their pen and wrote to the papers a series of remarkable epistles conveying the surprising intelligence that the great proportion of our lads at Oxford were proceeding to ruin with the utmost rapidity and the most unswerving certainty, by means of that particular avenue of which a green sward, a betting-ring, and a betting-book are the sure symbols; that not merely were these youngsters in the habit of living at a rate which their allowances and the incomes of their fathers failed altogether to justify, but that it was their systematic practice nightly to lose at cards sums which would make respectable gamblers open their eyes; and that throughout the whole of the racing season study was impossible on the banks of the Isis, because the young gentlemen who ought to be busy with their Latin and Greek, were wholly and solely occupied with making up their books for the great events of the year. Indeed, these tutors, who gave us to understand that they were in possession of the accumulated experience of three decades, vouchsafed us intelligence more alarming even than this. It was no such uncommon thing, they positively assured us, for young men, infants and undergraduates, to be either part or entire owners of racehorses—a circumstance which they declared was perfectly well known to the college authorities, yet winked at by them. In fact, these gentlemen, with the air of men who had a great public duty to perform, pretty plainly let us understand that to send a lad to Oxford at the present day was but to put him upon that broad and downward slanting road which

leads to destruction—simply to cut for him the first turf of what Mr. Boucicault, *à propos* to his new play, calls the ‘The Railroad to Ruin.’

Presently, however, a fact came out which shed a new light upon the alarming communications of these experienced educationalists. That their remarks should not have been allowed to pass unchallenged, was only natural; that the tutors of thirty years’ standing should not have turned round, and endeavoured to vindicate the veracity of their original strictures upon what, by a monstrous abuse of an ancient and classical tongue, they chose to call ‘the gambling diathesis,’ was perhaps equally natural. In the course of so doing, however, they let escape them an admission which enabled people to account for the surprising statements originally made in an altogether new manner. According to their own confession, the erewhile academical authorities had not the slightest personal experience of Oxford at the present day. Tutors, indeed, of thirty years’ standing is just what they were not; that was the extent of their seniority probably as graduates, and according to their own account fifteen or twenty years had elapsed since they were actually engaged in the work of college tuition. They were guilty, in fact, at once of an absurd logical fallacy and a most mischievous moral anachronism. They had proceeded upon the assumption that an order of things which they recollect in their own time to prevail in what were probably only a few isolated instances, must prevail universally in the present day as well—that the social features of Oxford in this current year of grace must be identical with the social features of the Oxford of the past—and that undergraduate extravagance must be in general now precisely what in a few particular instances it once was.

It is thirty years since; and it is precisely because the period which these newspaper correspondents now in view bears that remote date, that their remarks upon Oxford were absolutely worthless, and their much-vaunted experience

altogether irrelevant and inapplicable. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the magnitude and the importance of the change which has come over the social condition—and it is to the social side of Oxford that we shall entirely confine ourselves here—in the course of the last twenty-five, ten, nay, even five years. Very possibly such beautiful glimpses of studious and simple undergraduate life as Sir John Coleridge has given us may not be perfect specimens of the average existence which these young gentlemen actually lead. If the ideal which Wordsworth proposed and which he immortalized in felicitous diction, ‘Plain living and high thinking,’ be not in both its factors fully realized, there is certainly in the Oxford of the present day an infinitely nearer approach to one of them than there ever was. ‘Plain living’ is gaining ground, as a principle of daily conduct, rapidly upon the banks of the Isis. Academic extravagance and the superfluities of academic luxury are fast disappearing—swiftly ceasing to be salient characteristics of the place and of its inhabitants. It is important for readers of this article to remember that we are speaking from as close, accurate, and as personal a knowledge of the Oxford of the present day, and of the Oxford of ten years since, as it is perhaps possible to possess. But our object in writing is practical: and being such we can have no reason ‘to extenuate, or aught set down in malice.’ Let those persons who knew Oxford fifteen years since, or even those who have not been very closely *en rapport* with it during the last four or five years, renew their acquaintance with it now. They will assuredly find that the university revisited is a place wholly changed in a vast multitude of respects from what it once was. Why, for the truth of this remark you need not extend your inquiries beyond the Oxford tradesman. If you put up at the Mitre, as you probably will do—for amid much alteration the comfort of the Mitre as a hostelry remains unaltered—the very waiters,

who will probably recognize your face—the hostess of the Mitre is extremely Conservative in the matter of waiters—will inform you, as they lay your cloth for dinner, or take your orders for breakfast, that things are vastly different from what they once were.

'The University's quite changed, sir,' remarks the trusty William; 'none of the old lot, sir, up at all: quite a new set of young men;' and William says these last two words in a somewhat contemptuous tone, that contrasts very much with the 'gentleman' of the old days. 'Can't understand it at all, sir. As for dinners, we don't have one where we used to have ten. Hunting! there's no hunting at all, sir. Strikes me that all the gentlemen of the sort we used to have must go to Cambridge now. Depend upon it, sir, the University's ruined. What wine will you have, sir?'

And your order given, the faithful William whisks off, leaving you to reflect upon the melancholy fact of the decadence of the academic halls which old association makes you love.

Perhaps you think it well, not that you wish to throw any discredit upon the somewhat sweeping statement, and the Cassandra-like vaticination of the head waiter at the Mitre, somewhat to extend the circle of your investigations and to judge for yourself. Or you may choose, for reasons of your own, to interrogate some of the tradesmen whose imposing windows line the High Street. In the spirit of the thing you find that they one and all tally as accurately as possible with William's assurance. *Non sumus quales eramus*—that is the one unvarying burthen of the aggregate of their collected replies. The undergraduate you rapidly discover, *vulgaris species*, is not the money-spending, fast-going, devil-may-care young fellow that he once was. The livery-stable keepers tell you that their occupation is nearly gone. Charles Symonds—his name has become historical—shaking his head the while in the Burleigh-like manner peculiar to him so far back as mortal memory can reach, beneath

the arched entrance to his stables in Holywell Street, informs you that 'Men don't hunt and can't ride as they once did.' All of which intelligence, saddening though it is to these gentlemen themselves, must be welcome enough, you reflect, to the parents who send their sons to Oxford, not to learn how to keep up with hounds, but to pass their examinations, imbibe a certain amount of culture in the course of preparation for their degree, live economically, and quit the University out of debt.

Now all these replies, whether from head waiters or from tradesmen, strike you as most significant, and so assuredly they are most significant. The conclusions which they suggest you find entirely corroborated by the result of inquiries and observations elsewhere. Renew your personal acquaintance with the undergraduate tribe—and as the undergraduate still retains his hospitable instincts, though on a somewhat limited scale, you will have no difficulty in doing this—and you will speedily and inevitably notice the prevalence of a very different régime from that which existed in the days of the Consulship of Plancus. There is no doubt about the youngsters having become ten times more quiet and studious than you knew them once to be. The conviction on their parts that a certain amount of reading really ought to be done before lunch, has decidedly gained ground. It is generally acknowledged that unlimited billiards is a bad thing. It is universally admitted that a man ought not to get plucked if he can get through, and that it is well to stretch a point, and not quit the University without having taken honours in at least one of the schools. Hot luncheons, you notice—fearfully seductive allurements to systematic idleness—have almost entirely gone out. As for suppers, those most fatal snares of profuse academic expenditure in the days gone by, are hardly ever heard of. There is no demand for matutinal soda water, as in the days of Mr. Verdant Green. College quads have ceased to resound with dis-

cordant melodies at night. To cut a lecture is quite exceptional. As for stealthy expeditions to town, they are very seldom carried out. Van John and Loo, you find, are by no means the institutions that they once were; and as for the 'gambling diathesis,' about the only noticeable signs of it are quiet whist at fourpenny points. If men get proctorized for appearing after dusk in non-academical costume, they don't turn round and tell that official that if he will call in on them to-morrow he will find some devilled anchovies at lunch, and a hand at *écarte*; they merely apologise, and go home to their colleges trembling and quaking at the thought of the morrow's interview.

No doubt instances occasionally there are when this even tenor of average undergraduate virtue is broken by the revelation of some abnormal undergraduate deflection from the straight path of propriety. Some one or other 'runs a mucker,' gets into debt, gets rusticated, and finally has to be taken away by the father whom he has almost ruined, and whose heart he has almost broken. But the doctrine of averages is of universal application, and if you would form a fair estimate you must argue from the practices of a majority, not of a distinct minority. Now the picture which we have drawn of the modern undergraduate, of his way of thinking and his way of living, is perfectly accurate. No doubt this young gentleman is occasionally priggish and conceited, full of insufferable airs, and imperatively requiring the wholesome discipline of a punctual course of snubbing. In the main, however, the undergraduate of the present day is a very promising specimen of a healthy young Englishman. He is manly and courageous. Athletic sports flourish with unabated vigour at Oxford, and find with the Oxford undergraduate as much popularity as they ever did. The lad is as good a cricketer as ever, and the art of that fatally long workman-like stroke, which seems destined to win Oxford an interminable series of victories on the river, has by no

means been lost. The only thing is that upon the manly materials and prowess of the Oxford undergraduate have been very generally grafted new habits of economy and study. We absolutely search in vain, in the majority of Oxford colleges, to discover the existence of the rowing rowdy sets which once gave them their tone.

Now how has all this change in the current practices of the University—and a change undoubtedly of great magnitude it is—been accomplished? We believe that there are certain obvious circumstances to which it may be referred. In the first place, within the last few years a very remarkable alteration has taken place in the *personnel* of the undergraduate body. The number of those who are the sons of parents of position and of wealth, are not now, as they once were, in a majority, but in a distinct minority; and it is the majority which will naturally give the tone to the community. The number of open scholarships and the energetic measures which the various college authorities have taken to put down all superfluous expenses—resulting in the most veritable minimizing of the necessary costs of a university career—have placed a university education within the reach of an immense class to whom it was formerly denied. Now we must say frankly that we entertain no particular affection to the unattached student scheme; but we must say, with equal frankness, that there are certain unquestionable benefits which, directly or indirectly, it has been instrumental in producing. It is a manifestation of precisely the same spirit as that which has brought about the measure to which we have alluded that induced, in the first place, the colleges to reduce their tariffs; and it was the rivalry which the unattached scheme has practically constituted which compelled them to reduce these charges still more. To make Oxford perfectly national, all that was required was to make it reasonably economical. This has now been done, and the consequence is that, seeing the number of college scholarships

and school exhibitions which have ceased to be close, and invite the most catholic sort of competition, Oxford is accessible to every lad in the land whom it is likely to benefit.

This is saying much, but it is not saying too much. If the necessary social expenses of Oxford have been diminished to a minimum, so, too, have the equally necessary expenses of tuition and education. It must be remembered that the old generation of don—the old race of college tutor—who went through their lectures anyhow, and cared nothing how it was conducted, so long as they got it over, has completely died out. That was an order of things under which it was impossible for a student to pass successfully and honourably his examination without securing special private assistance in his studies. Then a private tutor—and the expense which a private tutor involved was heavy—was a necessity. Now we have a new tribe of college fellows and tutors—young men who are up to their work, and who are energetic in their execution of it—who spare no pains so long as their duty is done, and who will devote any time that the industrious undergraduate likes to ask of them to private supervision of his work. College lectures may once have been a sham, they are now a reality. The college tutor may at one time too often have been a man whose main object was to shirk his work; now he is a man whose one object it is to perform that work honestly and efficiently. Parents often ask to know how is it that I have to pay for a private tutor for my son? We will tell them how it is. It is by no means too much to say that the only instances in which, in all the best colleges at Oxford, private tuition is necessary, are those of exceptional and abnormal crassness or unmitigated indolence. If a lad is the victim of the former, he never ought to have been sent to Oxford at all; if of the latter, he has no right to be kept there.

But this is not the only step which the college authorities of Oxford have recently taken towards

an economical reform. If they have almost wholly enabled the student to dispense with the necessity of private tuition, they have also enabled him to dispense with the necessity of going outside his college walls for the purchase of certain articles which he could previously only procure at shops. For the wares of grocery, &c., the colleges have themselves opened their own emporia. That the movement is very much the reverse of popular with the town is scarcely to be wondered at; and we may remark that we are not entirely convinced as to the prudence or necessity of the step. The sole cause which has compelled the tradesmen of Oxford to charge higher prices for their goods than those which the colleges charge under the new order of things, has been the long-credit system. Once have this abolished, and there is not a tradesman in Oxford dealing in such commodities who would not gladly consent to supply undergraduates with the articles that they now purchase of their colleges at precisely the same price. We make these remarks because it is of the utmost importance that between the University and the town a good understanding should exist. If, however, by the plan which they have adopted the college authorities should have dealt the first real blow at the long-credit system, they will have been instrumental in conferring a benefit upon all Oxford undergraduates and the parents of all Oxford undergraduates which it is impossible to exaggerate.

We have sufficiently exemplified the change which has taken place at Oxford, and have given what appear to us the main causes of that change. Briefly to summarize, what we have said comes to this: the days of Oxford as an aristocratic institution are over, consequently the vices of Oxford as such have disappeared; hence the alarm which parents are apt to feel at first sending their son 'to study learning on the Isis' is mainly groundless. Oxford is rapidly becoming essentially middle-class—middle-class in all her social ideas, and middle-class

in most of her views of life. She possesses, and will henceforward possess, the faults and the excellences of a middle-class institution; and the faults of a middle-class institution are not those on which fashionable writers and ignorant playwrights dwell. We say nothing as to our opinion on the entire desirability of the change: we only chronicle it as a fact. Five years ago a great middle-class college in Oxford, such as that which Queen's, for instance, has become, would have been an impossibility. But we have Queen's, and we know that the impossibility is a fact. What the pious Eaglesfield would have said, could he have witnessed the respectable assemblage of middle-class youths who congregate in the hall for their daily dinner is another question. We must accept circumstances as they are; and from its senior tutor down to its freshest freshman Queen's is the centre and

shrine of everything which is middle-class. Now, we believe that Queen's may be taken as a fair type of the tone which the whole university a few years hence will assume. And yet there are persons who profess surprise that the political opinions of resident Oxford are Liberal.

We should have been glad to have said something on the subject of the intellectual aspect of Oxford —its features and its pitfalls. But this is scarcely the place. Scepticism, if scepticism there be, is but a transient phase, not a permanent condition, and herein many anxious parents may take refuge. What we have mainly wished to do here, is to point out the absurdity, the misrepresentations of the Oxford of to-day—to demolish the *idola* which may or must prevail in the popular mind concerning her, and to show the social condition of the University, not as it was, but as it is.

## CORSETS AND CORPULENCE.

WHOEVER frequents the places where ladies congregate—‘spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ’—must have been struck with the revival of two old fashions which philosophers supposed a few years ago that they had exploded for ever. Most of us have read or heard denunciations of ‘tight lacing,’ and how it is said to cause consumption, and crookedness, and all manner of diseases; and that walking on high heels produces another set of ailments of only inferior degree. Nevertheless mankind persist in recurring to the old admiration of slender figures, and in considering no part of the female form more attractive than a pair of well-shaped feet walking steadily and well on high heels tapering nearly to a point—perhaps because none but very well-made feet can do so. We only wonder how any ladies can be misled into defacing the beautiful outline of a good foot by rosettes and buckles and heavy-looking shoes, instead of the neat and smooth leather boot, which sets off the foot

and ankle as nothing else ever did, especially in these days of short dresses, which ladies with good feet are quite right in using. And though some excessively high heels are both objectionable and ugly, there is no doubt that shoes without raised heels tend to produce the ‘flat feet’ with turned-up toes for which waiters at hotels are notorious, and to which deformity women are more liable than men.

Of that we have no more to say; but that invisible article of dress, which is called by its enemies an instrument of torture, while the martyrs themselves declare that they enjoy it, has a long and curious history of its own, on which whole books have been written in various languages, from England to Ceylon. Last year added another, called ‘The Corset and the Crinoline,’ by W. B. L., besides a multitude of letters, and not from ladies only, in some of the periodicals designed for their edification. Some of these statements, both as to the old history and modern experience on the sub-

ject, are so remarkable that we think a short summary of them may be interesting to our readers.

Premising therefore that we do not at all vouch for their accuracy, we may say that the cultivation of small waists begins with the gods; for Homer makes Juno put on a golden girdle when she dressed herself to charm Jupiter into granting her a favour; and no more charming girdle for a small and round waist, but not for a large one, has ever been invented than that flat metal band which some of our Junos have been wearing lately. The *cestus* of Venus, which Juno borrowed at the same time, was more probably a decorated stomacher, though some commentators take that to have been a waistband also. Homer frequently applies to his terrestrial beauties the epithet 'well-girdled,' and the term 'wasp-waisted' is as old as the Greek comedian Aristophanes, who uses it rather as a compliment (*Plutus* 557). Terence (Eun. II. i. 25) describes the Roman girls as laced tightly by their mothers, and having their shoulders strapped back, to make them slender and upright, and admired by the other sex; and other Latin poets allude to the same thing. In Ceylon there are said to be books which prescribe the measure of the female span, or from fourteen to fifteen inches, as the proper size for the waist; and there is a picture in the 'Corset and Crinoline' of a Persian dancing girl with a figure that might be envied in Belgravia. Circassian women are said to wear, both day and night, a severe-looking corset made of wood and leather; and we are told by another writer that the corsets of Western Europe have lately been adopted with great satisfaction by the Turkish ladies. We must say, however, that W. B. L.'s description of the Circassian ladies' tight-lacing is very different from the older account of their dress in 'Curzon's Monasteries of the Levant.' On the other hand, Mr. Curzon describes some Albanian young men whom he met with, as being as active as cats, and with waists not much more than eighteen inches

round, and from their white dresses and short petticoats and slender waists, looking like young ladies escaped from the Opera.

After the dark ages certain tight and stiff garments called *cottes hardies* reappeared in France in the ninth century, and before 1043 tight lacing had become common enough in this country to be caricatured by a picture of a female demon in tight stays like our present ones, except that they are laced in front, as they were generally until quite modern times. The two queens of Henry I., one from Scotland and the other from France, and a daughter of Edward III., seem to have been eminent tight-lacers. In various early poems, English and Scotch and French women are described as 'laced small, jollyf, and well,' 'with middles small as wands,' and 'weasles,' and so forth, and their pictures for several centuries agree with those descriptions. Indeed it would be difficult to find in the poetry of any age, from Homer down to the present time, any admiration of thick-waisted women, or any epithets of praise applied to their figures but those which imply slenderness, and, in short, what has been always understood by the terms 'a good figure' or 'a fine shape.' Even the writers who formally denounce corsets occasionally express an unguarded admiration of figures which cannot possibly exist without them. As soon as they 'have reason to believe that no injurious force has been employed to create that slender compass' (as Mr. Trollope says of Ophelia Gledd, the belle of Boston), the instinctive admiration of a small and 'well-girdled' waist overpowers philosophy and comes out. In an old French book, quoted in Fosbrooke's 'Antiquities,' it is said to be the duty of a femme de chambre to be tight-laced herself, as well as to perform that operation on her mistress. Catherine de Medici, who had been an Italian beauty in her youth, invented a most formidable corset made of crossed steel bars, in which the ladies of her court, and other courts of Europe, were contracted into the almost incredible circumference of thirteen inches, or

very little more than four inches in diameter. But as thirteen French inches were nearly equal to fourteen English, probably that was only equivalent to requiring that they should be able to span their own waists; which was equally the fashion with our Puritan young ladies of the next century, as it had been in the time of Queen Elizabeth and her successor, when it seems that the most tremendous constriction in the stiffest stays was practised by both sexes, and high heels first came into fashion.

Those Puritan damsels, of whom a contemporary writer said, ‘they never think themselves small enough unless they can span their waists,’ evidently meant to compensate for the enforced plainness of their dress by the attractiveness of their figures. For whether the maxim of ‘figure before face,’ lately quoted in the ‘Times,’ is true or not, ‘figure before dress’ is much more of an axiom than ladies of the period seem to understand. They do not seem to be aware that extravagant costumes excite little admiration, and some horror at the idea of paying for them, in the eyes of men, which may be always seen to follow magnetically a well-laced and upright figure in the plainest dress and with the plainest face, either on horseback or on foot, especially if the foot itself adds to the attraction.

The ladies of the Restoration were as loose in their dress as in their morals; and we have heard of girls of another period who may be called both ‘fast and loose.’ But soon after the Revolution the empire of the corset was restored in full vigour. Congreve, who flourished at the close of that century, writes of

‘The Mulcibers who forge those stays of steel,  
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill;’

not meaning the Medicean steel corsets, which had then gone out of fashion, but stays of the usual materials stiffened with numerous steel ribs. Prior’s well-known lines are of the same period:

‘No longer shall the bodice aptly laced,  
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,  
That air and harmony of shape express,  
Fine by degrees and beautifully less?’

In Queen Anne’s time, and during a great part of the eighteenth century, the ladies of Europe were compressed in stays of stiff leather into such excessive smallness, that they were said to resemble the letter V in outline, as indeed their pictures indicate; for unless the smallness of their waists was exaggerated by the painters, some of them were less than four inches wide, or about eleven inches round; but that is hardly conceivable. About the time of the French Revolution the so-called classical costumes flourished for a time, with hideously impossible waists close under the arms; but these soon disappeared, and in the first half of this century no possible waist, in the natural and proper place for it, was thought too small. Ladies were again represented in their portraits with waists not much thicker than their necks, and in caricatures of the fashions they are almost insects. A writer in 1810, whose father had been rejoicing over the decline and fall of the corset a few years before, says that the fashion had returned with unexampled fury, and that the ladies were making up for lost time and figures by being laced till the laces broke in stays stiffened with steel bars three inches wide, and that the measure of the span was re-established. The women of the New World have rather surpassed those of the Old in slimness: it seems the smallest waists there are called ‘illusions.’ Among the European nations it appears that Austria has long had the pre-eminence in the cultivation of the figure, and that the Viennese corsets are famous for their elegance, and the present Empress for her figure, which the Empress of the French never was; if she had been, the fashion would probably not have declined, as it has done in her time. Some Swiss ladies also have wonderfully small waists.

As we mentioned the corset-wearing of gentlemen of the sixteenth century, we must add that the feeling against it does appear to be entirely modern and confined to this country. Fosbrooke says (p. 606) that the young men among the

Gauls were fined if their girdles exceeded a certain size, and that ancient British soldiers wore iron belts to keep themselves thin. Mediæval pictures, in Froissart and other books, give young men, and especially soldiers, excessively small waists, sometimes absolutely smaller than the women; and some old suits of armour and sepulchral monuments have a circumference which would surprise a military tailor now, though not those of thirty years ago. Shakspeare makes Falstaff say, that 'when he was young he was like an eagle's talon in the waist.' The small bronze figure of a smart young man of unknown date, which was engraved in this magazine last April, had a waist of quite feminine size. The names of some distinguished persons are given who made no secret of being always tightly laced; and, in short, there is abundant evidence, in pictures and caricatures, in humorous writings of various kinds, in the tailors' fashion-prints, and advertisements of corsets for gentlemen, and within our recollection, in the shape of the gentlemen themselves who aimed at a good figure, that they regularly submitted to the discipline of the corset, even after they had become shy of admitting the impeachment. Fairholt says, in 1846, that 'this disgraceful practice' had continued from the middle ages till the present time. It probably came to be thought disgraceful from the effeminate habits of the dandies of the last century, which were often caricatured. On the other hand, we have heard a saying of 'the Duke's' quoted, that the dandies made the best officers. And Dr. Doran says that Gustavus Adolphus encouraged his officers to dress well, and that they became conspicuous for their tight-laced and slender figures.

We all know that an extremely loose style of dressing came into fashion about twenty years ago, which has already disappeared. But if the books and letters we have referred to are to be trusted, it has long been and still is the custom in some foreign schools to put boys into stays like girls, whether they like it or not. There is an amus-

ing letter in the 'Corset and Crinoline,' from an Englishman who was sent to such a school in Austria, and vainly resisted that treatment at first; but soon learnt, like all his schoolfellows, to enjoy being laced as tight as possible, and has continued it ever since, though he rather conceals than displays the effect of it. Several others have written to the same effect, and say that the practice of wearing, not merely narrow belts but 'regular stays, strongly boned, steeled, and laced,' made by the ladies' stay-makers, is rapidly increasing again among young men, and that they find it so pleasant, as well as beneficial to their health, that they would on no account give it up. On that point we shall quote another letter presently. We do not find any definite standard of size mentioned for gentlemen, like the span for ladies. We are surprised that W. B. L. did not ascertain from the records of military tailors, or some other source, whether the dandies of the Georgian era ever attained the dimensions of Mr. Curzon's Albanians. If pictures can be trusted they must have nearly done so, both in this century and in old times.

But we have to notice the still more surprising statements lately published as to the effects of the most prodigious contraction, from ladies of all ages, married and single, mothers and daughters, schoolmistresses and their former pupils, and the husbands and fathers and uncles of others who have been so treated, compulsorily or voluntarily. They declare that they were gradually reduced from their natural circumference, some of them while young, and others after they were full grown, to sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, and two of them to thirteen inches, without the least injury to their health, or any inconvenience or pain, except a little at first, in a few cases where it was begun late. But in one case, where it was done too violently, and so as to cause great pain for several months, the health of the patient evidently did suffer, as she admits that she feels languid, having formerly been strong and robust. One

of them, a married woman, explains that her undressed size remains twenty-three inches, but that she is contracted about into sixteen when dressed, so that her husband can span her waist though she can not. They all say too that the best health prevails in large schools, both in this country and in others, where the girls are regularly reduced to the smallest size they can bear; and in some cases no relaxation is allowed even at night, an old French practice which is said to be peculiarly effective, and even that is not complained of by those who have submitted to it. But the most surprising thing of all is that these ladies, one after another, and we must add gentlemen too, declare that after a little discomfort and occasional superficial pain at first, the internal sensation of the tightest lacing in the stiffest stays is delightful and 'superb.'

We do not profess either to answer or explain these statements, which would be incredible if they were not so numerous, but simply to give an impartial summary of them; and we have not been able to find a single letter on the other side from any one who alleges that she had actually suffered from such treatment in her youth, or had given it up as soon as she was at liberty to do so, though several of them repeat once more the often-repeated arguments and medical denunciations of tight-lacing. It is said moreover, that if the corsets of the Georgian era were injurious, those of the Victorian are not, because they are now made easy at the top, so as to expand rather than contract the chest. Accordingly some French and English physicians are quoted as recanting the old condemnation of tight stays, and even recommending them, for preventing corpulence, improving the figure, and promoting uprightness, for which purposes it is said by the experienced that the front plate or busk cannot be too stiff, and that stiff stays tightly laced sometimes cure indigestion. Indeed we do not see what harm can be done by mere stiffness, though it is often mentioned as an aggravation of the wickedness of tight

stays that they have so many bones in them: the bones (as far as we can see) only prevent the material from creasing or bending in upon the body, which must be disagreeable, and may easily be injurious; and indeed it is positively said by some of the writers to cause indigestion, while stiff stays cure it. The 'front-fastening' corsets, which were welcomed by young ladies a few years ago as equivalent to 'five minutes more in bed,' are now condemned by the tight lacers as a weak invention, inconsistent with preserving due rigidity in front. And some ladies secure themselves against exceeding their proper circumference by always wearing a band of strong tape of that length, fastened with hooks and eyes, over their lacing.

In Fairholt's '*Costumes*' we are told that in the time of George III. girls used to be made upright by having long needles fixed to the top of their stays under their chin, and most of us have heard of backboards and other contrivances for the same purpose, which is now more pleasantly accomplished by shoulder-straps, pulling the shoulders backwards, not attempting to pull them down, which only pulls the stays up above the proper and natural place of the waist, which is immediately above the hips. Therefore *short* and small waists must be injurious. Uprightness is said to be attained still better and more easily by neck-straps, which are simply a thin leather strap, faced with ribbon for appearance, passing over the neck and buckled to the stays behind. There is no doubt that the best figure would be spoilt by stooping and round shoulders, which also have an appearance of weakness and bad health. For this reason a riding-master says that he encourages his pupils to wear very stiff and tight stays; and it must be confessed that some of the best riders and most active walkers possess figures which are quite unattainable without the help of steel and whalebone and the staylace.

Whatever view may be taken of the cultivation of small waists for the sake of appearance or fashion,

the prevention of corpulence, which is now recognized as a kind of disease, and at least a serious inconvenience, is a very practical question. And on this point we are able to add some information to that already published from a gentleman whom we know to have tried the experiment. He writes as follows:—‘I have no objection to your publishing the results of my experience in the art of getting thin. I need not tell you that I was never remarkable for my attention to dress and appearance; but having been of active habits I found my weight increasing to an inconvenient degree. I tried the usual remedies of ‘Banting’ as far as it agreed with me, and wearing a belt; but they were only partially successful, and the belt uncomfortable after a few hours. I had the common prejudice against wearing laced stays, and an impression that any compression of the ribs must be injurious. But after reading of their merits I thought it foolish to be deterred from trying them by a mere prejudice, and the result has been most satisfactory. My weight is reduced to what it was ten years ago; my digestion is improved, and the greatest compression that can be borne, instead of being painful or disagreeable, is extremely pleasant. It is not even necessary to wear them all day provided you are laced as tight as possible the first thing in the morning, when they are much more effective than if put on after breakfast. About an hour after breakfast, I agree with other writers on the subject, that one can always tighten them still more with comfort. But of course the extreme of tightness requires a little relaxation for dinner. I must add my testimony to that which you will, no doubt, quote from the ‘Corset and Crinoline,’ as to the value of nocturnal compression in reducing the size. Disagreeable as it sounds, and feels at first, I was surprised to find that it soon becomes rather agreeable than otherwise. It certainly makes a material difference in the size you can bear after washing and relacing in the morning, and is sometimes also beneficial to digestion. Although the exhibition

of a good figure is no object of mine, I cannot help seeing the advantage of stays to those who consider their appearance, in improving the figure and carriage and the fitting of the dress, especially if they have the least tendency to corpulence.

‘I find the best material for male corsets is well-dressed leather blocked or stretched when wet and soft upon a pair of wooden blocks twelve or thirteen inches high, by the method well known to curriers. The blocks must be prepared by those who know the proper shape. I believe it would answer to any ingenious corset-maker to take up and advertise the manufacture, as many gentlemen would wear them who for various reasons will not wear stays like those of ladies. The great advantage is that leather keeps quite clean when worn next the skin, and is remarkably pleasant to wear, and so the corset is concealed without any further trouble. It may either be stiffened with crinoline steel, or be thick enough to require no stiffening, except of course the steel plate in front, which cannot be too stiff. It is most convenient to make them lace in front, as lacing tight behind without assistance is by no means easy. They are laced with strong whipcord over a separate piece of stiff leather, about sixteen inches long and six inches wide, with the steel plate attached to it by a thinner piece of leather. As your shape and size alter, the leather can be cut and new holes punched, and the blocks must be altered. I cannot say that this plan will answer in all cases of incipient corpulence, but it is certainly worth trying. All the doctors in England, with ‘Punch’ to help them, will not now convince me that it is injurious; because I know for a fact that it does not produce the effects which they think it ought to do; and so, it seems, does every one who has fairly tried the experiment for a month.’

A retired corset-maker says in a letter to the ‘Englishwoman’s Magazine,’ July 1868, that she constantly made stays for gentlemen, and that many patients had been sent to her

by physicians, and that she could give some astonishing instances of reduction of size and improvement of figure, both in young and adult persons, by judicious lacing, and had never known any harm done by it: with much more to the same effect both from her and other writers.

If we are to add any commentary upon all this, it can only be as follows:—Every *à priori* argument, and all the medical dicta (until lately), seem to be against this artificial contraction of the body. But we must confess that we have failed in finding anything worthy to be called evidence in support of those dicta. Every now and then it is clear that women have fainted and died from some sudden exertion, such as running up stairs, but more frequently from eating too much, when very tightly laced; and it is perfectly evident that any one might be laced to death in ten minutes. But that is a long way from supporting the sweeping statements that ‘thousands of women have died of this fashion,’ or that it is injurious, even in moderation. What is moderation can only be determined by every one’s experience. Pleasure and pain are established by nature as very safe guides for bodily treatment; not of course momentary pleasure or pain, like that of eating and drinking, or losing a bad tooth, but permanent. No one who is unprejudiced by medical theories can believe that Nature is so deceitful as to make anything feel permanently pleasant and beneficial while one’s health is being secretly undermined by it.

It is useless to say, as some of their opponents do, that these witnesses to the pleasure and advantages of contraction ‘are the most foolish of their sex.’ They cannot all be so foolish as to mistake pain for pleasure and bad health for good. Moreover, the foolish and the wise alike have had to submit to this discipline, and some of them confess that they disliked it very much at first, though they now enjoy it. We never heard of the victims of tight boots asserting that the sensation became delightful; and if they did, their walk

would speedily belie them. Comparing the contraction of the waist to the mutilation of the feet of Chinese girls by binding their toes under them, which is a favourite argument of the anti-corset philosophers, is simply an absurd begging of the question whether corsets are injurious. Neither is it anything to the purpose to say that ladies will run the risk of being either burnt to death or starved for the sake of fashion. Risk is a very different thing from pain; and it is impossible that thousands of people in all ages can have willingly spent years in pain for the sake of looking thinner than their neighbours. And though nobody of any sense can advocate the violent contraction of waists from twenty-three to fourteen inches, it is impossible that, if so many persons have lived within that circumference without being the worse for it, there can be any danger in a waist of seventeen to those who can bear it easily, seeing that it contains half as much again as one of fourteen; and twenty inches contain twice as much as fourteen.

A medical correspondent of the ‘Englishwoman’s Magazine,’ May 1868, expressly says that some ladies of average height have waists of seventeen inches without any material compression; and we have heard the same even of ladies who have had children: but such cases must be very rare. He also practically contradicts the theory of the ‘Lancet’ as to the effect of contraction of the waist upon the action of the lungs and diaphragm.

Indeed the editor of the ‘Lancet’ seems to have been altogether unfortunate in his recent attack upon this reviving fashion. He does not appear to know that his own profession are no longer unanimous against it. He is evidently ignorant that modern stays are made so as not to contract the chest, but rather to expand it. He took no notice whatever of the published evidence which he was challenged to answer by the lady who boldly took up the cudgels against him. He charged corsets with causing stooping, and was immediately met





H. Paterson

H. Paterson

Drawn by H. Paterson.

WHO COMES HERE?

[See the Verses.]

with the reply that the only ones which do so are 'those with weak steels in front, for which we are indebted to the doctors.' And he thought it a smart answer to say that murder and robbery and drunkenness have been in fashion as long as tight lacing; which only proved that he had no real answer to give to the argument that this practice (to which there is no self-evident temptation as there is to drinking, &c.) could not have so constantly revived after all its apparent extinctions in every civilised nation for a thousand years, unless it satisfied some natural taste and had some practical advantage.

It is easy for a medical practitioner or editor to appear sagacious by attributing every sudden

death or unknown ailment of a small-waisted patient to her stays, while he disposes of the multitude of others who persist in having good health by predicting that they will suffer some day. But this kind of argument is not calculated to convince those who prefer believing in experience, nor to satisfy those who want to see some solid and practical answer (if there is one) to the facts which have been published. And therefore we must conclude by saying that if the 'Lancet' and its followers do not produce such an answer, they are in danger of being ingloriously defeated by those who may be, for aught we know, 'the most foolish of both sexes.'

## WHO COMES HERE ?

### A Mystery.

WHO comes here  
To startle the deer,  
That fly down the sunny glade,  
Where Maud and May  
Are met to-day  
For a chat in the dappled shade ?

What Maud and May  
Have got to say  
I cannot pretend to tell ;  
Nor why they creep  
Where the shadows sleep  
In the heart of a bosky dell !

But I incline  
The cause to assign  
To a mischievous, winged lad,  
Who troubles hearts  
With smarts and darts,—  
Whose conduct is very bad !

For Maud, you see,  
It seems to me,  
Has a letter to read to May ;  
And May's imprest  
With interest  
In a sweet sympathetic way !

And when you see  
Two damseis agree,  
You may swear, by Queen Venus's  
doves,  
The secret tether,  
That binds them together,  
Is a little affair of loves !

Who comes here,  
The dears and the deer  
Surprising and startling thus ?  
Whee'er he may be,  
He's not, you see,  
Revealed to unlucky us !

A milking-lass  
Perchance may pass—  
Or a lad from the cattle-run—  
The woodman bold,  
Or the shepherd old,  
Or the keeper with ready gun !

'Who comes here ?'  
I'm not quite clear,  
And the artist won't let us see,  
But I should not feel  
Of surprise a deal  
If the maidens confessed 'twas  
HE !



## M. OR N.

*Similia similibus curantur.*

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE,

AUTHOR OF 'DIGBY GRAND,' 'CERISE,' 'THE GLADIATORS,' ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

BLINDED.



See p. 335.

TOM RYFE, walking down Berners Street in the worst of humours, saw the whole game he had been playing slipping out of his hands. If there were to be no duel, all the trouble he had taken went for nothing; and even should there be an unseemly *fracas*, and should a meeting afterwards take place between Lord Bearwarden and Dick Stanmore, what good would it do him, if her ladyship's name were kept out of the quarrel? How he

cursed this cockney painter's resolution and good sense! How he longed for some fierce encounter, some desperate measure, something, no matter what, that should bring affairs to a crisis! It seemed so silly, so childlike, to be baffled now. Yes, he had set his heart on Lady Bearwarden. The great master-passion of his life had gone on gathering and growing till it became, as such master-passions will, when there is neither honour nor religion

to check them, a fury, over which he had lost all control. And he felt that, having gone so far, there was no crime, no outrage, he would shrink from committing, to obtain what he desired now.

When a man is thus ripe for evil he seldom wants opportunity. It must be admitted the devil never throws a chance away. Open your hand, and ere you can close it again he slips a tool in, expressly adapted for the purpose you design—a tool that, before you have done with it, you may be sure, will cut your own fingers to the bone.

'Beg pardon, sir, can I speak to you for a minute?' said a gaudily-dressed, vulgar-looking personage, crossing the street to accost Tom Ryfe as he emerged from the painter's house. 'It's about a lady. About her ladyship, askin' your pardon. Lady Bearwarden, you know.'

That name was a talisman to arrest Tom's attention. He looked his man over from head to foot, and thought he had never seen a more ruffianly bearing, a wilder, sadder face.

'Come up this bye-street,' said he. 'Speak out—I'll keep your counsel, and I'll pay you well. That's what you mean, I suppose. That's business. What about Lady Bearwarden?'

The man cursed her deeply, bitterly, ere he replied—'I know *you*, sir, an' so I ought to, though you don't know *me*. Mr. Ryfe, I seen you in Belgrave Square, along of *her*. You was a courtin' of her then. You owes her more than one good turn now, or I'm mistaken!'

'Who the devil are you?' asked Tom, startled, and with reason; yet conscious, in his dark, dreary despair, of a vague glimmer, bearing the same relation to hope that a will-o'-the-wisp does to the light on our hearth at home.

The man looked about him. That narrow street was deserted but for themselves.

He stared in Tom's face with a certain desperate frankness. 'I'll tell ye who I am,' said he; if you an' me is to go in for this job, as true pals, let's have no secrets between

us, an' bear no malice. They call me "Gentleman Jim," Mr. Ryfe, that's what they call *me*. I'm the man that hocussed you that there afternoon, down Westminster way. I was set on to that job, I was. Set on by *her*. I squeezed hard, I know. All in the way o' business. But I might have squeezed harder, Mr. Ryfe. You should think o' that!'

'You infernal scoundrel!' exclaimed Tom, yet in a tone neither so astonished nor so indignant as his informant expected. 'If you had, you'd have been hanged for murder. Well, it's not *you* I ought to blame. What have you got to say? You can help me—I see it in your face. Out with it. You speak to a man as desperate as yourself.'

'I knowed it!' exclaimed the other. 'When you come out o' that there house, I seen it in the way as you slammed to that there door. Says I, there's the man as I wants an' the man as wants me! I follered you this mornin' from your hotel, an' a precious job I had keepin' up with your hansom, though the driver, as works by times with a pal o' mine, he kep' on easy when he could. I watched of the house, ah! an hour an' more, an' I never turned my head away but to get a drop o' beer from a lad as I sent round to the Grapes for a quart. Bless ye! I hadn't but just emptied the pot, when I see a lady—the very moral of her as we knows on—pops round the corner into Oxford Street. I was in two minds whether to foller, but thinks I, it's Mr. Ryfe as I'm a-lookin' for, an' if it was *she*, we couldn't trap her now, not in a crowded place like that. Besides, I see a servant-gal takin' home the beer drop her a curtsey as she went by. No, it couldn't be my lady; but if so be as you an' me is of the same mind, Mr. Ryfe, my lady shall be safe in a cage afore this time tomorrow, and never a man to keep the key but yourself, Mr. Ryfe, if you'll only be guided by a true friend.'

'Who set you on to this?' asked Tom, coolly enough, considering that his blood was boiling with all the worst and fiercest passions of his nature. 'What do *you* expect

to gain from injury inflicted on 'he could not get the name out)—' on the lady you mention?'

Jim laughed—a harsh, grating laugh.

' You're a deep 'un, Mr. Ryfe! ' he answered. ' I won't deceive you. I put this here in your way because there's two things as I must have to work the job as I ain't got. One's money, and t'other's gumption. I ain't rich enough, an' I ain't hartful enough. I owe my lady a turn, too, never you mind what for, and strike me dead but I'll pay it up! I ain't a-going to say as I wouldn't ha' worked this here off, clear, single-handed, if I'd had the chance. I'm not telling you a lie, Mr. Ryfe; you and me can do it together, an' I'll only charge you fair and reasonable. Ah! not half what you'd take an' offer this minute if I was to stand out for a price.'

Tom Ryfe turned round, put both hands on the other's shoulders, and laughed too.

' We understand each other,' said he. ' Never mind the price. If the work's done to please me, I'm not likely to grudge the money. You've some plan in your head by which you think we can both gain what we most desire. I know you're a resolute fellow. Hang it! my throat's still sore where you got that cursed grip of yours inside my collar. You can believe I am not easily thwarted, or I should hardly be here now. Explain yourself. Let me know your plan. If it is anything like practicable, you and I ought to be able to carry it out.'

Then Jim, not without circumlocution and many hideous oaths, detailed in his hearer's willing ears the scheme he had in view. He proposed, with Mr. Ryfe's assistance, to accomplish no less flagrant an outrage than the forcible abduction of Lady Bearwarden from her home. He suggested that his listener, of whose skill in penmanship he entertained a high opinion, should write such a letter as might lure her ladyship into a lonely, ill-lighted locality, not far from her own door; and Tom, appreciating the anxiety she must now feel about her husband's movements, saw no difficulty

in the accomplishment of such a stratagem. This desperate couple were then to be ready with a four-wheeled cab, a shawl, and a cleverly-constructed gag, in which screaming was impossible. Tom should enact the part of driver, while Jim, being the stronger man of the two, should seize and pinion her ladyship in his grasp. Mute and muffled, she was to be forced into the cab, which could then be driven off to that very lodging in the purlieus of Westminster which Tom knew, by his own experiences, was far removed from assistance or inquiry. Once in Mr. Ryfe's hands, Jim observed, the captive would only be too glad to make terms, and arrangements for taking her out of London, down the river or in any other direction, could be entered into at leisure. Mr. Ryfe surely would not require more than twelve hours to come to an understanding with a lady irrevocably in his power. And all the while, deep in this bold villain's breast lurked a dark, fierce, terrible reflection that one more crime, only one more—almost, indeed, an act of wild retributive justice on his confederate—and that proud, tameless woman would be crouching in the dust, praying for mercy at the feet of the desperate man she had reviled and despised.

Gentleman Jim, maddened by a course of dram-drinking, blinded by an infatuation that itself constituted insanity, was hardly to be considered an accountable being. It may be that under the mass of guilt and impurity with which his whole being was loaded, there glimmered some faint spark of manlier and worthier feeling; it may be, that he entertained some vague notion of appearing before the high-born lady in the light of a preserver, with the blood of the smoother and more polished scoundrel on his hands, and of setting her free, while he declared his hopeless, his unalterable devotion, sealed by the sacrifice of two lives: for, as he often expressed it in imaginary conversations with his idol, ' he asked no better than to swing for her sake.'

Who knows? Fanaticism has its martyrs, like religion. It is not only

the savage heathen who run under Juggernaut every day. Diseased brains, corrupt hearts, and impossible desires go far to constitute aberration of intellect. Unreasoning love, and unlimited liquor, will make a man fool enough for anything.

Tom Ryfe listened well pleased. For him there was neither the excuse of drink nor despair, yet he, too, entertained some notion of home and happiness hereafter, when she found nobody in the world to turn to but himself, and had forgiven him her wrongs because of the tenacity with which he clung to her in spite of all.

Of his friend, and the position he must leave him in, he made no account.

Something very disagreeable came across him, indeed, when he thought of Lord Bearwarden's resolute character—his practical notions regarding the redress of injury or insult; but all such apprehensions were for the future. The present must be a time of action. If only to-night's *coup de main* should come off successfully, he might cross the Atlantic with his prey, and remain in safe seclusion till the outrage had been so far forgotten by the public that those at home whom it most affected would be unwilling to rekindle the embers of a scandal half-smothered and dying out. Tom Ryfe was not without ready money. He calculated he could live for at least a year in some foreign clime, far beyond the western wave, luxuriously enough. A year! With *her*! Why it seemed an eternity; and even in that moment his companion was wondering, half-stupidly, how Mr. Ryfe would look with his throat cut, or his head laid open, weltering in blood; and when and where it would be advisable to put this finishing stroke of murder and perfidy to the crimes he meditated to-night.

Ere these confederates parted, however, two letters had to be written in a stationer's shop. They were directed by the same pen, though apparently in different handwritings, to Lord and Lady Bearwarden at their respective addresses.

The first was as follows:—

'DEAR LORD BEARWARDEN,—

'They won't fight! All sorts of difficulties have been made, and even if we can obtain a meeting at last, it must be after considerable delay. In the mean time I have business of my own which forces me to leave town for four-and-twenty hours at least. If possible, I will look you up before I start. If not, send a line to the office. I shall find it on my return: these matters complicate themselves as they go on, but I still venture to hope you may leave the conduct of the present affair with perfect safety in my hands, and I remain, with much sympathy,

'Your lordship's obedient servant,

'THOMAS RYFE.'

The second, though a very short production, took longer time, both in composition and penmanship. It was written purposely on a scrap of paper from which the stationer's name and the water-mark had been carefully torn off. It consisted but of these lines.

'A cruel mystery has deprived you of your husband. You have courage. Walk out to-night at eight, fifty yards from your own door. Turn to the right—I will meet you and explain all.'

'My reputation is at stake. I trust you as one woman trusts another. Seek to learn no more.'

'That will bring her,' thought Tom, 'for she fears nothing!' and he sealed the letter with a dab of black wax, flattened by the impression of the woman's thimble who kept the shop.

There was a Court Guide on the counter. Tom Ryfe knew Lady Bearwarden's address as well as his own, yet from a methodical and lawyer-like habit of accuracy, seeing that it lay open at the letter B, he glanced his eye, and ran his finger down the page to stop at the very bottom, and thus verify, as it were, his own recollection of his lordship's number, ere he paid for the paper and walked away to post his letters in company with Jim, who waited outside.

The stationer, fitting shelves in

his back shop, was a man of observation and some eccentricity.

'Poll,' said he to his wife, 'it's an uncertain business, is the book-trade. A Court Guide hasn't been asked for over that counter, no, not for six months, and here's two parties come in and look at in a morning. There's nothing goes off, to depend on, but hymns. Both of 'em wanted the same address, I do believe, for I took notice each stopped in the same column at the very foot. Nothing escapes me, lass! However, that isn't no business of yours nor mine.'

The wife, a woman of few words and abrupt demeanour, made a pounce at the Court Guide to put it back in its place, but her 'master,' as she somewhat inconsequently called him, interposed.

'Let it be, lass!' said he. 'There's luck in odd numbers, they say. Who knows but we mayn't have a third party come in on the same errand? Let it be, and go make the toast. It's getting on for tea-time, and the fire in the back parlour's nearly out.'

When these letters were posted, the confederates, feeling themselves fairly embarked on their joint scheme, separated to advance each his own share of the contemplated enormity. Tom Ryfe jumped into a cab, and was off on a multiplicity of errands, while Jim, pondering deeply with his head down, and his hands thrust into his coat pockets, slunk towards Holborn, revolving in his mind the least he could offer some dissipated cabman, whose license was in danger at any rate, for the hire of horse and vehicle during the ensuing night.

Feeling his sleeve plucked feebly from behind, he broke off these meditations, to turn round with a savage oath.

What a dreary face was that which met his eye! Pale and gaunt, [with the hollow eyes that denote bodily suffering, and the deep cruel lines that speak of mental care. What a thin wasted hand was laid on his burly arm, in its velveteen sleeve; and what a weak faint voice in trembling accents, urged its sad, wistful prayer.

‘ Speak to me, Jim—won’t you speak to me, dear? I’ve looked for you day and night, and followed you mile after mile, till I’m ready to lie down and die here on the cold stones.’

‘ Bother! ’ replied Jim, shaking himself free. ‘ I’m busy, I tell ye. What call had you, I should like to know, to be tracking, and hunting of me about, as if I was a—well—a fancy dog we’ll say, as had strayed out of a parlour? Go home, I tell ye, or it’ll be the worse for ye! ’

‘ You don’t love me no more, Jim! ’ said the woman. There was a calm sadness in her voice speaking of that resignation which is but the apathy of despair.

‘ Well—I don’t. There! ’ replied Jim, acceding to this proposition with great promptitude.

‘ But you can’t keep me off of loving *you*, Jim,’ she replied, with a wild stare; ‘ nobody can’t keep me off of that. Won’t ye think better of it, old man? Give us one chance more, that’s a good chap. It’s for dear life I’m askin’! ’

She had wound both hands round his arm, and was hanging to it with all her weight. How light a burthen it seemed, to which those limp rags clung so shabbily, compared with the substantial frame he remembered in former days, when Dorothea was honest, hardworking, and happy.

‘ It ain’t o’ no use tryin’ on of these here games,’ said he, unclasping the poor weak hands with brutal force. ‘ Come! I can’t stop all day. Shut up, I tell ye! You’ll wish you had by-and-by.’

‘ Oh! Jim,’ she pleaded. ‘ Is it come to this? Never say it, dear. If you and me is to part in anger now, we’ll not meet again. Leastways, not on this earth. And if it’s true, as I was taught at Sunday-school, heaven’s too good a place for us! ’

‘ Go to h—ll! ’ exclaimed the ruffian, furiously; and he flung her from him with a force that would have brought her to the ground had she not caught at the street railings for support.

She moaned, and sat down on a doorstep, a few paces off, without looking up.

For a moment Jim's heart smote him, and he thought to turn back, but in his maddened brain there rose a vision of the pale, haughty face, the queenly bearing, the commanding gestures that bade him kneel to worship, and with another oath — remorseless, pitiless, untouched and unrepentant — he passed on to his iniquity.

Dorothea sat with head bent down, and hands clasped about her knees, unconscious, as it seemed, of all the world outside. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and who shall say what expiation she may not have made for sin in that dull trance of pain which took no note of circumstance, kept no count of time?

Ere long, a policeman, good-humoured but imperative, touched her on the shoulder, and bade her 'move on.'

The face that looked up to him puzzled this functionary extremely. The woman was sober enough, he could see, and yet there seemed something queer about her, uncommon queer: he was blessed if he knew what to make of her, and he had been a goodish time in the force, too!

She thanked him very quietly. She had been taking a rest, she said, thinking no harm, for she was tired, and now she would go home. Yes, she was dead-tired, she had better go home!

Wrapping her faded shawl about her, she glided on, instinctively avoiding the jostling of foot passengers and the trampling of horses, proceeding at an even, leisurely pace, with something of the sleep-walker's wandering step and gestures. The roll of wheels came dull and muffled on her ear: those were phantoms surely, those meaningless faces that met her in the street, not living men and women, and yet she had a distinct perception of an apple-woman's stall, of some sham jewellery she saw in a shop-window. She was near turning back then, but it didn't seem worth while, and it was less trouble to plod stupidly on, always westward, always towards the setting sun!

Without knowing how she got

there, presently she felt tufts of grass beneath her feet dank with dew, growing greener and coarser under large towering elms. Oh! she knew an elm-tree well enough! She was country bred, she was, and could milk a cow long ago.

It wasn't Kensington Gardens, was it? She didn't remember whether she'd ever been here before or not. She'd heard of the place, of course; indeed Jim had promised to take her there some Sunday. Then she shivered from head to foot, and wrapped her shawl tight round her as she walked on.

What was that shining far-off between the trees, cool, and quiet, and bright, like heaven? Could it be the water? That was what had brought her, to be sure. She remembered all about it now, and hurried forward with quick, irregular steps, causing her breath to come thick, and her heart to beat with sudden choking throbs.

She pulled at her collar, and undid its fastenings. She took her bonnet off and swung it in her hand. The soiled tawdry ribbon had been given her by Jim, long ago. Was it long ago? She couldn't tell, and what did it matter? She wouldn't have looked twice at it a while back. She might kiss and cuddle it now, if she'd a mind.

What a long way off that water seemed! Not there yet, and she had been walking — walking like the wayfarer she remembered to have read of in the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' All in a moment, with a flash, as it were, of its own light, there it lay glistening at her feet. Another step and she would have been in head foremost! There was time enough. How cool and quiet it looked! She sat down on the brink and wondered why she was born!

Would Jim feel it very much? Ah! they'd none of them care for him like she used. He'd find that out at last. How could he? How could he? She'd given him fair warning!

She'd do it now. This moment, while she'd a mind to it. Afraid! Why should she be afraid? Better than the gin-palace! Better than

the workhouse! Better than the cold, cruel streets! She couldn't be worse off anywhere than here! Once! Twice!

Her head swam. She was rising to her feet, when a light touch rested on her shoulder, and the sweetest voice that had ever sounded in poor Dorothea's ears, whispered softly, 'You are ill, my good woman. Don't sit here on the damp grass. Come home with me.'

What did it mean? Was it over? Could this be one of the angels, and had she got to heaven after all? No; there were the trees, the grass, the distant roar of the city, and the peaceful water—fair, smooth, serene, like the face of a friend.

She burst into a fit of hysterical weeping, cowering under that kindly touch as if it had been a mountain to crush her, rocking herself to and fro, sobbing out wildly, 'I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead!'

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### BEAT.

Like a disturbed spirit Lady Bearwarden wandered about in the fever of a sorrow, so keen that her whole soul would sometimes rise in rebellion against the unaccustomed pain. There was something stifling to her senses in the fact of remaining between the four walls of a house. She panted for air, motion, freedom, and betook herself to Kensington Gardens, partly because that beautiful retreat lay within an easy walk of her house, partly perhaps, that for her, as for many of us, it had been brightened by a certain transient and delusive light which turns everything to gold while it lasts, leaves everything but a dull dim copper when it has passed away.

It was a benevolent and merciful restriction, no doubt, that debarred our first parents from re-entering the paradise they had forfeited. Better far to carry away unsullied and unfaded the sweet sad memories of the Happy Land, than revisit it to find weeds grown rank, fountains

dry, the skies darkened, the song of birds hushed, its bloom faded off the flower, and its glory departed from the day.

She used to sit here in the shade with *him*. There was the very tree. Even the broken chair they had laughed at was not mended, and yet for her a century ago could not have seemed a more hopeless past. Other springs would bloom with coming years, other summers glow, and she could not doubt that many another worshipper would kneel humbly and gratefully at her shrine, but their votive garlands could never more glisten with the fresh dew of morning; the fumes from their lower altars, though they might lull the sense and intoxicate the brain, could never thrill like that earlier incense, with subtle sudden poison to her heart.

To be sure, on more than one occasion she had walked here with Dick Stanmore too. It was but human nature, I suppose, that she should have looked on that gentleman's grievances from a totally different point of view. It couldn't be half so bad in his case, she argued, men had so many resources, so many distractions. She was sorry for him, of course, but he couldn't be expected to feel a disappointment of this nature like a woman, and, after all, theirs was more a flirtation than an attachment. He need not have minded it so very much, and had probably fancied he cared a great deal more than he really did.

It is thus we are all prone to reason, gauging the tide of each other's feelings by the ebb and flow of our own.

Love, diffused amongst the species, is the best and purest of earthly motives, concentrated on the individual it seems but a dual selfishness after all.

There were few occupants of the Gardens; here two or three nursery-maids and children, there a foreign gentleman reading a newspaper. Occasionally, in some sequestered nook, an umbrella, springing up unnecessarily and defiantly like a toad-stool, above two male legs and a muslin skirt. Lady Bearwarden





Wiltord Lawson.]

## SAVED!

'She could have wept too for company.'

[See 'M. or N.'

passed on, with a haughty step and a bitter smile.

There is something of freemasonry in sorrow. Dorothea's vague abstracted gait arrested Maud's attention even from a distance, and involuntarily the delicate lady followed on the track of that limp shabby figure with which she had but this one unconscious link, of a common sorrow, an aching heart.

Approaching nearer, she watched the poor sufferer with a curiosity that soon grew to interest and even alarm.

While Dorothea sat herself down by the water's edge, her ladyship looked round in vain for a policeman or a park-keeper, holding herself in readiness to prevent the horror she already anticipated, and which drove clear off her mind every thought of her own regrets and despondency. There was no time to lose; when the despairing woman half rose to her feet, Lady Bearwarden interposed, calm, collected, and commanding in the courage which had hitherto never failed her in an emergency.

That burst of hysterical tears, that despairing cry, 'I wish I was dead!' told her for the present Dorothea was saved. She sat down on the grass by her side. She took the poor coarse hands in her own. She laid the drooping head on her lap, and with gentle, loving phrases, such as soothe a suffering child, encouraged the helpless wretch to weep and sob her fill.

She could have wept too for company, because of the load that seemed lifted in an instant from her own breast; but this was a time for action, and at such a season it was no part of Maud's nature to sit down and cry.

It was long ere the numbed heart and charged brain had relieved themselves sufficiently for apprehension and intelligible speech. Dorothea's first impulse, on coming to herself, was to smooth her unkempt hair and apologise for the disorder of her costume.

'Never mind your dress,' said Lady Bearwarden, resuming, now the crisis was past, her habitual air of authority, conscious that it would

be most efficacious under the circumstances. 'You are tired and exhausted. You must have food and rest. I ask no questions, and I listen to no explanations, at least till to-morrow. Can you walk to the gate? You must come home with me?'

'Oh, Miss! Oh, my lady!' stammered poor Dorothea, quite overcome by such unlikely sympathy, such unexpected succour.

'It's too much! It's too much! I'm not fit for it! If you only knew what I am?' then, lifting her eyes to the other's face, a pang, keener than all previous sufferings, went through her woman's heart like the thrust of a knife. It all came on her at once. This beautiful being, clad in shining raiment, who had saved and soothed her like an angel from heaven, was the pale girl Jim had gone to visit in her stately, luxurious home, when she followed him so far through those weary streets on the night of the thunderstorm.

She could bear no more. Her physical system gave way, just as a tree that has sustained crash after crash falls with the last well-directed blow. She rolled her eyes, lifted both bare arms above her head, and with a faint despairing cry, went down at Lady Bearwarden's feet, motionless and helpless as the dead.

But assistance was at hand at last. A park-keeper helped to raise the prostrate figure. An elderly gentleman volunteered to fetch a cab. Amongst them they supported Dorothea to the gate and placed her in the vehicle. The park-keeper touched his hat, the elderly gentleman made a profusion of bows and as many offers of assistance which were declined, while Maud, soothing and supporting her charge, told the driver where to stop. As they jingled and rattled away from the gate, a pardonable curiosity prompted the elderly gentleman to inquire the name of this beautiful Samaritan, clad in silks and satins, so ready to succour the fallen and give shelter to the homeless. The park-keeper took his hat off, looked in the crown, and put it on again.

'I see her once afore under them trees,' he said, 'with a gentleman. I see a many and I don't often take notice. But she's a rare sort she is! and as good as she is good-looking. I wish you a good evening, sir.'

Then he retired into his cabin and ruminated on this 'precious start,' as he called it, during his tea.

Meantime Maud took her charge home, and would fain have put her to bed. For this sanatory measure, however, Dorothea, who had recovered consciousness, seemed to entertain an unaccountable repugnance. She consented, indeed, to lie down for an hour or two, but could not conceal a wild, restless anxiety to depart as soon as possible. Something more than the obvious astonishment of the servants, something more than the incongruity of the situation, seemed prompting her to leave Lady Bearwarden's house without delay, and fly from the presence of almost the first friend she had ever known in her life.

When the bustle and excitement consequent on this little adventure had subsided, her ladyship found herself once more face to face with her own sorrow, and the despondency she had shaken off during a time of action gathered again all the blacker and heavier round her heart. She was glad to find distraction in the arrival of a nameless visitor, announced by the most pompous of footmen as 'a young person desirous of waiting on her ladyship.'

'Show her up,' said Lady Bearwarden; and for the first time in their lives the two sisters stood face to face.

Each started, as if she had come suddenly on her own reflection in a mirror. During a few seconds both looked stupefied, bewildered. Lady Bearwarden spoke first.

'You wish to see me, I believe. A sick person has just been brought into the house, and we are rather in confusion. I fear you have been kept waiting.'

'I called while your ladyship was out,' answered Nina. 'So I walked about till I thought you must have

come home again. You've never seen me before—I didn't even know where you lived—I found your address in the "Court Guide"—Oh! I can't say it properly, but I did so want to speak to you. I hope I haven't done anything rude or wrong.'

There was no mistaking the refinement of Nina's voice and manner.

Lady Bearwarden recognized one of her own station at a glance. And this girl so like herself—how beautiful she was! How beautiful they both were!

'What can I do for you?' said her ladyship, very kindly. 'Sit down; I am sure you must be tired.'

But Nina had too much of her sister's character to feel tired when there was a purpose to carry out. The girl stood erect and looked full in her ladyship's face. All unconscious of their relationship, the likeness between them was at this moment so striking as to be ludicrous.

'I have come on a strange errand, Lady Bearwarden,' said Nina, hardening her heart for the impending effort—'I have come to tell a truth and to put a question. I suppose, even now, you have some regard for your husband?'

Lady Bearwarden started. 'What do you know about my husband?' she asked, turning very pale.

'That he is in danger,' was the answer, in a voice of such preternatural fortitude as promised a speedy breakdown. 'That he is going to fight a duel—and it's about you—with—with Mr. Stanmore! Oh! Lady Bearwarden, how could you? You'd everything in the world, everything to make a woman good and happy, and now, see what you've done!'

Tears and choking sobs were coming thick, but she kept them back.

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Maud, trembling in every limb, for through the dark midnight of her misery she began to see gleams of a coming dawn.

'I mean *this*,' answered Nina, steadying herself bravely. 'Lord Bearwarden has found everything out. He has sent a challenge to

Mr. Stanmore. I—I care for Mr. Stanmore, Lady Bearwarden—at least, I did. I was engaged to him.' (Here, notwithstanding the tumult of her feelings, a little twinge crossed Lady Bearwarden to learn how quickly Dick had consoled himself.) 'I'm only a girl, but I know these things can be prevented, and that's why I'm here now. You've done the mischief; you are bound to repair it; and I have a right to come to you for help.'

'But I haven't done anything!' pleaded Maud, in far humbler tones than she habitually used. 'I love my husband very dearly, and I've not set eyes on Mr. Stanmore but once since I married, in Oxford Street, looking into a shop-window, and directly he caught sight of me he got out [of the way as if I had the plague! There's some mistake. Not a minute should be lost in setting it right. I wonder what we ought to do?'

'And—and you're not in love with Mr. Stanmore? and he isn't going to run away with you? Lady Bearwarden, are you quite sure? And I don't deserve to be so happy. I judged him so harshly, so unkindly. What will he think of me when he knows it? He'll never speak to me again.'

Then the tears came in good earnest, and presently Miss Algrenon grew more composed, giving her hostess an account of herself, her prospects, her Putney home, and the person she most depended on in the world to get them all out of their present difficulty, Simon Perkins, the painter.

'I know he can stop it,' pursued Nina, eagerly, 'and he will too. He told the other man nothing should be done in a hurry. I heard him say so, for I listened, Lady Bearwarden, I did. And I would again if I had the same reason. Wouldn't you? I hope the other man will be hanged. He seemed to want them so to kill each other. Don't you think he can be punished? For it's murder, you know, really, after all.'

Without entering into the vexed question of duelling—a practice for which each lady in her heart enter-

tained a secret respect—the sisters consulted long and earnestly on the best method of preventing a conflict that should endanger the two lives now dearer to them than ever.

They drank tea over it, we may be sure, and in the course of that refreshment could not fail to observe how the gloves they laid aside were the same number (six and three-quarters, if you would like to know)—how their hands were precisely similar in shape—how the turn of their arms and wrists corresponded as closely as the tone of their voices. Each thought she liked the other better than any one she had ever met of her own sex.

After a long debate it was decided that Nina should return at once to her Putney home, doubtless ere now much disturbed at her prolonged absence; that she should have full powers to inform Simon of all the confidences regarding her husband Lady Bearwarden had poured in her ear; should authorise him to seek his lordship out and tell him the whole truth on his wife's behalf; also, finally, for women rarely neglect the worship of Nemesis, that after a general reconciliation had been effected, measures should be taken for bringing to condign punishment the false friend who had been at such pains to foment hostilities between the men they both loved.

Lady Bearwarden had her hand on the bell to order the carriage for her visitor, but the latter would not hear of it.

'I can get a cab every twenty yards in this part of the town,' said Nina. 'I shall be home in three-quarters of an hour. It's hardly dark yet, and I'm quite used to going about by myself. I'm not at all a coward, Lady Bearwarden, but my aunts would be horribly alarmed if one of your smart carriages drove up to the gate. Besides, I don't believe it could turn round in the lane. No; I won't even have a servant, thanks. I'll put my bonnet on and start at once, please. You've been very kind to me, and I'm so much obliged. Good-night!'

## CHAPTER XXIX.

NIGHT-HAWKS.

Lord Bearwarden's groom of the chambers, a person by no means deficient in self-confidence, owned that he was mystified. Amongst all the domestic dissensions with which his situation had made him familiar, he could recall nothing like his present experience. This bringing home of a shabby woman out of the street, and ordering the best bedroom for her reception; this visit of a beautiful young person so exactly resembling his mistress that, but for the evidence of his own senses, when he brought in tea and found them together, he could have sworn it was her ladyship; this general confusion of household arrangements, and culpable indifference to the important ceremony of dinner, forced him to admit that he was in a position of which he had no preconceived idea, and from which he doubted whether he could extricate himself with the dignity essential to his office.

Returning to his own department, and glancing at the letter-box in the hall, he reflected with satisfaction how his professional duties had been scrupulously fulfilled, and how, in accordance with his misconception of Lord Bearwarden's orders, every packet that reached the house had been forwarded to its master without delay.

Hence it came to pass that the vexed and angry husband received in due course of post a letter which puzzled him exceedingly.

He had only just digested Tom Ryfe's unwelcome missive, announcing somewhat vaguely that the revenge for which he panted must be delayed two or three days at least, and had cursed, energetically enough, his own friend's mismanagement of the affair, with the scruples entertained by the other side, when a fresh budget was placed in his hands, and he opened the envelopes as people often do, without looking at their addresses: thus it fell out, that he read the anonymous letter directed to his wife, asking for a meeting that same night, in the vicinity of his own house.

'A cruel mystery has deprived you of your husband,' What could it mean? He studied the brief communication very attentively, particularly that first line. And a vague hope rose in his loving, generous heart, that he might have judged her too harshly after all. It was but the faintest spark, yet he tried hard to kindle it into flame. The wariest rogue is never armed on all sides. He is sure to forget some trifling precaution, that, left unguarded, is like the chink in a shutter to let in the light of day. Lord Bearwarden recognized the same hand that had penned the anonymous letter he received on guard—this argued a plot of some sort. He resolved to sift the matter thoroughly, and instead of forwarding so mysterious a request to his wife, repair to the indicated spot in person, and there by threats, bribery, compulsion, any or all means in his power, arrive at a true solution of the mystery.

It was a welcome distraction, too, this new idea, with which to while away the weary interminable day. It seemed well perhaps, after all, that the duel had been postponed. He might learn something to-night that would change the whole current of his actions; if not, let Mr. Stanmore look to himself!

That gentleman, in the mean time, had completely forgotten Lord Bearwarden's existence—had forgotten Mr. Ryfe's visit the night before at his club, the unintelligible quarrel, the proposed meeting, everything but that Nina was lost. Lost! a stray lamb, helpless in the streets of London! His blood ran cold to think of it. He hastened down to Putney, and indeed only knew that he had made so sure of finding her there, by his disappointment to learn she had not returned home. It made his task no easier that Aunt Susannah was in the garden when he reached the house, and he had to dissemble his alarm in presence of that weak-minded and affectionate spinster. 'He was passing by,' he said, 'on his way to town, and only looked in, (he couldn't stay a moment) to know if they had any message to—

to their nephew. He was going straight from here to the painting-room.

'How considerate!' said Aunt Susannah; not without reason, for it was but this morning they parted with Simon, and they expected him back to dinner! 'We have a few autumn flowers left. I'll just run in, and get the scissors to make up a nosegay. It won't take ten minutes. Oh! nothing like ten minutes! You can give it to poor Simon with our dear love. He's so fond of flowers! and Nina too. But perhaps you know Nina's tastes as well as we do, and indeed I think they're very creditable to her, and she's not at all a bad judge!'

Then the good lady, shaking her grey curls, smiled and looked knowing, while Dick cursed her below his breath, for a grinning old idiot, and glared wildly about him, like a beast in a trap seeking some way of escape. It was provoking, no doubt, to be kept talking platitudes to a silly old woman in the garden, while every moment drifted his heart's treasure further and further into the uncertainty he scarcely dared to contemplate.

Some women are totally deficient in the essentially feminine quality of tact. Aunt Susannah, with a pocket-handkerchief tied round her head, might have stood drivelling nonsense to her visitor for an hour, and never found out that he wanted to get away. Fortunately, she went indoors for her scissors, and Dick, regardless of the proprieties, made his escape forthwith, thus avoiding also the ignominy of carrying back to London a nosegay as big as a chimney-sweep's on May-day.

Hastening to the painting-room, his worst fears were realized. Nina had not returned. Simon, too, began to share his alarm, and not without considerable misgivings did the two men hold counsel on their future movements.

It occurred to them at this juncture, that the maid-of-all-work below stairs might possibly impart some information as to the exact time when the young lady left the house. They rang for that domestic accordingly, and bewildered her

with a variety of questions in vain.

Had she seen Miss Algernon during the morning? She was to think, and take time, and answer without being frightened.

'Miss Algernon! Lor! that was her as come here most days, along o' him,' with a backward nod at Dick. 'No—she hadn't a-seen her to-day, she was sure. Not particler that was. Not more nor any other day.'

'Had she seen her at all?'

'Oh, yes! she'd seen her at all. In course you know, she couldn't be off of seeing her at all!'

'When did she see her?'

'When? oh! last week, every day a'-most. And the week afore that too! She wasn't a-goin' to tell a lie!'

'Then she hadn't seen her this morning?'

'Yes, she'd seen her this morning. When she come in, you know, along o' the other gentleman.' Here a dive of the shock head at Simon, and symptoms of approaching emotion.

'Why, you said you hadn't at first!' exclaimed Dick, perplexed and provoked.

Forthwith a burst of sobs and tears.

'Compose yourself, my good girl,' said the painter, kindly. 'We don't want to hurry nor confuse you. We are in great distress ourselves. Miss Algernon went out, we believe, to take a walk. She has not returned here, nor gone home. It would help us very much if we knew the exact time at which she left the house, or could find anybody who saw her after she went away.'

If you want a woman to help you, even a maid-of-all-work, tell her your whole story and make no half-confidences. The drudge brightened up through her tears, and assumed a look of intelligence at once.

'Lor!' said she, 'why didn't ye say so? In course I see the young lady, as I was a-fetchin' in the dinner beer. She'd a-got her bonnet on, I took notice, and was may-be goin' for a walk, or to get a few odds and ends, or such like.'

Here a full stop with a curtsey. The men looked at each other and waited.

'She went into a shop round the corner, for I seen her myself. A stationer's shop it were. An' I come home, then, with the beer, an' shut to the door, an' I couldn't tell you no more, no, not if you was to take and kill me dead this very minute!'

Stronger symptoms of agitation now appearing, Simon thought well to dismiss this incoherent witness, and proceed at once to the stationer's shop in quest of further intelligence. Its proprietor was ready to furnish all the information in his power.

'Had a lady answering their description been in his shop?' 'Well, a great many ladies come backwards and forwards, you know. Trade wasn't very brisk just now, but there was always something doing in the fancy stationery line. It was a light business, and most of his customers were females. His "missis" didn't take much notice, but he happened to be something of a physiognomist himself, and a face never escaped him. A very beautiful young lady, was it? Tall, pale, with dark eyes and hair. Certainly, no doubt, that must be the party. Stepped in about dinner-time; seemed anxious and in a hurry, as you might say; didn't take any order from her,—the young lady only asked as a favour to look into their "*Court Guide*." There it lay, just as she left it. Singular enough, another party had come in afterwards to write a letter, and took the same address he believed, right at the foot of the column; these were trifles, but it was his way to notice trifles. He was a scientific man, to a certain extent, and in science, as they probably knew, there were no such things as trifles. He remembered a curious story of Sir Isaac Newton. But perhaps the gentlemen were in a hurry.'

The gentlemen were in a hurry. Dick Stanmore, with characteristic impetuosity, had plunged at the '*Court Guide*', to scan the page at which it lay open with eager eyes. At

the foot of the column said this man of science. To be sure, there it was, Barsac, Barwise, Barzillai, Bearwarden—the very last name in the page. And yet what could Nina want at Lord Bearwarden's house? Of all places in London why should she go there? Nevertheless, in such a hopeless search, the vaguest hint was welcome, the faintest clue must be followed out. So the two men, standing in earnest colloquy under the gas-lamps, resolved to hunt their trail as far as Lord Bearwarden's residence without further delay.

The more precious are the moments, the faster they seem to pass. An autumn day had long given place to night ere they verified this last piece of intelligence, and acquired some definite aim for their exertions; but neither liked to compare notes with the other, nor express his own disheartening reflection that Nina might be wandering so late, bewildered, lonely, and unprotected through the labyrinths of the great city.

In the mean time Gentleman Jim and his confederate were fully occupied with the details necessary to carry their infamous plot into execution. The lawyer had drawn out from the bank all the ready money he could lay hands on, amounting to several hundred pounds. He had furnished Jim with ample funds to facilitate his share of the preparations, and he had still an hour or two on hand before the important moment arrived. That interval he devoted to his private affairs and those of the office, so that his uncle should be inconvenienced as little as possible by an absence which he now hoped might be prolonged for a considerable time.

It had been dark for more than an hour ere the accomplices met again, equipped and ready for the work they had pledged themselves to undertake.

Jim, indeed, contrary to his wont when 'business,' as he called it, was on hand, seemed scarcely sober; but to obtain the use of the vehicle he required without the company of its driver, he had found it necessary to ply the latter with liquor till he became insensible, although the

drunken man's instincts of good fellowship made him insist that his generous entertainer should partake largely of the fluids consumed at his expense. To drink down a London cabman, on anything like fair terms, is an arduous task, even for a housebreaker, and Jim's passions were roused to their worst by alcohol long before he arrived with his four-wheeled cab at the appointed spot where he was to wait for Tom Ryfe.

How he laughed to himself while he felt the pliant life-preserver coiled in his great-coat pocket—the long, keen, murderous knife resting against his heart. A fiend had taken possession of the man. Already overleaping the intervening time, ignoring everything but the crime he meditated, his chief difficulty seemed how he should dispose of Tom's mutilated body ere he flew to reap the harvest of his guilt.

He chuckled and grinned with a fierce, savage sense of humour, while he recalled the imperious manner in which Mr. Ryfe had taken the initiative in their joint proceedings; as if they originated in his own invention, were ordered solely for his own convenience; and the tone of authority in which that gentleman had warned him not to be late.

'It's good! That is!' said Jim, sitting on the box of the cab, and peering into the darkness, through which a gas-lamp glimmered with dull, uncertain rays, blurred by the autumn fog. 'You'd like to be master, you would, I dare say, all through the job, and for me to be man! You'd best look sharp about it. I'll have that blessed life of yours afore the sun's up to-morrow, and see who'll be master then. Ay, and missis, too! Hooray! for the cruel eyes, and the touch-me-not airs! The proud, pale-faced devil! as thought Jim wasn't quite the equals of the dirt beneath her feet. Steady! Here he comes.'

And looming through the fog, Mr. Ryfe approached with cautious, resolute step; carrying a revolver in his pocket, prepared to use it, too, on occasion, with the fearless energy of a desperate man.

'Is it all ready, Jim?' said he, in a whisper. 'You haven't forgot the gag? Nor the shawl to throw round her head? The least mistake upsets a job like this.'

For answer, Jim descended heavily from his seat, and holding the cab-door open, pointed to the above-named articles lying folded on the front seat.

'You'll drive, master,' said he, with a hoarse chuckle. 'You know the way. First turn to the left. I'll ride inside, like a lord, or a fashionable doctor, and keep my eye on the tackle.'

'It's very dark,' continued Tom, uneasily. 'But that's all in our favour, of course. You know her figure as well as I do. Don't forget, now. I'll drive close to the pavement, and the instant we stop, you must throw the shawl over her head, muffle her up, and whip her in. This beggar can gallop, I suppose.'

'He's a thoroughbred 'un,' answered Jim, with a sounding pat on the horse's bony ribs. 'Leastways, so the chap as I borrowed him off of swore solemn. He was so precious drunk. I'm blessed if I think he knew what he meant. But howsoever, I make no doubt the critter can go when it's pushed.'

Thus speaking, Jim helped the other to mount the box, and placed himself inside with the door open, ready to spring like a tiger when he should catch sight of his prey.

The streets of the great city are never so deserted as an hour or two after nightfall, and an hour or two before dawn. Not a single passenger did they meet, and only one policeman; while the cab with its desperate inmates rattled and jolted along on this nefarious enterprise.

It was stopped at last close to the footway in a dimly-lighted street, within a hundred yards of Lord Bearwarden's house, which stood a few doors off round the corner.

A distant clock struck the hour. That heavy clang seemed to dwell on the gloomy stillness of the atmosphere, and both men felt their nerves strangely jarred by the dull, familiar sound.

Their hearts beat fast. Tom

began to wish he had adopted some less unconventional means of attaining his object, and tried in vain to drive from his mind the punishments awarded to such offences as he meditated by the severity of our criminal code.

Jim had but one feeling, with which heart and brain were saturated. In a few minutes he would see her again! In a new character, possibly—tearful, humbled, supplicating. No; his instincts told him that not even the last extremity of danger would force a tear from those proud eyes, nor bow that haughty head an inch. How this wild, fierce worship maddened him! So longing, yet so slavish—so reckless, so debased, yet all the while cursed with a certain leavening of the true faith, that drove him to despair. But come what might, in a few minutes he would see her again. Even at such a time, there was something of repose and happiness in the thought.

So the quasi-thoroughbred horse went to sleep and the men waited; waited, wondering how the lagging minutes could pass so slow.

Listen! a light footstep round the corner. The gentle rustle of a woman's dress. A tall slight figure gliding yonder under the gas-lamp, coming down the street, even now, with head erect, and easy, undulating gait.

The blood rose to Jim's brain till it beat like strokes from a sledge-hammer. Tom shortened the reins, and tightened the grasp round the whip.

Nearer, nearer she came on. The pure, calm face held high aloft, the pliant figure moving ever with the same smooth, graceful gestures. Fortune favoured them; she stopped when she reached the cab, and seemed about to engage it for her journey.

The men were quick to see their advantage. Jim, coiled for a spring, shrank into the darkest corner of the vehicle. Tom, enacting driver, jumped down, and held the door to help her in.

Catching sight of the dark figure on the front seat, she started back. The next moment there rose a faint

stifled shriek: the shawl was over her head. Jim's powerful arms wound themselves tight round her body, and Tom clambered in haste to the box.

But quick feet had already rained along that fifty yards of pavement. A powerful grasp was at the driver's throat, pulling him back between the wheels of the cab: and he found himself struggling for life with a strong, angry man, who swore desperately, while two more figures ran at speed up the street.

Tom's eyes were starting, his tongue was out.

'Jim, help me!' he managed to articulate. 'I'm choking.'

'You infernal scoundrel!' exclaimed his antagonist, whose fury seemed redoubled by the sound of that familiar voice: the grasp closing round Tom's neck like iron, threatened death unless he could get free.

An instinct of self-preservation bade him pluck at his revolver. He got it out at the moment when Jim, setting his back to the door to secure his captive, dealt with the heavy life-preserver a blow at the assailant's head, which fortunately only reached his shoulder. The latter released Tom's throat to get possession of the pistol. In the struggle it went off. There was a hideous blasphemy, a groan, and a heavy fall between the wheels of the cab.

Ere the smoke cleared away two more auxiliaries appeared on the scene. With Simon Perkins's assistance, Lord Bearwarden had little difficulty in pinioning his late antagonist; while Dick Stanmore, having lifted the imprisoned lady out of the cab, over the house-breaker's prostrate body, held her tightly embraced, in a transport of affection intensified by alarm.

Lord Bearwarden, usually so collected, was now utterly stupefied and amazed. He looked from Tom Ryfe's white face, staring over the badge and great coat of a London cabman, to the sinking form of his wife—as he believed—in the arms of her lover, clinging to him for protection, responding in utter shamelessness to his caresses and endearments.

'Mr. Stanmore!' he exclaimed, in a voice breathless from exertion, and choking with anger. 'You and I have an account to settle that cannot be put off. Lady Bearwarden, I will see you home. Come with me this instant.'

Dick seemed as if he thought his lordship had gone mad. Nina stared helplessly at the group. Another gasp and a fainter groan came from the body lying underneath the cab.

'We must look to this man; he is dying,' said Simon Perkins, on his knees by the prostrate form, now motionless and insensible.

'My house is round the corner,' answered Lord Bearwarden, stooping over the fallen ruffian. 'Let us take him in. All the doctors in the world won't save him,' he added, in a tone of grave pity. 'He's bleeding to death inside.'

Nina had been a good deal frightened, but recovered wonderfully in the reassuring presence of her lover. '*His* house?' she asked, in a sufficiently audible voice, considering her late agitation. 'Who is he, Dick? and where does he live?'

Two of the police had now arrived, and were turning their lanterns on the party. The strong white light glared full on Miss Algernon's face and figure, so like Lady Bearwarden's, but yet to the husband's bewildered senses so surely not his wife's.

He shook all over. His face, though flushed a moment ago, turned deadly pale. He clutched Dick's shoulder, and his voice came dry and husky, while he gasped—

'What is it, Stanmore? Speak, man, for the love of heaven? What does it all mean?'

Then came question and answer: clearer, fuller, more fluently with every sentence. And so the explanation went on; how some enemy had roused his worst suspicions; how Lord Bearwarden, deceived by the extraordinary likeness which he could not but acknowledge even now, had been satisfied he saw Dick Stanmore with Maud in a hansom cab; how he had left his home in consequence, and sent that hostile message to Dick, which had so puzzled that gallant,

openhearted gentleman; how a certain letter from Lady Bearwarden, addressed to Mr. Stanmore, and forwarded to her husband, had but confirmed his suspicions; and how, at last, an anonymous communication to the same lady, falling accidentally into his hands, had mystified him completely, and made him resolve to watch and follow her at the hour named, with a desperate hope that something might be revealed to alleviate his sufferings, to give him more certainty of action for future guidance.

'I was horribly cut up, I don't mind confessing it,' said Lord Bearwarden, with his kindly grasp still on Dick's shoulder. 'And I waited there, outside my own house, like some d---d poaching thief. It seemed so hard that I couldn't go in and see her just once more! Presently, out she came, as I thought, and I followed, very craftily, and not too near, for fear she should look round. She didn't, though, but walked straight on; and when I saw the cab waiting, and she stopped as if she meant to get in, I couldn't tell what to make of it at all.

'I was only just in time. I came that last few yards with a rush, I give you my word! And I made a grab at the driver, thinking the best chance was to stop the conveyance at once, or if I couldn't do that, take a free passage with the rest of them. She wasn't going of her own accord, I felt sure. That villain of a lawyer struggled hard. I didn't think he had been so good a man. I wasn't at all sorry to see you fellows coming up. It was two to one, you know, and I do believe, if it hadn't been for the pistol, they might have got clear off. It shot the worst customer of the two, that poor fellow behind us, right through the body. Under my arm, I should think, for I got a very nasty one on the shoulder just as the smoke flew in my face. It has squared his accounts, I fancy! But here we are at my house. Let's get him in, and then you must introduce me properly to this young lady, whose acquaintance I have made in such an unusual manner.'

The strange procession had, indeed, arrived at Lord Bear-

warden's residence. It consisted of the proprietor himself, whose right arm was now completely disabled, but who gesticulated forcibly with his left; of Dick Stanmore and Nina, listening to his lordship with the utmost deference and attention; of Jim's senseless body, carried by Simon Perkins and one policeman, while Tom Ryfe, in close custody of the other, brought up the rear. As they entered the hall, Lady Bearwarden's pale, astonished face was seen looking over the banisters. Dorothea, too, creeping down stairs, with some vague idea of escaping from this friendly refuge, and finding her way back, perhaps, to the cool shining Serpentine, came full upon the group at the moment when Jim was laid tenderly down by his bearers, and the policeman whispered audibly to his comrade that, even if the doctor were in the next street now, he would come too late!

She ran forward with a wild, despairing cry. She flung herself down by the long, limp, helpless figure. She raised the drooping head with its matted locks, its fixed, white, rigid face, and pressed it hard against her bosom—hard to her wayward, ignorant, warped, but loving heart.

'Speak to me, Jim!' she moaned once more, rocking backwards and forwards in her fierce agony. 'Speak to me, deary! You'll never speak again. Oh! why did they stop me to-day? It's cruel—cruel! Why did they stop me? We'd have been together before now!'

And the groom of the chambers, an unwilling witness of all these indecorous proceedings, resolved, for that one night, to do his duty stanchly by his employer, but give up his place with inflexible dignity on the morrow.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### UNDER THE ACACIAS.

'Out of drawing; flesh tints infamous; chiaroscuro grossly muddled; no breadth; not much story in it; badly composed; badly treated; badly painted altogether.'

So said the reviews, laying down

the infallible law of the writer, concerning Simon Perkins's great picture. The public followed the reviews, of course, in accordance with a generous instinct, urging it to believe that he who can write his own language, not, indeed, accurately, but with a certain force and rapidity, must therefore be conversant with all the subjects on which he chooses to declaim. Statesman, chemist, engineer, shipbuilder, soldier, above all, navigator, painter, plasterer, and statuary; like the hungry Greek adventurer of Juvenal, *omnia novit*: like Horace's wise man amongst the Stoicks; be the subject boots, beauty, bullocks, or the beer-trade, he is universal instructor and referee.

'Et sutor bonus, et solus formosus, et est rex.'

So reviewers abused the picture persistently, and Lord Bearwarden was furious, brandishing a weekly newspaper above his head, and striding about the little Putney lawn with an energy that threatened to immerse him in the river, forgetful of those narrow limits, suggesting the proverbial extent of a fisherman's walk on deck, 'two steps and overboard.'

His audience, though, were partial and indulgent. The old ladies in the drawing-room, overhearing an occasional sentence, devoutly believed their nephew was the first painter of his time, Lord Bearwarden the wisest critic that ever lived, the greatest nobleman, the bravest soldier, the kindest husband, always excepting, perhaps, that other husband smoking there under the acacia, interchanging with his lordship many a pleasant jest and smile, that argued the good understanding existing between them.

Dick Stanmore and Lord Bearwarden were now inseparable. Their alliance furnished a standing joke for their wives. 'They have the same perverted tastes, my dear, and like the same sort of people,' light-hearted Nina would observe to the sister whom she had not found till the close of her girlish life. 'It's always fast friends, or, at least, men with a strong tendency to friendship, who are in love with the same woman, and I don't believe they

hate each other half as much as we should, even for *that*!

To which Maud would make no reply, gazing with her dark eyes out upon the river, and wondering whether Dick had ever told the wife he loved how fondly he once worshipped another face so like her own.

For my part, I don't think he had. I don't think he could realize the force of those past feelings, nor comprehend that he could ever have cared much for any one but the darling who now made the joy of his whole life. When first he fell in love with Nina, it was for her likeness to her sister. Now, though in his eyes the likeness was fading every day, that sister's face was chiefly dear to him because of its resemblance to his wife's.

Never was there a happier family party than these persons constituted. Lord and Lady Bearwarden, Mr. and Mrs. Stanmore, drove down from London many days in the week to the pretty Putney villa. Simon was truly rejoiced to see them, while the old ladies vibrated all over, caps, fronts, ribbons, lockets, and laces, with excitement and delight. The very flowers had a sweeter perfume, the laburnums a richer gold, the river a softer ripple, than in the experience of all previous springs.

'They may say what they like,' continued Lord Bearwarden, still with the weekly paper in his hand.

I maintain the criterion of merit is success. I maintain that the Rhymers and the Fairy Queen is an extraordinary picture, and the general public the best judge. Why there was no getting near it at the Academy. The people crowded round as they do about a cheap Jack at a fair. I'm not a little fellow, but I couldn't catch a glimpse of any part except the Fairy Queen's head. I think it's the most beautiful face I ever saw in my life!

'Thank you, Lord Bearwarden,' said Nina, laughing. 'He'd such a subject, you know; it's no wonder he made a good picture of it.'

No wonder, indeed! Did she ever think his brush was dipped in colours ground on the poor artist's heart?

'It's very like *you* and it's very like Maud,' answered Lord Bear-

warden. 'Somehow you don't seem to me so like each other as you used to be. And yet how puzzled I was the second time I ever set eyes on you.'

'How cross you were! and how you scolded!' answered saucy Mrs. Stanmore. 'I wouldn't have stood it from Dick. Do you ever speak to Maud like that?'

The look that passed between Lord and Lady Bearwarden was a sufficient reply. The crowning beauty had come to those dark eyes of hers, now that their pride was centred in another, their lustre deepened and softened with the light of love.

'It was lucky for you, dear, that he was angry,' said her ladyship. 'If he had hesitated a moment, it's frightful to think what would have become of you, at the mercy of those reckless, desperate men!'

'They were punished, at any rate,' observed Nina gravely. 'I shall never forget that dead fixed face in the hall. Nor the other man's look, the cowardly one, while he prayed to be forgiven. Forgiven, indeed! One ought to forgive a great deal, but not such an enormity as that!'

'I think he got off very cheap,' interposed Dick Stanmore. 'He deserved to be hanged, in my opinion, and they only transported him—not even for life!'

'Think of the temptation, Dick,' replied Nina, with another saucy smile. 'How would you like it yourself? And you were in pursuit of the same object. You can't deny that, only he hit upon me first.'

'I was more sorry for the other villain,' said Lord Bearwarden, who had heard long ago the history of Gentleman Jim's persecution of her ladyship. 'He was a daring, reckless scoundrel, and I should like to have killed him myself, but it did seem hard lines to be shot by his own confederate in the row?'

'I pity that poor woman most of all,' observed Lady Bearwarden, with a sigh. 'It is quite a mercy that she should have lost her senses. She suffered so dreadfully till her mind failed.'

'How is she?' 'Have you seen her?' came from the others in a breath.

'I was with her this morning,' answered Maud. 'She didn't know me. I don't think she knows anybody. They can't get her to read, nor do needlework, nor even walk out into the garden. She's never still, poor thing! but paces up and down the room mumbling over a bent half-crown and a knot of ribbon,' added Lady Bearwarden, with a meaning glance at her husband, 'that they found on the dead man's body, and keeps pressing it against her breast while she mutters something about their wanting to take it away. It's a sad, sad sight! I can't get that wild vacant stare out of my head. It's the same expression that frightened me so on her face that day by the Serpentine. It has haunted me ever since. She seemed to be looking miles away across the water at something I couldn't see. I wonder what it was. I wonder what she looks at now!'

'She's never been in her right senses, has she, since that dreadful night?' asked Nina. 'If she were a lady, and well dressed, and respectable, one would say it's quite a romance. Don't you think perhaps, after all, it's more touching as it is?' and Nina, who liked to make little heartless speeches she did not mean, looked lovingly on Dick, with her dark eyes full of tears, as she wondered what would become of her if anything happened to him!

'I can scarcely bear to think of it,' answered Maud, laying her hand on her husband's shoulder. 'Through all the happiness of that night—far, far the happiest of my whole life—this poor thing's utter misery comes back to me like a warning and a reproach. If I live to a hundred I shall never forget her when she looked up to heaven from the long rigid figure with its fixed white face, and tried to pray, and couldn't, and didn't know how! Oh! my darling!—and here Maud's voice sank to a whisper, while the haughty head drooped lovingly and humbly towards her husband's arm,—what have I done that I should be so blessed, while there is all this misery and disappointment and despair in the world?'

He made no attempt at explanation. The philosophy of our Household Cavalry, like the religion of Napoleon's 'Old Guard,' is adapted for action rather than casuistry. He did not tell her that in the journey of life for some the path is made smooth and easy, for others paved with flints and choked with thorns; but that a wise Director knows best the capabilities of the wayfarer, and the amount of toil required to fit him for his rest. So up and down, through rough and smooth, in storm and sunshine—all these devious tracks lead home at last. If Lord Bearwarden thought this, he could not put it into words, but his arm stole lovingly round the slender waist, and over his brave, manly face came a gentle look that seemed to say he asked no better than to lighten every load for that dear one through life, and bear her tenderly with him on the road to heaven.

'*C'est l'amour!*' laughed Nina; 'that makes all the bother and complications of our artificial state of existence!'

'And all its sorrows!' said Lord Bearwarden.

'And all its sin!' said her ladyship.

'And all its beauty!' said Dick.

'And all its happiness!' added the painter, who had not yet spoken, from his seat under the acacia that grew by the water's edge.

'Well put!' exclaimed the others, 'and you need not go out of this dear little garden in search of the proof.'

But Simon made no answer. Once more he was looking wistfully on the river, thinking how it freshened and fertilized all about it as it passed by. Fulfilling its noble task—bearing riches, comforts, health, happiness, yet taking to deck its own bosom not one of the humblest wild flowers that must droop and die but for its love. Consoler, sympathizer, benefactor, night and day. Gently, noiselessly, imperceptibly speeding its good work, making no pause, knowing no rest, till far away beyond that dim horizon, under the golden heaven, it merged into the sea.

## OUTSIDERS OF SOCIETY AND THEIR HOMES IN LONDON.

WHENEVER I looked up from my newspaper I met the eye of a middle-aged gentleman who was sitting in the same box—a box, I should mention, in the coffee-room of an old-fashioned hotel in London, which is partitioned off in primitive style. I say gentleman advisedly, for the stranger had every apparent claim to be so called. For the rest there was little to distinguish him from the crowd of well-dressed and well-mannered persons whom one meets about in public places. He might be a clergyman, or a lawyer, or a doctor, though I should doubt his being an active member of either profession. He gave you the idea of a man retired from any pursuit in which he might have been engaged, and to be occupied rather in killing time than in inviting time to kill him. He had a healthy, happy-looking face, bearing no traces of hard work or deep thought, and his hair was only partially grey. He had a mild eye, and a mild voice, and a mild manner—I noticed the two latter qualities through his intercourse with the waiter—and was so suave in his ways as to be polite even to the port that he was drinking after an early dinner. He handled his decanter in a caressing manner such as he might adopt towards a favourite niece, and took up his wine-glass as gently as if it were a child.

Whenever I met his eye I noticed that it gave me a kind of recognising look, which, however, was not sustained; for, before he had thoroughly attracted my attention he always returned to the illustrated journal before him, as if suddenly determined to master some abstruse subject with a great deal of solution in the way of woodcuts. His communicative appearance made me think that I had met him before, but it did not occur to me where, so I took no further notice. Presently he spoke, but he only said—

‘I beg your pardon, sir.’

There was nothing to beg my pardon about, so I begged his, not

to be outdone in gratuitous courtesy. Then he begged mine again, adding—

‘I thought you made a remark—I did not quite hear.’

No, I said; I had not made any remark. Then we both bowed and smiled, and resumed our reading—the stranger with some little confusion I thought.

After a time he made a remark himself.

‘I should not have intruded,’ said he, ‘but I thought I had met you before.’

I am not one of those persons who think that every stranger who addresses them in a public room means to pick their pockets, but I have a proper prejudice against being bored, and in any case I had no resource but to answer as I did, to the effect that I could not recall the when and the where.

‘Were you ever in Vancouver’s Island?’ the stranger asked.

In the cause of truth I was obliged to declare a negative.

‘Then it could not have been there,’ said he, musingly; ‘but,’ he added, ‘you might have known Colonel Jacko—a relation of mine—who was governor of the Island. You remind me of him—that is why I ask.’

I did not quite see the connection between knowing a man and bearing a personal resemblance to him, but in disavowing any acquaintance with Colonel Jacko, I did so with all courtesy.

‘You have been probably in New Zealand?’ pursued the stranger, warming apparently into considerable interest in the question involved; ‘if so you must have known Major-General Mango, who commanded there in 18—.’

I was obliged to confess my ignorance of the unfortunate colony in question, and of the distinguished officer alluded to.

‘I merely asked,’ continued the stranger with a desponding air, ‘as he was a relation of mine.’

I had nothing to do with his re-

latives any more than himself, but his manner was so gentle that I could not think it intentionally obtrusive, so I acknowledged the receipt of the information as pleasantly as possible.

'If you had been in India,' he pursued, taking it for granted apparently that I was no traveller, 'you would probably have met one of my sons. One is in the civil, the other in the military service. Both fine fellows. The elder was political agent at Tulwarpatam at the time when the Rajah was so aggressive, and it was through his influence that his highness was induced to remit the Abkaree duties and give up his claim to the contested Jaghires. The other was through the mutinies, and was wounded both at Delhi and Lucknow—a curious coincidence, was it not?'

I admitted that his sons seemed to have done the State some service, and remarked upon the coincidence as one of those mysterious dispensations of Providence for which it is impossible to account. And that was all I could do towards the conversation, which dropped at this point.

Presently the stranger took his hat, with an undecided but ultimately effectual movement. Then he called the waiter, and had a little conversation with that functionary about the port, which he said was not quite the same that he used to have in the year 1835. (I strongly suspect, by-the-way, that he was right in this supposition; as the wine he had been drinking belonged probably to the celebrated vintage of 1869.) At last he made a movement to depart, and ultimately did depart, but only after a great deal of delay; and even when in actual motion across the room, he looked back more than once, as if expecting somebody to ask him to remain.

When the waiter came to clear away the abandoned decanter and glass, I asked him if he knew the gentleman who had just gone out.

'Yes, sir,' was the reply; 'we have known the gentleman for some years, though he does not come very

often. He lives by himself somewhere in town, and has no relations except some who are abroad. He says he has no friends, too, as he has lost a great deal of money, and cannot keep the society he did. He doesn't seem to know anybody who comes here, though he talks to some now and then, as he has to you.'

I was sorry not to have heard this before, that I might have treated the stranger with a little more attention. For this glimpse I had of him, and the few hints given me by the waiter, were sufficient to assure me that he belonged to a class who are more perhaps to be pitied than the merely poor; that he is in the world but is not of it, and has a residence but is without a home; that he is in fact—an Outsider of Society.

People engaged in active pursuits—whether in spending or making money—are not likely to be troubled by deprivations of the kind referred to. They live among their peers, with whom they have interests in common. They are as important to others as others are important to them. They are in the stream of pleasure or business as the case may be. There is no danger that they will be forgotten. Their doors are besieged by visitors, drawn by diverse attractions; so that it is necessary to make a vigorous classification of the latter, not only of the usual social character, but distinguishing those who come to oblige the master of the house, from those who come to oblige themselves. Their tables are covered with cards and letters, prospectuses, tradesmen's circulars, begging petitions, newspapers they have never ordered, and books that it is thought they may possibly want. Their vote and interest is always being requested for deserving individuals, and their subscriptions for equally deserving institutions. Chance of being forgotten indeed! So long as they can be made useful there is as much chance of the Bank of England being forgotten. Such men may be alone, sometimes, in one sense of the term. That is to say their relations

may be scattered or dead. But that is of very little practical moment in their case. They can always find people prepared to be second fathers or brothers to them, and even second mothers and sisters, it may be. They can always marry, too, and then a home establishes itself as a matter of course.

But there are—who shall say how many?—people living in London who live almost alone; who have no society except of a casual, and what may be called an anonymous kind; and whose homes are merely places where they may obtain shelter and rest. I am not here alluding to the class who are social and domestic outlaws because they are positively poor. There is no anomaly in this condition of life; it is a natural consequence of having no money. The people I mean have mostly money enough for themselves, but not sufficient to make them important to others, and obtain for them consideration in the world. Sometimes their positions have changed; sometimes things have changed around them and left their positions as they were, the result being much the same. It may be that they are seeking to make a little more money by such employments as agencies, secretaryships, and so forth—employments the most difficult of all to get as any man of moderate education and abilities can do the duties—but most frequently they are content to vegetate upon what they have, and to concentrate themselves upon the attainment of companionship and home. When one of the active men whom I have mentioned goes away from home, the Post Office establishment is ruthlessly disturbed by mandates for the re-addressing and forwarding of letters. The migration of one of our passive friends makes no difference to anybody. Except it be an occasional communication from a relation in a distant colony, sent to the care of an agent, he has no letters to trouble him, and if he did not occasionally make a show of existence by asserting himself in pen and ink, he might perish out of the memory of man. To such people the advertising columns of

the newspapers must possess peculiar interest; for a large number of the announcements seem expressly intended to meet their requirements, while on the other hand an equal number of the specified ‘Wants’ seem to come from their class.

Homes for special purposes appear to be plentiful enough. You cannot take up a newspaper without having your attention called to a dozen or two. Apart from the ‘Home for Lost and Starving Dogs,’—which is an establishment not applying, except by sympathy, to any class of my readers—we have such charities as the ‘Convalescent Home,’ established by the wife of the Premier. In the next column we are sure to be reminded of the ‘Home for Little Boys,’ in addition to which has just been appropriately projected a ‘Home for Little Girls,’—not the least desirable object of the two. An individual speculator has also established what he rather invidiously calls an ‘Epileptic Home for the sons of gentlemen,’—there being, it is to be presumed, genteel as well as vulgar forms of the malady in question. ‘Educational Homes’ for youth of both sexes abound in newspaper announcements. They may afford very good opportunities for the intended purpose, but I should prefer placing my trust in establishments which are candidly called schools. Not long since I saw an advertisement in a morning paper which ran, as nearly as I can remember, in these terms:—

‘A clergyman in a popular parish by the sea-side, offers an Educational Home to a few little boys of good principles, the sons of gentlemen. Apply,’ &c.

Now, without desiring to be harsh to the advertiser, I must take leave to say that the above contains several important errors in taste. It would have been just as well, and a great deal better, perhaps, had the clergyman refrained from mentioning the popularity of his parish, however much the description might be deserved. His specification of little boys ‘of good principles’ suggests a slur upon little boys in general which does

not come well from an educator of youth; and one would think that he would be more usefully engaged in taking in hand little boys of bad principles, if any such exist. But the inference next suggested is even less creditable to the reverend advertiser. It is of no use, it seems, for little boys to have good principles, as far as he is concerned, unless they be the sons of gentlemen. This is sad.

But the mention of homes of a special character—of which there are many more in London than have been enumerated—is only incidental to my present purpose. I especially allude to lonely people who seek society, and to which society, in a certain limited degree, seems continually offering to sell itself. And among lonely people, as far as homes are concerned, must be included ‘persons engaged in the City,’ or ‘engaged during the day,’ who are frequently appealed to by advertisers. The number of persons—idle or occupied—who want homes, seem to be equalled only by the number of persons who are prepared to offer them, with very small pecuniary temptation. I have always thought that a great deal of self-sacrifice must be necessary in the case of the family of a dancing-master who for years past has been advertising his lessons with the addition that ‘the Misses X—— will officiate as partners.’ The Misses X—— must surely be tired by this time of dancing with people who drop them directly they are able to dance. But it must be still more sad to take into your family any chance stranger who may seem sufficiently respectable, board him, and lodge him, and promise to be ‘cheerful’ and ‘musical’ for his amusement. But offers of this kind are plentiful enough, and they would not be made were there not a fair supply of people to embrace them.

Looking back at only one daily paper for only a week or ten days may be found a host of advertisements of both classes; and I will first allude to a few of these among the ‘Wants.’

Here is a specimen:—

‘Home wanted by a respectable elderly lady—rather invalid, not helpless—in a sociable family; meals with it understood. Children objectionable. Large bedroom (not top) facing east or south indispensable. Aspect important. Forty guineas. Must be west of Holborn: other localities useless. Letters,’ &c.

It would be difficult to determine the exact state of this respectable elderly lady’s health from the above description, there being a rather long range between the affirmative and the suggestions offered by the negative statement; but even though she be in a high state of agility the conditions are surely rather complex: and there must be families in which forty guineas a year go a great way if she has any chance of gratifying her wishes.

Another elderly lady is more explicit, if not quite grammatical. She describes herself as ‘an invalid from rheumatism,’ and her desire is ‘to board with a genteel, cheerful family.’ Here again there must be ‘no children.’ She prefers ‘the neighbourhood of St. John’s Wood, near the Park, or an equal distance from the West-End.’ Letters must be pre-paid.

The following looks like a case in which society is an object:—

‘Board and residence wanted, by a widow lady and a young lady, and partial board for a young gentleman, within three miles north of London, near a station. Children objected to. [Poor children!] Three bedrooms indispensable. Preference given to a musical family, where there is a daughter who would be companionable.’ Terms, it is added, ‘must be moderate.’

The following has not a pleasant sound:—

‘Wanted, a comfortable home for a female aged seventy years, where there are no children [children again!]. She must be treated with great firmness. Twelve shillings will be paid weekly for board, lodging, and washing. Surrey side preferred,’ &c.

It is evident that the above offer has not been made by the person for whom the accommodation is sought. But such requirements, including

even the 'great firmness,' doubtless get supplied. One of the numerous advertisers who provide homes for invalid ladies offers, I observe, to give 'reference to the relatives of a lady lately deceased,' who lived in the house for seven years.

Here is a 'home' of remarkable character: it is described as situated in a favourite suburb on the Metropolitan Railway, replete with every beauty and convenience, the details being specially enumerated; and besides the railway, omnibuses pass the door to all parts of town. 'The advertiser,' it is added, 'would prefer one or two City gentlemen of convivial disposition, and to such, liberal terms would be offered.'

The advertiser has evidently an abstract love for City gentlemen of convivial disposition, since he is prepared to share his home with any one or two of them. And if a City gentleman of convivial disposition could make a vast wilderness dear—which it is very possible he could do—one can fancy what a paradise he would make of this Cashmere at Shepherd's Bush. It is not quite clear, indeed, that the advertiser is not prepared to pay instead of being paid by the charming society he seeks, since he says that 'to such liberal terms will be offered.' It must be a very delightful thing to be a City gentleman of convivial disposition, with the feeling of having unknown friends, which has been said to resemble our ideas of the existence of angels.

Another proffered 'home' is described as having, in addition to all domestic comforts, 'two pianos, with young and musical society.' This may be very pleasant; but I should feel some misgivings at the prospect of making one of a 'young and musical society' let loose upon two pianos at the same time. There are different opinions, too, even about the best music, under different conditions. The Irish soldier who was singing the 'Last Rose of Summer,' perhaps from the bottom of his heart, but certainly at the top of his voice, was told by his English comrade to hold his noise. 'And he calls Moore's Melodies a noise,' said

the musical enthusiast, disgusted at the want of taste exhibited by the cold-blooded Saxon.

A cheerful state of existence is suggested by another advertisement of a 'home':—

'Partial board is offered to a gentleman by a cheerful, musical, private family. Early breakfast; meat tea. Dinner on Sundays. Gas, piano, croquet. Terms 1*l.* 1*s.* per week. Write,' &c.

The board must be partial indeed if that melancholy meal known as a 'meat tea' enters into the arrangement. A 'meat tea' would in any case mean that you were expected to go without your dinner, since, if you had dined you would not want meat with your bohea. But there is no disguise about the matter here, for you are frankly told that there will be dinner, as distinguished from a meat tea, on Sundays. It is a monstrous, unnatural idea, and the family must be very cheerful, very musical, and very private, I should think, to reconcile most men to such a state of things. Perhaps the piano and the croquet are intended as a set-off, by suggesting female society of an accomplished kind; and of course there are some girls for whom some men will submit to meat teas; but I have my own opinion as to the chances of either one or the other.

Here is an advertisement of a 'home' couched in popular terms. It would be a pity to interfere with the writer's style, so I give it in full, with the omission, of course, of the address:—

'A lady having a larger house than she requires is desirous of increasing her circle by receiving a few gentlemen (who are engaged during the day) as boarders. The society is cheerful and musical. To foreigners anxious to acquire elegant English, this is a good opportunity.'

As for the lady having a larger house than she requires, one can fancy that to be the case if she has room for several gentlemen, but how is it that so many persons get into larger houses than they require, and are thereby impelled to offer similar accommodation? It must

be confessed, too, that the opportunity for foreigners to acquire elegant English is not very apparent. Are the candidates for residence examined in elegant English before they are admitted into the family? As for the cheerfulness and the music, those are of course matters of taste.

Among other 'homes' which we find offered in the same paper is one with a curious recommendation attached. It has 'just been vacated,' we are told, 'by a young gentleman who has successfully passed his examination.' If the same advantage can be secured to the incoming tenant the accommodation would be decidedly cheap, for the modest sum of thirteen shillings a-week, which is all that is asked. But we are not told what is the nature of the examination—for the army, the Civil Service, a degree, or what? Perhaps it is only in the 'elegant English' intended to qualify the tenant for the higher social sphere of the lady with the partially superfluous house.

Invalid or 'mentally afflicted' persons are always in great request among advertisers. Several applications are before me now. One of these comes from 'A medical man, residing in a large and well-furnished house in one of the healthiest and most convenient out-districts of London,' who 'wishes to receive any patient mentally or otherwise afflicted, as a resident; boarding or separate arrangement as desired; a married couple, or two sisters, or friends, not objected to.' The contingency of companions in misfortune is a good idea; our medical friend is evidently a far-sighted man. Then we find the wife of a medical man, who is willing to take charge of 'an afflicted (not insane) lady, gentleman, or child, to whom she offers a comfortable home with experienced care.' A similar offer is made by the occupant of a farmhouse, but these do not draw the line at insanity, but declare that they have had the care of an insane patient for many years, and can be highly recommended in consequence. Some people indeed are so fond of taking care of insane patients that they would

not have a sane one if you made them a present of him. An illustration of this curious taste came under my notice not long since. A very deserving man called to see a patron of his who had procured him a post of the kind, which he had held for several months. 'I am very glad to see you, John,' was the greeting, 'and hope you are getting on in your employment.' 'Ah, that indeed I am, sir,' was the answer: 'thanks to you, I am most comfortably provided for—in fact, I was never so happy in my life. How did I get these two black eyes, sir? Oh, he gave them to me yesterday morning. Oh, yes, I shall always be grateful—I never was so happy in my life.'

It must be admitted that the majority of the 'homes' which people offer one another through the medium of the papers are not exposed to contingencies of this kind; but the said people must surely run the risk of finding themselves ill-assorted in no ordinary degree.

It is not to be supposed indeed that utter strangers would go and live together without some strong inducements; and these inducements are generally money on the one side and society on the other. The people who want the money—through having 'larger houses than they require,' or other causes, of which any number may be found with great facility—are less to be pitied than the people who want the society, for the latter must be dismally reduced in this respect before they can be brought to take it on chance. In a 'cheerful family musically inclined,' part of the compact of course is that the incomer shall be cheerful if not musical and companionable, at any rate. The requisition sounds awful, but it is one to which hundreds of harmless persons in this metropolis submit rather than be left alone. Many, of course, are induced by considerations of economy; and of those still more unfortunate than the ordinary class, are those of the more helpless, who do not accept a 'home' upon independent terms, but obtain it either gratuitously or for some very small payment upon

condition of being useful or helping to make things pleasant. Of these there are large numbers, to judge by the advertisements; and I suspect that they are rather worse off than those who 'go out' regularly as governesses and companions, for the latter have at least a chance of lighting upon rich and generous patrons. And here I may mention that a great deal of nonsense is written about governesses—more perhaps than about most other things. Their trade is a bad one, no doubt, because the market is overstocked. But that is no fault of the employers, who cannot be expected to fill their houses with young ladies of varying tastes and tempers, on account of their presumably 'superior' education and intelligence. Nor is it to be taken for granted that every governess is of the 'superior' kind, and all the people who engage their services, vulgar wretches who delight in inflicting mortification upon their betters. Who has not heard of families of the best breeding and refinement being tortured beyond all endurance by governesses of conspicuous inability to teach, who have let their pupils run wild, and concentrated their attention upon the men of the house, and whose insolent and overbearing ways have made the work of getting rid of them one of no common difficulty? Our novelists have not given us many illustrations of this side of the picture; but you may depend upon it that Becky Sharpes are at least as plentiful as Jane Eyres in real life.

A favourite resort of the homeless are boarding-houses. Of these establishments there are hundreds in London—from those devoted to the entertainment of minor City clerks, rigorously 'engaged during the day,' to those which—one is almost led to suppose—nobody under the rank of a baronet is received, and even then not without a reference as to respectability on the part of a peer. But most of these houses have one or two features in common. There is always a large admixture of people who go there for the sake of society; and of this number

a considerable proportion is sure to consist of widows or spinsters of extremely marriageable tendencies. The result is that, unless the residents be very numerous, individual freedom is lost, and, instead of living an independent life, as at an hotel, the members of a 'circle' find themselves surrounded by such amenities as may be supposed to belong to a rather large and singularly disunited family.

A great many marriages, however, are made in these establishments, and it is not on record that they turn out otherwise than well. It must be admitted, too, that men go there to find wives as well as women to find husbands, so that the arrangement thus far is fair on both sides. But I have been informed by men who are not among the latter number, that it is found difficult sometimes to get the fact generally understood. The consequent mistakes of course lead to confusion, and the result is the occasional retirement of determined bachelors into more private life.

There are 'homes' in London where there is not much mention of marriage, except as a reminiscence, and few of their members have the chance even of this melancholy enjoyment. I allude to houses in which, through the exertions principally of benevolent ladies, other ladies, who would probably be equally benevolent were they not less fortunate, have a residence assigned to them upon advantageous terms. That is to say, they live in an establishment where all their wants are supplied upon the payment, by themselves or their friends, of a small contribution towards the necessary outlay, the remainder being covered by subscriptions of a strictly private character. The recipients of this assistance are all gentlewomen—as is necessary to the state of social equality in which they live—and their admittance is obtained by favour of the benevolent ladies in question. These ladies are influenced, I suppose, by the introductions brought by the candidates, and considerations of their previous position—which has in every case been a great deal

superior to their present position, as may be supposed. The said 'homes' are very few in number, as far as I know, they have no connection with one another, and they are entirely private in their arrangements. The neighbours may happen to know that a certain house in which they find so many ladies living together is not a boarding house in the ordinary acceptation of the term. But there is nothing to proclaim the fact, and the inmates live in an apparent state of independence equal to that of anybody about them. And they live as contented, I believe, as can be in the case of persons who are not of such social importance as they were, and who have plenty of leisure to talk over the fact. They are all gentlewomen, as I have said, and upon terms of social equality; but it may be supposed that there are differences between them, as there are between people generally in society. You may depend upon it, that the lady who is related to an earl is of opinion that she is a preferable object of consideration to the lady who is related only to a baronet, while the claims of the other ladies to their several degrees of precedence are not unadjusted for want of accurate investigation. A few very likely 'give themselves airs' upon this score; while some pride themselves upon their beauty when young—(none of the ladies are quite young now)—and others establish a superiority upon account of their mental gifts. All this imparts a pleasant variety to the conversation, which would otherwise be in danger of falling into monotony. Such at least I suppose to be the case, for I am dealing in generalities, and cannot claim to a knowledge of any one in particular of these ladies' homes. For the rest the occupants are said to pass an easy, agreeable life, more especially those who are not without friends whom they can go to visit—in which case they are free to have as much amusement as if they lived in houses of their own.

I said something about boarding-houses just now. A great many of the homeless who have not tried

these establishments—or having tried them are unwilling to renew the experiment—live in furnished lodgings. On the Continent they would probably put up at hotels; but hotels in this country are not adapted for modest requirements, and furnished lodgings take a place which they have not yet learned to occupy. The mode of life is anomalous. It is neither public nor private. You may be independent in an hotel; you may be independent in your own house; in lodgings you can be independent by no possibility. If you spend rather more money than you would either in an hotel or your own house, you obtain comfort and attention; but the object of most persons who take lodgings is to be rather economical than otherwise, so that the reservation is of very little avail. Lodgings are of two classes—those that profess to be so, and those that solemnly declare they are not. The former are decidedly preferable, apart from the immorality of encouraging a sham. In the former case, if you occupy—say as a bachelor—only a couple of rooms in town, and the rest of the house is let to other people, you will obtain but precarious attendance from the solitary servant, and the chances are that you will never be able to get a decently-cooked meal. The food that they waste in such places by their barbarous mode of dealing with it is sad to think upon. Your only resource is to live out of doors as much as possible, and consider your rooms only as a refuge—the logical consequence of which is that it is best to abandon them altogether.

But you are better placed even under these conditions than if you go to a house in one of the suburbs—a pretty villa-looking place—knowing nothing about it beyond the information offered by the bill in the window. A not very clean servant opens the door, and does not impress you favourably at first glance. You are hesitating, under some discouragement, when the mistress of the house—presenting in her decorated exterior a considerable contrast to the servant—ap-

pears upon the scene and reproves the domestic sternly for her neglected appearance, sends her away to restore it, and meantime proceeds to transact business upon her own account. You ask her if she lets apartments. She gives a reproving look, and says 'No,' ignoring the announcement made by the bill. You mention that you knocked in consequence of seeing that intimation in the window; upon which the lady says—

'Oh, is it up? I was not aware. The fact is, I wish to receive a gentleman to occupy part of the house, as it is too large for us'—the old story—'and my husband being a great deal out, I find it rather lonely. But my husband is very proud and objects to having strange company.'

You remark that you need not have applied in that case, and will go elsewhere. This brings the lady to the point.

'Oh, I did not mean to say that you could not have any apartments here. I intend to have my own way in that matter'—this is said in a playful, fluttery manner, with a running laugh. 'If you will step in I will show you the accommodation we have. All I meant to say was that we are not accustomed to let lodgings.'

Rather amused than annoyed, you submit to be shown the rooms. They are pretty rooms—light and cheerful, and ornamental to a fault—and the garden at the back is alone a relief from the pent-up place you have been occupying in town. So after a few preliminary negotiations—conducted on the lady's side in the same playful manner—you agree to take the place, say for three months. The lady is evidently pleased at your decision, and avails herself of the opportunity for renewing her assurance that the house is not a lodging-house, and that you may expect all the comforts of domestic life.

'There are no other lodgers,' she added; then, as if suddenly recollecting, she corrects herself: 'That is to say, there is a commercial gentleman who is a great deal away, sleeping here for a night or

two—a friend of my husband's—and yes, let me see, a medical gentleman to whom we have allowed the partial use of a bedroom to oblige a neighbour just for the present, but I do not count either of them as lodgers.'

A commercial gentleman sleeping for a night or two, while he is a great deal away, does not seem an ordinary lodger at any rate; and from the distinction drawn in the case of the medical gentleman who is only allowed the partial use of a bedroom, you are inclined to think that he is permitted to lie down but not to go to sleep. However, you make no objection to these anomalies, and take possession of your new abode.

There never was such an imposture, as you find out only next day. The bagman and the medical student—as those gentlemen must be described, if the naked truth be respected—turn out to be regular lodgers, and as thorough nuisances as a couple of noisy men addicted to late hours and exaggerated conviviality can well be. And the woman never mentioned a discharged policeman—her father, I believe—to whom she affords a temporary asylum in the kitchen, in return for intermittent attentions in the way of blacking boots and cleaning knives—when he happens to be sober. For the rest, there is nobody in the house who can cook even such a simple matter as a mutton chop without spoiling it; and there seems to be everybody in the house who is determined that your private stores shall not be allowed to spoil for want of eating and drinking. Nothing is safe from the enemy, who combine their forces against you, and they take care that you shall have no protection, for not a lock which can give shelter to any portable article will act after you have been two days in the house. As for your personal effects, they are in equal danger. The average amount of loss in wearing apparel is one shirt and two handkerchiefs a week; and miscellaneous articles are sure to go if they are in the least degree pretty or curious. And the coolest part of the pro-

ceeding is, that the mildest complaint on your part brings down a storm upon your devoted head such as you could not have expected from the playful and fluttering person who had given you such pleasant assurances when you took the rooms. She claims to be a Caesar's wife in point of immunity from suspicion, and asserts the same privilege for everybody in the house. 'No gentleman was ever robbed there,' she says; and she plainly hints that no gentleman would say he was, even though he said the fact.

This is no exaggerated picture of many suburban lodgings to which outsiders of society are led to resort for want of better accommodation; and a large number of persons who are not outsiders in the sense in which I have employed the term, but who are simply not settled in the metropolis, are exposed to a similar fate. For those who are prepared for an ordeal of another nature, the 'cheerful family musically inclined' offers, one would think, a far preferable alternative. But it is not everybody who is prepared to have society thrust upon him, either in this quiet domestic way or in a large boarding-house, and there ought to be better provision than there is for the floating mass of casual residents in London. In Paris not only are there hotels suited to the requirements of all classes of persons, but the *maisons meublées* are places where they may

live almost as independently as in their own houses. In London, the only realization of the luxury short of an entire house is in what we call 'chambers,' and a man's chambers are most certainly his castle, whatever his house may be. That the want is being appreciated, is evident from the rapid extension of the 'chambers' system, in the way of the independent suites of rooms known as 'flats.' But the flats, as now provided in Victoria Street, and elsewhere, cost as much as entire houses, while the latest additions, the Belgrave and Grosvenor mansions, are even more costly, and beyond the reach of the classes to whom I have been referring. The latter would be deeply grateful for accommodation of the kind on a more moderate scale, and the investment of capital in such an object could not fail to be profitable. Besides the desolate people into whose sorrows I have entered, there are in London, it must be remembered, many hundreds of outsiders of society of a different kind, who are outsiders only from that conventional society in which it takes so much money to 'move,' and who ought to command greater comfort than they do while they are working their way in professional pursuits. For those actually in want of companionship, I suppose they will always incline to the hotel, or the boarding-house, or the 'cheerful family musically inclined.'

## G O V E R N E S S E S .

IT can scarcely be doubted that the current language of society reacts upon the modes of thought from which it springs, deepens them, and gives them force. One example of this is the way in which governesses are commonly spoken of as necessary evils. I am aware that it is the fashion to express great sympathy with governesses. For myself, sympathy is more with those who are doomed to suffer from these so-called 'necessary evils.'

It has been my fate to have much and varied experience of the genus governess, and, in a state of unusual philanthropy, I propose to detail some of it for the satisfaction of any fellow-sufferer, the saying being pre-eminently true, however unflattering to human nature, that the misfortunes of our fellow-men often give us more pleasure than pain.

'My dear James, it is perfectly useless for you to be for ever complaining about Miss Naylor. It is

quite impossible for us to do without her. I do not say that governesses are not evils, but, at all events, they are necessary ones.'

So said my wife to me one day when I complained that ever since my daughter Augusta Sophia attained her tenth year my home had, in a certain sense, ceased to be home to me. Working hard, as I did, all day, I had naturally acquired the habit of looking forward to the evening as a time both of freedom and recreation; so to be expected to be on my good behaviour and to play company to a decidedly objectionable-looking female was, to say the least of it, trying.

Miss Naylor, too, was the very primmest of prim old maids—dull, matter-of-fact, and absurdly *exigante* of what she considered to be due to her in the shape of attention from others. The following circumstance will be a sufficient proof of the lady's extreme tenaciousness. My wife found her one Sunday evening in floods of tears, and, really concerned, inquired if any domestic affliction had befallen her.

'No, Mrs. Campbell, no; but what delicate-minded person can feel herself a mark for obloquy and odium without bitter pain?'

My wife, looking, as she felt, completely mystified, Miss Naylor continued—

' You know that, at your request, I took the children this morning to church. Mr. Archer preached. He not only directed his sermon against me in the most marked and pointed manner, but kept his eyes fixed upon me the whole time.'

' But what could the sermon be about, Miss Naylor? ' asked my wife. ' I feel sure you must be entirely mistaken.'

' Indeed I am not, Mrs. Campbell,' she replied. ' The sermon was upon detraction, upon speaking ill and untruthfully of others. Of course I knew that he alluded to my complaining to Mr. Bracebridge of Betsy Stokes, and I still believe what I say to be perfectly true.'

Mr. Archer was the new curate of the parish church. As he was quite a young man, and only recently appointed, my wife was firmly per-

suaded that he was unaware of the governess's existence. She was in great perplexity as to the possibility of conveying this impression to Miss Naylor's mind without adding to her mortification, and, after one or two futile attempts, gave it up in despair. When Miss Naylor resigned her post, after a few similar imaginings, I confess it afforded me great relief.

Almost any amount of sensitiveness may be accounted for, if not entirely excused, when we consider the extreme isolation of a governess's life. Simply tolerated by her employers, possibly disliked by her pupils, often treated contemptuously by servants, what position can be more trying or more likely to create the nervous depression which causes the small and indifferent circumstances of life to be viewed in a morbid and distorted manner? Still it is from this extreme touchiness that many governesses create the evil from which they suffer, for it is the *gêne* and stiffness which their presence generally causes that makes it to be an acknowledged annoyance.

Some people think that it is the duty of every mother to educate her children herself. But there are objections to this which make it, at best, a very doubtful advantage. Frequent correction about comparatively immaterial things is very undesirable, especially between a child and its mother, where anything that has the semblance of contention is better avoided. To raise a spirit of antagonism in a child, or to fritter away the authority of a parent, which should never be questioned, is a decided evil. Schools for girls are still more objectionable, so that, in a family where there are daughters to be educated, the assistance of a resident governess is almost indispensable. But, even if they are necessary, it does not follow that they are 'necessary evils.' It is generally in their own power to prevent their being looked upon as such. If they would only accept their position simply and naturally, without the sensitiveness that seems so essentially to belong to them, why should not the society of ladies who are both accomplished and

highly educated be an agreeable addition to the family circle? In some instances this is the case, and governess becomes the trusted and valued friend of both parents and children. But unfortunately these cases are rare—the exceptions and not the rule.

The position of a governess in any family is, doubtless, more trying than that of a tutor. He is less at the mercy of the caprice of his employers; he is treated more as an equal, is supposed to possess far greater freedom, and has many more distractions in the way of sharing the recreations and amusements of his pupils; besides which, very few men have the refined and sensitive organisation which belongs to women. Many of the slights and annoyances which are real grievances to a governess would be unnoticed or treated with perfect indifference by a tutor.

I have seen instances of touchiness on the part of governesses, even when living with those who had every disposition to consider them, which were so unreasonable as to be positively ludicrous. One especially I remember which occurred in the house of some friends with whom I was staying, where the governess was a very accomplished person and treated with a degree of attention and deference that surprised me.

'You are very fortunate this time in your governess, Mrs. Brooke,' I said, for she had been perpetually changing, 'are you not? You all seem to think a great deal of her.'

'Why, yes; for Miss Sadleir is such a very clever, agreeable person,' she replied, with a sigh and in rather a dismal tone—'in fact, quite a treasure. We are most fortunate in having secured her; but she has such extraordinarily acute feelings that it is next to impossible to avoid wounding them.'

I was soon a witness of the 'extraordinary acuteness' of Miss Sadleir's feelings, for one evening, when I carelessly left the drawing-room door open, Mr. Brooke asked Miss Sadleir, who was sitting near it, to be 'good enough to close the door, as he felt the draught.' Miss Sad-

leir looked at him—such a look of mingled scorn and reproach that it positively startled me—then, bursting into tears, she rose and left the room, closing the door behind her. As she did not return for some time, Mrs. Brooke went anxiously to seek her, and found her extended on her bed weeping bitterly.

'My dear Miss Sadleir, I am so grieved. What is the matter? I do trust that nothing has occurred to annoy you. I assure you that nothing would grieve Mr. Brooke or myself more,' she said, apologetically, with a faint glimmer of the truth.

'Perhaps not,' sobbed Miss Sadleir; 'but to be treated as Mr. Brooke treated me—like any servant—desiring me to shut the door, was more than I could bear, and I did not suppose he would have done such a thing.'

'I assure you Mr. Brooke must have spoken thoughtlessly. He has had such a very bad cold, and was afraid of the draught, that asking you to close the door was a complete oversight. I am sure he never intended to do so,' and, after having said all in her power to appease and console the afflicted lady, Mrs. Brooke returned to the drawing-room. In a kind of nervous flurry she at once commenced an attack upon her husband.

'My dear John, you have no idea how you have wounded Miss Sadleir by telling her to shut the door, just as if she was a servant. It struck me at the time as a most extraordinary thing to do. Of course she is dreadfully hurt. I wonder how you could think of doing so.'

Half perturbed and half provoked, Mr. Brooke said what he could in his own justification, but his wife continued to reproach him till Miss Sadleir's reappearance, with a look of a martyr, stopped the conversation.

I was considerably surprised by this little incident, but what occurred the ensuing evening amazed me still more, for upon the drawing-room door being again left open (though fortunately I was not the culprit this time) Mr. Brooke rose quickly and closed it himself, upon

which Miss Sadleir again looked at him and, as before, burst into tears. This time he left the room, uttering an exclamation that was more forcible than polite. In real perplexity Mrs. Brooke tried to soothe the sensitive lady and to apologise for whatever offence might have been committed.

'It is my own fault, Mrs. Brooke, I know it is, that Mr. Brooke would not ask me to shut the door to-night. I was foolish to show that I was so much hurt yesterday, and have regretted it ever since. But now to feel that he has not forgiven me, and, in fact, is really displeased with me, is very trying. I feel it so deeply that, much as it would grieve me to leave you and the dear children, I think we had better part.'

This was the ultimate result, as might be expected, when poor Mrs. Brooke's sympathy and patience were both fairly exhausted.

The world is apt to take most people at a lower valuation than that which they set upon themselves, and this, in the case of governesses, often makes them foolishly touchy and *exigéante* in requiring deference where they can obtain it. Absurd little etiquettes with their pupils are rigidly adhered to, a sort of exactation perfectly sure to raise antagonism, if not dislike, in the mind of a child.

One great grievance against the governess in a large family of children of my acquaintance was the manner in which she always tried to separate the girls from their brothers. Once, when one of the boys came home from Harrow, and rushed into the schoolroom to see his sister, a formal complaint was made to his parents of his impertinence in speaking to his sisters without Miss Horne's permission. This, and some neglect on the part of the house-keeper, produced, to my astonishment, a letter consisting of four sheets of note-paper to the mother of the children, who told me that her heart sank within her whenever she saw one of these missives on her dressing-table at night, and that now she always deferred the perusal of it till the next day, as it invariably cost her a night's rest. The habit of complaints in writing from

those who live under one roof is one of the most trying inflictions that can be borne.

On the other hand it is true that many people are greatly deficient in the courtesy that is due towards any lady whatever position she may hold. In some cases this takes the form of marked neglect, in others it is displayed by a semi-patronising manner which, to a person of refinement, cannot fail to be offensive. The anomalous position of a governess is necessarily a difficult one, but a quiet, reticent manner, if persevered in, cannot fail, in the end, to command respect. Occasionally the manner of governesses towards young men, even to the elder brothers of their pupils, is by no means sufficiently circumspect, and if a governess lays herself open to the charge of being considered a flirt, she has no right to complain either of inattention or neglect on the part of her employers.

The isolation of the life of a governess in a nobleman or gentleman's family is so great that it requires really strong health and spirits to resist the morbid feelings it naturally engenders. Among the middle classes her lot is usually a happier one. The loneliness of a governess's life is taken but little account of by her employers, and yet a little reflection would show how very trying, even under the happiest circumstances, it must be.

To toil every morning through three or four consecutive hours in teaching children that at best are certain to be more or less troublesome, when the only recreation for the weary or aching head is a solitary walk or companionless leisure in the dull schoolroom while the children play in the garden or ride, requires the most absorbing interest in their studies and improvement not to be both depressing and irksome in the extreme.

To possess warm affections and a heart full of sympathy for those around, and to know that there is no willing recipient for the love and interest we are yearning to bestow, is as chilling as Wordsworth's dreary simile of 'a forsaken bird's nest filled with snow,' and this is the fate

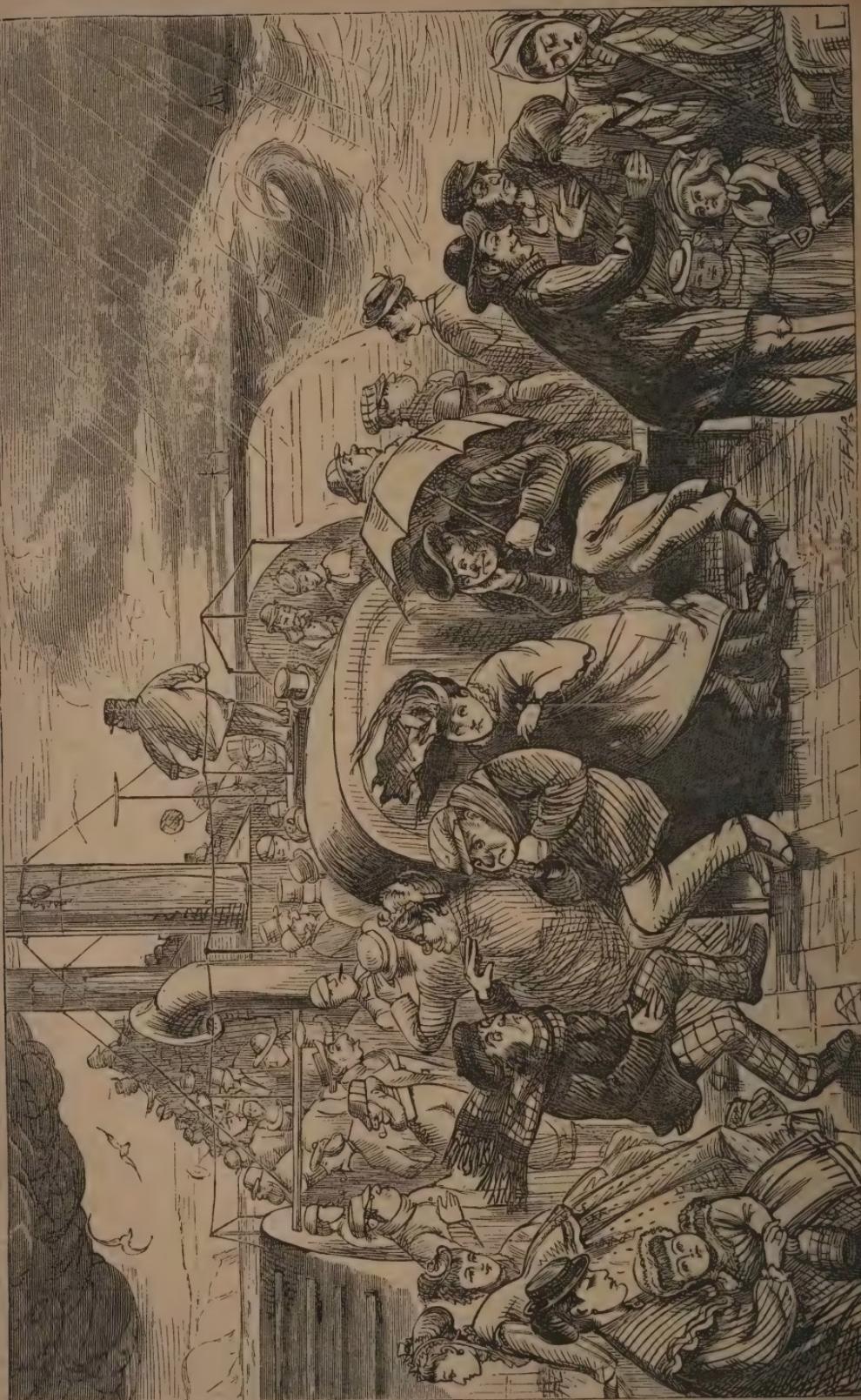
of many governesses who, in consequence, 'eat their own hearts' in solitary musings. When joining the family circle at the children's early dinner, or in the drawing-room in the evening, she is equally made to feel that she has no share in the conversation that goes on around her; and her presence is as much ignored as if she were nothing but a part of the furniture of the room, unless her services are required to accompany singing, to play for the young people to dance, or to ransack portfolios for drawings which no one else can find. With what a feeling of relief she returns to her own room, only prompted to leave it by a sense of the necessity for some change of scene in the unvaried monotony of her life—a life which must affect the health and spirits of any one who does not possess a fund of buoyancy or some inner motive strong enough to produce indifference to the neglect that surrounds her. To produce this indifference it would be far better if girls were educated from childhood to be governesses as a recognised profession, and if there were the same means and opportunities of testing their proficiency as exist abroad. Persons trained from early life to look forward to the position of a governess as a profession and honourable means of subsistence, would adapt themselves to it and accept it with all its advantages and annoyances purely as a matter of business. Conscious of their own efficiency, they would feel sure of receiving an adequate remuneration for their labours, and the over-sensitiveness that now arises from a position that varies with each individual and is never very clearly defined, would be prevented. Ladies with broken-down fortunes or unhappy homes are not qualified for the life of a governess. They carry their own troubles with them to overshadow happy homes.

To treat any one to whom is confided the most important possible

trust, such as the education of children, with courtesy and neglect, is both irrational and cruel; and to expect children, whose discernment is always quick, to obey and respect a person whom their parents look upon as an inferior and not worth the smallest consideration, is simply absurd. If a governess is qualified, both by education and the position she holds, to form a part of the family, she is also entitled to be treated as a lady and with as much civility and kindness as would be shown to any other guest. The good influence which many governesses might exercise over their pupils is often completely undermined by the behaviour of their parents towards them. This is doubtless a severe trial to a governess who is working conscientiously for the improvement of her pupils, and must cause neglect and want of consideration to be doubly mortifying. Children are apt to follow the example of their elders, however slow they may be in obeying injunctions which they dislike or consider unimportant. If greater courtesy and kindness were shown towards governesses by their employers they would probably be less inclined to look out for slights which are frequently the result of thoughtlessness rather than of malice, and the extreme sensitiveness which is universally attributed to them as their especial characteristic would disappear. Their intercourse with any family in which they might be placed would then be easy and natural, and their occasional absence from the drawing-room would no longer be hailed with delight, and parents and children would not feel on these occasions as if they enjoyed a common holiday. If governesses would only be natural and genial, not perpetually considering their own dignity nor for ever anticipating affronts, their life would be one of less isolation, and they would no longer be regarded as 'necessary evils.'







## THE LAST BOAT.

THE last boat out from Margate pier!  
 Farewell to folly and unreason!  
 Kind reader, please to drop a tear  
 And bid adieu to Margate season.  
 The jetty's left behind, beyond  
 The scene seems anything but pleasant,  
 A long farewell to Spiers and Pond,  
 And fascinating Royal Crescent.

Prone are our castles on the sand,  
 Knocked over by the sea invading;  
 Bluff equinoctial gales command  
 An end of matutinal spading.  
 The proud proprietors of goats,  
 And donkey boys, have ceased their rackets,  
 Grim salts sit straddling on their boats,  
 And look far bluer than their jackets.

Alone the little schooner lies  
 With not a cockney left to man it;  
 In vain the cursing carman cries  
 For riders round the Isle of Thanet.  
 Hush'd are the revelries of night—  
 The song and chorus on the jetty—  
 No longer Luna sheds her light  
 On Harry whispering to Hetty!

No more the antiquaries sob,  
 For calm of Canterbury's cloister;  
 Smart maidens vainly offer Cobb  
 To wash down the neglected oyster.  
 A sorry change creeps o'er the town,  
 For all reside, and no one lodges,  
 And Margate merciless must own  
 The undivided sway of Hodges.

The last boat out! once welcomed waves  
 Have turned their backs upon us truly;  
 The swell most certainly behaves  
 In manner rough and most unruly.  
 This husbands' boat, which in the sun  
 Dear wives excitedly have sighted,  
 Takes back both wife and little one  
 To home and Camden Town delighted.

Ah! love, we'll weather out the squall!  
 Maybe the little ones are weary,  
 Still home is sweetest after all,  
 And autumn fires are very cheery.  
 The last boat out from Margate pier—  
 When our short holiday is over—  
 Brings you and me to haven, dear!  
 And all the little pets to clover!

C. W. S.

## A RUN TO THE SOUTH AFTER CREATURE-COMFORTS.

## III.

ONCE installed in the comfortable établissement or Thermes of Dr. Pujade, at Amélie-les-Bains, we took at starting a liberal allowance of slumber, which was no more than needful to restore our strength after the stifling and woeful night passed at Perpignan, where, as I have recorded in penitential terms, out of unlucky but not blamable economy, we went to a second-class hotel, and were punished for our mistaken thrift. There are other hotels or inns at Amélie, and another thermal establishment *for civilians* (the Thermes Hermabessière), which has been bought up by Pereire the banker, and is now called after his name. ‘For civilians;’ because the French government has installed at Amélie an Etablissement Militaire, admirably organised and conducted, for the reception, on a liberal and kindly footing, of members of the army and navy, both officers and men, who are likely to derive benefit from treatment by the thermal waters. This is an institution quite apart from the rest. The State has a hot spring of its own, acquired by purchase, whose waters are brought to the hospital, across the ravine of the torrent Mondony, by an aqueduct, which, at the same time, presents the town with a handsome foot-bridge. There are gardens, walks, pleasure-grounds, in short, a complete walled-in territory, to which access by the public is not indiscriminately granted, and from which exit by its inmates is still more scantily accorded. It is a model of what such a benevolent institution, maintained by a nation, ought to be. Further than this it does not fall in with our task to say more of it, now or here.

Of the other establishments for the reception of civilians, not knowing them, I cannot speak; but were we to go back to Amélie, should certainly return to the Thermes Pujade, if only for its terraces, its shady and romantic walks, some

leading into the gorge whence the torrent issues, others zigzagging up the mountain which is one of the walls of the aforesaid gorge. The obliging and civil ways of its managers and servants would be another reason for not deserting it for any of its rivals; and certainly it cannot be called expensive. The terms, when you take whatever rooms happen to be empty and convenient to the direction to let you have, are, I fancy, 5fr. 50c. per head, per day, for board and lodging. We paid the smallest trifle more—a fraction less than 6 fr. per head, per day; but then we had rooms on the first floor, opening on to a terrace all to ourselves, commanding a cheerful and picturesque view of the torrent, the bridges, a portion of the town, the military establishment, and the surrounding mountains. It is a view that would make a pleasing picture, with little help from ‘composition.’ Add to this another advantage at the time of year, a northern aspect, in more or less strict accordance with the points of the compass, saving us from the intrusions of unnecessary sunbeams.

The dietary supplied to the guests—who here, as in other like establishments in the Pyrenees, are generally spoken of as ‘baigneurs,’ or ‘bathers,’ whether they bathe or not—consists of two copious meals a day; breakfast at half-past ten and dinner at half-past five. Things called for at other times in the day, as milk, coffee, &c., are extras, but by no means ruinous. In the price of the meals is included an ample sufficiency of the wine of the surrounding hills—a strong, dark-coloured, heady liquid, but making a wholesome beverage if sufficiently diluted with water. The other bathers drank this at breakfast as well as at dinner; we asked for tea instead, and had it, of fair quality, without additional charge.

For ourselves, and we think according to most English tastes, this

breakfast is both too heavy and too late, spoiling the morning, and the dinner too early, shortening the afternoon, and leaving an evening of inconvenient length in a latitude where night falls early, and in a place where there is no public amusement except the *café*. We should greatly prefer the materials composing the breakfast or *déjeuner* to be divided between a light breakfast at an early hour, and a luncheon, say at one. Not an ounce more of provision would be needed, and the lunch could be strictly confined to cold things. It would be hardly fair, so far south, to keep a cook over his stewpans and his broils all day long; the only additional trouble would be the laying the table-cloth, and the waiting, twice instead of once. A one o'clock luncheon would allow the dinner to be deferred till half-past six or seven, to the great relief of labouring stomachs requiring rest, and affording great assistance to those who find a difficulty in filling up the hours between after-dinner and bed-time. But half-past ten and half-past five are the table *d'hôte* hours of the country, old-established institutions, meal times of the Medes and Persians, an attempt to change which might be followed by domestic revolt. English families, too, often take apartments or hire furnished houses in town, where they can eat as seemeth them best. We, having smaller pretensions, and making a shorter stay, did at Amélie as Amélie does.

The fare can be best judged of from a bill or two. Let us take, at hazard, June 16. Breakfast:

Eggs, sur le plat, *i.e.* broken, without breaking the yolks, into a well-buttered dish, and then put into an oven till the whites are set; sliced saucisson, or polony sausage:

Beef-steak, bread-crumbed; fried potatoes:

Salted olives, like those we get in England, as a hors d'œuvre, kickshaw, or cranny-filler:

Neck and breast of lamb, stewed brown:

Cheese, cherries, biscuits.

\* For these and other dishes marked with an asterisk, please consult 'Wholesome Fare.'

Dinner: Potage Paysanne. Good stock (perhaps made at the expense of some of the meats served afterwards), with vegetables and bread-dice in it. A pleasant variation of *Julienne*:\*

Croquettes de volaille. Balls of minced fowl and hard egg rolled in bread crumbs, and fried. Garnished with (very well) fried parsley. Croquettes and little patties are great favourites with the hotel keepers who give you your dinner without your victuals, because they use up scraps, and count as 'a dish,' though they are only a mouthful. Not that we eschew them utterly. They are very well to play with an instant, if you have enough good food to eat besides:

Grenadines de veau, à l'oseille. Slices of veal, stewed white, and laid on a purée of sorrel:

Poulet à la financière—more or less. Roast chicken, with a rich ragout containing stewed olives and the livers of the fowls:

Green haricots, French fashion:  
Roast fillet of beef; lettuce salad:

Rice pears. Rice, boiled, sweetened, and flavoured, rolled into the shape of a pear, fried in sugared bread crumbs, with a strip of preserved angelica inserted to imitate the stalk, and served on a bed of currant jelly;

Strawberries, biscuits, cheese, &c.  
Our note of next day's breakfast (June 17) is this:

Bacon omelette;\* light and good:  
Well-broiled mutton cutlets; fried potatoes:

Fried whiting (caught at Collivure or Port Vendres):

Pâté de lièvre.\* Hare pâté. A thick layer of what we should call potted meat (in variety) baked between two crusts. Not good:

Asparagus. Remember the date, and the latitude (that of Rome). Green, run-up, almost branching specimens, which would be instantly 'disqualified' at an English Horticultural Show, but quite eatable and wholesome, nevertheless:

Apricots de St. Jean, Midsummer apricots. Well flavoured, but the smallest I ever saw; pears, cheese, butter, biscuits.

Apricots are comparatively scarce and dear this year, in consequence of adverse spring weather, fetching fifteen sous the kilo, or about three-pence the pound, whereas in ordinary years they may be had for six or seven sous the kilo, not a penny halfpenny per pound. With these and other comestibles the principal establishments at Amélie are supplied by peasant purveyors, who are in the habit of bringing certain articles to the house. What small market there is, is held in the little Place in front of the Hôtel Pereire, at the exemplary hour of five in the morning, or earlier. 'Tis not 'the voice of the sluggard' that cheapens their wares. But there is no want of irregular supplies. Thus, on certain and uncertain days, a smart covered cart, with BOUCHERIE inscribed on its varnished sides, drives into the Place, takes out its horse, and retails sundry joints of flesh.

With another specimen of our régime we will cease to bring the water into your mouth. Certainly, the cooking, on the whole, was good, especially as it had to be done on economical principles. But even great artists have their inequalities and their weaknesses. Malibran was vainer of her dancing than her singing. Our chef here one day produced an omelette soufflée, pronounced admirable by general acclamation, and received compliments in accord with the universal suffrage. Next day, to crown his triumph, he sent up what he supposed a masterpiece, a something between plum-pudding and syllabub, which obtained for him not only a great drop in public esteem, but what is worse in France, a hearty laugh. If he had only given us another good omelette soufflée, pure and simple, all would have gone right. But so few people know when to let well alone, which reminds me of a young gentleman who obtained a grand after-dinner success by imitating a bluebottle fly, a creaking pump, a knife-grinder's wheel, and a few somethings else of the kind. Elated, he declared he could do better than

that. So, rising and concentrating his faculties, he at the same time made a speech and a fool of himself.

June 19. Breakfast: Eggs, sur le plat:

Broiled mutton cutlets; fried potatoes:

Cold boiled whiting garnished with mayonnaise sauce, strips of anchovy, and lettuce salad:

Cold veal, in slices:

Apricots (de St. Jean), cherries, Roquefort and goats'-milk cheeses, butter, and biscuits.

Dinner: It was on this occasion, or another, that after the last bell had sounded, nobody would obey its summons. The guests continued idling about in groups, on the terraces, in the garden, or on benches in front of the house, from which the sun had retreated. 'Le diner est servi,' 'Dinner is served,' the head waiter shouted. Same inattention and indifference to the invitation. After waiting in vain for the people to come, the same individual, who is a bit of a humorist, again roared at the top of his voice, 'Le diner est refroidi,' 'The dinner is cold!' The effect was magical; in a trice everybody was seated in front of his respective 'couvert' or knife and fork.

Soup, pâte d'Italie; vermicelli stamped into stars and garters:

An enormous eel caught in the torrent Mondony, our contribution to the feast, à la Tartare:\*

Pigeons stewed with green peas and white onions, whole:\*

Sheeps' brains and sweetbread, with asparagus tips in cream sauce:

French beans, French fashion:\*

Roast leg of mutton and salad:

Rice pudding:

Apricots, cherries, biscuits, cakes, and cheese.

We went to Amélie expecting to find it hot, but, believing that, if it became too hot to hold us, we could easily retreat to a lower temperature by shifting to the higher elevation of Le Vernet, sometimes called Vernet-les-Bains, on the other side of the grand mountain mass of the Canigou. We found it warm, certainly; but the warmth was fresh,

\* For these and other dishes marked with an asterisk, please consult 'Wholesome Fare.'

elastic, and shady, with a sea-breeze, which, springing from the Mediterranean, swept along the valley of the Tech, the larger torrent—it can't be called a river—which receives the smaller torrent, the Mondony, which issues from the gorge at whose mouth Dr. Pujade's thermal establishment is situated. But be it remembered, that, at the very same date, people in the north of France were shivering and shaking, complaining of deplorable and abominable cold; they had not seen the sun for ever so long; mourning over blighted fruits, trembling for the harvest, and congratulating us on passing so severe a season in a milder climate. Nor were we alarmed by any prospect of excessive summer heat in consequence of our knowledge that the winters there are very forbearing; quite the contrary. Some climates, like that of Russia and North America, are extreme. The thermometer goes down to nowhere in winter, and up to the ceiling in the height of summer. In others, as in many small islands and peninsulas—the Isle of Wight, Cornwall, and the Scillies, to wit—it is perennially moderate in its rise and fall. Amélie belongs to neither. It is not cold in winter; but it is hot, when summer really comes.

Of the latter we can speak from personal experience; of the former from indications equally sure. Plants are a self-registering climatometer. A glance at them often gives you a description of the winters, and of the heat and degree of moisture of the winter months. Now the ricinus, or castor-oil plant, so largely employed with us in what is called 'sub-tropical gardening,' grows here into a tree or small shrub, being cut down by slight frosts every eight or ten years. Oleanders are as luxuriant in the open ground as lilacs and laburnums are in England. Geraniums in vases are left out of doors to pass the winter on the walls or pedestals where they stand. Nothing in the plant line is taken in-doors, for the good reason that people have nowhere to put them, still less any notion of how to take care of them. Plants

that cannot support the open air, night and day, all the year round, will not do for Amélie gardeners. Still, in the gardens there are to be seen several very elegant members of the acacia and mimosa families, grown to trees and shrubs, which have to pass the winter in greenhouses with us. Almost every rock over which moisture trickles is hung with pendent fronds of the true Maidenhair Fern, *Adiantum capillus-veneris*.

Now, Le Vernet (pronounced by Pyreneans 'Vernette') is very anxious to compete with Amélie as a winter resort for invalids and idlers. The guide-books—though not Dr. Constantin James in his 'Treatise on the Mineral Waters of Europe'—speak of its winter as 'excessive doux,' exceedingly mild, 'climat superbe.' But I could find no true Maidenhair there in its most sheltered and moistest nooks, a proof that its winter is not so mild as that of Amélie, although the aforesaid acacias are thrifty trees there, proving that its winter cannot be severe. At Amélie the great agave, or American aloe, will grow like a weed, if you let it. The orange-tree, the date-palm, the barberry-fig cactus, thrive in sunny corners protected from the wind, when planted, which few people care to do, because they are ornamental merely, and would occupy the room of profitable plants—of fig-trees, olives, standard apricots, peaches, almonds, and even of mulberries, whose leaves may be turned to account upon occasion. At Arles, and higher up the valley of the Tech, a dark-green but light-foliaged tree, the micocoulier, *Celtis australis*, is largely cultivated as a permanent crop, being planted out in regular rows so thickly that little will grow beneath them. As soon as the young stems are tall and stout enough—to effect which they are regularly trimmed to the required height—they are cut down close to the ground, to make the famous perpignans, or whip-handles, such favourites with carters all over France. The stools speedily sprout again and the whip-tree soon furnishes another harvest. Whether

the horses suspect what is in store for them when they pass a plantation of perpignans is best known to their sagacious selves.

Carnations, which stand more heat and drought than English gardeners imagine, are grown at Amélie, as in Italy, in pots and on balconies, to make drooping plants, the effect of whose bright-tinted pendent flowers is very pretty when seen from below. On the hills around we find everlasting, a daphne with light-green regular foliage and small white, sweet-scented flowers, which would be not undeserving of a place in the greenhouse, but for the rage after 'show' and 'exhibition' plants. There are also some pretty cistuses, the still prettier *Convolvulus althaeoides*, the *Empetrum nigrum*, with its black, purple-staining berries; the *Coriaria myrtifolia*, sometimes employed for tanning leather, whence its name; the *Smilax aspera*, the *Asparagus acutifolius*, and a host of other wild flowers, new to fresh arrivals from the north.

The climate of the Oriental Pyrenees differs from that of the Low and the High Pyrenees. I had already seen both the latter, and expected to find in the former the same glorious forests and brawling gaves or brooks, which are the consequence of their greater share of rainfall, and perhaps (the trees) in some degree the cause of it. But in the Oriental Pyrenees it is heat, dryness, almost aridity, which have the upper hand in the valleys sloping towards the sea. It is the country of the olive and the vine, which delight in warmth and cannot bear superabundant moisture: in spite of which there are ferns in plenty. Some of these grow in crevices, or on the face of rocks, where water constantly drains, drops, or trickles. The common polypody and the *Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum* resist drought and heat better than I conceived they could. The bracken, *Pteris aquilina*, is very generally dispersed; but the male and the lady ferns are not common in the valley, though you meet with them in wet places and in elevated ravines, which are never thoroughly and completely dry.

Amongst our pastimes at Amélie were drives to interesting spots in the neighbourhood. The first, which but for the sunshine might have been taken as an easy walk, was to Palalda, a village with a Moorish name, which displays the type of not a few villages in the Oriental Pyrenees. It is built house above house, and narrow lane over narrow lane, against the side of a hill in the shape of a half-cone or pyramid, most symmetrical and picturesque when beheld from a distance, especially after dark at supper-time, when it becomes a tapering pile of twinkling lights. But in this case, as in so many others, 'tis distance that lends enchantment to the view. Enter, and you have to climb up and down through crooked, ill-smelling, irregular alleys, between houses which you would guess to be stables for animals rather than the dwellings of men and women in easy circumstances. Yet many Pallaldans are 'propriétaires' or land-owners, possessing each his 'vigne' or vineyard, which supplies enough wine for his year's consumption, with perhaps a small surplus to turn into cash.

Then there is Corsavy, further off, higher up, and in the opposite direction; a grand situation, striking to look at, equally striking to look from, and not less displeasing when looked into. After leaving Arles you have the novelty, to dwellers on plains, of a long drive continually up hill, with, of course, the very reverse the whole of the drive back. These descents are all operated by four-wheeled vehicles much in the same way. The 'mécanique,' or drag by friction, is screwed tight against one of the hind wheels, and down you trot at a smart brisk pace, except at sharp turns, where the centrifugal force might pitch you into the torrent below, or where the dry bed of a brook might break your springs if you did not slacken your pace a little. It is a local custom hereabouts to help the mécanique's retarding power by placing between it and the tire of the wheel an old shoe—a curé's old shoe, if to be had. It is a saving, too; for the shoe, instead of the drag, suffers

from the effects of the friction, being worn to shreds and tatters, or often dropping off before you get to the bottom of a long incline. I do not say that the practice raises the price of old shoes, but it certainly invests them with a value unknown in the other parts of Europe with which I am acquainted. Note that the old shoe so applied is a literal and practical interpretation of the French word ‘sabot,’ ‘wooden shoe,’ which also means a drag put *under* a wheel in the old-fashioned way instead of *against* it, and fastened to the carriage with a chain. The Germans also use the very same expression, ‘rad-schuh,’ for the very same thing.

From Corsavy you catch the Mediterranean on the horizon to the east, and get a good idea of the general formation of the Pyrenean chain, ridge after ridge, one behind the other, in long perspective, and all starting from one continuous, still loftier, central backbone, producing effects similar to those attempted by the ‘wings’ on which stage decoration relied so much in former days. But however eloquently or accurately scenery is described, a clear idea can only be conveyed by a sketch or drawing. I therefore give up *that*. Excellent truffles are found in the environs of Corsavy, up amongst the hills. The search for them, with a trained truffle-dog, would amuse those not occupied with other botanical pursuits, and who would condescend to stoop to ‘pot-hunting,’ which in this case would be raised above vulgarity by the uncertainty and mystery attached to truffles. But truffle time is not yet come, and however pleased we might be to find them about Corsavy, we should be sorry to eat them cooked at Corsavy. Still, as the trip can be made between breakfast and dinner, it is worth taking at any season, weather permitting.

In all these carriage-drives and journeys I employed, and can honestly recommend, one Victor Olive (brown by name and brown by nature), ‘Loueur de voitures et de chevaux de Selle, à Amélie-les-Bains.’ He has competitors there, of whom I know nothing, for or against. I found him intelligent,

obliging, fair in his charges, a careful driver, and never tipsy or asleep on his box. He has little spirited horses who know their work—an important point in a mountainous country—and do it. As they have to earn their own oats and their master’s bread and wine, they are a little hard worked, and are perhaps all the safer for that, the country being such that neither running away nor shying answer. Victor Olive is likewise adroit in the use of his long whip as a defensive weapon. On our way up to Le Vernet from Villefranche we all got out to walk. Our path was crossed by a villainous stoat, prowling in search of its supper of blood. Presently the whiplash exploded, like fulminating powder, on its back. The beast gave one long dying squeal, and was soon incapacitated from plundering more henroosts or bleeding more rats and rabbits to death. Lingering behind, I saw gliding among the roadside herbage a long, thin, triangular-headed snake, marked cream-colour and black, after the pattern of a short-jointed cane, also hunting after prey. If a viper, which I doubt, it certainly was ‘de la pire espèce,’ not the flower of the family. Had Victor been near I would have got him to try the effect of his lash upon that; but he was forward, beside the horses, as was his place. So the snake glided on, and I let it. Whether, by whipping and driving, he is making a fortune I cannot tell. He once told me confidentially that he could not sleep unless he had eight or ten thousand francs of debts.

Another drive was to a border village or small town so near the Spanish frontier as to be convenient for those who want to pass to and fro, either for frequent business matters—‘commerce interlope,’ more practised formerly than now—or to change the residence to which letters and summonses may be addressed to them. Saint Laurent-de-Cerdans stands high, and commands a view, in nearly its complete altitude, of the enormous mass of the Canigou. Long before reaching it you leave the olives and vines

behind, and find chestnuts, poplars, and other less southern trees and shrubs. The grand characteristic of the drive, and that which retains longest hold of the memory, is the road winding steeply upwards amongst a labyrinth of hills, some composed of naked rock, others more or less sprinkled with vegetation, with a torrent filling one quarter of its bed, brawling deeper and ever deeper below. While coming down again, at full trot, with the shoe-clad drag pressing hard against one of the hind wheels, along a crinkum-crankum road, good enough in its way, but rarely broad enough for one carriage to pass another, and with a wall of rock on one side of it and a precipice without any parapet on the other, we experienced, of course not fear—nobody is ever afraid—but now and then a lively emotion, which we recommend to people who complain of feeling dull.

Less sensational is the drive to Perthus, or Pertus, again a frontier village, the last in France, and on the high road from Perpignan to Figueras and Barcelona. As forming one of the few passes across the Pyrenees, its elevation is much less than I had expected. After ascending you go down again, and then reascend before reaching Pertus. From thence the water-shed runs southwards, and soon conducts you into Spain, by a road commanded by Fort Bellegarde, on the top of a hill, for whose chequered history see the guide-books. We had thought of mounting to the fort on foot, for the sake of what *must* be a fine look-out therefrom, and the rare plants which *may* grow in the clefts of its pyramid of burning rock; but the heat, insuring our being swathed in wet linen, and our watches marking the brief interval available between our arrival and dinner-time, effectually dissuaded us. So we contented ourselves with walking across the frontier, and penetrating into Spain to the distance of at least a kilomètre. The limit is marked by posts or pedestals of masonry, on each side of the road, bearing, next France, the arms of Napoleon III., and on the Spanish side those of Isabel II.;

but the crown and the name of the fugitive queen had been stupidly chipped out of the marble by Spanish revolutionists, as if they could thereby erase from history and annihilate the fact that during so many, too-long years, Isabel II. had been queen of Spain!

All the good done by iconoclasts, of whatever party, religious or political, is to deface public monuments and vex and annoy posterity. It would show more common sense to leave material records untouched, to tell their own tale, and receive, if they deserve it, condemnation. But the tale will be told, whether *they* tell or not. For nearly the last hundred years every dominant party in France has sought to destroy the monuments of its predecessors. Almost every considerable town possesses, smuggled away in cellars, garrets, and museums, when not destroyed, inscriptions, statues, bas-reliefs, and the like, which offend the peculiar notions of the reigning party. Thus, in the little town in which this is written (Port-Vendres, Pyrénées Orientales), in what might be a pretty square, stands a defaced and melancholy obelisk, the four sides of whose pedestal were once adorned with bas-reliefs representing the abolition of servitude in France, the restoration of the French Navy, the independence of America, and the liberty of maritime commerce. The restored Bourbons, thinking these sculptures too revolutionary, had them removed, and their place still remains vacant; but the abolition of feudal servitude and the independence of America are not the less notorious and undeniable. Of each successive government, trying to efface the memory of its predecessors, it may be said, with some pity for human folly, ‘This is the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the corn,’ &c. &c., substituting empires, revolutions, restorations, for the above destructive animals.

In Spain our ladies found small, bright, sky-blue beetles, which they at first took for the flowers of the plants on which they found them. Those pretty insects seemed to go in pairs. We had already seen

them, or their facsimiles, in enamel, mounted in gold, to form pins, earrings, and necklaces, in the jewellers' shops when passing through Paris. On the French side our attention was attracted by what would have been a true forest of cork-trees clothing the hill sides, had they not been so sparsely scattered over them. Their soft, dark, tufted foliage, and the picturesque old twisted arms of the partially-denuded trees, made many of those individuals perfect studies. I am promised acorns in due season. It appears that they must be sown as soon as ripe, otherwise they lose their vitality. Note that the cork oak succeeds in England, in sheltered, well-drained spots not far from the sea, and well deserves a place on a lawn, if not as a profitable producer of cork, certainly as an ornamental evergreen shrub or tree, which has the merit of increasing in beauty the older it grows.

Worth peeping into at Amélie is the Catalan forge—all the forges hereabouts are on the same principle—which would make our iron-founders smile at first sight, and interest them on closer inspection. It is an instance of producing, on a small scale and at considerable cost, an excellent article in limited quantities. They have iron ore here, but no coal. The smelting and everything else is effected by charcoal, brought down from the hills on mule-back. Water power, derived from the torrent, crushes the ore, blows the bellows, and makes the hammers beat. The forge works night and day, with a staff of some twenty men in all, divided into relays of six hours each, or five men as the working quorum. Many blacksmiths' shops are more strongly manned. The result is, nails and other small hardware held in high esteem, and especially the droll, sharp-pointed Catalan knives which cut bread and bacon so well, and sometimes slash an adversary's skin. It is curious that, in spite of the heat from the charcoal, one of the inner walls of the Amélie forge should be beautifully draped with the maiden-hair fern—a bright green embroi-

dery on a ground of black. But the whole bit would make an effective picture—men, mixed qualities of light, walls, ore, ferns, bellows, hammers, and all.

This forge stands in the lower town, at the bottom of one of the primitive streets, in which the women seem to live retired, somewhat after the manner of Arab women. Its quality as a habitation resembles that of most if not all the villages and the older quarters of Southern towns—consisting of rough stone unplastered doorways and staircases; or, if plastered, unpainted and unpapered. Ruins serving for the retreat of jackals and owls present much the same appearance. A Northerner would have a great deal to do before he could possibly instal himself in such places. The living-rooms are equally rude and unfinished with the entrances, suggesting the idea of temporarily inhabited caravanserais, which it was worth no man's while to set in order, rather than of permanent residences, in which the present dwellers will probably spend their lives.

The fires of St. John's Eve took us by surprise. They are the remnant of some old ritual, probably older than Christianity. At nightfall, in numerous nooks about the town, bonfires are made, bright but brief, blazing up for a while, and then sinking down into ruddy embers. The children jump through the flames, as a point of honour and an indispensable duty, reminding one of the heathen custom of passing through the fire in honour of Moloch, which need not necessarily mean burning children alive. What makes the practice striking is, that each surrounding village, high on the hill-tops, has its own proper fire or fires; and so spark calls forth spark, and flame answers to flame, all the more impressively that their duration is so brief. They tell you, as is told the Pope on his coronation day, while blazing flax is burnt before him, 'Sancte pater, sic transit gloria mundi,'—'Holy father, like the flame of flax the glory of the world passes away.' Then follows a torchlight

procession, with a meritorious band of Catalan music, resembling whistles and bagpipes, very nasal in one, but spirited and operatic in its local colouring, which is decidedly pastoral and mountaineery. The procession goes round the town, visiting each fire, and summoning the population to dance in the Place. The dance music is good; and this particular band would, I think, achieve a success either in London or Paris, especially if illustrated by a ballet performing the true Catalan dance, which has now degenerated into a riotous galop and round. At certain intervals the music pauses on the key-note, much as when the bagpipe gives a long wheeze. This is done to allow the performance of a feat which *ought* to be thus executed. At the proper moment the lady springs in the air, and seats herself on her partner's outstretched hand; he then raises her, and holds her aloft as long as his strength and the laws of equilibrium allow. To do this neatly requires considerable practice, very amusing, no doubt, to the parties concerned.

But as few are endowed with the requisite skill to catch the fair one on her—say ‘place behind,’ unpossessed by the cherubim;—in order to avoid indecorous falls, as well as competitive jealousy, two young men now-a-days unite, between them, to elevate their two partners (or perhaps one partner only, taking them by turns), supporting them by the waist. Certainly this popping up of female busts by lamplight, while the music gives a long-drawn sigh, has a droll effect, much more comical than graceful, although it be a chairing of the member in celebration of Youth and sometimes Plainness’s triumph. At any rate the ladies take it kindly—and economically. When the fair one is thirsty she does not ask her cavalier to ‘stand’ anything, but quietly walks to the fountain and drinks her fill by catching the jet of water in her open mouth—another custom derived from Catalan antiquity.

Next morning (St. John’s Day)

the mules and donkeys, in their Sunday clothes, go to high mass, to get blessed. I am not sure that they all go, here, though in some villages they do, with a few exceptions, intended as a punishment for naughtiness during the previous twelvemonth, and as a warning to other wicked donkeys. As the *dames de la Halle*, on grand occasions, depute the comeliest of their body to kiss the Emperor, so it is possible that the quadrupeds of Amélie charge a commission to receive the ‘Pax Vobiscum.’ We had the honour of beholding one of the blessed mules, who had the pleasure of carrying (we hoped for that day only) a couple of riders, and of being preceded and followed by musical sounds and instruments, if not exactly by music. More dancing and lady-lifting day after day, till we wondered how human legs and arms could stand it!

St. John brought with him a rise of the thermometer. It was really warm, nay, absolutely hot, with that pricking sensation in the sunbeams which removes all doubt as to where you are. In the north you believe in the undulatory or wave-theory of the nature of light; in the south you are inclined to side with Newton, who held it to be a stream of little particles projected, like small grape-shot, from the sun. The respective temperatures of different latitudes often arise from different causes. The *mildness* of northern climates, when it exists, mostly arises from the prevailing winds, which convey warmth almost always derived from the sea. Here the *heat* is derived directly from the sun, seldom screened by clouds; and as rain is rare, the accumulated sun-heat is but little diminished by evaporation. Buildings, roads, rocks, the soil itself, become saturated with heat, which is sensible by night as well as by day. Some winds, as the mistral, temper and equalize its effects for the moment, but they do not cut off the continued influx and supply of solar heat. Thus the north may be warmed, although the sky remains cloudy; while the south is sensibly cooled by a few sunless or

rainy days. On the other hand, while the sky remains clear and a hot wind blows, their combined effects may be easily imagined. You suffer a general listlessness, prostration, good-for-nothingness, inducing siestas and a unanimous 'shutting up of shop' both literal and figurative.

We spent our time at Amélie-les-Bains with much enjoyment and no disagreeables. Our fellow-guests were all pleasant, well-behaved, and a few superior people in respect to abilities and acquirements, if not in worldly wealth. We were the only Britishers; I do not say in the house—because it consists of several *corps de batiment*—but in the thermal establishment. A few were Spaniards; but the majority, French Southerners, came from Perpignan, Montpellier, Toulon, and other broiling towns, to breathe in the shade and rinse out their constitutions in 'the waters.' We noticed that young married and engaged men, unaccompanied by their wives or intendeds, wore 'alliances,'—wedding or engaged rings—on the *annulaire*, or ring-finger of the left hand. This custom I hold to be considerate and merciful, especially when the young gentleman is possessed of superior attractions. It warns young ladies not to waste their time by falling in love with other ladies' property. It says, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's husband, nor anything that is hers.' If they choose to break their susceptible hearts by entertaining hopes where hope is none, at least they do so with their eyes open. The alliance ring tells them, 'Mademoiselle, don't look at me too much, although I am a handsome fellow. I don't wish to be unnecessarily cruel. If I have been a lady-killer I am now bound in honour to retire from practice. I am very sorry for you, but the market is over. I am ticketed "Sold;" that is, I don't belong to myself. Think of me and regard me as if I existed not.'

For myself, the principal objection to table d'hôte breakfasts and dinners is that the former are too copious—but you need eat no more

than you like while remaining stationary and sedentary, and can take all you like during periods of active exercise—and that the latter go off much too quickly. As soon as your plate is empty a fresh one is pitched into its place. Dish succeeds dish with such rapidity that you have no time to discuss it, scarcely to chew it. A moment's conversation with a neighbour inevitably causes you to be behind time. You find yourself distanced by your commensals, who have finished their portion before yours is begun. Now, this is feeding, and not eating, as understood by common sense and Brillat-Savarin. If, perchance, you reach the table d'hôte five minutes too late it is a heavy task, requiring an enormous power of pitching in and bolting, to work your way up to the rest and take your place in the race beside them. The wisest plan is not to attempt it, but either to wait till all is over and get what you can, or to have the portions which fall to your share placed before you in a row, and so take them at your leisure, leaving the others to go on at the regulation pace, paying no attention to what they are doing, but allowing them to come in at the goal before you have half got over the course. The evil—if other people besides myself have ever thought it such—is almost unavoidable. The service of a large establishment would be impeded if a table d'hôte dinner lasted *too* long; and its brevity is less felt by persons who take their after-dinner drink at the café instead of at table. They are not a bit the more temperate in their potations for that; because, when taking your wine 'like a gentleman,' there is a limit which may not be exceeded, either in quantity or time; whereas, at the café, men may and do sit from their rising from table till the café shutters are closed. Dining à la carte and restaurant dinners are not open to this objection; you have a right to take your time; and you greatly undervalue the importance of a good digestion if you do not take it. A mean, and a happy one, when compared with the ultra-

acceleration of table d'hôte eating occasionally witnessed, is to get a side-table to yourselves when the house is full, and there contrive a lingering eddy of the dishes which sweep down the torrent of the central stream. While engaged in one of these gastronomic steeple-chases we promise ourselves a little dinner at home, composed of three nice dishes and dessert, which shall cost altogether a couple of hours, with pleasant chat in the interludes. Nay, decent street music, not too discordant, if present, should not depart without recompence.

The director of the post-office at Amélie gave me a little lesson, which I record for the benefit of your future correspondents in France. I took the first of these 'Runs to the South' to the post, stamped, as usual, for that quantity of MS.—30 centimes, or threepence. In general, you are requested not to put such packets and newspapers into the letter-box—for fear of choking the mouth—but to deliver them at the wicket-window. I delivered mine, telling the director it was not correspondence, but manuscript for the printers, which, by the international postal convention, paid postage as *imprimés*, or 'printed matter.' He said I could not send MS. in that way without an authorization from the General Direction. I replied that I could, and had sent many such packets from other post-offices in France without a word, having the right to a weight up to 120 grammes for 30 centimes. He rejoined that he knew his '*règlement*', but, having to make up his bag, had no time then to show me Article. Still I might send the packet as 'papiers d'affaires' for 50 centimes, which gave me the right to 500 grammes. I thought the additional twopence well spent to save the post and escape a long discussion on post-office law; so I affixed the additional stamp, and took my departure.

Soon afterwards, the postman,

while delivering a registered letter, told me that the Director wished to see me, if I would look in at the Bureau. Being in no hurry, and not expecting much amusement from his '*règlement*', I waited till I had another 'Run' to take. On delivering it, he graciously explained that he had been in error about the 50 centimes; that, in the hurry of making up his bag, he had not noticed that the packet was for England, and that what he had said was applicable to France. On which he tendered the 20 c. stamp he had caused me to affix. 'No,' I said; 'I did not wish for that. You did not put it into your own pocket; the government has had the benefit of it.'

'Mais, non; I took the stamp off before I despatched the packet. But,' he added, resuming his official and post-directorial authority, 'in future you must not write London, but Londres, on your packets. If it were any other town in England it would not signify; but this must be written "Londres." C'est règlementaire.'

I was about to reply that any director or directress of the post in France who did not know that London meant Londres ought to be sent at once about their business; but I remembered that in the United Kingdom there might be post-masters and mistresses who would not be aware that a letter directed Wien was intended for Vienna, or that another addressed to Firenze was meant for Florence. So I thanked him, assuring him that I was always anxious strictly to observe the '*règlement*', and recollecting that the catechism had taught me to behave myself lowly and reverently to all my betters. Please notice that I profit by the teaching. For me, at present, 217 Piccadilly stands, not in London, but in 'Londres.' What does it matter? By any other name London streets smell just as sweet.

E. S. D.

(To be continued.)





THE LOVE-BIRD OF THE WEST.

[See the Poem]

## THE LOVE-BIRD OF THE WEST.

HAST brought my secret safe to me?  
 Hath none beheld thee on thy way?  
 Say, Love-bird of the West, ah say  
 What jealous eyes encountered thee.

Those mettled winds that bore thy plumes  
 Foamed the glad waters as they went;  
 With odours of the roses blent.  
 The orange breath this scroll perfumes.

Did none detect the rose more rath ?  
 Did none discern the whiter waves ?  
 Did no sea-monsters in their caves  
 Track thy light course along their path ?

Burst there not forth a rarer light  
 From shimmer of the bright page cast ?  
 The ruffled dove-cotes as it passed  
 Broke they no silence of the night?

Did no heart-pulse of the pine-wood beat  
 To the music of its silken string ?  
 With the soft whisper of thy wing,  
 Didst tell of it to the mountain, sweet ?

Hast brought my secret safe to me ?  
 Hath none beheld thee on thy way ?  
 Say, Love-bird of the West, ah say  
 What jealous eyes encountered thee.

What mortal did thy starting see ?  
 Who marked thee first to heaven arise,  
 Where, wheeling giddy with thy prize,  
 Thy vision pierced the clouds to me ?

Did any know, did any dream,  
 The hand that laid it on thy breast ?  
 Did any note the strange unrest  
 That sounded in the swallow's scream ?

The swallow hath a twofold face,  
 Now light, now dark, and who shall say  
 What tale those changeful hues convey  
 To the keen eyes of watchful space ?

The drowsing winds for ever wake  
 To hear the shrilly swallow call ;  
 The dullard billows rise and fall  
 To catch her voice by wood and brake.

Say, will not sunshine and soft rain  
 Together meet in rainbow smiles,  
 When to the circle of the isles  
 The tell-tale swallow comes again ?  
  
 Hast brought my secret safe to me ?  
 Hath none beheld thee on thy way ?  
 Say, Love-bird of the West, ah say  
 What jealous eyes encountered thee.

The west-borne waves from tropic seas,  
 Will they not murmur of his name ?  
 Will not the angry winds proclaim  
 His flying sails that kiss the breeze ?

The sun that lit thy parting flight  
 Hath knocked at every lattice-pane,  
 And, meeting him on hill and plain,  
 The curious moon hath snatched his light.

And she will wander through the world,  
 No cloud before her treacherous face,  
 And note thy tender wings unfurled,  
 And spy my treasure in its place.

Hast thou no voice ? Thy weary eyes  
 Wear a strange look, half doubt, half fear,  
 As though the prying stars were near  
 In this still hour when daylight dies.

Slumber's soft shadow round thee clings.  
 Thou hear'st me not. Ay ! sink to rest ;  
 Lay down thy burthen on my breast  
 And hide my joy beneath thy wings.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.



## SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## NO. III.—THE FRONT OPPOSITION BENCH.

IT is stated that the late Sir Robert Peel, who used regularly to attend Whitehall Chapel, one day heard an intensely-Tory preacher select as his text the words, ‘And all the people were scattered and peeled.’ Sir Robert was extremely disgusted; but, nevertheless, the words were singularly applicable and true. Ever since that great political tergiversation, it may be said of the Tory party that they have been scattered and peeled. That large hurt has never been really cured. The Tories were in the position of the Ten Thousand Greeks who suddenly found one morning that they were bereft of all their generals; who were not, indeed, assassinated, but had gone off in a body to the enemy’s camp. It was seen even that the best hope of Conservatism was not in the reconstruction of the party but in a reconciliation with the discarded and alienated leaders. The acute, sagacious mind of Lord Lyndhurst seems to have comprehended this, and he sought to effect a reconciliation between the Nominalist and the Realistic section of the Conservatives. But a reconciliation was impossible. Things had passed which could not be forgiven in this present political world. Sir Robert was cold, proud, and wounded to the quick; the Tories were haunted by the demons of despair and revenge. It was not likely that even Lord Lyndhurst’s most brilliant pupil and closest friend, Mr. Disraeli, would welcome a change which would eject him from that foremost political grade which had fallen to him. Lord George Bentinck, indeed, was the Ariæus suddenly improvised at this great emergency, but Mr. Disraeli was the lieutenant of Ariæus. Since that time, however, the Tories have never had a majority in the House or the country. Several times they have been in tantalizing proximity to a majority, within a dozen votes more or less. But if ever they

have attained a majority, it has been by coalition, and if ever they have governed it has been by sufferance. We know not what chances may yet be evolved in the political kaleidoscope, but the party for ever getting on for a quarter of a century, has emphatically been scattered and peeled. At the present moment their lances are broken and their banners torn, and they are lying prostrate on the political lake, like fallen angels. Mr. Disraeli has told us that he is ‘on the side of the angels.’

One effect, however, of those many years is that Mr. Disraeli has been and gone as Prime Minister of England. The ringleted, lisping, jewelled, velveted aspirant in politics and fashion has made his way from a stool in an attorney’s office to the right hand of a throne. It is said that Mr. Disraeli once excused himself from a particular pursuit on the ground that he intended to become Prime Minister. But Mr. Disraeli, had he really believed that flattering whisper which suggests itself to every rising statesman’s mind, would have abated the foppery and frippery, the grotesqueness and the exaggeration which have marred as much as they have helped his career, and have put him fatally out of joint with the average common-sense temper of the English people. Mr. Disraeli presents many salient points which easily touch the imagination of literary men, and give occasion for slashing and depreciatory criticism. But the fact is that this brilliant statesman’s mind has grown and expanded in proportion as the circle of his hopes and ideas has enlarged. He has had to encounter, as he told the House, many peculiar disabilities. Of them the public know many, but only a portion of the public know the whole. The common idea, disseminated by the Radical penny papers, is that he is as abnormal as the Shadowless Man of German legend—that he is without conscience and without feeling.

Those, however, have observed Mr. Disraeli very superficially who have not, even in later days, noticed in him traces of the deepest feeling. There are none to whom he lays himself open more unreservedly than to those of his own kith. But the neighbours of his own Hughenden home—those who know Mr. Disraeli intimately, cling to him with a peculiar tenacity of regard. He is the embodiment of kindness and knightly courtesy. During that prolonged political career no whisper of complaint of him on any personal relations has reached the public. His personal following, despite the great discontent that has repeatedly prevailed in his ranks—and perhaps never more than at the present time—is exceedingly large. There is a *bonhomie* about him which made him, during his supremacy, as popular a leader of the House as Lord Palmerston had ever been. One night he elicited a laugh in the House of Commons by speaking of Mr. Gladstone as his 'right honourable friend.' It was thought to have been an inadvertence; but the phrase was, more probably, weighed, and intentional. On a public occasion afterwards Mr. Disraeli again termed him 'his right honourable friend, if he might be allowed to call him such.' We should have thought that two great men could not sit just opposite each other for the best part of their lives, in the fullest intimacy of each other's minds, but they would have contracted some form of friendship however eccentric. Even the two Brighton coachmen who passed each other once a day for many years liked each other so well that when one died the other sickened and followed him. But Mr. Gladstone made no sign in answer to this amicable overture: he extended no olive branch in return; and if he should do so, as Newman said of Pusey, he would discharge it from a catapult. Such a little incident as this indicates, not remotely, the contrasted character of the two great rivals. Mr. Disraeli made the House of Commons very merry one night by saying that he never attacked any one. And the remark is not the

paradox which it appears to be. When he attacks any one, it is not with any design to inflict pain or mortification, but in pursuance of a settled plan and policy. It was his design to make Peel ridiculous—to show him as the great vestryman of the parliamentary vestry—to eject him from office as a minister who, of growing and afterwards of fixed liberal opinions, could only misrepresent the Tory followers who had brought him into power. That object once attained, Mr. Disraeli never attacked Sir Robert Peel again. He put the sword into the scabbard and threw both sword and scabbard away. When Sir Robert Peel met with the accident which proved fatal, Mr. Disraeli's name was immediately to be seen among the inquirers at Whitehall Gardens. Much of that political insincerity which is alleged against him is simply the outcome of his Semitic race and of his peculiarly intellectual character. He is, after his intensely Hebraic nationality, not so much an Englishman as a cosmopolitan; he views questions intensely interesting to Englishmen, those in which their whole sympathies are engaged, with daylight, with cold intellect alone; the daylight, the cold intellect of an outsider. This is not a bad mental position to take up, so far as the acquisition of mere truth is conserved, but in the warm region of politics it is one that loses sympathy and provokes hostility. So closely identified are moral and mental notions, that this want of understanding Englishmen, and his semi-foreign character of mind, have led to many of the blunders and failures which have so largely marred his career, and have debarred him from any great share of popularity. He would have been quite a different man if, like so many of our statesmen, he had been to Eton and Christ Church. If he has in his time effectively wielded the tomahawk, there has been an intense desire among his opponents to scalp and excoriate him. Even so respectable a print as the '*Guardian*,' admitted a paper on the '*Jew Premier*,' which would enlist the vulgarest antipa-

thies against him. If Mr. Disraeli has ever been hard, unscrupulous, and vindictive, it must be admitted that the retaliatory process adopted towards him by his political opponents has also been hard, vindictive, and unscrupulous to a degree.

Yet Mr. Disraeli is an object of constant attention and general admiration to the public, letting alone the fact that one of them left him a legacy of thirty or forty thousand pounds out of such admiration. Strangers crowd the portals, and enter the lobby to see Mr. Disraeli enter the House. He does so in his invariably abstracted way. Lord Palmerston was jaunty when he perceived himself noticed, but by himself he was often anxious and grave. Mr. Disraeli preserves on his countenance a dense imperturbability. You might as well be attempting to study mahogany. In this inhuman impassibility he closely resembles, as in a few other respects, the Emperor of the French. In the House he appears to have a kind of supremacy of loneliness. You seem to divine at once that he is the centre of his party. Courteous as he is to all, hardly any one ever ventures to interrupt that solitude of the crowd. Mr. Disraeli is not a great orator. His speeches have few of the effects of great oratory. He cannot even spur on and excite his party as Mr. Hardy can. He has perhaps only rarely revived the effect of his great philippics against Peel. But what speeches, except, perhaps, Mr. Lowe's, show half the brilliancy and intellectual power of Mr. Disraeli? The effect of them, again although there is not much in the way of pure eloquence, is wonderfully enhanced by his manner. This by-play of manner is at times absolutely irresistible: the emphasis, the glance, the arched eye, the intonation—the immeasurable sarcastic effect sometimes produced by the interposition of a single word. Last session Mr. Disraeli has not much shone. He has been under a great eclipse, which he has gently borne. Despite, at least, one very remarkable speech, we do not believe that Mr. Disraeli really understood the

Irish Church question, that is to say, that he really understood the conflicting points of view with which religious men regarded the question. Now Reform was a question which he understood thoroughly, better, perhaps, than any living man. His treatment of the Reform question was entirely consistent with that democratic Toryism which he has always professed. That earliest chapter of his political life in which he was associated with Hume and O'Connell is not so violently opposed, as it is generally held to be, with his subsequent career. He saw that since the Revolution, the country had been pretty uniformly governed by a cluster of aristocratic families, who played in English history the part of Venetian Doges, enfeebling the power of the crown and the franchise of the people. Mr. Disraeli conceived that the era of aristocratic domination might be closed, and the Tory principle would base loyalty to the throne on the devotion of the masses. These principles have been attacked by a keen parliamentary critic as extreme 'viewiness.' But events have partially pointed towards the verification of this programme. Whiggism is utterly extinct, having given way to Radicalism. Toryism has at least accomplished household suffrage. And although the effect of household suffrage has been to destroy Toryism as a party, far-sighted observers discern that, in the process of events, a Conservative democracy may be other than a dream. We may also say that eminent men of an advanced type of intellectual Radicalism are not slow in confessing, at least in the freedom of conversation, that they have a comprehension of and sympathy with Mr. Disraeli's views.

The great flaw in Mr. Disraeli's career is, that the historical interest belonging to him is so merely personal. He is identified with no great measure. The great object of his career has been the personal success of Mr. Disraeli. His career has been that of long and unavailing opposition. He has been placed in chronic antagonism with the growing convictions and feelings of the majority of Englishmen. We are

very far from saying that in the nature of things there is not a very great advantage in being a drag upon the political machine, and that the late Premier has not done the country essential service in this way. But after all there is something dispiriting and comparatively mean in discharging the office of a drag. His career is, however, in great measure redeemed from this reproach by the brief but splendid period in which he was Prime Minister—a period rich in administrative ability, and crowned with the glorious success of Abyssinia. He is called an adventurer, and there is both fairness and unfairness in the use of the term. In one sense we are all adventurers. Every public man is embarking on a career of adventure. But then Mr. Disraeli has exhibited a certain amount of unscrupulousness which lends point to the application of the phrase. We do not inquire whether the discarded novel of 'Almack's' was or was not his, for if he does not desire to own it we have no desire to accredit it to him. But the unquestionable amount of personality in 'Coningsby' seems to us to be in execrably bad taste. He will fight hard, die hard, and, rather than die, will change the rapier for the stiletto. For all purposes of literary analysis, of the quality of his writings, the critics will go to the novels antecedent to 'Coningsby.' They will there find that this cold, selfish man is brimful of imagination, tenderness, and poetry. Though full of poetry, indeed, he is not a poet. He is right in the idea that the Revolution is the one great era still susceptible of being the subject of an epic. Mr. Lytton has recently made the public acquainted with a remarkable attempt in this direction; but Mr. Disraeli was not the man to produce a true revolutionary epic. But for an analysis of Mr. Disraeli's political character, the series of novels is not of much use until we come to 'Coningsby.' Before long, Mr. Disraeli was a politician of such great note that he no longer ventured to handle politics through the instrumentality of a novel. He seems to write imaginary

history when he became a part of real history itself.\*

In addition to the Nemesis which for so many years has been haunting the Tory party, there has been a sad process of disintegration in their ranks. We do not alone mean losses, as in the two last administrations of Lord Derby, when the question of Reform has deprived the Ministry of the invaluable services of their ablest men; nor yet of the gaps made by death, less conspicuous than among the Liberal party, of whom it was truly said by Mr. Gladstone, that within recent years a whole Ministry have descended into their graves. But the party is much broken up: besides the general run of bad luck against them, their election business was notoriously ill-managed. There is also very perceptible want of harmony among their leaders. The three prominent members of the House of Commons are of course Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy. No two of them are in thorough accord. Mr. Disraeli and Lord Stanley have points of affinity, but their points of opposition are more numerous, and it is hard to see where there can be any real sympathy between them. A great question is wanted to unite the Conservatives, as it was wanted and found effectual to unite the Liberals. What may be called 'the inner life of the House of Commons' may at the present time be learned with much particularity; but I should be sorry to vouch for the accuracy of the details. Some of the newspapers devote columns to chronicling both the varying effects and also the small details of an evening's gossip. The writer of the 'Times' summary now and then, by a single phrase, mentions anything noticeable which is not given in the report of the speeches, and, as a rule, it would be hardly safe to go beyond this. The 'Daily Telegraph' atones for the poverty of its reports—which are probably only poor because the debates are beyond the calibre of most of

\* On Mr. Disraeli's literary character, see paper on 'The Premier Novelist,' in No. 77 for May, 1868.

its readers—by a scenic and descriptive account of the evening's proceedings. One or two of this sort of articles—I am speaking now of the provincial press—are very good, being written by Members of Parliament. The regular reports of the London press, except the 'Times' and the 'Standard,' in the main are hardly satisfactory. They make the most stammering speeches readable, but then they frequently miss a good point. At times we deeply regret to see that positive unfairness has crept into reports that ought to be exempt from any shadow of such an imputation. This is to poison for the public the very fountain of political truth. It is the distinction more of an intense taste for politics that it hardens men's hearts against political opponents, and makes them illiberal and unfair. A great orator sits down amid a hurricane of cheers; the 'Times' fairly states the facts; but the opposite organ to the speaker will merely put the stereotyped 'cheers,' or even withholds that limited meed of approbation. It is curious to find the 'Telegraph' stating that the feeling of the House was of unlimited satisfaction, and the 'Standard' that it was of universal disgust: or some such pair of contradicaries. In the familiar accounts of the varying aspects of the House, the reporter honestly gives facts, and he gives them so far as he has facts to give; but of course if the facts fail he must draw upon probabilities or upon his imagination. Such papers will tell you how the Secretary of the Treasury engaged in anxious conference with the Premier, and speaks of the fleeting emotions that chased each other over the Premier's tell-tale countenance; how such a speech made a profound impression—which it didn't—and another fell flat—which was certainly not the case; how one member looked perturbed, and another fierce, and another slouched his hat over his eyes, and another went to sleep, and another plunged his hands into his breeches pockets and stalked grimly into the lobby. I once heard of an unfortunate

penny-a-linner who used to write such descriptions for a country newspaper. I believe he evolved them out of his own consciousness in his lodging off the Strand, and who eked out a precarious livelihood by combining some advertising business with his reports. It is now some years ago when he thus gave an 'incident' for the benefit of the readers of the 'Little Pedlington Gazette.' 'Last night our noble Viscount was juvenile and jaunty enough. He took his customary nap and was all the better for it, when he began to "chaff" some honourable bore. As he lay, we might say, nearly half extended, on the front Treasury bench, we observed, with much interest, that he was wearing a pair of Ford's Eureka trousers, for which, with his customary regularity, he had forwarded a post-office order for seventeen and sixpence.' We do not deny that there is much interesting talk about Parliament that does not appear in the report of the debates; but these are not found in newspapers, but in clubs and conversation, and even then are generally tainted with exaggeration and inaccuracy. Let the public judge of our great statesmen by their deliberate parliamentary utterances, taking care to get them in as authentic a shape as possible, and avoid being influenced by such by-ways as irresponsible and unveritable gossip.

It is not improbable that Lord Stanley will be the future Premier of the Conservatives, in a reconstruction of the party in which Lords Salisbury and Carnarvon will again find place. To our mind it is always a great pleasure to hear Lord Stanley. It is true that there is no passion or energy about him, but there is quite enough passion and energy there already, and it is a pleasure to hear Lord Stanley, cool and calm, and always thoughtful and philosophical. We have, indeed, had little or no opportunity of hearing him this last session; he has been conspicuous by his absence, eloquent by his silence; but now that the Irish Church no longer stops the way we may expect that he will prominently emerge to the

front. Lord Stanley may truly be called a heaven-born statesman. He is *par excellence* the ablest and most fortunate of foreign secretaries. Difficulties, the most entangling and insoluble, clear up before him. We remember how, when Lord Stanley first became a cabinet minister, the House of Commons was astonished at the rare order of excellence which the young statesman displayed. It was the happy fortune of Lord Derby that he could give his son a place in the cabinet without a murmur of criticism or objection. Lord Palmerston had made him the same offer before, and would have been very glad if the offer had been accepted. Perhaps Lord Stanley would have been more self-balanced and harmonized if he had thrown in his lot with the Liberals. But it would hardly become him to split with the party of which his father was chief. There has been something very touching in the relations between the illustrious father and the illustrious son. They seem to have their jokes against each other, if the well-known story is true that Lord Stanley said his father was a clever man if he only knew anything; and that Lord Derby said he could not send his son his version of the 'Iliad' until it was done into prose and published as a blue-book. But we remember how Lord Derby, as Chancellor, was bestowing honorary degrees on distinguished men, and his son among them; in addressing other men, he said, in the usual formula, 'vir honoratissime,' but addressing his son, he said, 'fili mi dilectissime,' amid the thunders of the Sheldonian theatre. There was something in his earliest official career most bold, self-reliant, and straightforward—so much ease and independence in the way in which he conducted the complex Indian legislation of which he had charge. But Lord Stanley is better even on the platform than in the House—in that lecturing tone that he adopts. These addresses of Lord Stanley certainly form the very best reading with which we are acquainted in this description of literature. There is no living statesman who may not

be benefited by the almost preternatural sagacity and good sense which Lord Stanley always administers to his hearers in the strongest and most concentrated form. The drawback is that he is cold and chilling, and almost destitute of that human passion which is necessary to animate and cheer on a party. The fact is, that Lord Stanley does not in the least degree care for office. He has said so himself, and all the facts combine to prove it. He has enough wealth, enough fame, and knows what wealth and fame can and cannot do. It is also to be admitted that his future career is in much ambiguity beyond those of other statesmen's, and many of his views are antagonistic to those of the majority of his countrymen.

Mr. Gathorne Hardy is an admirable administrator. He was all the better, as he came between two very inefficient secretaries, such as Mr. Walpole proved himself to be, and Mr. Bruce is suspected of being. There is a strong disposition to run down Mr. Bruce, and very probably Mr. Bruce will be run down accordingly. The penny press takes the deepest interest in hanging matters, and hanging matters are the special province of the Secretary of State. At least such is ostensibly the case, but we believe that the permanent under-secretary used to dispose of all these matters. Mr. Walpole would hang the wrong man and spare the wrong man, at least in the estimation of the penny papers. Finally, he injured his party and his own position by his timid, vacillating conduct in the Hyde Park business. Then he resigned, continuing for some time a minister without portfolio, and subsequently abandoning that anomalous position. Still Mr. Walpole is one of the pillars of his party. Every one likes him; every one respects him, if only for that precious act of resignation on the Reform question of 1852. Mr. Walpole has been a heavy loser through his party. He was a rising Queen's Counsel, and would be probably Lord Justice at this moment if he had not weakly yielded to his

friends and abandoned law for politics. Then there was a chance that he might have been made Speaker, but the chance was never sufficiently good that it should be put to the test of a division. All men respect honest aims and intense conviction, and Mr. Walpole has his full share of this respect. Mr. Hardy has the same, but there is a force of character and a downright eloquence about Mr. Hardy which unfortunately never belonged to his distinguished friend.

Let us proceed a little further, to discuss some of those who, in comparison, are *dii minores*. It is said that when the first Protectionist ministry was formed the Duke of Wellington exclaimed, 'Pakington! Pakington! never heard of the gentleman.' It soon transpired that he was the chairman of the Worcestershire Quarter Sessions. This office exactly suits Sir John. He is essentially a Quarter Sessions man, with Quarter Sessions mind and Quarter Sessions manners. There is a pomposity about him which is provocative of hostility. In office Sir John made himself admirably acquainted with Admiralty organization, and was, in common with all the other ministers, of excellent business capacity. At Droitwich the lord of Westwood was a kind of emperor, and nothing illustrated more strongly the tide in favour than the attempt, albeit unsuccessful, to eject him from the representation. In any Conservative administration Sir John will always be the *pièce de résistance* of the table. Mr. Ward Hunt is a gentleman who first came very prominently forward in the time of the cattle plague. The Northamptonshire squires were considerably astonished when their compeer was first made Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he was Mr. Disraeli's selection, and Mr. Disraeli's powers of selection are very considerable. Mr. Hunt dwarfs as a Chancellor on the comparison that might be made, but he is an exceedingly able and useful man. Sir Stafford Northcote was formerly private secretary to Mr. Gladstone. He now acts against Mr. Gladstone, much, if we may be

forgiven the parallel, as Mr. Earle, Mr. Disraeli's former secretary, has now acted against him. Sir Stafford excited considerable odium last election by hinting, somewhat obscurely, that the Conservative party might not be altogether indisposed to sink the Irish church. It was as imprudent a remark as Sir John Pakington's *naïve* confession about the ten minutes' Reform Bill. Dukes belong to another place, but ducal scions abound in the House of Commons. We take a few of the Conservative type. Lord John Manners is deservedly popular and esteemed in the House. It was formerly supposed that there was a kind of poetical and romantic halo about Lord John's head. He was the Lord Henry Sidney of Disraeli's 'Coningsby,' and was supposed to unite strong democratic taste with the chivalry of hereditary rank. Much of that poetic halo has departed, and Lord John has settled down into a fair average man of business. He has made public essays, both in prose and verse, but we cannot conscientiously report in favour of either. He much resembles that other noble poet, the Earl of Winchilsea, who, as Lord Maidstone, wrote some protectionist poetry, which gave him the honour of being 'showed up' by Macaulay. One distich of Lord John's has, however, been immortalized:—

• Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,  
But leave us still our old nobility.'

But the lines, as they stand, do not, we suspect, completely give the whole sense of the noble poet. He meant that under the fostering care of his order all other perishing social things would revive, and without his order would degenerate.

Another very conspicuous member of the late Government is Lord Robert Montagu. Lord Robert has not, indeed, written poetry, but he has written on church subjects, with only that limited popularity and success which ecclesiastical publications in these days enjoy. Lord Robert has not got the weight and swing of a great parliamentary orator, but he has won the ear of the House, and can occupy it for

two hours at a time. This is a real and a rare achievement. The true bent of Lord Robert's mind is scientific. In political matters he possesses greater insight and originality than he is generally accredited with. He adopts no current opinions from the hour, but works his way carefully to his principles, and from his principles downwards to the facts of policy. We can hardly point elsewhere on the Conservative benches to so great thoroughness and independence of thought. Much beneficial legislation may hereafter be expected from Lord Robert. We remember how amid much wordy war, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, Lord Robert came forward with a carefully-digested speech on the important subject of the effective drainage of the Thames through all its course. His speech excited great attention, but hardly so much as it deserved; but it is the curse of our country to be over-ridden with big factious talk, while necessary schemes of useful legislation are held over till they are too late, or can only be accomplished at an immensely-exaggerated cost. Such men as Mr. Cave, Mr. Sclater-Booth, and Sir M. H. Beach well deserve a few commemorative words. Sir Michael Beach is a young statesman—if he may be called a statesman—but his character, goodness, and antecedents marked him out for special promotion, especially in the great dearth of Conservative rising men. Mr. Butler-Johnstone is simply an ambiguity, that serves to confuse and derange the party.

Nominally a Tory, he frequently votes and speaks on the Liberal side. But as he has steadily declined in power since the most successful of maiden speeches, his adherence to one side or the other counts for little beyond his vote. Then there are gaps in that Opposition bench that tell of the defeats of last autumn. It is really a serious drawback to the Conservatives that on legal questions they are not adequately represented in the House. The late Attorney and Solicitor-General have lost their places, and Mr. Hardinge Giffard, one of the 'coming men' of their party, was unsuccessful at Cardiff. But, after all, they are hardly worse off than the Liberal party.

In point of fact, last session witnessed few special scenes worthy of special commemoration; and the Conservatives made greatly less show than the Ministerialists. The leader made set, formal speeches. The great oratorical success on the Opposition side was attained by Dr. Bull, and in a lesser degree by Mr. Chaplin. It is noticeable that in the last election the Conservatives began to call themselves Constitutionalists, but they must find a better name if they wish to strike the popular imagination. The turn, however, points to a probable coalition between the Moderate Conservative and the Whig remnant. We wait and see, desiring to give all fairness and sympathy, and that impartiality which is at least the one merit which we will venture to claim for these papers.



## THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

AT BUXTON.

PERHAPS the prettiest railway drive in all England is the journey from Ambergate to Buxton. It takes you through mingled scenes of pastoral loveliness and subalpine boldness to the wild, desolate upland region called the Peak, which is something to Derbyshire as Dartmoor and Exmoor to Devonshire. Though the railway has come here, and millions of trees have been planted beneath the adjacent heights, and a park has been laid out, and villas and terraces adorn the village-town, there has been no essential detraction from the sterile, striking scene, which may well remind you of some of the loneliest parts of Scotland and Wales. A wild, desolate country is the Peak country in winter—a winter that lasts seven months in the year, with country houses most thinly scattered, and so a total absence of society, but still a winter of the right sort, that inflicts only skin-deep cold and brings no damp. But in the summer and the autumn season the victims of rheumatism resort hither, literally in thousands, to try the healing waters of St. Ann. That homely but most beneficent saint had a sacred chapel there, and a cliff fronting her well; but the chapel has disappeared, and the cliff has been hewn out into slopes by the aristocratic Wyatville, the last worst architect of the Georgian era. There can be no doubt but the medicinal waters bring together the great company of the wells. You see the patients, bent and bowed, at every turn; hardly a family comes to Buxton but they come for the sake of the invalid of the family, suffering from gout or rheumatism. Many poor people contrive to crawl here; and we see with pleasure that there is a Buxton Bath Charity, and Devonshire Hospital: we know, also, that the waters have a highly curative effect. They may be drunk for a mere trifle; and in the open air

there is a large drinking-fountain, where all may freely partake. You had better, however, take the advice of some local physician, or you may find yourself in the Street which is called Queer. Buxton has been celebrated from a time to which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, but there were no magazines in those benighted days, and its fame depended on tradition and report. Even to the time of Queen Elizabeth there was no local history, but her unhappy rival, Queen Mary, tells in her letters how she drank the waters, and how the waters gave her relief. Lord Macaulay mentions Buxton in his first volume, and the mention forms one of the most discreditable bits of his writing: ‘England, however, was not, in the seventeenth century, destitute of watering-places. The gentry of Derbyshire and of the neighbouring counties repaired to Buxton, where they were crowded into low wooden sheds, and regaled with oatcake, and with a viand which the hosts called mutton, but which the guests strongly suspected to be dog.’\* Macaulay wanted to be epigrammatic, and, like most epigrammatists, he sacrificed truth to smartness. It can be proved that at this very time there was large and handsome hotel accommodation. The authority he gives is Tom Brown the younger, who, if we recollect rightly, had run away, crept into an outhouse, and got some poor victuals charitably given to him. On the strength of which the sapient Macaulay states that Buxton consisted of sheds, and wholesome food could not be obtained. But the great Whig historian is often guilty of shaping his facts to suit his sentences, instead of making his sentences suit his facts.

We will let our rheumatic patient hobble about the town and perchance be wheeled into the church or the news-room, sun himself in

\* ‘History of England,’ vol. i., p. 345.

the park, to sit along the Crescent colonnade, gain an easy seat on the Slopes to listen to the band, and take his bath or his glass of water, or both, as the case may be. The water of St. Ann's spring, which is the principal one—the other being the ordinary chalybeate—is highly gaseous, and the absorption of the gases held in solution does the good. Those who are not invalids will be able to make longer expeditions, and though immediate walks beyond the limits of the park are not inviting, yet the more distant expeditions are full of interest. There is a cavern—or rather a series of caverns—called Poole's Caverns, the said Poole being popularly supposed to be an outlaw, who secreted himself here, and hid away the proceeds of his lawless depredations. He must have been rather a clever fellow to have been able to pick up much booty in these parts in those days. As a matter of fact, the cavern was known to the Romans, who knew all the natural features of the country perfectly. This cavern is vastly larger than those of Devonshire, and as large, though not so interesting, as Castleton, further on in the Peak country. When you have got through the narrow entrance in the rock into these halls, which extend onwards for the third of a mile, you obtain a tolerably firm footing, and the interior, especially when lighted up by the magnesium light, surpasses expectation. Buxton also boasts a waterfall, of which we see amazing photographs, but it is totally dried up in summer, and reserves itself for the winter use of the residents. To those who are able to go about, Buxton will form a territory very easily exhausted, but it is useful as the centre of a very remarkable and unique district. The railway, which has done much to spoil the picturesque, has also made the picturesque very accessible. It brings more visitors to Buxton, but it also takes them more quickly away. Coming from Ambergate, you obtain wondrous glimpses of deep sunken dales, with their stream murmuring below, their craggy taws, their wooded sides: and it is well and wise to explore these Derbyshire

dales. The line also gives a full view of Matlock, with its mountainous background. Chatsworth, and Haddon, with that sweetest of fishing villages, Rowsley, are also easily attainable. The trout and grayling of these streams are excellent. There is also a pond in Buxton Park; and you are charged a guinea a day for fishing in it—with the obvious intention that it should not be fished at all. Then Eylem, with its affecting history of the plague breaking out here, and the inhabitants heroically drawing a cordon round the place, that the infection should not spread, and so the surrounding country was spared while the place itself was nearly utterly depopulated; Tideswell, with the noble church, the Wynnatt, with its awful gorge with long cathedral frontages, and Castleton, with its caverns, its glorious valley and its reliquary castles of the Peak, all furnish points of interest to the tourist, especially if the tourist brings a furnished mind to the investigation, can decipher the story of the rocks, and repeople the past with its associations.

But on the whole, we English take our pleasure sadly. The average watering-place presents very few resources to the man who has no resources in himself. There is grouse shooting in the Peak country, and they conscientiously refuse to issue more tickets than the land is able to bear. There are table d'hôte dinners, where the commons are abundant and not dear, but the waiting is bad. Englishwomen seldom know how to wait well at table. The Buxton company are well worthy of consideration. As a rule, they are north country people who have caught cold in their cold latitudes. They are moneyed and hard-headed, but, as a rule, they lack the refinement and the pleasantness of the south. The northern and southern counties of England present many and much stronger points of dissimilarity than might be expected. In many moral points of view they are twin but diverse nationalities. A whole line of contrasts might be drawn out between the Devonian and the Derbyshire man. At the hotels there is a wonderful

paucity of pretty girls. Youth and beauty do not command the largest amount of material advantages. It is the buxom, well-fed matron, the picture of well-fed contentment, who goes about with her husband to watering-places and show-places; or, if the husband is too much occupied with making filthy lucre, goes about with governess or servants. The pretty girls must wait at home, and have their pretty reveries instead of practical realities. Those who come are mainly with their people in lodgings or hired houses. One regrets that so little is done for their amusement: that there is—at Buxton at least, emblematic of other Buxtons—so little of archery and croquet, dancing and talking parties. Conversation is lost as a fine art, or is, apparently, considered—as was once misanthropically observed—the bane of society. ‘Every Englishman is an island,’ said Novalis, and one feels this at a watering-place. And mountains rise and seas roll around the Englishwoman, until the magic formula of an introduction, like an ‘Open Sesame!’ throws down all barriers, and permits the acquaintance perhaps fatal with consequences. When will it be understood that etiquette was made for mankind and not mankind for etiquette? For myself, I am satisfied enough with old college friendly talk over as old sherry; but I regret, and protest against that angularity and stiffness which at this time is too much repeating itself in the watering-places of England.

#### AT EEL-PIE ISLAND.

Those who are left in London during the autumn months do not perhaps require all the compassion with which they are favoured. The months of August and September, pleasurable everywhere, are very charming in London; indeed, at no other season is London equally endurable. Let any one resident in London just jot down on a piece of paper all the beautiful localities, the choice of which he has for resort, on a holiday or half-holiday, or even when the ordinary day’s work is done. The environs of

London are as beautiful as those which surround any European capital, and in the late autumn they are at their loveliest. On the upper range of the imperial river there are two hostels especially familiar to the Londoner who takes his transitory holiday within the limits of the Post Office district. One of them is the Star and Garter, which commands that lordly landscape on the very verge of the royal park. The other is on the very bosom of the Thames—the little inn on the Ait, as Eel-Pie Island is called. It is not given to every man to go to the Star and Garter, and those who go, go in the height of the London season, and their chariot-wheels rolling homewards, rouse the quiet country roads, and snatches of riotous song and merriment are often interspersed. But we all go at all seasons to eat pies at the Eel-Pie House, especially when this distance is the length of our tether when all London is out of town; and you, my friend, if you are wise, will sleep somewhere hereabouts in the pure country air, and be betimes at the office in the morning. Say you have come down to Richmond, and have strolled through the park, then you descend the field to the river side, you pass in front of Ham House, and may linger in the cloisters of its avenues. The large avenue confronts both the house and the river, and the water-entrance was near here, where stately barges brought up royal and noble ladies to the stately mansion, so lonely and apparently deserted. It has its historical associations, and more important ones still in fiction, for behind the house in the trim fields Lord Frederic Verisopht was killed in a duel by Sir Mulberry Hawk. Then the ferry will take you to the island. They don’t eat eels there themselves; but they will give them to their customers, or anything else they may want. Here each honest boatman stays if only to get a light or a glass of beer, and wherries stay, and luxuriously fitted boats, where ladies cluster, or take an oar, or breathe music on the waters. The island is a place of universal resort, whether you stay

for hours in the garden, watching the river astir with boats, and the fair uplands stretching upwards to the Park, or you land for a few minutes on your way to Richmond Bridge or Teddington Lock.

Me it much delighteth to grow familiar with the loved wave of Father Thames, whether here or beneath the bending woods of Cliefden, or past the bridge of Henley, or towers of Oxford, or pleasant Pangbourne and by the Caversham woods. I sacrifice to the *genius loci* in the way of partaking of eels and accompaniments, and perhaps of the innocent joys of Moselle or of shandy-gaff. Then, with attendant nymphs, I enter the boat, and confine my exertions to steering, or stretched at full length on cushions, am languidly carried about on the evening waters. It is not a bad plan. Try it, my friends, try it. Better to be out here than in the hot air of the hot theatre; most of all, than seeing 'Formosa'—a vile outrage, insult, and degradation to those brave Oxford rowing men who, with their young arms and shoulders, have just vindicated on this river the honour of old England against the Stars and Stripes. We pass along the shores of what has been well called 'the literary suburb of the eighteenth century.' There is the house where Pope used to live—a portion of it rather, for his old house seems to have covered a much larger extent of ground; and there is the famous grotto so far as it remains. There is Strawberry Hill, just across the road, where Horace Walpole used to entertain his friends, and where the Countess Waldegrave at times now holds almost imperial court. Coming to Teddington, the anglers are busy, and we are told how a trout of six pounds had suddenly leapt into a lady's lap as she was sitting by the stream. Here the tidal water ceases. Off the isle you might sometimes easily walk across the stream, and at another you are in deep water as soon as you are off the Garter Hotel steps. Sit quietly in your places as you descend that deep ugly Teddington Lock. You could not easily escape up those

slimy granite sides. I very nearly came to grief there once, and so I speak feelingly. Then you come out on the broad, natural stream, where the tide never reaches, and the pure clear lights of the sunset sky are reflected on the water, and the lights are presently beginning to shine in the drawing-rooms of the many villas overlooking the stream, and you get bursts of music through the open casements. You do not reach Kingston, but return. As you pass the wayside villas, each with its smooth turf trimmed by the stream, its boating house and its smoking-room overhead, your boatman will tell you how the gardens have all been laid under inundations by the tide, or who has won the cup, or something about the doings of casual fishermen or local magnates—say, for instance, Mr. Benjamin Higgs, who lately adorned these parts with his splendour. At the Ait you pause once more—a cup of tea for the ladies, or to replenish your private flask. The gardens are perhaps noisy now. A set of wild lads have been having their rival matches on the river, or perhaps a London warehouse has disgorged its inmates for an autumn holiday, or some tired clerk with his wife and little ones, or strolling artist, or solitary fisherman—all these may be filling up the rooms, the arbours, and the seats. We are now floating down towards Richmond Bridge. There we see on the height the Marquis of Lansdowne's great house; and here is that most beautiful villa where a Duke of Buccleuch used to groan, 'Oh, that wearisome river; will it always keep flowing on, flowing on?' and there is the little house where the Miss Berries used to live—Horace Walpole's Berries. 'I remember,' said Julia, 'when I parted here with Lucy last year, her oar became entangled again and again with those of a gentleman who was passing and repassing. The last time we passed him, he laughed and said [good-night]. Quite late his boat floated back quite empty. We were staying at Richmond, and next morning Lucy indicated the spot where he had laughed his last

good-night, and close by he was found entangled and drowned.' We are a little grave as we make our way through bustling cheerful Richmond to the station. As a fast train whirls us back to town, we moralize how many cheap sweet pleasures lie ready-made to the metropolitans if they would only court those fair scenes close at hand which would be visited by them in thousands if they only lay in some foreign country across the narrow seas.

MR. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.\*

Some years ago Mr. Stopford Brooke, at that time chaplain to the English embassy at Berlin, charmed and instructed the public by the life of his extraordinary and gifted friend Robertson of Brighton. For literary finish and perfection it was a matchless biography, or only to be matched with Dean Stanley's 'Life of Dr. Arnold.' Mr. Brooke became the minister of York Street Chapel, and from slender beginnings and a moderate attendance, he has obtained a most legitimate and remarkable success. In the season his chapel presents one of the most vivid spectacles which London can afford, being crowded with the most fashionable and intellectual of audiences. No preacher can succeed better in riveting the attention of an audience. It is easy to be seen that he exercises a peculiar charm over them. The downright earnestness of his manner, the vigour and intensity of his phrases, the poetry, choiceness, and eloquence of his language, the force and originality of his thoughts, mark him out as being the most justly conspicuous of London preachers. Sometimes there is an amount of daring in his speculations, of rhetoric and poetry in his compositions, which would not authorize us in holding him up as a model worthy of general imitation. He is not a preacher who would be at all com-

prehensible to that mass of poor people for whom preaching is primarily intended. But as a man with a special vocation, and filling a special nook in this great London, we readily discern that he has a work to do which he does well. We were rather uneasy when we saw the announcement of the volume of his sermons for publication. In the sermon very much depends on the oratory, and Mr. Brooke has a unique kind of oratory which it would be surpassingly difficult to reproduce on paper. But our fears were utterly groundless. We are glad that these sermons are printed, as affording the perusal and re-perusal, which his hearers would greatly desire. The literary charm of the work is very great; there are many sentences, many phrases, which will linger long on the reader's mind; but the chief value of the book will lie in its substantive teaching, and its remarkable powers of stimulating inquiry and thought.

Here is a passage which, whether you regard the diction or the thought, is true and touching, and hits off exactly so much the notion of modernisms. 'But we have fallen upon faithless times; and more than the mediæval who saw the glint of the angel's wing in the dazzling of the noonday cloud, more even than the Greek who peopled his woods with deities, we see only in the cloud the storehouse of rain to ripen our corn, and in the woods a cover for our pheasants. Those who see more have small cheerfulness in the sight; neither the nymphs nor the angels haunt the hills to us. We do not hear in the cool of the day the voice of God in the trees of the garden. We gaze with sorrow on a world inanimate, and see in it only the reflection of our own unquiet heart. There is scarcely an universally joyous description of nature in our modern poets. There is scarcely a picture of our great landscape artist which is not tinged with the passion of sorrow or the passion of death. We bring to bear upon the world of Nature, not the spiritual eye, but a disintegrating and petty criticism. We do not let feeling have its way, but talk of harmonies of colour and

\* Sermons preached in St. James's Chapel, York Street, London, by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., Honorary Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1869.

proportion, and hunt after mere surface-beauty. We train the eye and not the heart, and we become victims of the sensualism of the eye, which renders the imagination gross, and of an instability of the eye, which, unable to rest and contemplate, comprehends the soul of nothing which we see. It is our sick craving for excitement—the superficiality of our worldly life—which we transfer to our relation to Nature. What wonder if Nature refuses to speak to us, and we ourselves are insensible to the wisdom, life, and spirit of the universe?

Yet we are bound to say that there is much in this most striking and suggestive volume which will subject the author to much criticism, both clerical and lay.

We give one more example of the vivid illustration which Mr. Brook can import into sermons such as was scarcely ever imported before. ‘It was my fortune last year, in going from Porcello to Venice, to be overtaken by one of the whirlwinds which sometimes visit the south. It was a dead calm, but the whole sky, high overhead, was covered with a pall of purple, sombre and smooth, but full of scarlet threads. Across this, from side to side, as if dashed by their invisible armies, flew at every instant flashes of forked lightning; but so lofty was the storm—and this gave a hushed terror to the scene—that no thunder was heard. Beneath this sky the lagoon water was dead purple, and the weedy shoals left naked by the tide dead scarlet. The only motion in the sky was far away to the south, where a palm-tree of pale mist seemed to rise from the water, and to join itself above to a self-enfolding mass of seething cloud. We reached a small island and landed. An instant after, as I stood in the parapet of the fortification, amid the breathless silence, this pillar of cloud, ghostly white, and relieved against the violet darkness of the sky, its edge as clear as if cut by a knife, came rushing forward over the lagoon, driven by the spirit of wind, which, hidden within it, whirled and coiled its column into an endless spiral. The wind

was only there, at its very edge there was not a ripple; but as it drew near our island it seemed to be pressed down upon the sea, and, unable to resist the pressure, opened out like a fan in a foam of vapour. Then, with a whirl which made every nerve thrill with excitement, the imprisoned wind leaped forth, the water of the lagoon, beaten flat, was torn away to the depth of half an inch, and as the cloud of spray and wind smote the island, it trembled all over like a ship struck by a great wave. We seemed to be in the very heart of the universe at a moment when the thought of the universe was most sublime.

‘The long preparation, and then the close, so unexpected and so magnificent, swept every one completely out of self-consciousness; the Italian soldiers at my side danced upon the parapet and shouted with excitement. For an instant we were living in Nature’s being, not in our own isolation.

‘It taught me a lesson; it made me feel the meaning of this text, “Whosoever loseth his life shall find it,” for it is in such scanty minutes that a man becomes possessor of that rare intensity of life which is, when it is pure, so wonderful a thing that it is like a new birth into a new world, in which, though self is lost, the highest individuality is found. I am conscious now, on looking back, though the very self-consciousness involved in analysing the impression seems to spoil it, that it is in such a moment when, as it were, you find your individuality outside of you in the being of the universe, that you are most individual, and most able to feel your being though not to think of it.’

We give these brief citations from Mr. Brook, because the nature of such a work is best ascertained by quotations, and this is hardly the place where we could formally review the book. But we vehemently exhort our readers to procure the work and study it for themselves. These extracts will as little convey a notion of the author’s remarkable system as a brick will tell of a house or a finger of a statue.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

The best article in the current number of the 'Quarterly' is unquestionably the very remarkable paper—a gem in its way—entitled the 'Argument of Design.' In these days, when popular science is so keenly discussed, and is fraught with the deepest religious issues, such an article as this is in the highest degree well-timed, and it is distinguished with a very high degree of cogency and even of brilliancy. The reviewer traverses the whole field occupied by such writers as M. Comte, Mr. Lewes, Professor Huxley, and Mr. Darwin, at least so far as they are concerned with the great subject of his essay, and a paper more keen, searching, and adequate could not have been written. He comes back to Paley's argument, which he shows to be left unshaken by modern scientific speculation. A very important part of the discussion is concerned with Darwinism, or the doctrine of the transmutation of species. The reviewer declines either to accept or reject this famous hypothesis, but with great keenness he shows that the argument of design does not stand or fall by either process. Mr. Darwin admits that the first life-germ was a creation, but if the Creator had wrapped up in this first organism the development of the existing world, and if intention fashioned that rudimentary germ, then we have here the admission of the argument of design. The modern philosophy that survives the old Lucretian doctrine that organisation has been the result of mere variability, is exposed to just ridicule. M. Comte, who censures nature, and thinks, like King Alfonso, that the world might have been made much better, holds that the growth even of the human eye is altogether fortuitous. The leading position of the essayist is that there is a certain construction which the facts of Nature call for and necessitate, not admitting any other; the construction of design which attaches to visible arrangement, system, and adaptation: this construction *adheres to the facts*, is

cemented to them, and cannot be separated from them. It is obviously impossible for us to expand the argument, but it is important to call attention to the paper as exhibiting the present stage of the discussion on the deepest and most important problem of science and life.

Two medical works have been lately written, each of which apparently aims at a wide popularity, but hardly deserves such. So many of us remember Sir James Clark, who was not alone a fashionable physician, but almost consolidated the science of climatology, that we should wish him well in any literary venture, especially when that venture was the biography of that most humane benefactor of the human race, Dr. Conolly.\* To Dr. Conolly is due that the cruel restraint which used to be practised in the treatment of the insane is a thing of the past altogether, and his beneficial example has penetrated to many countries. All honour to his memory, but still a biography, which is best described as a statistical biography, without a particle of literary merit, is a work which cannot be said to be worthy either of Sir James Clark or of Dr. Conolly. Dr. Elam has published a book with the somewhat sensational title of 'A Physician's Problems.'† But there is nothing really sensational about it. A physician's problems are of two sorts—those which no physician would venture to tell the public of the actual conflicts that beset the medical mind, on the nature of therapeutics, and conflicting theories of disease. There is a great deal of very safe talk that may be talked concerning brain and matter, moral epidemics, and so on. Three drawbacks exist in reference to Dr. Elam's works, (1) that the great body of his work is full of old familiar matters; (2) that he has deliberately ignored most of the real practical problems of the profession; (3) that on most subjects of difficulty he speaks in a

\* 'Memoir of Dr. Conolly.' By Sir James Clark. Murray.

† 'A Physician's Problems.' By Dr. Elam. Macmillan.

hesitating, tentative way, and does not appear to hold any fixed principles of his own.

Our readers will thank us for mentioning two really good novels, which we can most conscientiously recommend. We do not say that they are well-constructed stories, or that they will be satisfactory to the average reader of the circulating library. These are novels by those clever authors, Mrs. Beecher Stowe\* and Mrs. Oliphant.† We like Mrs. Stowe much better in her stories than in writing prominent sensational papers on any hidden mysteries of Lord Byron's life. Her work is really valuable in a two-fold way. First of all she has reconstructed a remarkable chapter in the history of manners, by putting together a faithful picture of the primitive life of New England, which is all but a thing of the past. Next there is a bold grappling with these earliest problems in morals and religion which underlie all theology and life. Mrs. Oliphant's story has some points of affinity with this tale. The plot is dreary enough. A young girl is discarded by her young lover, and marries an old minister. He is killed, and she then marries her former sweetheart. She then discovers that she has married her first husband's murderer. But the description of a revival in a remote Highland district, of the scenery of loch and moor, the keen analysis of motive and character, the resolute grappling with subjects on which many people are not even able to think, make this a remarkable book. As novels they are hardly readable, but as works of moral and psychological interest, we have read none other better for years.

But we must not omit to give a few words of welcome to our own valued contributor, Mr. Whyte-Melville.‡ He has published a volume of lyrics which will be extremely welcome to his very

\* 'Old Town Talk.' By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Sampson Low and Son.

† 'The Minister's Wife.' By Miss Oliphant. Hurst and Blackett.

‡ 'Songs and Verses.' By G. J. Whyte-Melville. Chapman and Hall.

many admirers. Mr. Whyte-Melville is a genuine singer of songs, and our thought all along is how exceedingly well these songs would be set to the music which they would stimulate and deserve. The readers of his romances—and how many readers he has—will here find various poems identified with favourite passages in their favourite tales. As in all true lyrists, there is often a sad undertone in our author's musical pieces. Thus, to quote a verse from a plaintive poem entitled 'There leave thy gift upon the altar':—

'Gone the glad hope in a dawn of to-morrow,  
Faded, forgotten the noon of to-day,  
Night drawing closer in sadness and sorrow,  
Gloom in the valley and ghosts on the way;  
All the bright hours of the past I can reckon,  
Memories of anguish bequeathing to me,  
Man cannot guide me nor angel can beckon,  
God of the hopeless! whom have I but  
Thee?'

This is in remarkable contrast to the jovial Lincolnshire hunting song, 'The Monks who live under the Hill,' and 'The Galloping Squire.' He is very fond of the use of the musical refrain in his songs, as in two poems, really on the same subject, entitled somewhat quaintly, 'Ephemeral,' and 'Commune Malum.' The last is the sort of poem which, like some of Mr. Haynes Baily's songs, might bring a touch of genuine pathos into many a drawing-room:—

'... the fruit that never ripens,  
Blossomed once for me,  
Far away in bonny Scotland,  
Down by the sea.'

'Pale and calm the wave was sleeping,  
Pale and soft the skies above;  
All was peace, and all in keeping  
With the holy hush of love;  
While the pearl of price beside me  
Promised mine to be,  
Far away in bonny Scotland,  
Down by the sea.'

'Pearl I never thought could fail me,  
Jewel of my darker lot,  
How should faith and truth avail me?  
All dishonoured and forgot.  
Would that death had come between us,  
While we yet were free,  
Far away in bonny Scotland,  
Down by the sea.'

'Better than shame and sorrow,  
Trust betrayed and spirit strife,  
Longing night and lonely morrow,  
Are not these but death in life?  
All the heart I had lies buried,  
There let it be!  
Far away in bonny Scotland,  
Down by the sea.'

It will be seen that Mr. Whyte-Melville's, unlike some other poems which we have been discussing, have not much serious purpose, and are of a limited compass; but it behoves the reader in every work to respect the poet's end. Mr. Whyte-Melville offers us his modest volume of 'Songs and Verses,' and as such they are eminently graceful and spirited.

Since Mr. Bonney wrote his capital book on the Alpine Regions last year, there has been no more delightful work than Mr. Macmillan's 'Holidays on High Lands.'\* Alpine literature is now assuming Alpine proportions, and the conscientious tourist, bent on improving his mind and his opportunities, is almost obliged to carry a library about him. Let him keep to the familiar Murray, and the later lights of Bell and Bonney, and Mr. Macmillan will prove a charming companion in discoursing of Alpine plants, and something more and something better. Those adventurous tourists who are thinking of crossing the Atlantic to do the Pacific Railway, will do well to look at Captain Townshend's 'Ten Thousand Miles of Travel, Sport, and Adventure.'† Captain Townshend belongs to the Life Guards and has belonged to a University, and he writes his book in a thoroughly pleasant, gentlemanly, and unaffected way. He was out before the line was completed, but he traversed the track, and proves an excellent *compagnon du voyage*. He draws a frightful picture of the atrocities inflicted by the Indians on any Europeans who might fall into their hands, and we fear that a still more frightful picture might

\* 'Holidays on High Lands; or, Rambles and Incidents in search of Plants.' By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan. Macmillan.

† 'Ten Thousand Miles of Travel, Sport, and Adventure.' By F. Frank Townshend, B.A. Hurst and Blackett.

be drawn of the cruelties inflicted by the Europeans upon the Indians. We trust that peace is now secure; but should hostilities continue, the traveller by the Pacific railway will stand a very good chance of having his train overthrown, and leaving his scalp behind him. Captain Townshend gives us to understand that the Indians are quite up to the art of upsetting a train. He mentions one fact which is not without a political significance. He met an officer in the American cavalry, who had been persuaded by the Fenians to go over to Ireland, which was represented to him as being ripe for revolt, in the capacity of general. The man went over, made some acquaintance with the interior of Clonmel gaol, and escaping, he refuses to tell how, came back thoroughly satisfied that the state of things in Ireland was totally different from what he had been led to believe. We had marked for special notice a very interesting account of the railway passage across the Isthmus of Panama. The climate is the worst, and the railway has been prodigal in sacrifices of human life beyond all parallel. Here is a specimen of the narrative where it slightly begins to gush: 'What a paradise of the rivers is this beautiful land through which the railway passes! The constant rain and the intense heat of the sun produce a vegetation more lovely and luxuriant than is to be seen anywhere else in the world. Gigantic trees, mahogany, bamboo, palms of every variety, bananas, tree ferns, magnolias, tall grasses, and innumerable flowering trees and shrubs, compose the forests, and fringe the banks of the rivers, while from the surface of the swamps spring white, yellow, and blue lilies of every size and description. Amid all this glorious foliage dart birds of brilliant plumage, and insects whose glittering wings rival the hues of the rainbow. There is, however, a reverse side to this picture. Through the forests crawl deadly snakes, while the rivers and swamps teem with hideous alligators, and the same abundant rain and burning sun which call

forth such exuberance of animal and vegetable life, produce the pestilent malaria and deadly vomits. Nature thus reconciles us to the scanty vegetation and the cold skies of our own northern climate, where reptiles and fever are comparatively unknown.'

A set of books might be mentioned which deal exclusively with European travel. But this is ground which so many have traversed, and

on which such a literature exists, that it would be idle to give my *catalogue raisonné* of such works. At the same time the gentle critic would not speak unkindly of such works of supererogation. They help to break up the ground for the intending tourist, and they help to furnish the traveller with pleasant souvenirs when he comes home and tries to reconstruct in his mind the story of his summer wanderings.

## A U T U M N.

AS I sit in my study musing  
This bright September day,  
Idly watching the swallows  
Skim by on their swerving way,

I well might think there had fallen  
A sorrow on all things around,  
Glooming all pleasant pictures,  
Saddening each passing sound :

And yet through my open casement  
The scene is pure and bright,  
And I know not what is the shadow  
That seems to dusk the light.

For the sunbeams lie in a gold-flood,  
From the lawn before the door  
To the yellow wall in the distance  
Of chestnut and sycamore ;

And a little child is playing  
By the gate where the laurels grow,  
And merry shouts come soften'd  
From the village school below.

But Nature, in passionate silence,  
Seems a vanish'd perfection to crave,  
Like some mute o'erburdened maiden  
Beside her lover's grave,

When she sits by the mossy turf-mound,  
Tearless, and very still,  
And the sun, on the crimson horizon,  
Is dropping below the hill.

For Decay's lean, wrinkling fingers  
Have shrivell'd both leaf and bough ;  
And the spring-tide and summer of  
beauty  
Are only a bright dream now.

And the reaper hath left nought behind  
him,  
And the slender shafts of the flowers  
Are shrunk and wither'd and rotting  
Through the dank forsaken bowers.

And to one pacing slow and thoughtful  
By woodland, or park, or glen,  
The dry leaves dropping around him  
Seem like footfalls of ghostly men.

So methinks 'tis a season for sadness,  
And for deep thoughts in the soul,  
For the years of my life are passing  
As the seasons onward roll ;

And I say to my heart, 'Be he  
O heart, lest the promis'd sheaves  
Thou hast harvested up in thy fancy  
Prove but dead and worthless leaves.'

J. W. T.





STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.  
LADY ELMA BRUCE.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.



# LONDON SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

ONLY FOR THE SEASON.

## CHAPTER I.

DR. SECKER MAKES A PROFESSIONAL VISIT.



THE twilight was past, the stars had come out, and a smart March wind shook the tree-tops in the avenue leading to Dykeham, the residence of Sir Francis Crevillon, Baronet.

VOL. XVI.—NO. XCIV.

Dr. Carl Secker drew in his horse before the lodge-gate, and looked down at the woman who opened it with a face expressive of dissatisfaction. He had seen moving lights, like carriage-lamps, amongst the

trees, and had heard the rumble of wheels in the drive before him.

'Stop a moment,' cried Dr. Secker. 'Is there a —— is anything unusual going on at the Hall?'

'No, sir; only a dinner-party, I believe.'

'Oh.'

Dr. Secker passed on into the drive with speculative slowness. If Sir Francis was about to entertain dinner-guests, he had come on a vain errand, and might almost as well turn back. So it appeared at first sight, or so he made believe that it appeared; but he went on for all that in the rear of the carriages, watching the lights as they vanished behind big trees, and came twinkling into sight again.

'If they had as many starlight rides to take as I have,' mused the doctor, 'they would learn to do without lamps such a night as this. Well, I think I had better go on. I think I ought to go, professionally. A busy man can't choose his own time for visiting a patient.'

He quickened his pace a little, for if he did go on, it was important that he should reach the house before the guests were assembled. He passed a carriage or two, saw a gentleman in black, and had a vision of a white cloud of muslin and lace, and a coronet that glittered like silver. Then a groom took his horse, and he sprang up the steps and became the prey of the first official receiver, whose duty it was to hand him over to the second official receiver, who would relieve him of his coat.

'No,' objected the doctor, brusquely, for he did not much like being mistaken for an invited guest; 'show me into a morning-room, if you please, and inquire if Miss Crevillon will see me. I shall detain her but a few moments.'

He was shown into a morning-room, accordingly, and took up his position on the hearthrug, after the fashion of English gentlemen in general. While he waited, it occurred to him that his heart was beating a little faster than usual, and that he could not be said to retain that evenness of spirit and nerve which are essential to a

medical man in his visits to his patients. A certain sensation of doubt oppressed him as to the propriety of this step which he had taken; also a little haze of unreality began to rise up about the position in which he had believed himself to be placed when he mounted his horse to ride to Dykeham. He couldn't possibly have dreamed it, he supposed. And after all, what had dinner-parties, or, indeed, any arrangements at Dykeham to do with his discharge of his professional duties? As all the world knew, his time could not be called his own, and he must pay his visits as he could.

The vision which appeared to him when the door opened would, however, scarcely have been suspected of requiring medical aid. It was a cloud of white, something like that other vision which he had just before seen through a carriage window, only the first was totally uninteresting to him, whilst this one —

He made a step or two forwards, and then stopped.

'Amy!' he said, in a tone not professional.

'Oh, Carl! I ought not to have come. I stole away without their knowledge. If Lady Crevillon were to know, or Joanna —'

'Or Sir Francis,' added the doctor. 'He would hardly object to your seeing me, Amy. You forget —'

'No, I do not. But you never meant to see Sir Francis this evening?'

'Indeed I did.'

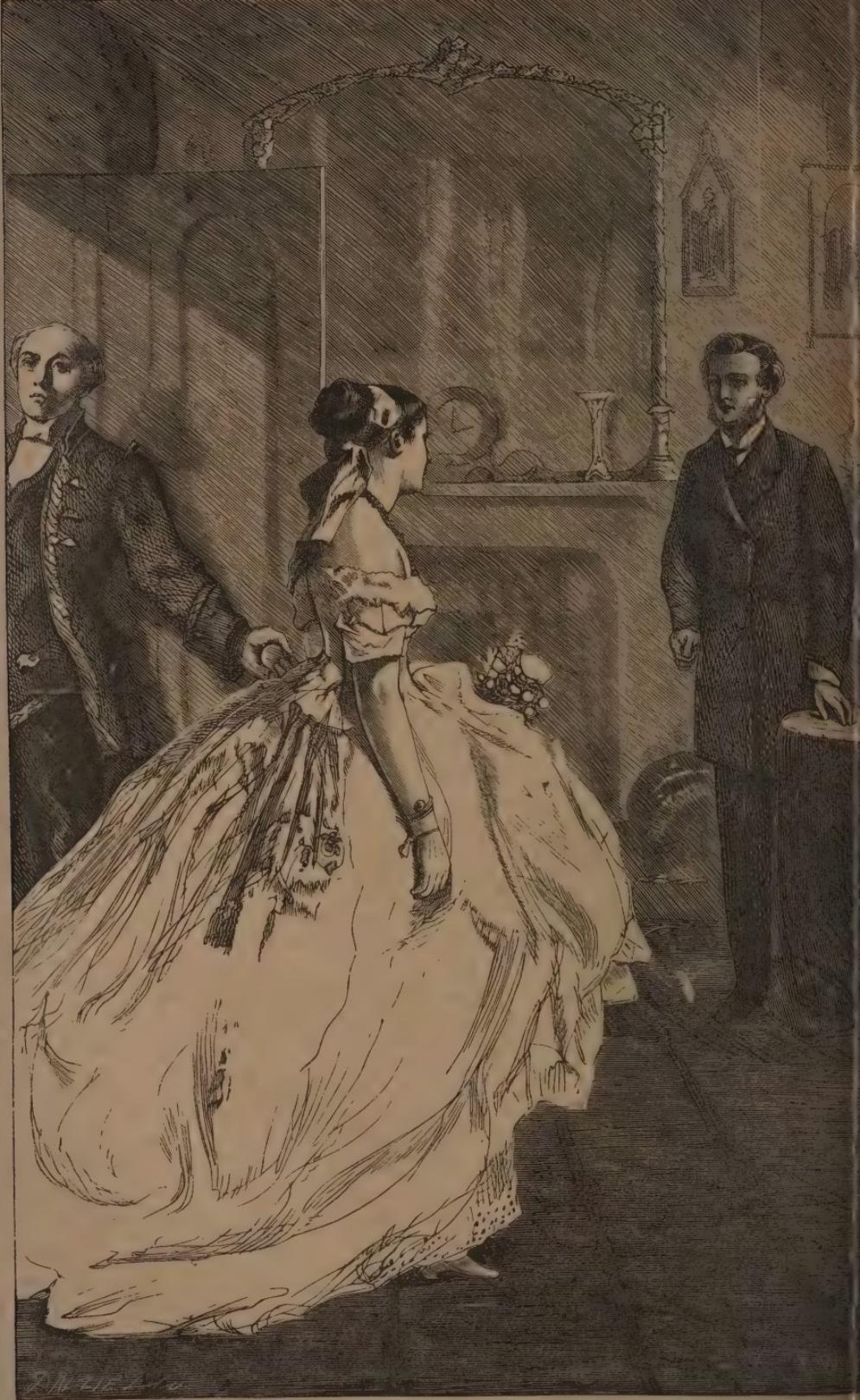
'Well, you'll find it to be impossible. And, Carl, I tried to tell Joanna, but she was so hard and dry that I couldn't do it.'

Dr. Secker was standing in the exact spot to which he had advanced to meet her; and he was looking down upon the carpet with a troubled expression.

'Shall I write to Sir Francis, Amy? I feel underhanded.'

'Underhanded!' cried Amy. 'You! Didn't you cure me when old Dr. Guise would have bungled away my life as a helpless incurable? Who has a better right to care for me than you have?'





Drawn by Wilfrid Lawson.]

ONLY FOR THE SEASON.

[See the Story.]

Then she went a little closer to him, and put her hand upon his crossed arms.

'Let me tell my guardian myself, Carl. I can manage it better than you.'

'But when?'

'Soon. To-morrow there will be people here; and the Hunt Ball at night: and then, the next day, there's the Meet at Redford Bridge.'

'Amy!' said the doctor, 'you are not going to the Meet?'

'I shall only be driven there in the carriage. It is the last Meet of the season. Let me go, Dr. Secker.'

'And the Hunt Ball to-morrow night!' said the doctor, aghast. 'You! only within the last month able to walk without assistance—'

'Stop, Carl. I want you to tell me—as my medical adviser, you know, not my—my lover—do you really think I ought not to go to balls?'

Dr. Secker hesitated. The face that looked up to his own was so childlike in its questioning; so simply in earnest about his opinion; so divested of its usual wilfulness and occasional petulance, that he felt obliged to question himself according to her distinction, as the doctor, and not the lover.

'I think dissipation bad for any one: for you, dangerous. A ball, occasionally, is not dissipation; but just at present, when I tremble sometimes to think that your recovery is hardly assured—'

'That will do. I love balls, but—'

'You love me better,' said the doctor. 'I begin to believe that I have not dreamed it all. You won't tire yourself to-night, Amy? Is it a large party?'

'Stupidly large. Don't you wish you were going to stay and—'

She broke off abruptly. Something in the young doctor's face made her fear lest the words might hurt him, either in his pride or his self-consciousness, about this secret which Sir Francis did not yet suspect. She fancied that his aspect had changed; that it was less glad and assured; and so again she laid her hand upon the arms that were crossed in grim resolve upon his breast.

'Oh, Carl! Carlo mio! never be hurt at anything I may say in my foolishness. Know better what I mean.'

And then the doctor smiled down upon her, and uncrossed his arms, letting one of them draw her to him. He thought of something else just then, which was not exactly pleasant to him; he thought of other arms which might rest, in waltz or galop, where his own was resting then; only how differently! How much less reverential; how carelessly indifferent they would be! He wished a passing wish, which others have felt before him, with reference to such dances, but he did not give it words.

'I must go now,' said Amy. 'Good-bye, Carl.'

When he was gone, she listened a little while, and then went to the window to raise a corner of the curtain and blind, that she might see him ride off. She said to herself once again, very softly, 'Carlo mio!' and then the curtain dropped over the window, and she ran up-stairs to steal into the drawing-room and be taken in to dinner. But as she passed Lady Crevillon, my lady turned round and looked at her, and Amy knew that there would be no longer any secret to keep.

She behaved very well to her neighbours at the dinner-table. She answered their remarks, smiled when it was expected of her, looked with seeming interest through the glittering silver and the hothouse flowers and ferns at the row of faces opposite to her, but all the while she was thinking what she should have to say to Sir Francis by-and-by.

When they were in the drawing-room again, Amy saw, without seeming to look at it, the approach of Lady Crevillon's velvet skirt as it swept the carpet and paused at her side.

'Was Dr. Secker here before dinner?' said her ladyship.

'Yes.'

'He came to see you, I suppose. I thought he considered your health re-established. Such an hour, too, to come!'

'I dare say he had been busy all day.'

Lady Crevillon made a grimace, signifying how extremely unimportant Dr. Secker and his business were in her eyes.

'He should have come before, if he must come. What did he say?'

Amy looked straight up at the gold eyeglass, by the help of which her ladyship was making observations.

'I am not going to tell you, Lady Crevillon,' she replied. 'I shall tell Sir Francis; but I don't think this is the time to talk about it.'

Lady Crevillon smiled, nodded, and passed on. She rather relished that bold speech of Amy's; it showed spirit. But if Dr. Secker could have known, as he rode home in the starlight, the sublime contempt with which her ladyship mentally closed upon him the doors of Dykeham, he might have been still less at ease in his own mind than he was already. If he had thought the matter over, it might have occurred to him before that the baronet would be ready enough to measure the difference between his social standing and Miss Crevillon's. He had, perhaps, perceived this in some vague general way, without attaching much importance to it; but somehow his ride to-night through Dykeham Park, with the carriages before him, seemed to have quickened his appreciation of it. When he went into his own room—that is, the room in which he generally sat—a sudden chill came over him. It was dingy: no question about that. There was a general air of dreariness about it which annoyed him. Some months ago it had been comfortable enough; but since then he had been called in, much to his own amazement, by Sir Francis Crevillon, to prescribe for that gentleman's ward and distant relative, who was considered a confirmed invalid. Dr Secker had dispersed that theory; but then he had also fallen in love, and now he began to think that he had done a very mad thing. He looked at the easy chair, covered with dingy morocco, opposite to him; and he found it impossible to place there, even in imagination, the dainty form he had seen in the morning-room at Dykeham. He could think of her there,

but here she was incongruous. The doctor's heart sank.

'I wish I was a rich man,' he said. 'I wish the Seckers—'.

And then he broke off. 'No, I don't: I wish to be nothing but what I am. As to this room which annoys me, all that can be changed—shall be changed if—'

## CHAPTER II.

### THE MEET AT REDFORD BRIDGE.

'If you remember,' said Lady Crevillon, 'I was always against his being called in. Dr. Guise has been the family physician long enough to be trusted, one would think.'

'Only Guise didn't cure Amy,' replied Sir Francis, drily.

'How could he? She was taken out of his hands. I dare say, if the truth could be known, it was he who did the real good.'

'Scarcely fair to Dr. Secker, Lady Crevillon.'

This third speaker was Mrs. Lescar, the Baronet's daughter by a former marriage; and she did not look up to make her moderating remark, but went on with her occupation of teaching the small future baronet to make fishing flies.

'It's too cold yet, Frank. When the weather gets warmer I'll come with you down the Dyke, and see what we can do.'

Amy looked at them all, unable to speak. That Sir Francis should tell his wife about Carl was natural enough; but that Lady Crevillon should bring up the subject thus publicly, and speak of the doctor in such a way was too intolerable. And there was no one to say a word in defence of the absent, except, indeed, Joanna Lescar, whose mild interpolation fell upon Amy's rising passion like oil on flames.

'Well,' resumed her ladyship, 'it will be very annoying, no doubt. To take up a new doctor, and then discard him for the old one, carries absurdity and whim on the face of it. All I can say is that if my advice had been taken it would never have happened.'

Then Amy found words.

'Discard whom? What nonsense is it you are all talking? What authority has any one here to dispose of—my affairs in this summary manner?'

Mrs. Lescar raised her face from Frank's unskilful manipulations, to look at Amy.

'What is the use of getting so excited about it?' she said to herself; and then she added, aloud, 'Gently, Amy; you forget yourself.'

'Forget myself! I think I am forgotten, rather. What is it they mean? Am I to have no voice in the matter? It concerns me a little, I believe. Were they legislated for in this sort of way, I wonder—were you, Joanna, when you married Mr. Lescar?'

For so young a widow Joanna was very calm indeed, and even smiling, about her answer.

'That was altogether different. Dr. Secker has his way to make in the world, and therefore the two cases do not admit of comparison. But if I had been legislated for, as you term it, I should have known that it was for my own good.'

'It is not for my good,' said Amy. 'I shall never be good if ——But I care nothing about it: I am not going to take back my promise because you all choose to set me aside like a piece of furniture or a spoiled child.'

'My dear Amy,' said Sir Francis, 'nobody accuses you of being spoiled; but you are a child. You are under age, and must remember that I am your guardian. I am bound to say what I think of this very foolish affair—I can call it nothing better. Indeed it is altogether out of the question. Any engagement would be out of the question at present. I mean that you must see a little more of the world before you decide that it contains nothing so attractive as the lot of a country doctor's wife down at Redford.'

Sir Francis smiled when his speech was made, and sent a sort of imploring look at his ward to spare him any further argument upon a subject which did not admit of two opinions. But Amy rose from the breakfast-table, opened the French window, and went out, without

answering, into the shrubbery. The stolid complacency of Lady Crevil-lon's face was odious to her. All that her ladyship could do she would; and Amy knew well enough that a solid block of obstinacy offered ten times more resistance than the flying outbreaks of remonstrance or anger to which Sir Francis might give vent. As she passed through the shrubbery Frank came running after her, and held out a shawl.

'Joanna says you'll have to be nursed if you get ill again, and you are to put this on.'

Amy's first impulse was to thrust away the shawl, and pass on; but a second thought made her take it.

'Tell Joanna my life is more valuable to me than ever it was,' she answered. 'Never mind about understanding it, Frank; tell her that.'

'Do you think I'm a baby?' retorted the boy, nodding. 'But if I were you I'd be ill again, and then Secker would have to come. Mind, I don't say you are to do it, but I should. Secker gave me a jolly good gallop on his bay mare yesterday; and he's got the primest fishing-rod you ever saw.'

Amy walked on into the park, and reached a spot where a clump of ash trees partially hid the Dykeham chimneys. She wanted to be out of sight and sound of the house below; to get away from all memory of those jarring voices, with their calm decisions and phlegmatic platitudes. What did they know about it, any of them? What did Joanna, who was young, and ought to know, feel in that dull, passive heart of hers?

'If you get ill you'll have to be nursed.' That was all they cared for her, any of them. She did not complain of that; she did not want them to care now. Only, when there was one who did care why must they set their faces against him, and talk about seeing the world? She wanted nothing more out of the world than had been given to her—one heart out of it all for her own.

A clock in the ungainly tower which marked the Dykeham stables struck ten, and she started up with a sudden recollection that eleven

was the hour for the meet at Redford Bridge, and she had told Carl she should be there. And she had to get back to the house and dress.

'Which I shall do,' she reflected, 'in just ten minutes. I must go after saying I should. He might be there.'

She did not consider how very improbable it was that the doctor would have any time to spare for such a purpose. She knew, indeed, as a general fact, that he was busy from morning till night; but she did not apply the knowledge in this case.

No one made any remark when she went down-stairs dressed to go with Lady Crevillon and Joanna. They seemed to take it as a matter of course that this little affair was of no consequence—a trifle which would blow over and make no difference. The less said about it the better.

'If Dr. Secker makes a formal application to you,' said Lady Crevillon, 'of course you will decidedly refuse your consent.'

Sir Francis bit his lip. He was fond of considering himself totally unbiassed by his wife, and dependent only on his own judgment. He said, briefly, 'I shall think about it. Too violent an opposition would be as foolish as compliance.'

And the subject was dropped. He rode down to the Meet beside his wife's carriage, very silent the whole time, looking at Amy occasionally with some faint stirring of pity and sympathy coming up from under the weight of years and going forth towards her. This young doctor was a fine, generous fellow; there could be no doubt about that; and then he came of a good family. As to his generosity, ask the starving poor, who huddled together in the back-slums and alleys of Redford. As a magistrate, and chairman of the Board of Guardians at the Redford Union, Sir Francis knew a little more of these miserable paupers than his wife did, and of the doctor who never refused to help them, and never asked a fee from those who could not afford to give it.

Did Amy really care very much for him? Would it hurt her to give

him up? Did she care as much as he, the baronet, had cared years ago, when—. 'Fish!' ejaculated Sir Francis, fretfully; 'what's the use of that?'

It did not look like being unhappy, he thought, to come of her own free will to see the hounds throw off. She should go with him and Lady Crevillon up to town, and that would shake it all off, if he knew anything of a girl's nature. When they reached the bridge and stood amongst a crowd of other carriages, men in red coats and men in black coats, ready mounted, and a pack of motley followers on foot out of the town, Sir Francis went to Amy's side and spoke good-humouredly.

'If the carriage follows far enough you'll see one or two of those ladies take the fence up at Pecket's withy-bed in gallant style. Don't you wish you were mounted?'

'No, Sir Francis.'

The baronet turned away disappointed. He wanted to forget all that little morning scene, and to get over the effects of it, and Amy's respectfully antagonistic reply vexed him. Nevertheless he told the coachman to keep up with the others as far as Pecket's withy-bed; and Amy did see one or two ladies take the fence, from which sight she turned away uttering a single word of disapproval, which might perhaps be partially due to her disappointment in not having seen anything of Dr. Secker.

'It's what I never could do in my life,' said Joanna, bending forward with some show of eagerness. 'But those girls are more at home in the hunting-field than the ball-room. Their costume last night was absurd in the extreme. We shall see what sort of figure they cut at luncheon.'

'In my young days,' said Lady Crevillon, 'I could have taken such a fence as that myself; but I seldom did it. I don't think fast young ladies were admired in those days. Now we had better go home: there is never any run to speak of here, even if they find, which is doubtful, and I should like to be comfortably at home before the people begin to come back.'

It was some time after this that Dr. Secker, riding slowly up the road towards Redford, saw the carriages turn one after another into the Dykeham drive, and could not help stopping to look after them. He scanned the scarlet cloaks, the black hats with their tiny white feathers, the tiger-skin rugs and the heraldic devices with an unquiet mind. It was not altogether that he had thought to find Amy Crevillon amongst them and failed. The contrast which all this presented to himself on his jaded horse, himself worn out and hungry, and the commonplace home, with its commonplace appliances, to which he was going, pressed upon him uncomfortably. What had he done? What would the world, at least its representatives in this neighbourhood, say he had done? They talked of Miss Crevillon as an heiress. That the supposition was as likely to be false as true he believed. He cared nothing about it, but then who would believe that of him?

He turned away from the Dykeham lodge and passed on. He went home and ate his dinner drearily, wondering if Amy had told Sir Francis, and if so, what had Sir Francis said; and lastly, what would Sir Francis say to a letter which was even then in course of compilation in the young man's mind?

---

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

It shone already in the evening sky, while the departing sun scattered tints of gold and purple over the earth, and threw long shadows down from the trees in the Dykeham shrubbery.

For a whole month until now Dr. Secker had seen Amy but once, and that once accidentally. Coming out of that region in the town of Redford which was called emphatically the Irish quarter, Carl, emerging suddenly into one of the broader streets, saw the dark-blue panels of the Dykeham carriage as it drove past. He saw also a quick, impulsive, and openly eager recognition of himself as he stood in that dark opening which led to the Irish quar-

ter, and he forgot all the misery he had left behind him to follow in his thoughts that carriage up the Dykeham drive. He had seen her, and had been recognised. It was odd, he thought, that this sense of contrast should so pertinaciously trouble him. There was something false about it he knew, something which would not bear analysis. Only, the thing was, had he been wise and right in trying to bring Amy down from this luxurious life of hers? Was it right of him to wish that she could share his anxieties and cares as well as his joys? Dr. Secker could not answer the question to his own satisfaction. If he had been less thoughtful and clear-sighted he might have said, 'She shall never know anything but joy; my cares I will keep from her.' but he knew better than to say so, or to think so.

Since that meeting in Redford, however, the aspect of affairs had changed a little. The doctor had got his answer from Sir Francis, and found himself hardly able to comprehend his own position. Sir Francis represented himself as standing in the place of Amy's father. He could not give his consent to his ward's entering into any such engagement as the one Dr. Secker did her the honour to propose—at present. He considered that she was very young—too young, indeed, to know her own mind. He required that she should see a little more of the world before entering into one of those rash compacts which young people are so ready to make and so apt to regret. He did not wish to be tyrannical; so far as he could see there was no need for any violent rupture between his ward and Dr. Secker. Such things were always remarked upon and productive of mischievous gossip. He thought it better, however, that they should not meet often just at present; and then Sir Francis prosed a little and finished off, leaving the doctor in a hopeless maze of uncertainty and confusion. It seemed to him that the whole thing was treated in the slightest possible way, as an affair of no importance, which was, in fact, exactly the view Sir Francis wished to be taken of it. He did

not wish to oppose his ward with any strength of entreaty or command; it would, he thought, be both troublesome and productive of harm instead of good; and as he meant to remove her from the doctor's neighbourhood, there was no need absolutely to forbid their meeting at present.

But the doctor did not wait to be forbidden; he would not go to Dykeham to put himself in the way of being insulted by Lady Crevillon or her husband. His resolution might have failed him; the fever of indignation and pride into which he had worked himself might not have been strong enough to keep him away when he heard about the town journey; but before he did hear of it chance favoured him. He saw Amy at the Dykeham lodge in passing, and then all his anger, and pride, and self-torment fled away, and in another moment he was walking up the drive with her. He would do nothing underhanded; if he met her and spoke to her they should know that he did so; and therefore he meant to go up the whole length of the drive, into the shrubbery, and before the windows, in order that no one might accuse him of any clandestine dealing.

'And so Sir Francis didn't tell you,' began Amy. And then she stopped and looked at the doctor, with the dying sunlight on his face, and an instinctive knowledge that she was going to give him pain made her put up her left hand to clasp its fellow round his arm.

'Didn't tell me what?' said Carl.

'That he and Lady Crevillon are going to town, and—'

'You are going with them?'

'Yes.'

'No,' said Carl, 'he didn't tell me that.'

'But it is only for the season.'

'Oh!' ejaculated the doctor, 'only for the season!'

As he said it that last ray of sunlight left the earth, and Carl's face grew very dark as he looked on straight into the western clouds.

So this was the plan, then. They meant to take her away into that unquiet whirl which would be so bad for her; they meant to make

her forget him if they could; perhaps they would succeed; they meant to marry her to some more desirable catch in the matrimonial market, if the thing were possible. Of one thing he was very certain. If she went up to town and lived the life usually lived by young ladies in their first season it would kill her.

'Amy,' said the doctor, 'are they mad, do you suppose?'

'Who?'

He did not answer. A sullen spirit of self-renunciation came upon him. He would give her up; he would go to Sir Francis then and relinquish all claim—as if he had any claim! Well, then, he might promise never to see her again if they would leave her in peace.

'It is nothing so very shocking, Carl; and it isn't my fault. You should not look angry about it.'

'Angry!' repeated Carl, turning towards her. 'Perhaps it does look like anger, too. It is only because I find it so terrible to think of losing you, Amy. It is because I know, if no one else does, how small an exertion will be too much for you; and I know also something of a young lady's life in the London season.'

'It will not be necessary for me to do all that other young ladies do.'

'But you won't like being left behind.'

'I shall like doing what I know would please you. I shall take care of myself.'

But that was not all. There was another fear, perhaps even less easy to lay to rest than that one. After all, was it absolutely necessary that she should go? Had Sir Francis any real, valid authority to take her from him?—unless, indeed, it had been her own choice to go! He drew back his arm sharply as the thought occurred to him. He wanted to ask her that question, but somehow he dreaded the answer too much to ask it.

'I wouldn't go if I could help it,' said Amy. 'But Sir Francis has been very kind, Carl; and it is better to give way in a small matter like this, you know.'

A small matter! It is probable that the doctor thought it anything but a small matter.

'And then, if you would but be happy about it, I really think I should enjoy it, Carl. In six months' time I shall be twenty-one, and my own mistress.'

As though she had read a certain bitter thought of his, some vague reflection of it came into Amy's own mind as they walked on slowly towards the house. When they reached the shrubbery gate, she said, all at once, 'Carl, what is it you are afraid of?'

But he would not tell her.

Amy leaned against the gate and looked at him, possibly not altogether displeased at the thought she had detected.

'Say good-bye to me here, Carl. If we go into the house, there will be Lady Crevillon, and she will watch us. We shall have to bow to each other like two solemn ghosts, for they don't believe that I mean to keep my word to you. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, my love—my own dear love!'

'Listen,' said Amy; 'I kiss you because you are a coward. I know what it is you are afraid of. People say a man's faith isn't like a woman's, and I begin to think so myself. They will not let you bind me by any engagement, but understand, Carl, that I am bound. Until you yourself, of your own free will, give me back my promise, I am yours.—Remember that!'

They passed through the gate, and came suddenly upon Mrs. Lescar, walking, to meet them, through the shrubs. Amy repressed a start of dismay, repeated 'Good-bye, Carl,' and ran into the house; and the doctor shook hands with Mrs. Lescar in some confusion. He fancied that she had heard those last words. He thought, too, that her passionless face was a little less calm than usual—a little touched with some faint reflection of an emotion of which he had hardly conceived her capable. On the impulse of the moment, and under the influence of that passing sympathy, he spoke.

'Mrs. Lescar, I am very unhappy. I think Sir Francis scarcely understands how very much his ward stands in need of care—how very fragile she is.'

Mrs. Lescar smiled gravely.

'Lady Crevillon will see to that, I think. It is scarcely in my father's line.'

'One word more,' said the doctor, stammering; 'a very great favour. You will remain here, I believe. If I might sometimes be permitted to call—to hear—there can be no great harm in my hearing occasionally through you—'

As he did not seem to know exactly what he wanted to say, and Mrs. Lescar did, she interrupted him to answer. She really had been touched for a moment by Amy's bold little speech, and the doctor was quite right. There could be no harm in his calling at Dykeham now and then to inquire after an old patient. It might even be productive of good. So she said, 'Yes, I shall remain at Dykeham for the present; Frank will be left at home, and he is a great charge. Come as often as you like, Dr. Secker.'

He made his acknowledgments and went away, Amy watching him from the window of her own room as long as he was in sight. Then she turned to the dressing-table, began to collect and pick up the little ornaments and trinkets, and suddenly dropped them all again, and put her face down on the table with a great sob.

'Oh, Carl!—Carlo mio! If I should die in that great, stupid London, and never see him again! Nobody ever loved me before that I remember! Why are they so hard upon us? What does it matter to them?'

Dr. Secker walked back towards the town leisurely, and the moon got brighter and brighter above his head. He looked up, and saw that there were no clouds over her—none near her. Surely he might take it as a good omen. She danced in a thousand silver ripples upon the river, and lighted up the big red stones, which marked the ford, a good half-mile from the bridge. The water was so low that he could see the stones, like a path, the whole way across. It would save him a mile's walk round, he thought, and he went over, slipping two or three times, and hearing the water sop out

of his boots as he walked on dry land again. For this, or any other physical discomfort, he did not at that moment care. He turned his face towards those woods, dark in the distance, amongst which he could no longer see the roof that covered Amy. But the moon was shining over it, and him, and the beautiful, quiet scene around him. The light of her promise was in his heart; what had he to do with anything but hope and loyal trust?

---

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### LADY CREVILLON'S LETTER.

The young May moon grew old, and her lustre faded, and Dr. Secker began to wonder why it was that each day's work seemed to take the heart out of him in a way it had never been used to do. Mrs. Lescar could have nothing to do with it. Her immovable face chilled him, it was true, and her wise, even incontestable remarks and speeches; but then that must have been his own fault. She always spoke sensibly, when she did speak. She was friendly towards him; as friendly, he thought, as it was her nature to be towards any one. He had not tested her very much, nor taken too frequent advantage of her general invitation. Why was it that, go to Dykeham as hopeful as he would, he always left it with a sinking heart?—as though he had been in the presence of a silent, secret protest against his love for Amy!—as though, by the working of some subtle influence, he would have to come by-and-by to the acknowledgment that he had done a thing unwise, not quite right, and inconsequent, since nothing could ever come of it! He could not tell why it was.

More moons passed away, and the fields were getting yellow for the harvest. Through the hot sun of August the doctor walked one day across those yellow fields to the Red Ford, and thence to Dykeham. Mrs. Lescar, sitting at an open window, saw him coming up the drive at a distance, and the wool-work on which she was engaged

dropped for a single idle moment on her lap. How long would the doctor continue to come to her for news of Amy? It came into her head just then that she would show him a letter which Lady Crevillon had written to her two or three days ago. She was no mischief-maker; had no desire to hurt any one. In her passionless way she felt at times that it was rather a pity the young doctor had allowed himself to get into this troublesome knot. For it was now, and had been from the first, her opinion that nothing serious could ever come of the engagement. She hardly knew why. Perhaps, as people so often do, she put together her friend's circumstances and her own feelings. She could never have thought of marrying the doctor. As to loving him, that was altogether another matter. If a man is your husband, of course you will love him—so Joanna held. But she, if she had been about to marry, would have looked out for what the world might look upon and approve of as a good match—a proper, perhaps wealthy, alliance. So Amy should do, of course; and so she would find out for herself, after seeing a little of life. The sooner this foolish, childish arrangement was forgotten, the better.

'Secker's coming!' said Master Frank, putting his head into the room with noisy abruptness.

Mrs. Lescar disliked a noise, but she also disliked the trouble of re-proving her young stepbrother, who generally maintained his right to the last word.

'Come here, Frank, and pick up my wool-case. Thank you. What makes you so fond of Dr. Secker?'

'Because he's no end of a sw—no, he isn't a swell, either. Because he's a brick.'

'But you know that those words are vulgar, and meaningless too. What can be the sense of calling a man a brick? Wait a bit, I haven't done with you. Dr. Secker has business with me, and I don't wish you to be in the way. You had better go on with your play until he has finished what he has to say to me, then you can come in.'

The young gentleman uttered a

groan of strong disapproval, kicked over a footstool, and banged the door after him.

A quarter of an hour after that, Mrs. Lescar was sitting opposite the doctor, working away as busily as if her daily bread had depended upon that mass of beads and tent stitch. And Dr. Secker had a letter in his hand, which, however, by this time he was only pretending to read, having mastered its contents some time since.

'A little gaiety seems to have done my cousin no harm,' said Joanna.

Dr. Secker would have felt that there was quiet malice in the speech, if his faculties had been awake to take it in. As it was, he felt an insane desire to fling that one word back to her, and say, 'She is not your cousin; she is no relation to you.'

Mrs. Lescar looked very composed and quiet—too quiet to hurt any one: but a wasp is quiet while he stings you.

It was the doctor's own fault that he had read that letter. Joanna simply broke off in her answer to his inquiries, and said, 'Perhaps you would like to see for yourself what Lady Crevillon says.'

What he had seen might not, at another time, have taken so strong an effect upon him, though he could hardly have disregarded it altogether; but now it fell upon that confused heap of queries and doubts which Mrs. Lescar had helped to pile up in his mind; and it fell also upon a paragraph which he had read in that morning's newspaper, and had called 'Lies, like most other reports.' The paragraph ran thus:—

'A marriage is on the tapis between Lord Frederic Page and Miss Crevillon, daughter of the late Colonel Crevillon, and ward of Sir Francis Crevillon, of Dykeham.'

And in Lady Crevillon's letter he read, 'Lord Frederic is very attentive, and I am quite sure Amy likes him in her heart. But she seems anxious and unhappy; and unless there was some promise ungenerously extorted from her before she left home, which she, poor child, thinks it would be dishonourable to break,

I cannot understand her. She evidently liked him so much at first, and now she is shy—has taken to blushing; and once after he had been here I saw her crying.'

Dr. Secker sat for some time very quiet, but the movement of Mrs. Lescar's long needle and the flying about of a piece of crimson wool tortured him. He got up and walked about the room, trying with all his might to find out what he ought to do, and do it, or, at any rate, resolve to do it. Lady Crevillon's words were offensive enough; the more so because he knew now that report had not lied when it called Amy an heiress. Everything was against him. Mrs. Lescar knew well enough what he was thinking about, but she had no intention of arguing the matter with him. She did not mean to give herself any trouble, or stir in the affair at all vehemently. If he asked her opinion he should have it, as indeed he always did have it.

'Freddy Page,' said Mrs. Lescar, meditatively. 'Why, he was a little boy in pinnafores when I first knew him! To be sure that must be fifteen years ago. I suppose he is about Amy's age. As a boy he was very handsome; but good-looking boys don't always develop into handsome men.'

All this was gall and wormwood to the doctor; fretting him intolerably. What possible interest did she suppose he would take in hearing about the good looks of Lord Frederic Page?

'Do you think?' said Carl at last, weakly yielding to his pain, perplexity, and bitter longing that some one should throw a little discredit on the statement; 'do you think it is true that—that Amy——'

He turned back without finishing the speech to his walk up and down the room.

'Dr. Secker,' said Joanna, 'believe me when I say I am very sorry for you.'

So she was. The calmest hearts dislike to witness suffering; and suffering was so very palpable in the doctor's tone and manner that she could not help seeing it.

'Very sorry,' she repeated. 'But I always give my opinion frankly

when it is asked ; and I always did think that this affair was unfortunate ; never likely to lead to anything but pain for you, possibly for Amy also. Opposition was a thing she would not tolerate ; the very thought of it only made her more determined and rebellious. But then she was very young, and had been so long an invalid, that very great allowance must be made for her.'

The doctor, touched by the unwonted energy of that 'very sorry,' walked up to her and said, putting his hands together, as he did when he was agitated—

' Then you think, Mrs. Lescar—for I know you heard that promise of Amy's—you think I ought to release her from it ?'

' I think,' said Joanna, ' that you would be acting the part of a wise and generous man if you did so.'

The doctor stood to all appearance calmly looking down upon the wool-work, and streaks of crimson and gold crossed each other in intricate confusion before his eyes. This was the hardest thing he had ever been called upon to do in his whole life. He was not yet sure that he could do it.

' If it is for her happiness——' he said. And then he held out his hand. ' Good-bye, Mrs. Lescar. I must think about it.'

Joanna looked at him with some faint stirring of admiration, as she had looked at the two ladies who took the double ditch at Pecket's withy-bed ; a little pity too she felt, but no remorse. She had only acted for the best, and, so far as she knew it, had told the truth.

' Would you like this ?' she said, offering him the letter. ' Take it if you would. It may be a help to you to refer to it.'

The doctor took it without a word, and went away. But he did not go home. He went about the whole sultry afternoon amongst the poorest and most wretched of his patients. He might have had some dim thought of self-teaching in this ; of bringing before himself misery of another kind, but, so far as appearance went, infinitely greater than his own. But he was not very clear in his own mind what he did it for. He

never went home till the moon had risen ; another moon ; never more the same radiant queen that had shone for him on that May night long past. Well, it had been a mistake. Better far that it had been discovered now than that she should have married him to find it out afterwards.

And then he went in to write his letter ; a letter so sorrowful and tender, in spite of all his honest efforts to make it exactly what it should be, and no more ;—a full and unreserved release from that promise by which she held herself bound, and which he feared had been a grave error ;—that the answer for which he watched daily struck him when it came, like a blow upon a broken limb. There were in Amy's envelope two words only in answer to the letter which had cost him so much. They were, ' Very well !' written seemingly in careless haste ; the ' V ' blotted and repeated in inverse on the fold of the paper. They could have cost her scarcely a moment, or a moment's thought, he said in his bitterness. No hesitation ; not a single backward look of remorse for what he must suffer. Well, whatever that might be, he was glad that she should be unhurt. And thus they parted.

## CHAPTER V.

### AMONGST THE FALLEN GRAIN.

Dr. Secker was right, inasmuch as her two words of answer had cost Amy no deliberation. How could she deliberate ? He made no charge against her, or himself. He simply absolved her from her word to him. Under the circumstances there was but one thing to be done, and she did it.

Lady Crevillon knew nothing of the matter from Amy ; knew nothing of it in fact until she heard from Joanna ; consequently she did not understand the sudden change of manner which was apparent in Amy just at this time. On the morning of the arrival of Carl's letter Amy having sealed her own reply to it, turned to her ladyship and said—

'I should like to change my mind and go with you to-night, if I may.'

Lady Crevillon made a slight gesture of astonishment before she answered—

'Come by all means. But I thought you said that one hearing of "Faust" was enough?'

Amy could not explain—'I refused for Carl's sake, and because I knew Lord Frederic would be there and would join us.' She said nothing, therefore, allowing Lady Crevillon to think what she liked. It was quite true that she herself did not care about hearing 'Faust' again. It must be recollected that this was her first season in town, and she had certain angles of simplicity and prejudice which were yet to be worn smooth. The dying scene frightened her. It seemed a terrible thing to see so many figures sink on their knees in the presence of a death which was only mimicry. The contrivance for taking poor Gretchen's soul to heaven appeared to her so palpably clumsy that it gave her a feeling of relief after the awful reality of the former scene; but she did not care to go through it all a second time. Altogether she had not thought it would be giving up much to spend one evening at home and alone. But now all that was changed.

Carl himself if he had seen her would have been at a loss to find the source of that wonderful brilliancy which rose to her eyes; the carmine that tinted her lips, and the atmosphere of strong excitement that surrounded her. He might have liked to sit in the stalls and watch her furtively; he might have looked on and dreamed himself back into the enchanted palace until the advent of another figure, dark-robed, sinister; the figure of Lord Frederic Page, which placed itself beside Lady Crevillon. Then he would have turned away. He could not have remained to see another man devote himself to the goddess who had once trodden the floor of his own airy castle.

When Amy went home that night she did what was still more astonishing to Lady Crevillon, unless indeed, her ladyship reflected, Lord Frederic was in reality effacing all

traces of that unhappy Redford entanglement.

'Lady Crevillon,' said Amy, 'you remember the proposal you and Sir Francis were good enough to make this morning, and to which I objected?'

'Proposal! What, about taking you—'

'Yes,' interrupted Amy. 'I have no longer any objection; indeed I should like it very much.'

Lady Crevillon did not this time make any remark, as she had done about 'Faust.' She was very well contented, though she could not help remembering together with the morning's proposal Amy's very decided 'No. I want to go back to Dykeham,' and wondering a little at the change. But of course it was all for the best. Her ladyship knew that Joanna would take care of Frank; she could trust her stepdaughter so far, since if Joanna cared for any one in the world it was Frank. Yes, of course it was for the best. The longer they could keep Amy away from that Redford man the better.

And the unhappy doctor went about his work as usual, and did his best to bear his sorrow like a brave man; stopping every now and then in the midst of other thoughts to think about her; stopping in his country walks to lean over stiles and watch, first the green hay fly about from the ponderous, many-spiked machines of blue and red; after that the corn as it fell down before the scythes and sickles of the reapers; and finally the motley throng of gleaners, legal and illegal, who rushed in to quarrel over the fragments of the spoil, and to announce that harvest was over. Dr. Secker moved amongst these, an absent spectator; hearing the sounds of them dully, as one hears the accompaniment to an air. He was far away in the big city of cities. He was in a mighty region of the mighty west. He was here and there in the flash of a polished scythe in the sunlight, and the busy tinkle of the whetstone was to him the far-off music of trained bands. He saw the Serpentine where other eyes looked down upon the pleasant

dyke. The gate on which he leaned became to him the railing of Rotten Row. And as he looked upon the riders he saw—who was that fairest amongst the fair equestrians, and who was her escort? Not Sir Francis, but the other one, the boy on the other side? Intuitively he sketched the portrait of the young noble. The dainty, town-bred pallor, the light, downy moustaches and whiskerless young cheeks; the splendid riding equipment, and the glossy horse with a neck like Diana's bow.

How could he, Carl Secker, ever have thought to keep to himself a pearl so rare as that one lost to him now?

When the harvest was over there was a thanksgiving service, and a great day of festivity and rejoicing in Redford. The doctor had not meant to be present amongst the merrymakers; he was not in a state of mind for the sort of thing. He thought he should do better by going to visit those whom feebleness or infirmity would keep at home. His patients said of him that his manner was gentler and kinder than it had ever been; as perhaps it was. But when in passing homewards he saw the big tent and the flags flying above it, Dr. Secker stopped, as he used to stop and watch the reapers, to look over the hedge into the field. He saw men and women who had feasted and were merry; he saw big boys and little boys tumbling over each other for the very glee and *abandon* of the thing, to the music of the 'Dixie's Land Polka,' the most popular melody which the Redford band had on its list. The doctor saw also a group of ladies and gentlemen standing in the entrance to the tent, and while he was looking on, Mrs. Lescar and Frank left the group and moved a little farther up the field. Carl had not troubled Mrs. Lescar much of late; he had rather held aloof from any meeting with her. Through her the stab had come; and however little she had been to blame, the sight of her was not pleasant to his eyes. But now it came into his mind that September was nearly over, and the Dykeham family would probably be

coming back soon. It was nothing to him, of course, but still he thought he should like to know; so he went into the field and joined the two as they stood near the impromptu orchestra.

'They all seem very happy, don't they?' said Mrs. Lescar. 'I have been helping to supply these people with tea, Dr. Secker. I wonder what you, as a medical man, would have thought of the quantity of that fluid and of ponderous plum cake which a single individual can make away with.'

'Poor things!' said the doctor. 'They don't get it very often, some of them.'

'No? A very good thing for them, too, I should say.'

The doctor refrained from asking any question. He was certain that Joanna knew what he had joined her for, and he would not give her the triumph of seeing his impatience.

'I suppose you won't stay here long,' he said. 'The days begin to close in early.'

'No, we shall be going directly. You never come to Dykeham now, Dr. Secker. Too busy, I suppose? I heard from Lady Crevillon this morning. They are—. Frank, Frank, how very rude! Let me beg—'

'Never mind him,' interrupted the doctor. 'Frank and I are old friends. They are coming home, did you say?'

'No. Going down the Rhine. Probably thence to Rome, but the route seems uncertain.'

The doctor would have liked to go away then; but he felt Joanna's eye upon him, calmly curious, as though she wondered, just as a matter of curiosity, how this news affected him.

'I hope—that they are all well,' said Carl.

'Quite well, I believe, thank you. Lady Crevillon says my cousin is anticipating the journey with great delight. But that is natural; she has never been able to travel much before. I believe Lord Frederic Page and his sister are about to take a similar tour.'

In all this Carl felt, with a sting of

exasperated rebellion, that there was cruelty—cold and tranquil cruelty. He could forgive her for playing with him a little at first. People do that sometimes to increase their own importance as the holders of valuable information; but she need not have told him about Amy's delight. Why did she do it? Was it experimental, or for the mere pleasure of using her power to torment?

He said something about its getting late, and took off his hat to her, eschewing the customary handshake. Joanna's hand was cold, like herself. He could feel it through her glove; passionless, limp, incapable of giving a strong, healthy grasp.

He was not to get away thus, however. He had forgotten Master Frank's efforts to attract his attention; but the young gentleman was at his elbow before he got to the gate of the field.

'I say, why wouldn't you listen to me just now? Can you row, doctor?

'Row!' repeated Carl, helplessly.  
'Row what?'

'A boat, to be sure. I'm going to have one. Pecket, the basket-maker, has got one, and it only wants painting up. It's to be painted green, and it will cost a lot of money; but it's to be a regular little clipper. I shall keep it under the willows in Davis's Hole; but mind, you are not to tell.'

To the doctor's mind, distracted with other thoughts, the boy's speech was very hazy; but he heard something about a boat, and Davis's Hole, and tried to subdue his own impatience, and humour the lad's enthusiasm for the new toy, as he generally did.

'It's to be a yacht complete, eh? Sails and rigging, of course, and a crew from Lilliput. Well, I'll come and see you sail it some day; but mind, Frank, don't you go too near Davis's Hole. Remember what it was named from. Keep to the ponds in the park.'

The doctor did not see the look of amazement and contempt with which Frank received his advice, nor hear the tone in which the boy repeated to himself, 'See me sail

it! Keep to the ponds in the park, indeed!' He was too much occupied to think anything more just then of Frank or his amusements. 'Amy was anticipating her journey with much delight,' and Lord Frederic would be with her. Well, it was quite clear that he himself had done right; nay, it was just possible that Mrs. Lescar had been actuated by a kindly motive in telling him all this, and he had wronged her. She might have wished to satisfy him as to the wisdom of his proceeding. Yes, of course he had done right; and now it was all over, and he could never hope to see Amy again, unless, indeed, he saw her as the wife of Lord Frederic Page. He hoped he never might do that. He said words which were not gentle at all respecting Lord Frederic, in which he was unjust, since Lord Frederic had never injured him knowingly in any way; but people in the doctor's present circumstances are not always just. He looked up at the blank windows of his house with a dull impatience. If there had only been some stirring time before him—some great rush of work or excitement! But to go on in the same mill-horse round of visits; to bear patiently with the garrulous list of new diseases, or new symptoms of the hypochondriac up at Redford Grange, who expected to see him daily, and to have a daily change of treatment; to listen to and answer the well-known phrases of his richer patients; and then the never-failing, 'Ah, thin, doctor, sure it's the drink 'ties him; if it wasn't for that he'd be as good to us as gold,' of the Irish quarter. And all this with the consciousness sore about his heart that the one star which had filled his path with tender light was gone from the sky, to shine no more for him for ever.

---

## CHAPTER V.

### DROWNED IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

Dr. Secker was walking down the drive from Dykeham, and the purple shadows of an October sunset fell across the road before him, but he never noticed them. He was think-

ing about the sentence with which Mrs. Lescar had greeted him, herself unmoved, yet uttering the words with a certain rhythm of the solemn dignity which always hangs about such tidings.

'A very shocking thing has happened, Dr. Secker. Lord Frederic Page is dead; drowned in the Bay of Naples.'

Whatever more she had said, or he had answered, the doctor scarcely knew. He was only anxious to get away from the presence of the woman who spoke so quietly of an event which filled him at once with a strange terror. He could not get rid of the words; they came back like an echo from the dumb lips of pictures on the walls; they repeated themselves to his footsteps when he walked away from the house; they sounded in the cawing of homeward-wheeling rooks above him—'Drowned in the Bay of Naples!'

He might have heard, if he would, a boy's voice calling to him; or he might have seen a dark boyish figure running in the direction of the lodge to meet him there. But the doctor saw nothing but the sunlight flashing along a blue bay, and the ripple of cool waters that lapped the shore, and whispered to it of the prey borne from its bosom too late. He was thinking what a terrible thing it is to be cut off suddenly, without a shadow of warning out of the very midst of all the sunny joys that cluster round a smooth young life and make it dear. No spark of hope rose on the sadness of the doctor's picture. If such a sparkle had risen he would have hated himself, and fought it back, but none such did rise. The thing was too sudden, too terrible. Individual hopes and possibilities were swallowed in the awfulness of this one stroke which had cut down a man in his prime from off the golden earth. Of all the merry party that were with the drowned man—young and hearty like himself—not one had perished. All were picked up and brought to consciousness again save this one. For him there was no more any throb to come into the still heart; no more any word of love or joy or pain to issue from

the silent lips. And there was a widowed mother to mourn for him, and brothers older and younger than himself, and a sister. But it was of none of these that Carl Secker thought when his imagination travelled from this individual unit of the human mass fighting vainly with the waters of death to those left behind.

It was of Amy that he thought; Amy, whom he had taught himself to associate constantly with the dead man. It was for her that his heart ached; for her he was sorry—sorry with an intensity of pity which had nothing in it, as he fancied, of the old love. In the presence of death that must be still and dead too. Another love had lived for her; had been to her perhaps what she once was to him. The doctor's heart was very sad for her; it went out to her with that puzzled, painful incertitude which longs to comfort but can find no way. He could not comfort her; no one living could. Into the space, brief, but to him a measureless gulf, which separated them had been crowded for her, as for himself, the joy and sorrow of a life. Where was she now? Whose lips would comfort her for those which never were to speak to her again?

Time, or rather thought, which acknowledges no time nor space, had fled very fast with him since he heard those tidings. A shadowy notion came to him of having heard them before, long ago, or something like them, or of having dreamed them. Was there anything of the dreamer about him now, and should he wake up presently to find it all false?

He struck his cane upon the gravel sharply, and walked on. Outside the lodge gate the figure which had been running to meet him stood, flinging stones in the direction of the river.

The doctor looked at Frank Creillon doubtfully, as though he too might have sprung from the misty land of brain-created ghost, and was hardly to be spoken to; but Frank jerked away his last pebble, and turned round.

'I wanted to see you, doctor. Nobody will tell unless it is you, and I

wanted to remind you that you mustn't. I mean about my boat. You see they are coming home, and they would be worse now than ever, because—'

Of the whole sentence Dr. Secker seized only that one salient point; that one brief phrase which sent the rest into the background of total obscurity. Mrs. Lescar had told him nothing of that, and he had laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, and cut short his speech with an abrupt sharpness for which Frank was not prepared.

'Coming home!' repeated Carl. 'Never mind your playthings now; who are coming?'

'Papa and mamma, to be sure, and Amy; and then—'

'Oh, Frank!' ejaculated the doctor, in a strange hoarse voice, 'be a good boy to her—to them. Be very gentle and good to them. Remember they have had a terrible shock.'

And Carl walked away rapidly, leaving the boy to stand in the road and stare after him with an expression of helpless bewilderment.

'Who has had a terrible shock?' he grumbled. 'What shock? What makes him, of all people, so cranky with a fellow? I wonder does he take my boat for a plaything, really? Well, I don't think he'll blab: he's not the sort.'

—

## CHAPTER VI.

### IN THE PLEASANT DYKE.

A November day, but still sunny and genial. Dr. Secker passed up the side of the dyke towards the Red Ford, from whence, in this autumn barrenness of foliage, Dykeham would be plainly visible. He scarcely took the trouble to ask himself why that path was chosen. She was at home again; but then she was nothing to him, so it could not be that. The old places might know her again, but he never saw her. She was ill. From day to day he saw the carriage of Dr. Guise turn in at the drive gate, and knew that the old man was going to see Amy. Was it grief, he wondered, or the sudden shock, or had she in reality

VOL. XVI.—NO. XCV.

overtasked herself as he once feared she would do? There was no knowing this; no knowing what Dr. Guise thought in the impenetrable of his own mind, about the case over which he shook his head and mumbled predication which might mean something or nothing. Carl did not care to make too many inquiries of Dr. Guise. The old man and the young one were not antagonistic; but they differed, as youth and age will. Especially in this case Carl's lips were sealed. He wondered, as he walked on, switching the bushes with his stick, what sort of treatment Dr. Guise affected, and whether it was of any use. He did not wish that he himself had been called in. The thing would have been too painful, too impossible. Not that he could not be perfectly calm about Amy, thinking of her sorrow with a brother's pity; but then he did not want to be brought into closer contact with her. In that, Sir Francis had been wise. But he could not help speculating about her. Would she wear mourning? The doctor was not very clear in his own mind as to the propriety or impropriety of such a course, but somehow he thought she would wear it. There went the carriage, with those black horses which were the special pets of Dr. Guise, up under the beeches amongst which he had watched the lights of other carriages gleaming fitfully on a March night which he remembered. Would it have been better for him if he had turned back that night? if he had written to Sir Francis and got, as he probably would have done then, while the baronet was unprepared, a decisive answer? Better if he had acquiesced in that answer, and seen Amy no more? He thought not; and the question was idle. He had gone on; he had seen Amy; he had had at least a share of life's sweetest moments; and to lose the memory of them would be to make the past a blank as well as the future. And it was all over now—all over now and for ever; and he could see, he thought, that it was better it should be so.

In a moment of time, quicker than

2 D

any pen could write the words, or any tongue speak them, the full consciousness and details of a sudden terrible emergency came upon the doctor, as he passed from behind the shadow of a giant thorn into view of the river again. A single sharp cry, a sullen splash in the water, laid before him in a moment his position, and he knew that Frank Crevillon's boat was indeed no plaything, but a light and well-built craft, which danced a dance of mocking triumph on the water, and dipped her prow into the mimic waves, as though in light laughter at the would-be master she had flung overboard.

'Drowned in the Bay of Naples!' came like a flash of light across the doctor's eyes in that moment. Was it to be the same tale over again? It is a hard thing to save the drowning. It may read easy in books, or to the unpractised heroes who never tried to swim. But the swimmer knows how hard a thing it is; knows, as he takes his spring, that the chance in his favour is only the horsehair holding up the sword. And Dr. Secker was a swimmer; and life is dear to us all. Here, before himself, lay that sudden death which had seemed to him so terrible; a sudden, swift whirl into eternity, with no space for summing up his own shortcomings and seeking mercy; no time to do better, or try to do better. And in that second which sufficed for him to throw off his coat, a thousand thoughts danced through his brain, of life and death, of hope and despair; of Amy. Would she know, if he died, *how* he died? Would she know that these, his last thoughts, were full of her? Would she know how suddenly the old tenderness came rushing in upon him in a great flood; and he read in that moment that he had not given her up—that she was his one love still, now as ever, and for ever?

A confusion of interlacing branches overhead, the light motion of the little boat on the ripples, and then the waters of the Dyke surging into his own ears, Frank's coat within his grasp, and a brief hard battle for life!

## CHAPTER VII.

'ARE YOU SORRY?'

No spray moved in the rugged black branches outside; no robin perched amongst them to sing his good-night song, and bid her cheer up this dull November night. It was growing dusk. A servant came in to draw the curtains and light the candles in the big centre chandelier. Amy turned from the window to the fire, and sat down. A strange presentiment oppressed her of something unusual going on in the house. There had been a sudden confusion; a hasty opening and shutting of doors, and voices raised above their wonted pitch; but she had been ill, and was a prisoner in the drawing-room, whence she did not dare to issue that she might see for herself what was wrong—if, indeed, anything were wrong. She looked at the servant's face, with the idea of asking some question; but the face was dull and expressionless, only absorbed in the lighting of those candles, so she gave it up.

When she was alone again, she looked into the fire and thought. She had been thinking all day; not because her thoughts were pleasant to her, but because they would not let her alone. Was she getting well? She hardly knew. She was not very sure that she wanted to get well. Nobody cared whether she did or not. Of course it was very wrong, and morbid, and foolish to think such thoughts, but it is not always possible to help thinking them. When Dr. Guise looked at her through his spectacles, and pronounced that his prescriptions had done her good, she laughed, but the kind old doctor did not know why. He would say, 'That's right: laugh as much as you like; it's better than physic.'

But the fact was, that when Joanna, as regularly as a certain hour came round, poured out a glass of nectar for Amy, and brought it to her, Amy would look at it and through it, as a connoisseur does at wine, and then she would wait until Joanna's back was turned, and wickedly throw it away. No, Dr.

Guise never did her any good before, and she would not take his messes now. If Sir Francis insisted on his coming to see her, why of course he must come. She could not help that. Perhaps Dr. Guise was right enough when he pronounced her malady nothing but nervous depression, and recommended change and individual exertion. Well, she had had change enough; Dykeham was a change now, and she preferred to remain there. As for exertion, there was nothing, so far as she could see, worth exerting herself about.

While she sat by the fire, wondering what she could find to do besides read and think, Joanna came in. Amy just glanced at her, and thought there was something unusual about her face, and then Mrs. Lescar said, 'Dr. Secker is here.'

She was sorry for having said it when she saw Amy suddenly put her hand to her left side, as she had a habit of doing if anything startled her. But Mrs. Lescar found it difficult to comprehend this extreme facility for being startled.

'Frank fell into the dyke, and Dr. Secker saw him, and jumped in after him. Frank will be all right, the doctor says; but they have put him into bed, and Lady Crevillon fancies he is feverish, so the doctor has promised to stay here the night. I thought you might like to know.'

In all this quietness and matter-of-fact of Joanna's, Amy could not know that for once in her life the placid woman was stirred with an unwonted feeling of emotion. If there was any one she cared for very much in the world it was Frank. She saw in him the future Sir Francis, the head of the house and the maintainer of its good name and standing: he was of consequence in her eyes, over and above which, she had a personal liking for him. Dr. Secker had risked his own life to save Frank's. As the baronet had said, it was a very plucky thing to do; and as Joanna decided, it was more than could have been expected. Some dim idea of justice or atonement, or reward, she hardly knew which, occurred to Joanna as she stood by Frank's bed, looking at the

lad's white face, and at his small fingers curling tight round the doctor's hand. She thought of the letter which she had shown to Dr. Secker that sultry August day. It was no harm to show it; Joanna stuck to that; but still she thought she would tell Amy about it, and then it would be off her mind.

'Amy,' said Mrs. Lescar, 'there was never anything between you and poor Freddy Page, was there?'

Amy looked up from the fire with a spark of sudden, angry light in her eye.

'How dare you ask me, Joanna?'

'I wasn't quite sure. He only bored you a little, then. And Lady Crevillon did her best to increase the boredom?'

Amy made a gesture of assent, if, indeed, that could be called assent which was utter indifference, absence of mind, or intolerance of the subject.

'Well, Lady Crevillon hinted that there was something between you. She even said plainly that you liked him, and were unhappy because of a foolish promise which you fancied you ought to keep.'

'Well, Joanna?'

'Well, Amy, it wasn't probable that I should disbelieve Lady Crevillon—why should I? Indeed, I thought it the most natural thing in the world that you should like Lord Frederic, and so I still think it would have been. Dr. Secker came here to inquire after you, and I gave him the letter. He is a straightforward, honourable man, for a plain country doctor. He asked if I thought he ought to release you, and I said yes.'

'You might have killed me,' was all Amy said. And she said it so quietly and low that Joanna had to consider a little before she quite knew what it meant.

'I think Dr. Secker felt it a good deal. I remember that he would walk up and down the room, which is a restlessness that always makes me angry. But it wasn't my fault, you know. I acted for the best.'

'Is that all you have to say to me now, Joanna?'

'All? Really, I don't know of anything else. I suppose so.'

'Then, if you don't mind, I wish you would go away.'

Joanna stared a little, but complied. It was very odd. She had been married herself, and had liked Mr. Lescar very well indeed, but then he was in every respect a fit person for her to like. That Amy should have obstinately preferred Carl Secker to Lord Frederic Page was a thing she really could not understand. But it seemed that she had so preferred him. It was a matter of very little or no real consequence to Joanna, but she thought that, so far as she had been concerned in separating them, she would undo her work, and the rest was in their own hands.

'I shouldn't wonder if they were to make it up again,' thought Joanna. 'Papa would refuse the doctor nothing now, that's certain.'

She went up-stairs again, and sitting down, uncurled Frank's fingers from the doctor's hand, and actually kissed them as the boy slept.

Dr. Secker saw her do this. A thought, that she had never looked so womanly to him before, came into his mind; and with it something else—a strange, dawning hope, a sudden, wild light across the grey sky of his life. He could not tell why it came, or whence, but there it was, associated in some strange way with the unusual tenderness of Joanna's manner. She had kissed Frank's hand, but she was looking at him, Carl Secker, and it was some emotion or thought connected with him which had written itself in the softened lines of her face.

'We shall never know how to be thankful enough to you,' Lady Crevillon had said to him, wringing his hand. With some such words also the baronet had expressed his gratitude, but this strange woman only sat down and kissed Frank's fingers, with that unaccountable softening of manner towards himself.

'Mrs. Lescar,' said Carl, 'you have something to say to me. If so, if it is anything about—I suppose I am right in my head—whatever it may be, say it, for God's sake, and don't torture me.'

'I have nothing particular to say,'

responded Joanna; 'only I thought you might like to see Amy. She is in the drawing-room. It was all a mistake of Lady Crevillon's about poor Freddy Page.'

The doctor heard the words, looking straight down into Joanna's face. Then he turned away from it; there was no longer any softness in it for him. He went out of the room into the lobby, and leaned against the baluster, trying to think. Only a few hours ago he had been dwelling on Amy's sorrow with a pity which he had called a brother's pity. Now, in a moment, all was changed. She had had no great sorrow; had never cared for Lord Frederic; had never, perhaps, forgotten—what did she think of him? How could he possibly justify that act which seemed now so rash?

But Amy, sitting on by the fire, and looking into it, was no longer conscious of anger against Joanna, Lady Crevillon, or, indeed, any one. One human being had shut them all out; one wavering, doubtful man, walking up and down, fighting with his heart, and giving her up. She knew how he would look as he walked up and down the room. Was it this room? Did he go home at once and write his letter?

And then she thought of the scene at the river side, of men bearing a body, which was Frank's, helpless and senseless, giving no sign by which they might know if he lived. Suppose there had been two instead of one. Suppose—

Then she looked up, and saw Carl coming into the room; saw him come and bend down with one knee on the rug beside her; heard him say 'Amy, forgive'; and then she turned and put her arms round his neck and her face against his cheek. He was come back; he had never meant it. The thing had been as hard for him as it was for her; and now it was all over.

'Oh, Carl, are you sorry? How could you write it? How could you think it? As if anything in that big, noisy world out there could make you less to me! Never doubt me again, Carl.'

'My darling—never!'

THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOËLON III.  
IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN the manhood of an individual is marked by extraordinary events, it is only natural to look a little further back, and inquire what were the circumstances of his youth and childhood. Of all living men perhaps Napoléon III. is the most conspicuous for the wonderful nature of his career, which would be called improbable, or even impossible, were it not an accomplished fact. His early life was equally strange—stranger than fiction dare invent. Our elder readers may remember something, perhaps not much, of his last residence in the British metropolis. For our younger friends these and other antecedent traditions will have been thrown into dim obscurity by the startling singularity of much more recent occurrences. We therefore propose giving, not a history—the time is too young, and our space too limited—nor even a memoir, but a slight sketch and reminder of particulars which are more completely forgotten now than they will be fifty or a hundred years hence, when some painstaking writer will have placed them on record, enriched by facts and anecdotes now carefully confined in manuscript journals or autobiographies.

A comparison, comprising a contrast, has been instituted between the career of the illustrious uncle and that of the wonderful nephew. The one began to culminate at the palace of the Tuilleries, which he was obliged to quit for St. Helena; the other, starting from the prison of Ham, ended by reaching the Tuilleries. So far so good; but the lovers of antitheses must be content with what they have. The present Emperor's biography is still, let us hope, far from its conclusion; and we sincerely wish him as sunny a sky, and as few black points in it as possible. Nevertheless, we cannot forget the maxim to pronounce nobody absolutely prosperous and fortunate before their death.

Few remember how completely his infancy was passed beneath the shadow and the shelter of a throne, or the chances that might then be reckoned of his one day quietly succeeding to a throne. Charles Louis Napoléon Bonaparte was born at Paris, in the Palace of the Tuilleries (where he resided during the first six years of his life), on the 20th of April, 1808, amidst the full blaze of imperial splendours, whilst the great conqueror still had continental Europe at his feet. The lucky infant's father was Louis Bonaparte, brother of the first Emperor, by whom he was made King of Holland, and to whom, not manifesting sufficient obedience, a resignation of the crown conferred became expedient, if not unavoidable. The mother, Hortense Beauharnais, commonly called the Queen Hortense, from her temporary occupation of royalty, was the daughter of the Empress Josephine, Napoléon I.'s first wife. Not only did the cannon of the Invalides, but—if not actually, in poetic style, 'from China to Peru,' at least—from Hamburg to Rome, from the Danube to the Pyrenees, gunpowder saluted the little prince's birth; for a prince he was, in matter of fact, to all intents and purposes, though his immediate parentage had been, in its origin, no more than noble at the very most.

A 'Sénatus-consulte'—everything was classical then, from legal and official titles to David's pictures and court costumes—a Sénatus-consulte of the 28th Floréal, year XII.—bringing the ancient and the new-fangled into juxtaposition—confirmed by another of the 5th Frimaire, year XIII., submitted to the acceptance of the French people, and sanctioned by 3,521,675 suffrages, eventually called himself and his elder brother to the imperial throne, in the case of their two uncles, Napoléon the Emperor, and Joseph, King of Spain for a while,

dying without heirs. Inscribed the very first on the family register destined to record the names of the Napoleonian dynasty, and confided to the Senate's guardianship, the new-born babe was baptized at the Palace of Fontainebleau, by the names of Charles Louis Napoléon, on the 10th of November, 1810, by Cardinal Fesch.

The Roman Catholic Church does not, like the Anglican, direct 'that there shall be for every male child to be baptized two godfathers and one godmother; and for every female, one godfather and two godmothers:' it deems one of each sufficient for infants of either sex. The little stranger had therefore only the Emperor Napoléon for his godfather, and the Empress Marie Louise for his godmother. Strange trick of fortune, that she should stand in that relation to the grandson of the woman whom (through no act or fault of her own) she had supplanted in her position as a wife! But the whole history of these remarkable personages is full of sudden freaks of destiny, inconceivable until they became realized. With such a pair of sponsors it is needless to add that the brilliant christening was attended by all the 'illustrations' of the day. Policy, vanity, intrigue, ambition, alike combined to assemble both the serious and the glittering notables attached to the Imperial Court.

Our narrative will be clearer if we interrupt its thread to inform the reader that Napoléon III. is the youngest of three sons born to Louis Bonaparte, quondam King of Holland, by Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine, by her first marriage with the *Vicomte de Beauharnais*, and adopted, together with her brother Eugene, as his children by Napoléon I. These details of pedigree are dry, but they wonderfully add to the clear understanding of a family history. We therefore further mention—the reason will soon be apparent—that Napoléon also adopted a cousin of the Empress, Stéphanie, who became Grand Duchess of Baden.

Louis Bonaparte's first child died at the Hague, aged five years, in

1807, *i.e.* before Louis Napoléon was born. The young man, therefore, frequently spoken of as his 'elder brother,' was the second son, Napoléon Louis, born in 1804. He appears to have been gifted with a handsome person, but with mental qualities rather fitted to procure attachment in private life than to make headway in political struggles. He married, in 1827, his cousin Charlotte, the second daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, for a time King of Spain; but the union was childless. He died in 1831, at Forli, of inflammation of the chest, probably brought on by his participation in the troubles of Italy, in the arms of his brother, Louis Napoléon. His wife died in Italy, 1839. Before the birth of the King of Rome, Napoléon I.'s son by Marie Louise, these two sons of Louis Bonaparte were regarded as Napoléon's successors. It will also hence be seen that, in later years, Louis Napoléon was Queen Hortense's only surviving child. Her husband, the ex-king of Holland, lived in Florence; and it was only natural that the mother and the son, thus isolated, and struggling with a variety of difficulties, should be all in all to each other in their affectionate devotion.

To return to the early days of specious prosperity. It is said that nobody likes his heir, or cares to see much of his probable successor—which may be true when the heir and successor is a stranger or a far-removed relative. Napoléon I., however, was very fond of these two boys, nor did his liking for them diminish after Marie Louise had presented him with a son. He frequently sent for them when he came out wearied from long discussions of state affairs, and especially amused himself with their conversation during the time allowed for his hasty repasts. He made them sit beside him at his little table, to which no other guest was ever admitted, and got them to recite Lafontaine's *Fables*, questioning them about their meaning, and paternally explaining the moral.

Then came the abdication of Fontainebleau and the exile to Elba. Alluding to this habit of the Em-

peror, Madame de Staél, who returned with the Bourbons, one day asked little Louis Napoléon whether it was true that his uncle made him recite the fable whose moral is 'The reasons of the strongest are always the best' more frequently than any of the rest.

'That one,' the boy replied, 'is the fable he most seldom asked for.' Then, turning to his governess, he whispered, 'That lady is unbearable with her tiresome questions. I wonder if *that* is what people mean when they call her clever (*spirituelle*)?'

In fact, whether clever or not, she was an irrepressible asker of questions. In former days, when Napoléon was First Consul, she had asked him 'Which woman do you like the best?'

'My wife,' he bluntly answered.

'And after your wife?' insisted Corinne.

'The woman who has the largest family.'

Now, Corinne being a married woman, unblessed, or, as she probably thought, unincumbered by any family, and athirst after compliments about her intellect, the hit was particularly hard.

Our readers will remember the story of the ambassadors, who, having to make the choice between two sleeping boys for their prince, took the one who slept *with his hands open*. Louis Napoléon seems to have been an open-handed child, and so far to have promised well as the future head of a great nation. One day when he had offered to some one a present which he had received from his mother, she gently reproached him with his conduct. 'Dear mother,' he explained, 'I am sure that when you made the present, you intended it to give me pleasure. Well, it has given me twofold pleasure; first, when I received it from you, and secondly, when I was able to confer it on another.'

A scene, recorded by an eye-witness, betrays the presentiments with which the imperial family was haunted.

'After the defeat of Leipzig, I was introduced to the Emperor's

presence. He seemed anxious and low-spirited; although his voice was short and snappish, his thoughts were precise and clearly expressed. I was listening to what he said with the most profound attention, when, looking aside by chance, I perceived that the door by which the Emperor had entered remained ajar. I was about to set a step to close it, when a child slipped into the room and approached the Emperor. It was a charming little boy seven or eight years of age, with light curly hair and expressive blue eyes; but his countenance bore the marks of the deepest sorrow, and his whole behaviour revealed strong emotion which he tried to suppress. On reaching the Emperor, he knelt before him, leant his head against his knees, and shed abundant tears.

"What is the matter with you, Louis?" asked Napoléon, sharply, apparently annoyed at the interruption. "Why are you weeping?"

"Because, sire, my governess has just told me that you are going to set off for the wars. Don't go! Oh, pray don't go!"

"But why shouldn't I go? Why do you wish me not to go?" asked the Emperor, in gentler tones, and apparently softened by his nephew's solicitude. "Why not?" he continued, raising the child's head and passing his hand through his curly locks. "'Tis not the first time I have gone to the wars. There is no occasion for you to fret. Fear nothing; I shall soon be back again."

"Don't go, my dear uncle," replied the boy. "The wicked Allies want to kill you. But, if you really must go, do let me go with you, uncle."

The Emperor took the weeping child on his knees, and fondled him tenderly in his arms. I know not what put it into my head; but, at such an affecting moment, I had the stupidity to talk of the king of Rome, then as good as a prisoner in the hands of Austria.

"Alas!" exclaimed the Emperor, "who knows when I shall see him again?" [He never did see his son again.] Immediately recovering his

wonted firmness, "Hortense! Hortense!" he cried. As the Queen hastily entered, "Take my nephew away with you," he said; "and severely reprimand his governess for having so thoughtlessly excited his feelings." Then, after a few consoling words, he was about to hand the boy to his mother, when perceiving how much I had been interested, he added, "Kiss him before he goes. I already foresee in him a good heart and a noble spirit. Perhaps, my dear fellow," he concluded, "he will turn out to be the hope of our race."

To whatever extent Napoléon I. might be gifted with prophecy, or not, certain it is that the Queen Hortense had a firm belief in her son's predestination to greatness, and that she did her utmost to prepare him for it by a suitable education to the full extent of the means at her disposal. Whether he had confidence in his 'star,' the world is at present right well informed. Nor was this child of fate wanting in youthful firmness. One day, suffering from a violent tooth-ache, he said to Mademoiselle Cochelet, his mother's femme-de-chambre, 'send directly for Bosquet, the dentist, to draw this double tooth which gives me such pain; but don't say a word to mamma, because that would make her uneasy and anxious.'

'How do you suppose you can conceal it from your mother?' the femme-de-chambre replied. 'She will hear you scream, and will be more frightened than if she knew what was actually going on.'

'But I will not scream; I give you my promise.'

Mademoiselle Cochelet promised to keep the secret, and of course told it instantly to Queen Hortense, who, not to cross her son, pretended perfect ignorance.

Bosquet came, and drew the tooth, without his patient's uttering a sound. As soon as it was out, he carried it in triumph to his mother, who was waiting nervously, but who took the trouble to act a great surprise. Her nervous anxiety, however (which every parent will understand), was not, in the present case,

unfounded. This usually dangerless operation was followed, two days afterwards, by a haemorrhage (of which we have known like instances) which, but for the Queen's maternal watchfulness, might have abruptly terminated the career of the future elect by universal suffrage.

After the crushing blow to the imperial fortunes inflicted by the battle of Leipzig, Queen Hortense resided with her children at Malmaison, Joséphine's retreat after her divorce. The boys, fancying that the King of Prussia and the Emperor (Alexander) of Russia belonged to their family, inquired one day whether they should call them 'Uncle.'

'You must call them sire,' was the reply.

'In that case,' they are not our uncles,' observed the elder.

'Certainly not; the King and the Emperor, who treat you so politely, entered France as conquerors.'

'But if they are our uncle's enemies, why do they kiss us when they see us?'

'Because the Emperor Alexander, who comes here so frequently, is a generous enemy, sincerely desirous of your family's welfare.'

'If that be true, we ought to love him.'

'Certainly; you ought to be grateful for his good intentions.'

Little Louis Napoléon, who, at that time, as subsequently, spoke little but listened much, overheard the conversation, and carefully noted it. The next day, quietly stealing up to the Emperor Alexander, he slipped a ring into his hand, and ran away.

Queen Hortense called him to her, and inquired what he had been doing.

'I have given the Emperor of Russia,' he said, 'the ring of which my uncle Eugène (Beauharnais) made me a present, because he behaves kindly to my mother.'

Then came Waterloo; and with it the immediate downfall of the Bonaparte family, every member of which, young and old, men, women, and children, were driven from France, and forbidden to return to it, *on pain of death*. France, tho-

roughly tired of war and profoundly humbled by invasion, conceived a sudden revulsion against those whom it considered the authors of its misfortunes. It was hardly to be expected that the restored Bourbons should tolerate the presence of persons, who, in their eyes, were the worst of upstarts and usurpers. Neither the Orleans family, nor the elder branch, would be welcome just now within the limits of the Second Empire. In a game where such high interests are at stake, the loser must be prepared to put up with his loss in all its bitterness and in its full entirety.

Therefore, a month after the decisive battle, Queen Hortense had to seek a foreign home for herself and her two young princes of a day. Louis Napoléon, though scarcely seven years old, stamped and wept when told he must leave his native land. They were obliged almost to force him into the carriage, and could only calm him by the promise of a speedy return. Hortense, having fixed on Switzerland for her retreat, proceeded to the frontier under the escort of an Austrian officer, M. de Wilna. On reaching Dijon, which was full of Royalists, her carriage was surrounded by a furious mob composed of soldiers of the royal guard and 'ladies' belonging to the wealthiest class, shouting, 'Out with the Bonaparte! Turn her out! Pull her out! Dehors, la Bonaparte!'

The mob here displayed its usual logic, for poor Queen Hortense was not a Bonaparte but a Beauharnais.

'Here I am,' said the Queen, boldly showing herself. 'I know I am your prisoner; but the bearer of a name like mine has nothing to fear.'

The danger, however, was serious. Besides the threats and insults of the soldiers, one of them tried to carry her off by force. In spite of M. de Wilna's shouting, 'Madame is under the protection of Austria,' the fellow violently seized the Queen by the arm, and was only made to loose his hold after a severe struggle. The two boys, whom the mob also wanted to capture, were pushed by

the attendants into the carriage, which, at a sign from M. de Wilna, instantly started at full gallop, and was soon out of sight.

The next day, on entering Lons-le-Saulnier, the respective parts of the fugitives were reversed. The people, enraged against the invaders, threatened the life of the Austrian officer. It was now Hortense's turn to intervene. Her gentle and persuasive voice brought the furious multitude to their senses, and M. de Wilna was allowed to proceed without further molestation.

Geneva having refused to accord her hospitality, she retired to Aix, in Savoy, where she had founded a hospital. But she soon left it to take up her residence on the borders of the Lake of Constance; namely, at Arenenberg, in the Canton of Thurgau. Of this retreat, Baedeker says in his 'Guide,' 'In the neighbourhood of Ermatingen, your attention is directed to the Château of Arenenberg, which belonged to the Comtesse of St. Leu, ex-Queen of Holland, and afterwards her son, Prince Louis Napoléon. After being sold, in 1843, to a Neuchâtel gentleman for 1,700,000 francs (68,000*l.*) it has again become the property of the Emperor Napoléon III.' We can easily imagine his pleasure at possessing—if he has the time to think of such things—an estate which, though the retreat of misfortune, must have been remembered as a paradise during subsequent trials and reverses.

How Hortense regarded her life of exile there will be seen from the following letter addressed to M. Belmontet:—

Arenenberg, 10 December, 1834.

'My position of fortune compels me to remain throughout the winter on my mountain, exposed to every wind. But what is that in comparison with the Emperor's horrible sufferings on the rocks of St. Helena? Resignation is the virtue of women; courage the bounden duty of mothers. I should not complain if my son, at his age, were not completely isolated and

deprived of all society, with nothing to divert and occupy his mind but the assiduous studies to which he devotes himself. His courage and his strength of character are equal to his sad and painful destiny. What a generous disposition! What an excellent and worthy young man he is! I should admire him were I not his mother. Being his mother, I am proud of him. I delight as much in the nobility of his sentiments as I regret not being able to make his life more enjoyable. He was born for good and great things, and is worthy of them. We propose spending a couple of months at Geneva; at least *he will hear French spoken there*; it will be for him a pleasant change. And the mother-tongue is a near approach to the native land.

‘HORTENSE.’

Indeed the Prince’s wanderings, of which this was only the beginning, require, to follow them, a study almost of the map of Europe. Like Ulysses, he saw many men and cities, and heard and was obliged to understand and speak not a few languages. Some people have even gone so far as to suppose that he might possibly have partly forgotten French. We once heard Napoléon III. read an address to his soldiers, and were near enough to hear it well. At its conclusion, the general remark around us was nothing in reference to its style or purport; for everybody knows that the Emperor’s speeches are remarkable for neatness and for hitting the nail on the head; but everybody exclaimed, with pleased surprise, ‘Not the slightest foreign accent!’ Those who heard him for the first time fancied, and very likely feared, that he might speak French with a German or perhaps an English mouth.

It would be useless to moralize on this change of fortune; to declaim about the altered condition of two lads, cradled in purple and nursed on the steps of a throne, now with difficulty finding a home in which to lay their heads with the prospect of remaining there. Almost the grandchildren of a

powerful Emperor, they could only find a place of sojourn on sufferance. But, what can’t be cured must be endured; and as you make your bed (not unfrequently, as others make it for you), so you must lie on it. They and their mother took the wiser part, resigning themselves in the hope of better days, and preparing themselves for the best, by assiduous study, as well as submitting to the worst. Hortense well knew that favourable turns of fortune can be fully utilized only by personal merit. Shooting, riding, fencing, swimming, as well as Greek, Latin, mathematics, and modern languages, were therefore comprised in the education of one who *might* eventually, in the course of events, be called on to play a conspicuous part in Europe.

Amongst other tastes, young Louis Napoléon manifested a decided liking for a military career. A Baden regiment garrisoned at Constance afforded him the means of gratifying this inclination. The progress he made there obtained his admission to the Camp of Thun, in the Canton of Berne, where the Swiss annually met for exercise in engineering and artillery manœuvres, under the direction of General Dufour, one of the most distinguished officers of the Empire. There, bivouacking or messing with the privates, with the knapsack on his back, the chart and compass in his hand, or crowding the wheelbarrow filled with earth, he inured himself to bodily toil. ‘My son,’ wrote Hortense at the time, ‘is again in training with the recruits at Thun. They take military excursions in the mountains, walking ten or twelve leagues a day, and carrying their accoutrements. They have slept under tents at the foot of a glacier.’

And thus, while intellectual education was advancing fast, physical education was not neglected. Two instances of the results of the latter were particularly remarked at the time they occurred. Louis Napoléon was in the habit of taking long and extensive rides amongst the mountains in the environs of Arenen-

berg. One day, on approaching a village, on the lofty table-land which commands the Lake of Constance, his attention was attracted by the cries of alarm uttered by a throng of people. Two horses, harnessed to an open calash, were furiously running away in the direction of the precipice which is close at hand. The coachman had been thrown from the box, but a lady and two children remained in the carriage. Louis Napoléon, perceiving their danger, galloped after them across country, over hill and dale, and reaching the calash just at the edge of the abyss, he seized one of the horses by the bridle so violently as to throw it on its side, and stop the carriage, and of course save the persons in it. The *tableau* which followed, the applause of the spectators, the gratitude of the lady and her children, &c., are left to the reader's imagination.

The second exploit was even cooler—in one sense of the word. During the winter of 1828 or 1829, while on a visit to his aunt, the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden, Louis Napoléon was walking along the banks of the Rhine with his two cousins, the Princesses Joséphine and Marie of Baden, accompanied by several persons of the grand-ducal court. The conversation turned on the French gallantry of olden times. The Princess Mary, in her piquant and original style, lauded the days of chivalry. She extolled above measure the devotion of the gallants whose device was *Dieu, mon roi, et ma dame*, 'God, my king, and my lady fair,' and who faithfully carried it out through all sorts of perils and sacrifices. With this picture of by-gone virtues she contrasted the vices and the selfishness of modern times.

Louis Napoléon took up the debate with the warmth and spirit natural to his age. He maintained that, in respect to courage and gallantry, the French had not degenerated a whit; and that they still were ready to do for their

ladies whatever their forefathers had done, adding that 'in all times devotion had never been wanting to women who deserved and were worthy to inspire it.'

At that moment they arrived at the spot where the Necker makes its junction with the Rhine, fighting hard to force its way into the giant river. In winter the scene is most picturesque, offering the aspect of a stormy sea, and was, in fact, the object of the walk. As they lingered on the causeway-dyke which skirts the Necker, a gust of wind carried off a flower from the Princess Marie's hair, and blew it into the rushing waters.

'Look there!' said the thoughtless girl, with a laugh, and pointing to the flower hurried away by the current. 'That would have been an excellent opportunity for a cavalier of the olden time.'

'Aha, cousin!' exclaimed Louis Napoléon. 'That's a challenge. Very well; I accept it,' and immediately plunged, dressed as he was, into the rapid stream.

We can conceive the flutter and the fright of the Grand Duchess, the court ladies, and all the rest. It was a terrible breach of etiquette to make such a sensational scene. The Princess Marie loudly bewailed her folly; the others screamed, shouted for help, or uttered feminine cries of despair. With some, there was a demand for smelling-salts and aromatic vinegar. None jumped into the water to pull him out.

Meanwhile, the Prince swam bravely, struggling with the violence of the waves. Those who have felt the current of the Rhine know what sort of swimming it is. He disappeared, and reappeared, and then disappeared and reappeared again. Finally reaching the bank safe and sound, but shivering, with the flower of mischief in his hand, 'Here it is; take it, cousin,' he said. 'But, for heaven's sake,' he continued, laughing, and pointing to his dripping garments, 'never more talk to me about your cavaliers of the olden time.'

## YOUNG ENGLAND AND YOUNG AMERICA.

FOR the first time in the history of either people, the nation of England has been brought into close social rapport with the nation of America. The race rowed between the Universities of old Oxford and new Cambridge on the Thames is, indeed, a thing of the past; it would be an anachronism now to recapitulate the details of the struggle here: till it recurs, it is done with. But we have not done in the same way with the more enduring and popular influences of the contest; they will continue to interest us, and continue to be felt amongst us. International acquaintance is the one great safeguard against international misunderstanding. It is a happy augury for the rising generation of each, when the youth of two great countries get to know something of each other. It is her young men which constitute the hope of England—*spes maxima Trojæ*: it is from these that her governors in the future will be chosen; just as the undergraduates, of whom Harvard sent us across such promising specimens in July last, will, in the fulness of time, take their place as ministers, Congress-men, and senators. The Harvardians were quite right in insisting upon the academical, rather than the international character of the race which they rowed against ‘the Oxfords.’ the university in Massachusetts probably no more pretends to be able to turn out the four most accomplished oarsmen in the United States than Oxford does in England. Still, we could not be blind to the fact, that the crews which rowed so pluckily more than two months ago from Mortlake to Putney belonged to different countries; and Englishmen would have been lamentably deficient in the hospitable instincts for which tradition gives them credit, if they had failed to remember that Mr. Blaikie and his men were strangers and guests, and deserved the reception which international courtesy would dictate. The interchange of individual and private hospitalities between England and America has

been at all times frequent enough. Not till the last month of last summer did the interchange assume an international significance. Then, and never before, were the representatives of the corporate youth of the two hemispheres brought face to face with each other; only then had we the opportunity of observing Young England and Young America pitted in amicable rivalry against each other; of noting for ourselves, if we pleased to note them, the points of development in which they agreed, and the traits in which they differed.

‘To the brave man every soil,’ &c.: the saying is somewhat musty; it may be refreshed and modernized to advantage. To the descendant of the old Saxon race, every field is a potential race ground—every sheet of water a potential regatta course. *Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*, and wherever the Englishman goes, he carries his passion for athletics with him. We hear of cricket-matches at Calcutta and hurdle-races at Hong Kong. It is something to know—and the prowess of ‘the men of Harlech,’ we beg pardon, Harvard,—taught us pretty plainly, that the accident of living on a different side of the Atlantic Ocean is quite impotent to change certain broad characteristics in a race of young men who, if we only go back far enough, are as much English in origin as we are ourselves. ‘Place the young Saxon of the present day,’ says M. Louis Blanc, ‘in a boat; let him feel the oar, and the instincts of the pirate Norseman who was his forefather will swiftly arise within him;’ and it was manifest enough, directly we saw these young Harvard undergraduates pull their boat over the Thames, that in one very important and fundamental respect they still resembled us, their elder relatives, and could make good, by hard stern work, their title to an identity of descent.

‘They can row!’ That was the unanimous verdict of popular opinion, elicited by the unflagging de-

termination which Young America showed, and clenched, by way of emphasis, with an infinite variety of essentially British ejaculations. Whatever the points of dissimilarity which a further examination into the character and bearing of the youths of the two nations will involve, it is, at any rate, something to have discovered so significant a feature of agreement as this, seeing the community of qualities of which it must be considered the symbol and type. And points of dissimilarity there are into which, as contrast is the object of this paper, just as it is the soul of knowledge, it is necessary that we should inquire. 'If you want to know the more salient characteristics of the inhabitants of any country,' writes a shrewd observer of men and manners, 'direct your attention to the rising generation.' And there is an obvious reason and self-evident truth in this remark. The impressibility of youth is proverbial. *Cereus in mores flecti*, attributing to the substantive a social rather than an ethical meaning, is quite as true as *in vitium*. Idiosyncracies of manner, tricks of deportment, and ways of bearing, are caught up from those surrounding him with fatal quickness; and thus it is that the character of the youth of a country is frequently nothing more than the travesty or exaggeration of the character of a nation. Whatever is most striking, exceptional, and prominent in the popular bearing, is certain to be reflected in the bearing of the people's youth. When we speak of Young America, we must be prepared to witness a microcosm of Old America.

The difference between the national sentiment of England and America is to be found in the varying degree in which the attribute of reverence enters into its composition in either of the two cases. Reverence is based upon tradition; and it takes many centuries before a body of historical tradition sufficient for the erection of national reverence can be acquired. America is not yet an historical country: England is. The American national character is not yet formed: that of Englishmen was formed generations since. Young

England is essentially conservative; it is imbued with a reverence for that past, by eloquent traces of which it is on all hands surrounded; is ever disposed to side with the old against the new, with what is established and exists, as against what is in the purely embryonic stage of development. This, at least, is the character of our youth *en masse*. Exceptions there are, of course, but these merely prove what is a sufficiently general rule. Now, in the case of Young America, all this is essentially reversed. What care the youths who parade Broadway, exhaling from their mouths huge volumes of smoke, inhaled from cigars of stupendous magnitude, resplendent in gorgeous waistcoats, and cravats outvying the rainbow in their multiplicity of hue, for the antique, the venerable, and the old? Why, the whole moral and social atmosphere which they breathe tells the tale, and hymns the praises of absolute spick and span newness. It is the same everywhere. The undergraduate of Harvard or Yale is devoid of all those awe-inspiring associations—is met by none of those relics of the past in which Oxford and Cambridge abound. There is such an entity as a *genius loci*: and in the case of young men, its reality and power are very great indeed. It would not be impossible to allege further causes for this fundamental distinction in bearing and character between the youth, especially the academic youth, of the two countries. The very curriculum of intellectual studies, the entire course of mental training to which Young England and Young America submit, is generically different. The development of the mind—the acquisition of knowledge as a thing desirable *per se*, and independently of all results which it may produce, may be said to be the vital principle of all the higher education of England. Not so with Young America. Unless a branch of learning recommends itself as practically useful, and as likely to produce valuable practical results, it is spoken lightly of, and only encouraged in a lukewarm way. Hence it is that, both at Yale and Harvard,

classical study receives not, and is not thought to deserve, a tithe of the attention bestowed—and bestowed willingly—on accomplishments which seem to hold forth a more immediate prospect of advantage and advancement. Young America will grudge an hour over a Greek or a Latin author, while he will gladly devote days and nights to the acquisition of the art of English composition, or of modern languages. Why? Because proficiency in the latter seems to justify the expectation of preferment, and to open up to him the chance of eligible appointments and snug berths. *Rem si possis recte; si non, quocumque modo rem.* Get on: that is the sum and substance, the end-all and be-all, the alpha and the omega of the education of Young America. It is the precept which he drinks into his system with his mother's milk; it is the guiding principle of his career; the maxim which grows and is strengthened in him from day to day. There may be analogous traces of this educational utilitarianism in England, but here they are to be discovered only in a limited social surface. In America they pervade and saturate all creeds of instruction, from the highest to the lowest. Intelligent Americans do not attempt to conceal this. It is impossible that the view which has been taken here should receive fuller exposition than it has in Mr. Bristed's 'Five Years in an English University.'

Take another case which illustrates still further the existence and the influence of this spirit—the way of looking at things solely with reference to the tangible material results which they are capable of producing. The first thought that an American father has, and the first with which he endeavours to indoctrinate his son, is how to get a good start in the race for wealth. The social horizon is anxiously scanned to see what chances there are, and in what direction, of the desired opportunity presenting itself. The father impresses upon the son the necessity of sinking all personal ambitions, tastes, and cravings, so long as he can get into a position

where a monied future awaits him. At last the wished-for day arrives. A vacancy occurs in some store in Broadway or elsewhere. It is seized with avidity, and the eldest son and heir of the barrister commences life as a shop assistant. All this is, of course, the result of the entire difference which exists in the mutual relations of the ranks and conditions of men on the two sides of the Atlantic. What the producing social forces are, that the social product will be.

Nor is this prematurely vigilant look-out for the main chance the sole species of precocity which Young America displays. Talk to any average representative of the class for five minutes, and you cannot avoid being struck by the air of intense knowingness, and the assumption of assurance, which you will find. The youngster's mind seems to be perpetually engaged in a process of mathematical calculations. He keeps up an habitual attitude of aggressive self-defence. He is full of the idea, apparently, that all humanity are in league against him, and full of the resolution that he will frustrate their efforts. A curious and not particularly pleasant instance of this trait was afforded on the occasion of the Harvard and Oxford race, last August, by the preconceived opinion with which the young Transatlantic oarsmen came to our shores, that they would have continually to be on their guard against the stratagems and wiles to which their antagonists would resort in order to wrest the victory from their grasp. It is satisfactory to know that, with the one solitary exception of the ungracious imputation made by Mr. Blaikie, the American stroke, on the occasion of the entertainment of the crew in New York, Transatlantic criticism has been unanimous in its declaration that, from beginning to end, the most perfect spirit of justice presided over the contest.

Not less marked than this quality of preternaturally precocious knowingness in Young America, is a certain species of intense cosmopolitanism—a feature doubtless in great measure to be explained by

the fact that America—and New York particularly—is, to an extent which no other country of the world is, the home and asylum of all nationalities. This is not incompatible with the firm conviction which Young America generally entertains that his nation is infinitely superior to all other nations on the surface of the globe. The cosmopolitanism of Young America is of much the same kind as the cosmopolitanism of Young Russia, and consists mainly in having imbibed the tastes of many nations, and the affectation of a universal knowledge of the ways and customs of many countries. To hear a New York lad talk of Europe you would fancy that he had travelled in England, had bought wines and silks in France, and had criticised music in Italy. But it is, after all, to something else than a purely cosmopolitan taste that this glibness on many subjects, this superabundant facility of flippant comment, is due. If we want to know what is the one fundamental point of contrast and disagreement in Young America to Young England, which itself is the fruitful source of so many others of greater or lesser magnitude, we must look at the rationale and view which is taken of education across the Atlantic. Only compare the career, the position, and the circumstances of the American student with those of the English, and there will be left no ground for surprise in the vast discrepancy of the social product which is the sum of those producing forces. Is it wonderful that Young America's manner is marked by a very un-English self-reliance and precocity, seeing that he completes his college education at the age at which Young England is scarcely leaving school? But this is not all. The absence of the sentiment which historical tradition generates in the youthful Yankee has been noticed; and the principles upon which his academical training is conducted are everything that could be done to foster and bring out the qualities involved in the deficiency of this moral attribute. It is by no means the loftiest object of the ambition of the Yale or Harvard

undergraduate to be the 'first sophomore' of his year, or to obtain the prizes and honours which the two universities in question bestow. In the words of a writer on American colleges alluded to above, 'The distinctions conferred by the students on one another are more prized than the distinctions conferred by the college authorities on the students.' It is the fashion for these young gentlemen to look down with something very like pity and contempt upon the verdict of their masters and teachers. As a matter of fact, they are compelled to submit to the usual examinational tests of the institutions to which they are sent; but they regard success in these as a purely secondary object. All American colleges abound in magazines, edited and contributed to by the students, and debating and declaiming societies which the students alone conduct. To be accounted by his compeers and contemporaries a smart writer, or a ready speaker, is an honour far surpassing, in the opinion of the Transatlantic undergraduate, successful competition for any number of essay-prizes which the regularly constituted authorities of the establishments bestow. And in this anomalous, abnormal, and to them degrading and undignified condition of things do these authorities tacitly acquiesce, thus signing the deed of their own self-condemnation. If, under these circumstances, Young America is apt to grow up cherishing a monstrously exaggerated opinion of himself, his knowledge and capacities, is it wonderful? Nor does the influence of this system of things end here. When we remember the educational principles that are active forces in the American student's career, need we be surprised at the passion for flimsy display of language and windbag oratory occasionally conspicuous of American public life? It is perfectly true that there are authors on the other side of the Atlantic who write, or have written English with a classic purity that is not surpassed, if it is equalled, on this—Nathaniel Hawthorne, for instance, or, at his best, Edgar Poe. But set against such men as these the gaudy

and ungraceful tawdriness which marks the style of a Ward Beecher or an N. P. Willis.

Social manners and social bearing are but the expression of moral qualities which lie infinitely deeper; and these views of school and college training influence the deportment of Young America to a very great extent. This is the cause to which we must refer the nonchalance of his air, that might be thought to require a stronger word, and the unbounded self-confidence, that certainly merits another epithet than manly. The loud costume patronized by the bulk of American youth is but an indication of the sentiment whose genesis has been traced. Young England is not free from the imputation of occasional astounding excesses of eccentricity in the matter of dress: but they are more markedly confined to shopboys and clerks, and are more transient and occasional in their outbursts than in the case of Young America. New York is pre-eminently the city of tavern bars; and the deportment of the young men of New York is apt to be seriously affected by habitual resort to these places of refreshment. The lad who prides himself for his knowledge of life on the strength of his familiarity with billiard-rooms and cafés, is about ten times more common in America than in England. The influence of phy-

sical exercises and athletic sports upon the character is a commonplace and a truism, and much of the difference between Young England and Young America may be perhaps explained by the circumstance that these are only in their infancy on the other side of the Atlantic. What the future of Young America will be is a problem that it would be futile to attempt to solve. It is enough for the present to know that he is something generically and entirely different from Young England—that the atmosphere amid which he moves and lives and has his being—that the diametrically antagonistic view to that popular with us in the case of our own lads, taken of his position and functions—and that—a point of no small importance—the very much earlier age at which he is launched upon active and professional life—all conspire to perpetuate and enforce this distinction. Meanwhile, in spite of the fact that Young America is a social development separate and distinct in many ways from Young England, characterized at every point by all the self-assertion and independence that we might expect to see in a new civilization, the passion for precocity, loafing, and what not else, it is something to see that the two possess at least one point in common—a satisfactory practical knowledge of the art of pulling an oar.







Drawn by Horace Stanton.]

THE LAY OF LONDON-SUPER-MARE.

[See the Verses.

## THE LAY OF LONDON-SUPER-MARE.

**I**F I'd the photographic skill  
Of Balzac—the reverse my case is—  
A thousand pages I could fill  
Of rhapsodies on pretty faces.  
The last geranium and rose  
With falling petals whisper 'Dare he  
In Sussex linger to compose  
The lay of London-super-Mare?'

Bold breezes insolently toss  
Fresh folds of two conflicting dresses,  
And vex the ribbons of May's cross,  
Whose gold is dull by Edith's tresses.  
Along they sweep: the bold brunette,  
The fair and fascinating fairy,  
The chilly prude, the cosy pet  
The loves of London-super-Mare.

Behold, in Tyrolean hat,  
Proud in its jaunty peacock's feather,  
A maid whom mortals wonder at,  
Whose smile brings sportsmen from their heather.  
At home, or distant seas beyond,  
There's none with whom we can compare ye,  
.Oh! rare, unequalled English blonde,  
The belle of London-super-Mare!

This little quiz, not yet let loose  
From silken academic fetters,  
Pretends propriety—sweet goose!  
While Cupid teaches her his letters  
Beware! my pretty child, beware!  
'Tis necessary to be wary;  
There's punishment in every stare  
From cats of London-super-Mare.

Diana scatters smiles around,  
As down the long parade she clatters;  
And oh! the tailor she has found!  
And what a very prince of hatters!  
See here are two, not out of hand,  
Of bread and butter maids, a pair, he  
Will on reflection understand  
The school of London-super-Mare.

And as to Archibald and Clem,  
Soft Pythias and curly Damon,  
They feed on loveliness, and, hem!  
Are butts which pretty girls make game on.  
So let us sing the bonny maids,  
The pier so exquisitely airy,  
The constitutional parades,  
The joys of London-super-Mare!

C. W. S.

## SKETCHES FROM OUR OFFICE WINDOW.

From Midnight to Midnight.

I DO not mean to assert that I have absolutely stood at the office window wrapt in contemplation for twenty-four hours. This is the sort of thing which another wise man, Socrates, used to do; and it is also related of a modern astronomer that he passed a whole night looking at the sky, and then went off in the morning with the fine observation that he must get to bed before it was late. But I come in and out of the office at all hours, and putting pieces together, dovetailing this experience into that experience, I may venture to say that there is hardly any hour in which I have not watched from the office, and I can literally make out a waybill of time 'from midnight to midnight.' Perhaps the midnight hour is to me the most familiar of all as a time of observation, for I hold the theory that such is the proper hour of repose, and I generally take a few turns round the Circus before the multitudinous midnight chimes lull me to repose. As I look out upon the lighted streets I observe the signs and tokens of midnight. Just opposite is the Telegraph Office—an announcement on the lamp in the centre of the Circus tells you of the fact—and the Telegraph Office closes at twelve. There are telegraph offices I suppose which are kept up, like vestal fires, unceasingly, and stand open day and night like the old classical temple. The summary of the night's debate must be flashed down to all the provincial daily papers, of which papers this telegraphic intelligence must be the very heart and soul. But this particular office at any rate closes at midnight, and as I see some cab tear down at topmost speed to save the hour, or some white excited face at the door of some pale wretch hovering about the place long and long before he can make up his mind to send down doleful news, I might begin to weave all kinds of speculations about the messages and

their senders. The clerks, I know, are solemnly sworn never to reveal the secrets of which they are made the depositaries. Perhaps that is the reason why Mr. Russell Gurney has inserted a provision in the Bill for handing over the telegraphs to Government that copies of messages shall be kept, for production, if necessary, in courts of justice. I have no doubt that astute criminal judge has seen quite enough at the Old Bailey to satisfy him of the potent influence of the telegraph and of its uses in the criminal law. If he lived opposite a telegraph office he would think so still more.

I rather wonder how it is that I thus begin my unvarnished observations with a mention of the telegraph. But I am reminded of a certain worthy Dissenting preacher who was sorely puzzling himself about the divisions and subdivisions of his discourse. At last he said: 'My friends, I have a loaf of bread to divide among you, and it does not much signify where I begin to cut.' So I have to note certain registered observations, and their order will not interfere with their design. Towards twelve o'clock the final 'busses begin to go off. As a matter of fact the last western 'bus clears off so late as a quarter to one, but nearly all the westward 'busses finish up by midnight. As they depart with the early morning hour a change gradually creeps over Piccadilly Circus. Hitherto the chief traffic and business have been on the western side, where the shops chiefly are, and where the omnibuses stop and start. But after this hour, when the places of amusement close, at midnight the revellers come forth, and a crowd promenades the pavement of the eastern side of Regent Street, above and below yon opposite Colonnade. They have come away from the music-halls, the dancing-saloons, and the theatres. There are many pretty young women among them of whose character the most tole-

rant and hopeful-minded can scarcely entertain a doubt. It will be recollect that we had a long wet spring and the early summer was chilly and watery. It was sad to see these girls come out into the dark midnight with their light dresses and their thin shawls. One might watch them shuddering visibly and making pitiful exclamations about the cold. With all their loaded finery there is a wonderful lack of any ready money about them, and the soiled doves that might have been bright lights of home, but are drooped and quenched in this infernal London gaslight, wearily drag home afoot to the distant suburbs of Brompton and St. John's Wood.

I get into conversation with a chance policeman, whose solitary presence alone asserts the majesty of law in this corner, at this hour rather coarsely, of her Majesty's domains. Let it be recorded, to my own astonishment, and the immortal honour of the unknown policeman, that he refused my modest tip. He philosophically explained to me that in these days, when the labour-market was overstocked, he could not run the slightest chance of losing his situation. On some half-dozen or half-score of occasions—I trust the remark will not bring me into disrepute with my readers—I have been brought into personal contact with the police, and never hitherto had my modest tip—shilling, half-crown, or 'five bob'—been refused. I did not even know, until I was so informed by this immaculate policeman, that they were forbidden to receive any gratuity. The rule is certainly as inoperative here as with the railway porters. I remember that a servant-girl once did me the friendly attention of abstracting from my belongings a small quantity of sovereigns. I sent for a policeman, and by threats and cajoling we forced the good-looking culprit to disgorge. She said, in mitigation, that she had accidentally alighted upon the sovereigns and took them because she 'thought they might come in useful.' I am afraid that this policeman helped to compound a felony,

and received a small sum of money in consideration of doing so. But I say also that for no human consideration would I put a young girl into gaol for her first offence, and bring on her all the misery and contamination that must inevitably result therefrom. There is a great deal of discussion just now, a discussion that even became a Parliamentary debate, about policemen. There are many exemplary men in the force, as I can personally testify; but it is a matter of notoriety that there are also men of a very bad character. The case of those three young men assaulted by the police in the Haymarket was a very bad one. Mr. Eykyn, the Member, mentioned in the House that he had once been almost garrotted by a policeman, and that even one of her Majesty's judges of assize had received similar usage. The other day, there being some little press in a public place, a policeman laid his hand on my shoulder and ordered me to stand back. A civil request was all that he was entitled to make, and would have been quite sufficient. I shook him away roughly, and dared him to lay a finger on me at his peril; which effectually cowed him. The fact is that many of these fellows delight in the exercise of a little brief authority, and some of them are exceedingly mean-spirited, and delight in showing it offensively in the case of their superiors. A clergyman once sent me, almost within a stone's throw of 'the office,' a remarkable old man who had served with repute in the force for many years, and to whom inducements were offered that he should not leave it. I assure the reader as a fact that this man told me that he could not continue in the service on account of the villainy and perjury that existed in it. A policeman looks on most of his fellow-creatures in the light of ticket-of-leave men. As soon as he has the shadow of a case he desires to take his fellow-creatures into custody. And once get him into the witness-box, and the policeman shines with a peculiar lustre. He tells his story so glibly that the re-

porters can take it down without the alteration of a syllable. He has all the ease and facility that can be conferred by the practice that makes perfect. The officer likes to get complimented on his character of vigilance and intelligence, and perhaps he would rather sacrifice his fellow-creatures liberty or life than get that character impugned. To the close observer the brazen, confident demeanour of the policeman in the witness-box is often exceedingly repulsive and suspicious. The truthful policeman, on the other hand, who gives his evidence with the limitations consequent on all testimony, who only saw part of the facts, and not all of them, who will not confound facts and impressions, who will allow for the probability of error, who will even confess that he has been hasty or suspicious, gets scouted with the utmost scorn, is laughed at by the rest, and is considered by his superiors as an improper man for promotion. I heard some very queer things from this old gentleman, on whom I saw reason to place great reliance, about the police. They should certainly be treated with respect, and also with great suspicion, and any authenticated case of their misconduct ought to be instantly reported and condignly punished, for the sake of society at large. At present there is a great deal of rankling feeling among the populace against the police, the more to be regretted as it cannot be said that it is without a real basis. Did you, benevolent reader, ever stop to contemplate an itinerant Punch? Let me confess, *entre nous*, that I have done so when a sly glance, sweeping the thoroughfare, has assured me that no unsympathizing friend is in the way. There is a certain part in the dramatic history of that unscrupulous hero when a policeman appears to arrest him on account of his numerous misdeeds. 'What dye want?' says Punch, with his peculiar directness of mind and peculiarity of pronunciation. 'It's my business to take you up,' says the policeman, with the usual solidarity of an official position. 'It's

my business to knock you down,' responds Punch, suiting the word to the deed with great promptness and alacrity. Whereat the crowd always hugely cheers. Now this is a sort of allegory. An uneasy time comes in political history when, if the police are in too great a hurry to 'take men up,' the men in question will not be slow to knock them down—an unpleasant political truth.

So long as there are any loungers to be found, we may observe from the office window some women and children offering for sale some well-nigh faded flowers. They are there long after the westward roll of carriages has ceased, even after the last omnibuses have flickered away. There pauses at the corner that peculiar costermonger, who warms himself at his own itinerant fire, and sells hot baked "potatoes" for the merest trifle. You would be surprised to see the kind of people who will stop to speak to him, to chaffer if not to buy. But these presently move off, and their business, though it is queer and might be unwholesome, is nevertheless genuine and honest, which is more than can be said for all those who pace these streets at these hours. Since the refreshment houses close early by the Act, and a crusade has been made against the night-houses, the lower part of Regent Street, from the Circus to the Crimea statue, has become the sort of promenade which the Haymarket once was. It is to be hoped that the energies of the police will be turned to some practical good by clearing the thoroughfare. Charles Dickens has somewhere said that the only really dead time in London is between two and four. Very true indeed did I think such a remark, at what times in the summer nights I was in and about the Circus at those unearthly hours. A stray dog, with short howls, went by. You can tell when a dog is returning to a state of nature when he leaves off to bark and begins to howl. There has been a caterwauling concert hereabouts, and some dissipated cats are flying about the street by night such as you never see by day! Cowed, craven, abject, blotted out, here

sneaks by the hunted London pick-pocket. A bairier ruffian appears. It almost seems to me that we mentally exchange glances, to ascertain whether a tussle for chance valuables would occasion much of a row. Give him a clear stage, that he may not garotte you unawares, and the hardiest ruffian will not accost you. Perhaps you will meet some revellers of young men coming back from parties: one feeble-minded fellow, with an inane wink, asked me if I knew where he could get some beer. Later, the carts from the market gardens go lumbering by, and one set of people get up as another are going to roost.

The morning comes, and for an hour or two the sky is undimmed by smoke, and the outlines of the buildings are as clear and distinct as Paris itself. Eastward,

'God made Himself an awful rose of dawn,' to quote a somewhat inexplicable line of Mr. Tennyson's which has afforded much puzzlement to his admirers, who assert that its mysteriousness only enhances its beauty. The meaning, I suppose, is that the unfolding hues of the dawn reproduce the unfolding hues of the rosé. The deep religious stillness, the depth and purity of colour that prevail in the summer dawns are solemnly impressive, and lend a brief consecration that will soon be lost to the London streets, to

'And all that mighty heart is lying still.'

We think this somewhat philosophically, somewhat remorsefully, as we are adjusting the latch-key, thinking of this transitional calm between the gay social festivities we have quitted, and the busy scenes into which we shall by-and-by emerge from our now darkened chamber. We make—let the fact be candidly confessed—a somewhat late breakfast, and soon discover that busy London has also had its breakfast and is up and transacting business. Men who have slept and fed well, sleek and smiling, with the happy consciousness of health and energy, are going forth unto their work and their labour until the evening, and the fashionable shops are preparing for the after-

noon influx of business. It is somewhat amusing to watch the dishabille of the shops, the first putting things to rights of the opening; the fresh, pretty forms and faces of the milliners arranging bonnets and silks in the windows; and in other shops we observe ruddy, ingenuous youth, or the pale, dissipated-looking fellow, recalling respectively the Industrious and the Idle Apprentice of Hogarth. Close by our office there is a considerable variety of crossings, one or two of them the most crowded and dangerous in London. Surely there is some little cherub aloft who makes it his business to look after that much meaner cherub boy who sweeps the crossings. That boy considers me safe for a diurnal half-penny. He considers that he has a vested interest in me. I am conscious that he exercises his rights of proprietorship, and that he would transfer me, like a chattel, to any other boy to whom he might make over the broom and the seignory. Wait patiently and you will find an opportunity of passing quietly and safely. If you pass leisurely, the drivers will think that they are bound to keep out of your way; if you make a rush, they will think that you are bound to keep out of their way. A day or two ago I saw a man passing in a very imperturbed way. Towards him a hansom, whose driver did not relax his speed. The gentleman raised his stick to ward off the horse. A bus conductor got very angry. 'That's a wicked thing,' he said; 'the horse might have started back.' I ventured to observe that the driver should have been more careful, and the foot-passenger had a right to protect himself. I spoke, too, of the frequency of street accidents. 'Accidents!' he said; 'there were no accidents!' 'Why not?' 'Because he never saw one.' I did not explain to him the fallacy of his hasty and unscientific generalization.

I have sometimes wondered whether there is really the 'continuous roar' of the London streets, or whether one can trace periodical intermitting. Between one and two the strength of the human current sen-

sibly intermits; and then comes a temporary lull over the billows of the London sea. Opposite our office are the great receiving offices of the English and Continental railways. Here you may see enormous vans, cranes, prodigious boxes of enormous cubic measurement. One pities the large-limbed, patient horses, especially as they climb up Regent Street to the Circus. One of them deliberately, after a little staggering, lay down. I thought he had gone to the limbo of defunct cart-horses. But it appeared that he was only a philosophic beast who, taking it into his head that work was fatiguing and repose might be pleasant, resolved on a noonday siesta. One day, finding the omnibus stopped, I looked out, and found that I was the centre of a sympathising throng. A horse had dropped; but, busy with my evening papers, I was the last person to notice the catastrophe. Again there is an intermittence in the traffic between eight and ten. In the summer months these are the hours in which the shop-girls are able to get away, and some of them make their assignations within the very shadow of the awful portals of our office. I venture to guess who are going to the Christy Minstrels and the Egyptian Hall, and those who are going to the more chequered and comparatively lawless pleasures that lie eastwards. You recognize, if only by their music, the young ladies who are going to practise in choir at St. James's, and some who are going on to the western art schools. Here is a classification of young student ladies, such as London is now abounding with, and who raise themselves far more than Mr. Mill can raise them. The girls who are students of art have decidedly the finest faces, the keenest eyes, the lips more keenly cut. Their intellectual training is just that which gives distinctness and mobility to the features. The musical girl has not keen, star-like eyes, like her artist sister, but sweeter and softer. The literary girl does not differ much from her sisters in general, except that she is rather less well dressed. At some times she is striking as artist and mu-

sician; but she is often dowdy, with a dazed expression of countenance that might be almost taken for stupidity.

There is really no pleasanter time to be watching from the office window than between six and seven. There are many people even at that hour passing by to the Royal Academy, for the early evening hour, since there have been no night admissions, is of course valuable to people engaged much during the day. You will find many genuine lovers of art, who seek to make the most of that twilight hour at the Academy. This, too, is the hour when people begin to go out to dinner; or, in suburban circles, to take tea and spend the evening. You will see the bachelors of clubs, with the doors of the hansom thrown open for coolness, and, as a rule, decorated with flowers. But I especially watch the omnibuses as they stop opposite the office door. The ground is covered by the large bills of the evening papers, indicating their contents almost sufficiently to satisfy curiosity. Sometimes a very conspicuous place is given to what turns out to be a very small paragraph indeed in the papers; something that has happened in some foreign country, instead of almost next door, as you had been beginning and almost led to expect. What is to be done with those evening papers after you have looked them through and want to get rid of them? For my own part, I generally give them back to the small boys, who may thus turn a copper for themselves. They are, at all events, industriously employed, and their industry ought to be encouraged. But now there are certain boxes to be observed at the railway stations, and you are informed that newspapers deposited there will with thankfulness be sent to the hospitals. It is best of all to send the papers to the hospitals. I should think, by-the-way, that the guards and porters at railway stations are uncommonly well supplied with newspapers, for quantities of the dailies are left about in the carriages. As I take my evening paper, second or third edition, therefore, I look about at the omnibuses. You

see pretty girls, nicely got up, well gloved, well booted, with their rolls of music, going out to some suburban music parties. If they are by themselves they will come back in cabs, or—oh, happy chance!—they will be valiantly escorted to their very doors by sympathetic musical youths. I like to think of these modest little suburban gatherings; quiet social parties, where our English home-life is so well displayed,—tea, books, music, perchance charades, or a carpet dance, then the modest tasteful little supper,—and they must go home because it is past ten o'clock. I know these nice girls very well about six or seven in the evening, their faces flushed with anticipation of the evening's enjoyment. Perhaps I recognize them again, if they have taken a late omnibus. The youngest one is rather tired, and will willingly lean her head on mamma's shoulder; and mamma, with the wariness of an old campaigner, has appropriated the snug far-off corner of the omnibus.

Deep into the night; from the office windows of the upper stories, I watch the seething masses below. As Macaulay truly said, each night London furnishes an illumination compared with which the illuminations for Blenheim and Malplaquet grow pale. Just now they are taking up the gaspipes in the Circus, and there is a blazing fire there whose fantastic gleams make things luridly visible. It is astonishing

how ample a reach the eye can take in from our windows. In one direction the prospect reaches to Leicester Square, taking in the line that forms the central road of the modern Alsatia, the supper and dining-rooms that front the Haymarket, and those two institutions which, side by side, seem to wage internecine war against each other—the Argyll Dancing Rooms and the splendid church which, mainly through Lord Derby, has been erected next door to them. I can point out some of the best places and some of the worst places, some of the best people and some of the worst people in all London, from our office windows. Westward is our loved Piccadilly, park-shaded north and south, where I always look for the purer light and for the freshening breeze. I think of the *Diable Boiteaux*, and suppose Asmodeus were to uncover the roofs of all these houses, and show me the scenes that are being transacted from attic to basement! I am sure that a tremendous amount of the world's mechanism goes on about here: it needs the infinite sky and the pure quiet stars, to understand the disorder and unrest of the human world. But just as the world revolves on its axis, and is carried on in its orbit round the sun, so there is, in this tumult, order and design, as each individual life is being rounded by the Taskmaster, and the whole race is at the same time carried on in its career of development.



## A RUN TO THE SOUTH AFTER CREATURE-COMFORTS.

## IV.

WHILE writing the 'Run' which led to the hint that 'it is never too late to mend' from the Amélie postmaster, my woman-kind (two), with a male attendant on foot, made the ascent up to Montbolo on one small pony, not both mounting at once, but each taking her turn. Every one of Olive's other horses had gone over the hills and far away with a wedding party, and there was no knowing when they would be back again. Little old Gran'père Concou,\* as we called him, a stiff-legged but sure-footed diminutive grey, was alone left in the stable, as not worth taking. Indeed, so stiff was he, that at any pace beyond a walk a wooden horse would be more elastic riding; which by no means unfitted him for crawling up a hill and then crawling down again, with a couple of damsels, on the 'ride and tie' system. Returning invigorated, instead of fatigued (as often happens in hill excursions discreetly taken), they report, no plants or flowers, except such as will grow on earthless arid rock; a hospitable curé, who would indeed be passing rich with forty pounds a year, as he probably has not half that income, and who gave them wine to moisten their bread, his *gouvernante* accepting remuneration; and a glorious view—altogether a delightful ascent. As it happened that I left Amélie without mounting to Montbolo, I was informed that that was the most remarkable of all our excursions there; but the travelled reader will be well aware that, if you quit a place without seeing any one thing, you are sure to be told that that one unseen thing was the best worth seeing.

The present 'Run' will be better understood by a glance at the map of the Département des Pyrénées Orientales, or at least the portion

\* Breeders of racehorses, hard up for names, may be glad to avail themselves of this.

of it which we traversed. We had not come to Amélie to stop there for ever; we had a proximately correct idea of what its waters could, and what they could not, do for us; the weather was growing, not warmer and warmer, but hotter and hotter; and though we still intended to see Le Vernet, we had now no expectation of finding its summer climate sufficiently cooler than Amélie to induce us to stay there, while the properties of its waters are practically identical. The reader may remember that one of our objects was to discover a pleasant seaside spot on the Mediterranean coast, somewhere between Marseilles and the Spanish frontier, and that no such marine retreat had yet been found. There remained only to explore the little bit of coast between the latitude of Perpignan and the Cap de Cerbères; if nothing turned up there we must give it up. Still, we knew of pleasant possibilities at Port Vendres; and on the walls of Amélie there appeared a poster, announcing the opening of the 'Bains de Mer' of Banyuls-sur-Mer (Pyrénées Orientales), Hôtel Louvet, Chamber 2 fr., Déjeuner 2 fr., Dinner 2 fr., 50 c., Cabine de Bain, or Bathing-box, 25 c. Total per day, per person, 5 fr. 75 c., or 4s. 7*½*d. Arrangements will be made with families who wish to prolong their stay. From the 24th of June there will be an omnibus at the arrival of every train (at Port Vendres). Banyuls is 6 kilomètres from Port Vendres, and 6 kilomètres from the Spanish frontier. It is situated at the head of a little bay which terminates a valley of the Pyrenees. The water, which is shallow to the distance of more than twenty mètres from the shore, has a firm and sandy bottom, &c.

Not wishing to buy a cat in a pocket, otherwise a pig in a poke, nor transfer ourselves with all our travelling appendages for a stay at either of these places without know-

ing whether they would do, we engaged Victor Olive for three days with a wagonette and pair, to go and see how the land lay, and also the water. At Amélie we were told we should tire of Port Vendres in four-and-twenty hours; at Port Vendres we heard of the dangers of the road to Banyuls—of precipices, *mauvais pas*, and so on, though no serious accident to the omnibus had yet occurred; but we have the perversity of liking, when told there is nothing to see at a place, to go and see that there is nothing. We don't believe at all in 'nothing,' but a great deal in the three degrees of comparison, such as good, bad, and indifferent; and it often happens that what many people call indifferent may be made by a little management to turn out good!

Starting from Amélie after a private breakfast earlier than the table d'hôte, we left the high road to Perpignan at Boulou, and were then fairly on the sunburnt plain, with the Albères group of mountains to the right, crowned with a couple of towers, wonderfully perched on high, the telegraphs or look-outs built by Moorish conquerors. These are not the only remnant of Arab civilization hereabouts. The water-conduits, for irrigation, without which the land would be a desert, were invented and originated by African agriculturists. Rain, when it does come here, devastates almost as much as it fertilizes, denuding stony places of the very small quantity of vegetable earth which clothes their surface. We pass over long and solid bridges spanning broad dry deserts of sand and shingle. The natural watercourses, for a brief period of the year, are roaring torrents, and then remain absolutely empty during the rest of the twelvemonth. On the other hand, the Moors' canals of irrigation, after tapping some mountain stream miles away, now gush by your side, or murmur overhead, or cross your road by a bridge which you take for a railway work. By-and-by the water boils over somewhere, inundating some thirsty field whose

owner has the right to that supply. So great is the necessity of irrigation hereabouts that the very minutes during which the water is allowed to flow on each particular property are measured. Not only must the proprietor watch in hand, let in, and cut off, the water at the appointed moment, but his neighbours also, each awaiting his turn to admit the beneficent streamlet to their grounds, watch him, likewise watch in hand. Disputes or infractions of the allotted measure are referred to the syndic of the works of irrigation. The town of Perpignan claims a lion's share, having the right to twenty-four hours' water in every week, to cool and cleanse its streets.

St. Genis is an insignificant hamlet, St. André much the same, at which latter place the few inhabitants who are awake or visible seem much amused that anybody should travel for pleasure in the middle of the day. The approach to Argelès-sur-Mer (to distinguish it from Argelès in the Hautes Pyrénées) reveals to us the consoling fact that we have got away from the lagoon-skirted coast. This Argelès is a long sultry street, approached by a substantial bridge bestriding an empty bed; its hospitality resources cannot be great; and though 'Sur Mer,' the beach, flat and shingly, is a long mile away, solitary and unsheltered, except by such shelter as can be found on the shady side of a few stranded fishing-boats. Between the town and it trees are scanty, and vegetation beautifully less and less. A bathing-machine, were there one, would be an acceptable retreat and refuge; because, when too hot to remain within it, you could take up your quarters underneath it. Clearly, Argelès-sur-Mer is not what we seek.

On the way to Collioure things improve. You approach, behold, and breathe, the real sea; the genuine dark-blue Mediterranean is spread before you, and close at hand; its limpid waters bathe a rocky coast. Here, at last, the Pyrenees dip into the sea; you have mountain and sea combined;

pure air, clear transparent waters; the absence of all stagnation, mud, and ooze; a dry, rocky soil, where little other culture than the vine is possible; while a few scattered tell-tale aloes, cactuses, and the like, whisper what beauty might be derived from the climate if men took the trouble to turn it to account. Collioure, famous for its wines, is a picturesque fishing village, charmingly situated. It *might* do very well, if it only contained a decent inn, which we have not discovered to the present day. At Port Vendres, being told that it does not, we made no experiment or exploration. On reaching this latter place, scarcely three miles further, we found, to our great satisfaction, that it *did do*.

Port Vendres, then, is a very small seaport, on the edge of a deep cove naturally hollowed in the rock, and further enlarged by the help of gunpowder and the sacrifice of almost all the garden ground the town possessed. It is astonishing that the place does so little business, being the only port of refuge between Marseilles and Spain. There is no bar at the entrance, which is narrowed and protected by a pier or mole of stone, and the water is deep enough to hold the very largest ships, which, however, enter it only occasionally. Nevertheless, before our final departure it was visited by two, said to be watching events in Spain.

Our previous doubts respecting Port Vendres had arisen not only from ignorance of its topographical eligibility—so hard to ascertain from books—but also of its inn accommodation. Joanne's Guide to the Pyrenees (Hachette, 1862), very cautious in its appreciation of hotels, only mentions the 'Hôtel du Commerce, chez Durand,' but what changes occur in the course of seven years! Durand might be underground, and his house burnt down or demolished for improvements. At our unsatisfactory inn at Perpignan we were told that the hotel at Port Vendres was kept by that same innkeeper's brother; and knowing that like qualities sometimes ran through the whole of a

family, we were not anxious to extend our acquaintance with it. At Amélie, however, we learnt that the real Durand was alive and well, and, moreover, that he had removed into a larger and better situated house, which was yet far from set in order, but in which there would be room for us after a certain date. There being *here* no connection with Perpignan entomologists, we determined at once to try. We found a worthy and agreeable family. Durand, the father, not old in years and young in constitution, is an artist in his leisure moments. He makes statuettes of clay, and has decorated his vast new dining-room with remarkable and fanciful bas-reliefs. The daughters do you the favour to wait at table; the son is head cook; while Madame Durand is the kindly, motherly mistress-of-all-work.

We were received at the following moderate tariff. 'Bedroom (single) per day, per head, 1 fr.; breakfast at the table d'hôte 2 fr.; dinner, idem, 2 fr. 50 c., both meals including a sufficiency of excellent wine. Total expenses of board and lodging 5 fr. 50 c. per day, per person. Children under ten years of age, and servants, pay half price. The proprietor will serve family repasts at higher or lower rates than those fixed by the above tariff.' But instead of a common table d'hôte, the visitors were indulged with separate tables, in parties, each party being served with its own respective course of dishes. As the hotel got fuller, by common consent, for the convenience of the household, the meals were taken by all at nearly the same hour, except when there was reason for doing otherwise; namely, breakfast at about ten, and dinner at about six. The transcription of a few of our bills of fare will best show what we got for our money.

I continue to copy the programme of the Hôtel Durand, because it states no more than the truth.

'The Etablissement des Bains de Mer of Port Vendres'—a range of whitewashed wooden closets in which to undress, with a rough covered gal-

lery in front of them, with steps into the water—is situated at the foot of Mont Béarn (which is clothed with vines nearly half way up, and surmounted by a handsome first-class\* lighthouse), in the little cove which extends from the white light to the red light (which mark, by night, the entrance to the port). The shallow basin, at whose edge it is built—say rather knocked up by a journeyman carpenter—is as safe as it is beautiful. The aspect of the mountains, the mildness (warmth) of the climate, and the happy situation of this Etablissement, already attract bathers to Port Vendres, whose number increases every summer.

The close neighbourhood of Spain, the facility of boating on the sea, the beauty of the landscape scenery, and the possibility of arriving by rail, will contribute to confer on these baths a charm which will yield in nothing to the most frequented shores of the ocean and the Mediterranean. <sup>10 days later</sup> A series of steamers ought soon to put Port Vendres in direct communication with Barcelona. They will give tourists the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the magnificent line of coast, which, through a length of twelve leagues, lies between those two places.

A bark, to convey visitors to and from the Baths, will be placed at the disposal of bathers.

In fact, this primitive bath establishment being on the side of the bay forming the port opposite to the hotel, M. Durand has provided for the conveyance of his guests and such of the public as like to take advantage of it, a spacious boat with paddle-wheels (much more convenient for passengers than oars) turned by cranks and a two-

This is not a general expression to denote its excellence, but a statement of its positive rank. In centralised and 'hierarchical' France, lighthouses are not loosely adapted to their situation according to the judgment of the authorities of the day, but are lighthouses of the first, second, or third class. For instance, near our own coast the lighthouses at the Cape Grisnéz, Calais, and Dunkerque are first class; that at Gravelines is third class, <sup>but not so bad</sup>

man motive power, instead of by steam. As these two men were permanent fixtures we soon got well acquainted with them. They were, and I doubt not still are, in beautiful contrast; a laughing philosopher and a grumbling philosopher. Louis, the younger, but long past childhood, was always smiling, obliging, and gay; ever ready to take to the water in search of sea-ears (*Haliotis iris*, here called the *sabot du Bon Dieu*), sea-cucumbers, cuttle-fish, and other marine monsters, or to give swimming-lessons to ladies and children. He talked of an engagement to go with somebody to Barcelona; but I hope it has broken down, for the sake of the bathers. The other, older and grizzled, whose name we never inquired for, because we immediately christened him 'Mon Oncle,' was not ill-natured or disobliging—far from it—but he took a wonderful pleasure in looking at the black side of things. A pessimist to the backbone, he would never have the patience to read 'Candide' through, even if reading was one of his accomplishments. With him, whatever is, is worst; and he would hardly care to live in a world that was not a vale of tears, allowing him to grumble all day long.

When you reach the bathing-place after the requisite number of crank-turnings to the accompaniment of merry chirrupings and old sailors' growls, you find the water which is to receive you in its embrace excessively clear, transparent, and warm. The bottom is levelled by shingle thrown in, and the sea-urchins kept at bay by raking or otherwise. Elsewhere, they abound so as to become a vexation and an annoyance to bathers. Their spines prick your feet, breaking off and remaining sticking in them like the thorns of briars, unless you take the precaution of bathing in shoes or slippers. In some localities along this coast the urchins are partially but by no means effectually kept down by eating them, either raw like oysters, or stewed. In the first case, Figuier informs us, 'they are cut in four parts, and the flesh taken

out with a spoon; when dressed by boiling, they are eaten from the shell like an egg, using long sippets of bread: hence the name of sea-eggs which they bear in many countries. Sea-eggs were a choice dish upon the tables of the Greeks and Romans; they were then served up with vinegar or hydromel, with the addition of mint or parsley. For my own part, he adds, 'I have only once partaken of sea-urchins, and they appeared to me to be food fit for the gods.' Notwithstanding which, neither gods nor goddesses at Port Vendres, nor even hungry mortals, took to eating them.

There is no regular beach here, like the fine, firm sand at many British watering-places; which is a pity! but there are necks of various altitude scattered with wild flowers, which make you wonder how they contrive to grow there, on which you can walk, and sit, and gaze at the sea, either within reach of the spray of the breakers, or aloft where you command leagues of sea and shore.

Certainly we are well treated at the Hôtel Durand, whose apartments looking out on the port and its circumscribing mountains, have good cookery (southern style), plenty of fresh fish, including sardines, anchovies, and *langoustes*, or sea crawfish (the Mediterranean substitute for lobster), as much poultry as we like, luscious purple figs, apricots, strawberries, in short, all the fruits in season, with excellent *vin brûlant* all for five and a half francs per head per day. (And then, no *bougie* is charged in the bill!) It would be difficult to find good living and real creature-comforts cheaper. It would also be unreasonable to expect the same style and splendour as the best hotels in large cities supply. *Vins fins*, fine wines, i.e. old wines in bottle, are extra and excellent. You *cannot* get them, which you cannot in every Pyrenean hotel, otherwise praiseworthy. We tried some *Rancio* (of Collioure) seventeen years in bottle, and found it so delicious that a castle to our address is now travelling northwards. Note that

*Rancio* is not, as usual in naming French wines, the name of the *cru*, or vineyard where it grows, like Volnay, Château Margaux, &c., &c. When the best wines of the old province of Roussillon (those of Collioure, for instance) become tawny and limpid through age and good keeping, they are called, without reference to their place of growth, *rancia*, a term probably of Spanish or Mauresque origin. *Rancio* belongs to the *vins de liqueur*, ladies' wines—strong, sweet, full-flavoured, and perfumed, like Malaga, Muscat, Lunel, Frontignan, &c.; *arrogatneba di baùl*.

From a few chance sample bills, the reader can form his own notion of our fare.

Breakfast, July 14. Cold roast mutton, sliced saucisson; fresh sardines grilled (treble X); fried potatoes; mutton chops; purple figs, apricots; cheese, tea; ordinaire Beaujolais.

Dinner, Tomato and bread potage; grilled whiting; roast duck; aubergines (the purple-fruited eggplant) sliced and fried; langoustes; eos lettuce, seasoned at our request, for that occasion only, not with Sidney Smith's onion atoms, but with finely-chopped garlic (*camphrades pauvres*—the poor man's camphor, as they call it here). Out of these we ourselves compounded a lobster-salad, with which no fault was found, perhaps because few people criticise their own performances. *Pato de Nonne*, skilfully executed and called by their genuine Rabelaisian tangling name, instead of being euphemised and nonsensified into *Pato de Nonne*, or Nun's Peace, of all names in the world, to give to a dainty dish of hollow brown fritters la *Purple Figs, strawberries, cheese, sweet biscuits, jam, tea, &c.*

Next day, July 15. Breakfast. Boiled whiting, with Mayonnaise sauce heightened by garlic; beef-steaks (roast mutton and fried potatoes, in addition, had been declined as unnecessary); eggs, boiled in the shell; sliced saucisson; small figs, pears, cheese.

Dinner. Vermicelli soup; fried sole; boiled potatoes in their

jackets (by request); roast chicken; cold roast beef; cos lettuce salad; Petits de Nonne, *encore*; brown figs, peaches, cheese, biscuits.

The dietary resources of the neighbourhood are nevertheless somewhat limited. Poultry is abundant, but it is all chicken. Fine fowl are not to be had; the country people are too impatient to turn them into cash to let them attain their full growth, much less to fatten them. This is a wasteful way of consuming poultry, as the means of fattening them exist in abundance. Private families would find it advantageous to buy up cockerels, in the state in which they are now sent to the spit, and fatten them at home. Butchers' meat is only second-rate, mutton being the best. A good deal of the lamb may be kid; the philosopher will judge of it by its quality, rather than by the name to which it is legally entitled. Fish at Port-Vendres is fresh and varied, but its carriage far from the coast is difficult in summer, even with the precaution of travelling by night. We have mackerel, soles, fishing-frogs, whiting (so called; if the same species as our own, inferior in flavour and firmness), dorades, a fish called *sobrion* (belonging to the family of toads, they told me; another species of fish being called *crapaud*), *loups* (wolves), sardines, anchovies, and others rarely taken in the British seas, if at all. The population seem to eat every kind of mollusk that comes to hand, either plain boiled in sea-water or tossed into a ragout with oil and garlic. Crawfish (in large numbers and of delicate flavour) replace the lobster, which, however, is found, though much less frequently. We are promised that, in the course of next week, we shall catch mackerel in the port, and that, very soon afterwards, tunny will be caught in the immediate neighbourhood.

During our visit of exploration, having a carriage at our command, we drove from Port-Vendres to Banyuls-sur-Mer, so called to distinguish it from Panyuls les-Aspres, say Banyuls the Rough (inland). The winding road performs a series

of tips and downs, into deep picturesque although vine-clad valleys, past little coves admitting the sea between abrupt low rocks—each cove just the sort of miniature bay that a gentleman would like to put in his pleasure-ground, and furnish with a private bathing-machine, for the special use of his wife and daughters. A great advantage of these tiny little coves is, that the Mediterranean is as good as a tideless sea, it is always high water in them. A disadvantage is, that if tempted by any weed or shell, as the waves do not retire, you must go into the water to get it—which is sometimes fun, and sometimes isn't. Every clump of trees—and they are not frequent hereabouts—swarms at this season, in the South, with *cigales* (of which cricket or grasshopper is not a correct translation, as happily the creature is not fond of Great Britain), which keep up an incessant, grating, sawlike, tooth-edging noise, capable of driving nervous inhabitants out of the land; with the aggravation that, as the heat of the day becomes more intense, and you want to indulge in listless lassitude, the *cigales'* din increases in persistent vehemence.

The seaside rocks, when not occupied by vines, bear sparsely a dry aromatic vegetation, typical of the Mediterranean flora, which seems able to exist without rain on vapours only, and to be unkillable by sunheat. It includes pinks, sedums, lavenders, buglosses, a convolvulus, sundry thistles (yellow-flowered and pink), everlastings, the prickly broom and other stunted shrubs, besides the roots (now taking their summer rest) of the poetic-sounding asphodel. For want of a herbarizing box you are tempted to fill the crown of your hat with specimens, but are soon warned of your indiscretion by the minute insects they contain tickling your head.

Banyuls-sur-Mer is a fishing village, which is the end of all things French; as far as *it*, the road goes, but no further. There is only a mule-path, if that, across the frontier into Spain. Beyond Banyuls lies a *terra incognita* unvisited by

any but the most intrepid explorers. The land, for aught we know, may be inhabited by men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. A railway from Port Vendres into Spain is projected, which, if carried out, would take Banyuls on its way and make its fortune; but I hope none of our heads will ache till then. Its struggles for patronage as a watering-place have a little better chance of making it grow into a small town one day. Indeed, Collioure, Port Vendres, and Banyuls-sur-Mer are all three capable of becoming winter retreats. They all possess the grand desideratum, the climate, if only the caprice of fashion or the favour of the faculty could be made to point in their direction. They would all have to be made to receive wealthy visitors; but speculation has often busied itself about less promising enterprises.

Banyuls is wide-spread and scattered, possessing a rural as well as a maritime quarter. An inviting green valley stretches far behind it, gradually sloping up to the mountains, sprinkled with gardens and what look like country houses, not to mention another village (Trouillet), apparently about a mile away. Persons not over difficult might find modest accommodation here and there; indeed many do so. Before we took our departure northwards Banyuls was full of people from the plain, panting for sea and mountain air, installed in lodgings, and house-keeping for themselves as best they could, and I regret that the increasing heat prevented our becoming better acquainted with it and its environs. I would not answer for the butchers' meat, but there would be a certain supply once or twice a week, and there would be no scarcity of fish, poultry, vegetables, and ordinary fruits. During the season there would be a perfect feast of grapes and fresh figs; but such an experiment could hardly be tried unless one at least of the party spoke French fluently, correctly or not would little matter, because the natives speak it amusingly ill themselves. In their mouths it is a foreign language, Catalan, patois being their true mother tongue; a

knowledge of Spanish would render great assistance.

Banyul's Bay has the additional merit of being unusually large for this line of coast, with a shingly beach which, though not to be compared with the firm sands left by ocean tides, is very walkable. Here also bathers are warned to beware of sea urchins, whose spines will prick their toes and their fingers too if they search under water amongst the rocks for Mediterranean periwinkles (quite as well flavoured as British ones), and where also they may have the pleasure of gathering in plenty that pretty and curious cup-shaped seaweed the *Padina pavonia*. This being the last village before reaching Spain the vegetation is correspondingly advanced. The olives (young fruit), which we left at Amélie not bigger than large pins' heads, have here attained one-third of their full size. And here, as elsewhere in the Oriental Pyrenees, Malthus's principles seem to be disregarded with respect to cats, who are allowed to rear two or three kittens or more at a birth; consequently you can count the ribs through the shabby coat of many a feline mother. In the dearth of mice, ducklings and chicks must be in unusual danger, and the average of kitchen robberies high.

We see here explained, what had previously puzzled us, the use made of the thin, inferior bark stripped off from quite young cork-trees, so young that the stripping seemed an act of wantonness, unless done to accustom the trees to the periodical privation of that integument. It makes floats for fishermen's nets. And so back to Amélie.

July 10. From Amélie to Vernet-les-Bains, all the way round by Bouillou, through a plain country where rain rarely falls, but rendered fertile by irrigation—a system of watering which is applied even to potato-crops. To our eyes it looks strange to see a field sloped, slushed, and inundated with water, as if a thunder-cloud had just burst over it; but by this means are obtained admirable lucerne, maize, beetroot; white haricots (to be eaten dry) are so grown on a large scale as a field

crop. Only the land under vines and olives is not watered. The latter trees are planted at considerable distances, and the ground beneath cropped with corn, the only remnant of which at this date was stubble.

It was the heat, as stated, which at last obliged us to leave the waters and hospitalities of Amélie; but certainly we made a temporary jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. I had made a bargain with Victor Olive to take us on, after a day at Le Vernet, by the Cerdagne (a magnificent hilly, upland, and fertile region, which the reader is advised to visit, weather permitting) as far as Bourg Madame, on the frontier of Spain (where there is said to be a good hotel kept by a single lady), to have a peep at the town of Puycerda, *in* Spain, then to return to Le Vernet, and thence to Port Vendres. But our long drive from Amélie to Le Vernet, beginning at five in the morning and concluding at half-past seven in the evening, showed that it would be a great imprudence to expose my belongings, not to mention the horses and myself, to such an amount of fatigue in such ultra-fine weather.

When we were fairly clear of the hills and began traversing the plain the temperature became atrocious. The dry haze of the atmosphere nearly shut out the distant mountains. The Canigou was only visible as a shadowy outline, not on account of mist or cloud, but from the want of transparency in the air. We witnessed the treading out of corn by horses, instead of threshing it, on a floor in the open air instead of in a covered barn. By the wayside rows of cypresses were planted thick enough to form a sun-shade and a dust-screen rather than a hedge. At half-past ten we were glad to escape from the sunbeams and take refuge in a breakfast-lunch at Ille, a little town, illustrated by Prosper Merimée in a fanciful story, 'The Venus of Ille,' which, when I have translated it for you, or if you read it untranslated, will make your hair stand on end!

We found the Hôtel Montrousse, the best in the place, closed outside, like a house of the dead. The only

way of getting or looking into it was through the portal curtain. Inside plenty of obscurity but little coolness, for the kitchen entrance (doorless) opened wide into the hall. During our repast, which was good but dear for the country (three francs and a half, most likely because we were English), our handmaiden waved a little plaited flag over the table, including our heads now and then in the circle of its sweeps, to save us from persecuting flies, which were attracted in swarms by the fruits, the sweets, and ourselves. We were absolutely obliged to remain four hours at Ille to escape being roasted alive. Moreover, whether out of a whim or in the hope of selling him by the way, Olive had joined little Gran'père Coucou to our team (three), Gran'père playing the part of unicorn. We were honoured with the same compliment as Lord Bateman's rejected bride—

'She came here on a horse and pillion;  
She shall go home in a coach and three.'

Olive said that Gran'père, running before, would excite the teamers to run after him; but before reaching Ille they had to push him on, except when beholding an open stable-door; he darted towards it, right or left, to the great danger of upsetting us. At Ille it was agreed that he should be either left behind or taken into the wagonette to ride beside us.

In winter, Ille is vexed by winds, with a little occasional snow and ice. The wood-box in the dining-room of the hotel shows that fires are sometimes welcome, notwithstanding which the gardens contain some thrifty orange-trees, proving that the cold cannot be severe. Ille is seen in a very few minutes. A knot of little narrow crooked streets, paved with corn-distressing pebbles; houses excluding light, with wooden shutters, and leaving you in doubt whether they are inhabited or not; dark dens for shops and workshops; one church with gaudy gilding and a showy organ inside; a few modest scattered representatives of that never-failing institution the *café*; a few modern residences in the outskirts, with oleanders and other shrubs in walled-in gardens; a dusty road, between an avenue of trees,

leading into the town and out of it; a Gendarmerie Impériale; printed election bills and addresses from the maire stuck about rough unplastered walls; and you have Ille before you as we saw it.

Note that the railway is now open from Ille to Perpignan, so that you can get from the former place to where you please on the rail without halting in Perpignan town.

At starting after breakfast, in spite of promises, Gran' père Coucou was in his place in harness, the foremost of our equine three, under I know not what pretext. He would *ennuyer* himself, left all alone; he would cost a deal of money; he would so enjoy carrying mam'selle a little way up the Canigou, &c.; and he did get to Le Vernet, but I should have been sorry to be his driver. It was a curious example of putting on a drag before a vehicle. Beyond Ille the road regains the mountains, and keeps rising till it delivers you at Le Vernet, otherwise called Vernet-les-Bains. We went to the Etablissement des Commandants, of which M. de Lacivivier is the courteous host and proprietor — a delicious, shady, park-like spot, breathing pure warm air, full of living waters and gushing brooks, which leap from stone to stone or rush in narrow conduits, with an agreeable sound, which is audible in your chamber even with the windows shut. Plane trees and others protect you with shade, which is as necessary as it is delightful, repelling the intrusive rays of the sun; for it is only in summers like 1863 that you in England can form an idea of their penetrative force.

Le Vernet was what is called 'full' of Spaniards; that is, there were several Spanish families, perhaps temporarily preferring imperial France to revolutionary Spain. We did not stay long enough to see much of them, even had they been inclined to let us see it. The first morning, before breakfast, a gentleman who had supped at the same time with us overnight, and who spoke Spanish to his friends, accosted me in English in the walks, and politely invited me to drink a

glass of wine, specially naming sherry wine.

I declined, with thanks, explaining that I never took wine till dinner; that sherry wine in the morning would make me ill all day; and so the matter ended with mutual bows. I don't know who or what he was, French or Spanish. Perhaps he wanted to know who and what I was, and whether his Spanish acquaintances located thereto had anything, directly or indirectly, to do with my coming. Emigrés are suspicious, or at least inquisitive, about new arrivals, and are apt to fancy their movements are watched and pried into by strangers, who care no more about them than about any other individual in the place. For ourselves, we were content to have a good look at Vernet without troubling ourselves about people whom we were to quit so soon.

The history of Pyrenean meetings is somewhat this. The first day you look at each other; the second day you bow; the third day you speak; the fourth day you have taken a tolerably correct measure of your respective positions, means, and requirements; the fifth day you are friendly; the sixth confidential; and on the seventh you take your departures, one to the east, the other to the west, never to behold each other again.

This course of events being a matter of necessity, it is useless to lament or grow cynical over it. It is surely better to have met pleasant people—and pleasant and well-informed people are often so met with—for ever so brief an interval, than never to have seen or known them at all. Life is a moving panorama which constantly glides forward all the same, whether the canvas of a retired existence be left comparatively empty, or whether travel and action fill it with numerous figures and episodes. Threescore years and ten is the measurement of cloth allowed us. We cannot much lengthen, although we may easily shorten it; but we have often the choice of letting it remain a blank or of embroidering it with numerous and varied images.

E. S. D.

## CREUZNACH AND ITS SALINE CURE.

**T**HREE are two reasons why a brief description of Creuznach and its saline cure may not prove altogether uninteresting to the readers of 'London Society,' first, because it is by no means impossible that some of those into whose hands this paper will fall, and who are now in perfect health, may find themselves at some future time compelled by the ukase of a baffled *Aesculapius*, to banish themselves from their native land and search for health in a place the very name of which is strange to them, and which, though thoroughly well known to the faculty, is to them a *terra incognita*; and, secondly, because it may fall into the hands of others who are suffering in secret, and almost without hope, from grievous affections, either cutaneous, glandular, or otherwise, which, being for the most part hereditary and inherent in the system, have not proved themselves amenable to any kind of treatment, but which remain an almost unendurable burden, a lifelong misery. For such, indeed, there would appear to be at Creuznach a fresh sunrise of hope, a new pool of Bethesda, for little short of miraculous are some of the cures which, by God's blessing, these waters, in combination with the delightful climate, have been known to effect in cases previously considered as utterly hopeless.

But, as I said before, the healthiest and most robust of my readers may have his or her nose brought to the grindstone some day (a proverb of special significance at Creuznach, where about one in every hundred lacks the nasal organ), and be compelled to visit my modern Bethesda. Reader, you may have the scarlet fever, you may have rheumatic fever; the stronger you now are, perhaps the worse you will have it. Both these complaints are notorious for leaving behind them some troublesome local weakness or other, which will sometimes cling tenaciously to the system as a limpet.

to a rock, and resist obstinately all the attempts of the professional medico-conchologist to dislodge it. Your physician will put you through the regular post-horse round; you will cheerfully swallow your share of every noisome drug in the Pharmacopœia; you will submit to be driven hither and thither for change of air; you will undergo the blister, the cautery, and the leech (thanks to the enlightenment of the latter half of the nineteenth century, not now probably the lancet and salivation); until at last you will find yourself, after suffering many things of many physicians, to be nothing bettered, but to have rather grown worse. And in that condition, if your London physician be an honest man, you will probably find yourself, by his advice, at a certain door in Old—Street, waiting to take the opinion of Dr. Weber as to which 'waters' he considers suitable to your case. Such were, as nearly as possible, the successive rungs in the ladder of compulsion, the impulses treading hard upon one another's heels, which induced the writer of this paper to visit Creuznach and taste of its bitter but health-giving springs. The first thing to set about upon receiving marching orders was to consider the route. Each in turn was held up to scrutiny. London to Rotterdam, too much sea; Dover to Ostend, too rough; London to Antwerp, not a bad route, but a fair slice of a cross sea, in spite of the tempting advertisements of the steamboat company hawking a passage of 'Only five hours sea.' The route ultimately decided upon will be found nearly as direct as any. It was as follows: after registering your kit through to Brussels or Cologne, leave Charing Cross by the 8<sup>th</sup> 45 p.m. mail train (which on this particular occasion was somewhat unwarrantably detained for twenty minutes to suit the convenience of a pair of august young personages who were on their way to the Black Forest, laying a drag from Eng-

land to Wildbad, soon to be scented out and fiercely hunted by the bobbery pack of London snobs); cross the Channel from Dover to Calais in the dead of night, at which time the sea is usually on its best behaviour; leave Calais for Brussels in the diminutive hours of the morning; and find yourself at Brussels, chilly, hungry, and longing for your tub, about five in the morning. After rest and refreshment at the excellent Hôtel Belle Vue, leave Brussels by an afternoon train for Cologne, the city of stench and thieves, and the next morning transfer yourself and baggage on board the early Rhine boat, and steam up the river as far as Bingen; here land and take to the 'Eisenbahn' again for a short half-hour, when, if you have survived the tossing of the Channel steamer, the indescribable dust of Belgium, the insolence of the grasping, thievish officials on the Prussian railways, the stupefying effects of the delightful perfume of Cologne, the barefaced cheating and execrable *cuisine* of the Rhine boat, and the physical exhaustion consequent upon carrying all your own parcels across the station at Bingerbrück junction to the branch line, you may be fortunate enough to find yourself at Creuznach on the evening of the third day after leaving London. And now, if you would be cool, comfortable, and excellently fed and lodged, in addition to being just the right distance from the drinking-spring, you will turn the deafest possible ear to all hotel touts, and drive straight to the Oranien-hof, where the excellent proprietress, Madame Pitthan, and her brother, Mr. Dütch, with their carefully-selected staff of kellners, will soon make you feel that after three days of buffeting you have at last 'found your comfort at an inn.'

Of course there are other routes to Creuznach, and many of them, and selection between them should be made with reference to the powers of enduring fatigue, the inclination, and last, but not least, the *purse* of the intending traveller.

During this journey a rather

amusing incident occurred at Aix-la-Chapelle. A lady and gentleman with their little boy entered the buffet to refresh after hours of weary travel. Calmly seated at the refreshment-table was a Prussian regaling himself with viands that had never known other heat than that of the sun. The toothsome morsels consisted of raw herring, followed by raw ham, very red; both common articles of food in Prussia, and offered at almost every table-d'hôte. English digestive organs, however, unused to the exhibition of such sanguinaceous diet, and rendered extra-fastidious by travel, revolted at the sight, and, with appetite fled, the lady retreated to her carriage. In a short time this Prussian epicure of ogreish tastes entered the same carriage, and began to pet the yellow-haired little boy, at the same time asking the lady if she were the happy owner of the little treasure. 'Yes, fortunately for him,' replied madame, rather put out at having lost her luncheon; 'had he been yours you would have eaten him long ago!'

*Apropos* of the Prussian railway officials, their one idea is 'trink-geld.' Not the smallest of their phlegmatic fingers would they raise to a parcel even to save a lady from fainting, without the metallic 'pass' being made, and closing their fingers on silver. The following is an instance of their disposition towards unprotected travellers. Three English ladies unfortunately missed our party and had to travel from Antwerp to Bonn by themselves. They had with them a favourite old Skye terrier, for which they took the proper *billets*, and consigned him in due form to his dog-box. However, whilst waiting at the Cologne station for the Rhine train, the poor old fellow, nervous of being left behind, jumped into the carriage into which his mistresses were just about to enter. Up comes a gold-banded official, and seeing that they were unprotected by any male fellow-traveller, and hoping for a bribe, at once began to bully. The ladies explained, and begged the man to remove him to the proper dog-box.

The fellow replied, "I am not your servant; take him yourself; there is the dog-box at the end of the train." Pleasant this for a young girl at a strange station, with the train on the point of starting, and the thermometer at least 120 in the sun! Of course they could not take him to the dog-box, and they said so; upon which the brute seized the chain, jerked the dog from the carriage, and with an oath dashed him violently on to the stone pavement, a considerable drop, and dragged him bruised and yelling to the dog-box. Had he fallen upon his head on those stones his poor grey hairs would have been brought with suddenness to a Prussian grave, and he would have contributed his drop to the volumes of innocent blood spilt by a grasping and cruel nation. During this outrage several Prussian officers were calmly looking on without offering any assistance. Of course might was right; and my young lady could only say as spitefully as possible, 'Nur einen Preussen würde das thun,' and entering the carriage, was soon nicotined into a state bordering upon lethargy by the cigars of these aforementioned officers and gentlemen. Doubtless the same selfishness which induced them to smoke filthy cigars in a railway carriage, without even asking permission of the ladies present, had taught them that it was no part of their duty either as officers or gentlemen to protect a helpless girl from the insolence of a brutal fellow of their own nation. Dear ladies, take warning, *cave canem*, don't travel in Prussia without your natural male protectors. But we are, for the present at least, out of the clutches of these insolent fellows 'dressed with a little brief authority,' and safe at Creuznach. And so, avoiding as much as possible all unnecessary consideration of the manners and customs of the natives, we must confine ourselves to the more sober, though far less entertaining task before us, and give a simple description of the saline cure, and of the place so far as it is connected with the cure.

First, then, as to the place, Creuznach is situated in the valley of the river Nahe, about seven English miles from the Rhine. The river—which has been up to this point wriggling and twisting its way between magnificent cliffs of porphyry rock, some, like the Rothenfells, rising abruptly from the river's brink to the height of 1000 feet, and magnificently rugged and bare; others, picturesquely wooded with stunted oak trees of a soft though brilliant green—here splits into a fork and embraces a triangular island called Badewörth, at the apex of which, and protected from a chance inundation of the Nahe by a strong stone breakwater, is situated the celebrated spring of the 'Elizabeth Quelle.' Over the spring is built a little flat-roofed edifice for the safe keeping of the glasses—for every one at Creuznach has his own glass—and which is presided over by a trio of mädelns, who expect to see your money when you leave in return for your having seen their faces every morning as regularly as the sun rise during the whole of your stay. These mädelns also dispense warm milk and whey, with which some patients are ordered to dilute their morning dose of the mineral waters. They deal also in imported waters from all French and German spas. This island may be called the head-quarters of the cure, and on it may be seen nearly all the health-seekers of Creuznach, congregated twice a day, to drink the waters, promenade between the glasses, listen to second-rate music, and stare at one another. I say *nearly* all, for there are by no means a few who are so grievously afflicted, and whose appearance has been rendered so ghastly by the devastating effects upon the features of malignant lupus, that they do not venture out until the evening, and then only concealed with thick veils.

On this island there are more than thirty buildings, principally hotels, shops,\* restaurations, and

\* We have much pleasure in recommending the shop of Mr. Fritsch, opposite the Kursaal, for the cheapness and excellence of his cornelians, onyxes, cut-glass, &c.

lodging-houses; there are also reading-rooms, ~~old~~ spacious Kursaal, shady walks and flower-gardens, kiosks for the bands; rowing-boats, canoes, punts, gondolas, goat-carriages, tricycles and bicycles for hire; dog-fanciers with queer crop-tailed little curs for sale, and bouquet-sellers distributed in the proportion of about one man and a child to each bouquet, and who have been occasionally observed making use of a somewhat primitive watering-pot when it became requisite to refresh their fading flowers for the next day's sale. Momentarily removing from between their teeth the huge pipe of the country, they fill the mouth with water, and retiring behind a tree sputter it upon the bouquet, thus doubtless adding perfume to the roses. All persons drinking at the spring are expected to take out what is called a brunnen-karte, and which professes to admit the bearer to all the privileges of the kurhouse and gardens; but whenever they indulge in a flare-up in the shape of an 'illuminated concert,' an entertainment which in the dulness of its conception, and the plodding energy requisite for its execution, is thoroughly characteristic of the nation, they levy a tax of ten groschen equally from subscribers and non-subscribers. This festivity consists in laboriously fixing many dozen paper roses upon the privet and lilac bushes, and suspending Chinese lamps in the trees. The band then plays a few tunes whilst a solemn promenade takes place. On this island also is situated the English church, close to the Nahe bridge. This is a curiosity in its way. It is a model for dampness and cold, and for this reason alone could never be entered by half the invalids in the place, even if the morning service were at a more suitable time instead of being exactly at the bath-hour. There is a charming savour of Protestant simplicity as to its internal decoration, that in the estimation of many would amount to indecent bareness, and its naked walls and most disproportionate height carry away the speaker's voice and lose it amongst the dense cobwebs above.

It is under the same roof with the German Evangelical church, of which it formerly constituted the choir, but became a ruin during the Orleans war of succession in 1689. The Protestants of Creuznach, in 1855, made it over to the English congregation in perpetuity, on condition of its being restored to its former state. This was done with great liberality by Mr. Henry Moor, described in the marble slab commemorating his munificence as a 'most noble Briton,' who at a cost of 1500*l.* rendered it capable of holding a congregation. The very greatest thanks are due to those whose untiring energy has helped to relieve the excessive dreariness of the service as now performed by the introduction of some really good singing.

The two arms of the river, after embracing this island, reunite, and passing under a grotesque old bridge, traverse a perfectly flat and highly-cultivated plain, on which the different crops are planted in narrow little strips of various colours, giving the appearance, when looked down upon from a height, of bottles of Alum Bay sand, until it joins the Rhine at Bingen; and it is just at this point, where the two arms of the Nahe reunite below the island, and where the wooded heights give way gradually, first to steep and almost inaccessible vineyards, and then to dead level ground, that the town of Creuznach is situated. There is but little in it either interesting or curious; it is just an ordinary, dirty, prosperous country town, containing 12,000 inhabitants, quite 10,000 of whom are Protestants, and it belongs to Rhenish Prussia. It owes its prosperity mainly to the cultivation of the vine, which is pursued with unremitting care and attention; and it seems to have as little connection with the new 'quartier,' or colony, that has sprung up around and on the island containing the Elizabeth Quelle, as if the British Channel were between them; and unless the searcher after health has occasion to visit the banking establishment of Messrs. Beckhart and Söhne, to cash a circular note and chat with the kind

and courteous manager, Mr. Scheyer, he will probably leave the neighbourhood knowing as little about the town as the town knows about him. But if the town of Creuznach be uninteresting, its environs are perfectly lovely and rich in delightful and interesting excursions. The lover of scenery, the botanist, the naturalist, the geologist, all will find abundance of occupation at Creuznach. There are lovely hills and valleys, startling effects of light and shade on porphyry rocks and old castles, for the nature-lover; there are the richest varieties of uncommon plants for the botanist; there are agates and quicksilver, brenite and porphyry, petrifications and minerals for the geologist; and last, but not least in the estimation of some, there are snakes and lizards, crimson and azure-winged locusts, and shining slow-worms for the naturalist, besides birds of almost every kind. In the private grounds of the Oranien-hof, within a dozen yards of the table-d'hôte room, you may see magpies, goldfinches, green-finches, redstarts, nightingales, blackcaps, turtle doves, green woodpeckers, &c.; and in the vast woods of stunted oak in the vicinity of the town are an abundance of hares, partridges, foxes, roe deer, and wild boars. Mine host, who is great at 'le sport,' informed me that last winter he and one friend polished off no less than seven of these shaggy grunters in one day; and two, which were captured whilst quite squeakers from a sounder of wild pig, are kept in a kind of den (in which their probable predecessor was Martin Luther, who was in concealment here previous to the Diet of Worms) at Burg Ebern-Burg, a short drive from Creuznach, and together with owls, monkeys, home-brewed champagne, skulls of old barons, relics, coffee, &c., form part of the attraction of that picturesque but somewhat tea-gardenish old castle. But in spite of all these treasures of animal life, in spite even of these porcine inheritors of the hiding-place of the great Reformer, there is one desperate blank in the natural history of Creuznach.

Oh! tell it not at Phoebe Jones's, ye lovers of the gentle craft. The Nahe, with all its swirls and pools, its swift shallows, and tempting back-waters, is a gay deceiver. It is troutless; not a speckle, not a fin, to glad the angler's heart. An utter sell, as we exclaimed when we sorrowfully hung up the fly-book and the rod, disdaining to use them against the feeble roach and 'goujon' of the country.

Great though the temptation is, we will not here enter into a description of the delightful expeditions which can be made from Creuznach to places of beauty and interest in the neighbourhood. Suffice it to say that they are numerous and of every variety and distance. How could it be otherwise within an hour's drive of the Rhine? The carriages are good and inexpensive, with a fixed tariff settled at a moderate rate by the Burgmeister, and hung on a printed card in the interior of every vehicle; and much vexation and disappointment will be avoided by trusting entirely to them as a means of locomotion, instead of to the execrable arrangements and insolent officials of the 'Rhein-Nahe-Eisenbahn.' But no one either possessing legs of his own, or capable of making use of the hired legs of the patient 'Esel,' should miss a ramble through the rocky woods to the precipice of the Rothenfells on the one side of the valley, and to the castle of Rheingrafenstein on the other; each expedition involving a smartish pull of about eight English miles over steep and rugged paths, but rewarding toil with every variety of beautiful scenery on the way, and a truly magnificent panorama when the summits are gained. Neither should the visitor omit to give one afternoon to an inspection of the Champagner-Fabrik of Messrs. Beckhart and Söhne near the railway station, more especially if in his own happy land, in days that have gone by, he has ever indolently wooed the *dolce far niente*, under the shade of the Cliefden woods, with tiffin from Skindles in his hamper, and beauty by his side; for on those costly narrow-necked bottles from the Orkney Arms he

will have seen inscribed the name, 'Beckhart and Söhne, Creuznach.' And now, under the guidance of the kind cicerone, Mr. Scheyer, he will inspect the different stages by which a muddy-looking sour decoction is metamorphosed into that sparkling Moselle of incomparable bouquet which warmed of yore the cockles of his heart. Very briefly, the stages by which this desirable consummation is arrived at are the following.

1. The wine, in a state of partial fermentation, is drawn from a huge vat into the bottles.

2. Each bottle, as filled, is nimbly passed to a corker, and neatly and effectually machine-corked for its first time; then passed to a second machine, and secured by a single arch of broad wire, the corks for this purpose costing forty francs per thousand.

3. The wine thus temporarily corked is stacked in heaps of a hundred dozen in the upper manufactory to gain effervescence; one bottle as a sample for the batch has its cork punctured by a tube connected with an indicator, which checks off accurately the amount of pressure within the bottle.

4. Sufficient effervescence being gained, the batch is moved underground to a cooler temperature. During this process the workmen are defended by masks of iron wire; for although each bottle has been carefully tested by steam pressure, occasionally flaws escape notice and a bottle bursts with great violence.

5. The sediment has now to be cleared. For this purpose the hundred dozen is stacked cork downwards, to draw the sediment into the neck of the bottle, and in this position each bottle has to be slightly shaken six times a day, sometimes for as much as two months.

6. When the sediment has fairly collected upon the cork the batch is again conveyed to the upper manufactory, still cork downwards; and now the arch of wire is cut and the first cork sharply withdrawn, the immediate rush of wine carrying all sediment with it.

7. And now follows the real 'making of the wine.' Into each bottle is poured nearly a gill of a

delicious syrup, made of the pure essence of the muscatelle grape, sweetened and preserved by the admixture of cognac. In proportion as this addition is sweet or the reverse, highly flavoured with muscatelle or less flavoured, so will the wine be.

8. Immediately after this addition each bottle is recorked by a most complete machine, the corks at this stage costing 180 francs per 1000. It is then nimbly tied and wired by hand, and is ready for the market. When in practice the men can finish off 10,000 bottles in a day.

9. Stage 9 is by far the most interesting, as it consists in Mr. Scheyer taking his visitors into the office and lavishly regaling them with the choicest sparkling wines.

And now it is high time that we came to business, and gave a description of the cure itself, and of a less enjoyable beverage than sparkling Moselle. And in doing this it will be impossible to avoid bringing forward some technicalities which may seem more suited to a medical treatise, and some details connected with sickness which cannot but be painful to read.

First, then, the waters of Creuznach belong to the class of iodated and bromated saline minerals; the principal ingredients are, chloride of sodium, chloride of calcium, iodine, and bromine.

The analysis of the Elizabeth Quelle, the spring situated on the island before mentioned, and which is used exclusively for drinking, is as follows. In sixteen ounces, it contains ninety-four grains of the following substances:

Chloride of sodium	72.88
" of calcium	13.38
" of magnesium	4.07
" of potassium	0.62
" of lithium	0.61
Bromide of magnesium	0.27
Iodide of magnesium	0.0303
Carbonate of lime	1.69
Carbonate of baryta	0.0010
Magnesia	0.010
Oxide of iron	0.015
Phosphate of alumina	0.002
Silica	0.012
	94.02

When the water is intended to be used for bathing, it is taken from the principal well of the salt-works at Carlshalle; but the baths at the Kurhaus obtain their saline water by steam-power from a spring which rises under the bed of the Nahe, and the Oranien-hof has a fine spring of its own. All these springs are virtually the same, the only distinction between them being variety of temperature; thus both these establishments are eminently suited as head-quarters of invalids undergoing the cure, as the water can be depended upon, and the patient can walk from the bedroom to the bath *en robe de chambre*.

In the composition of the baths and compresses, great use is made of a substance which plays a most important part in the cure, and as Creuznach owes much of its notoriety to this substance, it merits description. It rejoices in the name of 'Mutter-lauge,' which being interpreted is 'Mother-lye'; but paraphrased for the understanding of the uninitiated, it is 'the concentrated essence of the mineral waters, produced by evaporation.' It is prepared as follows: between Creuznach and Münster are to be seen many tall roofed frames filled with faggots, and with long wooden trenches, both at the top and at the bottom; these are called 'Graduation works.' The saline water is pumped up from the wells by gigantic force-pumps into the trench at the top of these graduation works, and allowed to filter slowly through the faggots into the trench at the bottom; the object of this filtration is to concentrate the salt contained in the water. When it first issues from the springs, the water contains only from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. of common salt, but after filtering repeatedly through these faggots, the salt becomes each time more and more concentrated, and after seven filterings it contains from 16 to 18 per cent. of salt. The water thus concentrated is now subjected to evaporation in the boiling pans, and the 'residue' which remains in the pans after the greatest part of the salt has crystallized and been removed, is called the

'Mutter-lauge.' It contains all the elements of the mineral water in a highly-concentrated form, except the major part of the common salt and iron, both of which have become precipitated by boiling.

Analysis has recently pronounced that sixteen ounces of this liquid contain 2484.16 grains of solid substances, viz.:—

Chloride of calcium	1789.7
" of potassium	168.31
" " of sodium	226.37
" " of magnesium	230.81
" " of aluminium	1.56
" " of lithium	7.95
Bromide of sodium	59.14
Iodide of sodium	10.05
	2484.16 gr.

In this form it is a clear, dark-brown fluid, of the consistence of oil, and is used for strengthening the saline baths of patients undergoing the cure. When required for exportation, it sometimes is subjected to yet another evaporation until quite dry, when it is packed in barrels under the name of 'Creuznacher Mutter-laugen salz,' and sent largely into foreign countries. If however it is intended to use it thus, it should always be turned into a fluid state before putting it into the bath, because the ingredients of the 'Mutter-laugen salz' are not equally distributed in the mass, and a piece broken off and put into a bath would sometimes produce too strong and sometimes too weak a bath: this is to be effected by adding fifty pounds of water to one hundred pounds of the Mutter-laugen salz, and then bottling off and preserving the mixture.

With this mixture, or with the plain Mutter-lauge as imported in the fluid state, a bath as nearly as possible resembling the natural saline baths of Creuznach may be made in any part of the world, by adding five pounds of common salt and four pints of liquid Mutter-lauge to four hundred pints of water.

\* Messrs. Beckhart and Söhne, bankers and wine-growers, Creuznach, will deliver the liquid Mutter-lauge carriage free to any part of England, in tins containing 24 pints, at eight shillings and sixpence per tin; but the salz, though more difficult of preservation, is far easier of carriage.

These 'Graduation works' are also made use of as a means of cure in cases of chronic catarrh and diseases of the respiratory organs. Patients are ordered to pass some time every day upon the wooden platforms on the lee-side of the filtering frames, inhaling the air, which having passed through the faggots has become charged with iodine; and patients of this description are also much benefited by inhaling the vapour of the 'Mutter-lange,' which is evaporated in a room by means of a spirit lamp.

Amongst the great advantages possessed by these mineral waters over almost all other waters of a like nature, are these: that they can be used both internally and externally; and also, that from their freedom from all sulphates, they are perfectly easy of digestion by the most sensitive stomach, and when taken in the proper quantities are provocative of appetite rather than of nausea; neither are they in any way injurious to the teeth.

The diseases which are curable by a course of the Creuznach waters are principally the following:

1st. The great class of diseases founded on disorders of the lymphatic system, swellings of the glands, diseases of the periosteum and of the bones, white swellings of the joints, lymphatic affections of the spine, deafness in consequence of the affection of the Eustachian tube, lymphatic diseases of the eyes and eyelids, affections of the mucous membrane of the nose, indurations of the tonsils, &c.

2ndly. Eruptions of the skin of all kinds, and especially, when resulting from haemorrhoidal disposition (eczema, psoriasis, &c.).

(Heedful as the physicians always are, to keep within doors till evening or closely veil the worst of these cases, yet there are a sufficient number to be met with at the spring to horrify those who are squeamish at the sight of such things; and occasionally a handkerchief or a veil will be lifted, to admit of the mineral water being taken, and a visage will be disclosed which, beyond the moving of the eye, bears no resemblance to a

human face. The prevalence of these terrible forms of cutaneous disease, and the knowledge that the primary result of the treatment is usually to aggravate the external symptoms, has kept many a healthy but mosquito-bitten man to his room for days, not daring to show at a Creuznach table-d'hôte a face disfigured by a couple of dozen of angry red spots.)

Dr. Vetter, whose name is well known in connection with mineral waters, has thus written: 'The vigorous effect of saline and iodated springs in all lymphatic diseases being placed beyond doubt, the powerful combination of the waters of Creuznach allows us to expect the removal of even the most inveterate forms, when based on a scrofulous disposition.' Most assuredly Creuznach will preserve the reputation it has obtained as long as diseased glands and lymphatic vessels, affections of the mucous membranes and tuberculous diseases exist.'

These waters are also invaluable in eradicating those local weaknesses of the system which scarlet, rheumatic, and other fevers, have left as legacies, duty free, to patients possessing no tendency whatever, either acquired or hereditary, to scrofula; such worries, for instance, as deafness, chalkstones, troublesome and weakening discharges, &c.

And for children who show signs of delicacy, and in whom there is reason to suspect even the slightest lymphatic tendency, it would be impossible to select a better remedy than the Creuznach waters; for how often does that which in childhood is but a tendency, and then under the control of these waters, when neglected, pass on to something worse at the age of puberty, and throwing itself upon the lungs, causes consumption.

With regard to more serious complaints, the late Dr. Engelmann, an authority upon Creuznach waters, has thus written: 'Real scrofulus and cancer are as little cured by our

waters as by every other remedy. A number of female patients with scirrhous of the breast, are, however, immediately prior to operation sent to Creuznach, in order that the morbid disposition may be annihilated and a relapse avoided.

Briefly, then, the effects of the mineral waters of Creuznach upon the diseased system may be thus stated: the effective components of this water are absorbed through the skin in the baths, and through the stomach by drinking, and gradually introduced into the blood, and thus by means of the powerful agents contained in the water, a tendency is given to the constitution to eliminate all poisonous and unhealthy matters by the excretory organs, and thus effect a perfect cure in cases that have proved themselves most stubborn, and which have resisted the exhibition of every other kind of remedy for years.

So much for technicalities; and now we will suppose ourselves established at the Oranien-hof, and about to put ourselves under this cure. We have before spoken of the Oranien-hof as the best residence at Creuznach, and undoubtedly it is the 'West End' of the 'Cure Colony'; but it is only fair to remark, that to a real invalid there are many disadvantages in a public hotel which are not met with in private establishments, like the excellent 'Hôtel Dheil Schmidts,' for instance. The proprietor of a public hotel either does not possess, or does not care to exert, the same authority over those staying in his house which is always enforced in private hotels, and sometimes you are liable to intense annoyance from neighbours. At the Oranien-hof we were nearly driven to distraction for ten days or so by the freaks of a creature of Persian extraction, but ostensibly half toad half monkey, who discharged fireworks and snapped pistols at all hours of the day, but especially during the hour of repose following the mid-day bath, to the intense annoyance and veritable injury of many suffering persons undergoing the cure at this hotel. A daily renewed, violent act of self-control

restrained us for a whole week from laying hands on this imp of mischief; but the camel's back broke at last, and this was the straw that did it. Whilst at breakfast in the hotel garden we observed him force the barrel of his pistol up the nostril of a donkey and discharge a percussion cap, thus causing intense suffering in the delicate mucous membrane of the poor creature; this was too much, and immediate suppression followed this outrage.

Whether therefore we are established at the Oranien-hof, at Dheil Schmidts, or in lodgings, the first step is to send our card, and the letter we carry from our home physician, diagnosing us, to Dr. Strahl, who was commended to us by a well-known London doctor as 'the most accredited physician in Creuznach, and speaking English perfectly.' After considering your case he gives you a printed paper, containing minute instructions both as to the quantity of the mineral to be imbibed, and the hour and duration of the saline bath and the admixture of 'Mutter-lauge.' He will supplement this with a few general dietetic rules, such as to avoid acid wines, raw fruits, oily matters, &c., and will keep his eye upon you during the course, occasionally looking you up.

When fairly launched upon the cure, the day will pass very much as follows: up at a quarter-past six; on the island from seven till a quarter to eight, consuming your matutinal portion from the spring at intervals of about ten minutes between each glass; and either promenading, or slipping off to the cabinet de lecture to be the early bird with the 'Times' newspaper, between the glasses; breakfast at a quarter-past eight; at half-past ten saline bath for half an hour, forty minutes, or even an hour, as directed. After having been thus rendered suitable provender for Her Majesty's navy, you are sent to bed for an hour encircled with a saline cbmpress, when it is high time to dress for the 'table-d'hôte,' early dinner being one amongst the many inconveniences of the cure. After this meal you are at liberty till five, when the spring is again crowded

for the evening drinking; but if an expedition has been decided upon, you are allowed to take your quantity of water with you in a small bottle. If preserved too long in this form the iron will become precipitated and form a light brown sediment, but the other ingredients will remain unchanged for any length of time. In no case is a second bath prescribed for the same day, so that when the weather is propitious the afternoon can always be devoted to excursions. A pleasant variety from the monotony of the Elizabeth Quelle may be obtained by strolling up the river under the shade of the trees, and drinking the afternoon waters at the pleasant Restauration at Carlshalle, and then descending to Creuznach through the rapids in a gondola, a few of which are always kept for hire at the highest navigable point on the Nahe, about one mile from the Kurhouse. A light supper and early to bed are the rules of the place, and indeed rising with the sun, salt baths, and mountain air, all combine to pile lead upon the eyelids towards half-past nine.

'Creuznach!' said an enterprising M.D., our co-voyageur from London to Brussels, who was travelling night and day to reach Heidelberg in time to witness a new and interesting operation, viz., the extirpation of a kidney. 'Creuznach! Oh, ce n'est pas comme les autres, Brunnens! C'est une cure SÉRIEUSE,' and that is just its character. It certainly is freer from mere hypochondriacs than almost any other place boasting of a cure, and as for lounging idlers, the race does not exist. This is principally to be attributed to the fortunate absence of gaming tables and other amusements of an even more questionable nature, which tempt many a seedy old London buck to endure the tedium of a course of German waters. But still there are a few specimens of that queer race of quasi-invalids, who with no home ties, and with very little ailment, and with an utterly mistaken notion of the true object of life, try everything, believing in nothing, wandering listlessly from Malvern to St. Moritz, from Tunbridge Wells to

Swalbach; and who on their way up the Rhine, from Ems to Homberg, drop in at Creuznach only to curse its dulness, to tremble at the real sickness and suffering which everywhere meets their gaze, and to beat a hasty retreat to some more genial cure.<sup>10</sup> At our first table-d'hôte at Creuznach we fell in with a robust-looking invalid of this description. Knowing nothing then of the mysteries of 'Mutter-lauge,' anxiously we asked him,

Do you believe in this cure?  
(Answer.) Non.

Why do you come here then?

(Answer, with much shoulder shrugging.) Oh, je me laisse faire! Jugez; balances les deux. D'un côté, vous avez une méchante île où l'on boit quelques mauvais verres d'eau! Après cela on mitonne dans un bain d'eau sale jusqu'à ce qu'on est salé comme un hareng. De l'autre côté, voyez l'ennui qui vous dévore, la tristesse qui s'empare de vous à la vue de tous ces êtres malheureux, ces longues soirées sans distraction, et voilà la cure! Comment voulez vous que l'on y guérisse! Discouraging rather, but it was easy to see that he was not really in need of such energetic remedies as those exhibited at Creuznach! He was a round man in a square hole, *ergo* uncomfortable; his idiosyncrasy required that his restorative waters should be spiced with flirtation, and flavoured with the excitement of roulette and trente et quarante. But in spite of the absence of these unhealthy though attractive excitements, the number of annual visitors to Creuznach is largely on the increase. At the present time between six thousand and eight thousand come here yearly, for the most part with the intention of going in seriously for the 'cure,' and the absence of those 'malades imaginaires' who usually throng the fashionable German waters, and invariably hoodwink the doctors and encourage others to break the regulations of the cure, is of the greatest advantage to those who are in earnest. Amongst the visitors are many of the highest rank, some of whom, probably deeming sickness a disgrace, adopt feigned names whilst

undergoing the course. This custom occasionally gives rise to ridiculous mistakes, and some thorough-paced English snob who has come to Creuznach for 'is 'ealth, enjoys for a day or two the prestige of possessing the bluest blood of the aristocracy: an instance of this kind occurred during the present 'season.' In the spring, a house and stables on the island were engaged for the Duke of ——, who was shortly expected from England. This was generally known to the Creuznachers, but it was not so generally known that the Duke had subsequently changed his mind and written to resign the house. In due time a Mr. Somebody with his wife and suite of domestics arrived at this house, and was universally considered to be the Duke under a *nom de guerre*. People would point him out on the promenade, nudge one another and whisper, Do you know who that is? Well, that is the Duke of ——, only he is here under a feigned name, and does not wish to be known! Poor Duke! His substitute was a snobby Frenchman of about the age of his eldest son, but the jackdaw bore the peacock's honours till his departure, and was called 'Me grace' by the knowing ones amongst the Kurhouse kellers.

The six thousand or eight thousand visitors manage with considerable spirit to break the monotony of the cure with some improvised amusements, such as concerts, conjurors, soirées dansantes, illuminations, &c.; and about once in a fortnight there is an entertainment peculiar I should think to Creuznach, called a 'wasser fährt.' As soon as it is dark every gondola on the river is illuminated with torches or Chinese lamps of various hues, and soon the long smooth reach of the Nahe above the island is alive with dancing lights, the scarlet livery of the gondola men contributing to the picturesqueness of the scene. Each gondola, besides its complement of the fair sex, has its share of pyrotechnics of all kinds, and of decidedly indifferent manufactures. There are rockets, squibs, crackers, Roman candles, Jacks-in-

the-box, Catherine wheels nailed to the ends of punt poles, &c.; and loud and hearty is the laughter of the *profanum vulgus* crowding the river's bank, when some rocket, intended to be a magnificent star-shooter, turns out to be a sall, and hisses along with a feeble sputter about a yard from the surface of the water, eliciting shrieks from, and spreading consternation amongst the fair occupants of the gondolas, and finally dashing amongst the crowd, where it is speedily captured by the tail and hurled from one to another till it expires with a bang. Great too is the delight amongst the unwashed (and unwashed they are with a vengeance in this country), when some crazy and overladen gondola, striving to extricate itself from a mêlée, tips over and discharges its living freight up to their shoulders in water, from which, to the weird shimmer of blue lights and to the braying of brass bands, they struggle and splash their way to the banks amidst torrents of chaff.

The donkey is much affected at Creuznach, and may fairly be enrolled amongst the *amusements* of the place, not only because many of the best expeditions cannot be undertaken, at least by ladies, without the valuable assistance of these much-abused weight-carriers, but also because it is highly entertaining to witness the gravity with which the shape, breeding, and merits of the different mokes are discussed by the foreigners.

John Day discussing and comparing the relative merits of his Derby entries, to decide with which animal to trust the 'stable money,' could not wear a more knowing and earnest expression than that which we saw depicted upon the countenance of a certain prince, who having planned an expedition to the Ganz Mountain, was scrutinizing the Jerusalem ponies destined for himself and his princess; and greatly did we long for the skill of a Leech to do justice to the delightful mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous, when changing his red morocco slippers for boots and spurs, this illustrious personage solemnly

rode away from the main entrance of the Oranien-hof perched with an elaborate military seat upon the summit of a very small jackass.

A vast deal of amusement in a quiet way is to be gained from watching a 'soirée dansante' at the Kurhouse. The best way to enjoy it is to secure early in the day a table near the dancing, and order your dinner for eight o'clock, at which hour the music commences. Nothing can be conceived more likely to dispel dull melancholy than to watch the antics and grimaces of the master of the ceremonies. Now solemn and pompous when introducing people of whose names he has not the slightest knowledge, now writhing and stamping and shrieking when some complicated figure in the lancers is going utterly wrong; and it is a treat never to be forgotten, to see him hunt down and capture some gawky male who has hopelessly lost his partner; picking winks out with a pin is a joke to the precision with which he picks out the truant swain from the densest crowd and restores him to his fair one.

In fine, Creuznach, though it thoroughly merits the distinction of 'une cure sérieuse,' is not a dull place; and independently of its being a heaven-sent Bethesda to the suffering, it will well repay to any one the trouble of a visit. Neither is it an expensive place compared with other baths; of course there is the greatest variety in prices according to situation, requirements, &c., but the following may be taken as a fair sample:

During 'the season,' which lasts from May 1 to October 1, a really first-rate sitting-room, *au premier*, with balcony, is generally ten thalers = thirty shillings a-week; bedroom, five thalers = fifteen shillings; dinner at the Oranien-hof, the best cuisine in Creuznach, is twenty-five groschen = half-a-crown; attendance is charged for at the rate of sixpence a-day for each room; breakfast, suppers, wines, &c., *à la carte*.

A saline bath is usually eleven silbergroschen = about one shilling

and a penny; and the Mutter-lauge added to the bath is charged for at the rate of one and a half groschen the quart = one penny three farthings.

The twenty-five-groschen dinner at the Oranien-hof is a marvel of cheapness for so excellent a menu as is usually offered, and therefore it is crowded with gourmands from various quarters. It is amusing, though occasionally disgusting, to watch the manœuvres of the foreigners to gain the very utmost for their half-crown. Wholesale swallowing and rapid backhanders are common, and shall we ever forget? no, we never shall, the temptation and the fall of one obese German. A delicious 'poulet à la Marengo' proved too much for him; after masticating with much noise his portion, and with knife and bread eagerly gathering up the fragments, he gazed at the still soiled plate with a longing eye, apparently struggled against the temptation, manifestly fell, a large tongue was protruded, the luscious sauce consumed, and the plate was no longer soiled!

And now if this paper savours too much of a medical treatise, we must not endeavour to correct that fault by turning it into a sermon; but at the same time it cannot be altogether out of place to observe, in closing these few remarks upon Creuznach and its cure, that it is impossible for any thinking person to remain for six or seven weeks a passive spectator of the terrible bodily suffering which is congregated here out of all lands, without feeling in his heart a thrill of the deepest gratitude towards the Great Preserver of man, who has seen fit to spare him individually from such crushing affliction; a gratitude not unmixed with fear, however, when he looks into his own heart and calls to mind the warning of the Great Healer—'Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.'

## GOING TO MUDIE'S.

THERE constantly comes a time at the family breakfast-table when it is discovered that it is time for somebody to 'go to Mudie's.' The cart will leave books at the house, or the boy in buttons will deliver his list at the libraries; but this is a small item of business to which even very young ladies are competent to attend, and they feel that there is a personal satisfaction in attending to it oneself. There is a kind of parliamentary discussion at the breakfast-table as to what the fresh lot of books are to be. The young ladies in straying curls and bewitching morning attire are in favour of the new novels and magazines. Some severer female in the group, the governess, or companion, or spinster aunt, of strongly-developed intellectual powers, opines in favour of some famous political economist's 'Origin of Species,' or some eminent metaphysician's 'Philosophy of the Unknowable.' Paterfamilias thinks it only decent to fling in a few words in favour of the awful-sounding title, and which, being well chosen, convey the idea that all his leisure thoughts are concentrated on these vast problems; but in his own heart of hearts he strongly leans towards the lighter description of literature. The young man of the family is up to the times, and strongly advises that they should procure the last new book of mark, which has just been criticised by the morning newspaper or the weekly literary journal. He will change the books as he goes down to his office, or, if the girls like, he will meet them at Mudie's after four o'clock, and bring them home. This is what the girls like. The young people will probably take a stroll in the Parks afterwards, and meet other young people; and if they can only entice the big brother into a shop, he will most likely be safe for a bonnet or a bracelet. There will be few pleasanter sights this afternoon than seeing those fresh, happy-looking girls at Mudie's. Perhaps, however, Adelaide only will be attending to the books, while Laura is

staying in the carriage as company for her Italian greyhound.

How often have I borne my part in this 'going to Mudie's!' It once occurred to me as a brilliant idea that if I went in the morning, the first thing after breakfast, I should have the officials all to myself, and books would be procured with the least possible delay. But as this brilliant idea is shared by no inconsiderable section of the community, there is quite a swarm of early birds alighting by the counter side, and you gain no very material advantage. There are many persons who want to lay in a stock of mental provender for the day. What would the clerks in the Foreign Office, for instance, do, without the matutinal novel? I remember, when staying abroad at his Excellency's the Ambassador, the government despatch boxes were awaited with eager interest, because the Queen's messenger was the bearer of important—novels from Mudie's. The arrangements at New Oxford Street are so good, and the clerks so prompt, that no one need be long detained except the individual of feeble and indecisive mind, who has prepared no list, and is in a lamentable state of mental uncertainty and confusion. He generally collapses into an adjacent seat, an object of scorn to every right-feeling man. With every provision, however, you cannot help being bewildered on a fine summer afternoon in the height of the season. The interludes of rest are over directly lunching time is past. Then the carriages block up Museum Street and New Oxford Street. Then the powder-headed footmen carry to and fro the packages of books. Then we have silken stirrups and the constant stream of the passers out and in. The appearance of the hall is itself very effective, with its Ionic pillars and railed galleries. The attendants are wheeling along in trucks sets of works too heavy to carry from the stacked heaps in neighbouring apartments. Sometimes when a new and important work has been issued—say 'Felix

Holt,' of which no less than two thousand copies were taken—the copies are stacked and piled, and, coupled with any other unusual pressure, the intellectual granary becomes full to overflowing. The colour-effect of different bindings is very effective. Here you have a bookcase filled with the bright scarlet bindings; here again you have the dark blue and light blue, the dark green and light green, pink and red, the fashionable magenta, and then the sober brown and black of graver works.

Curious also it is to notice the different kinds of people who come. Some are merely light pleasure-seekers, who want an agreeable volume to help to kill time withal. Some are mere bookworms, who will sit down and pore over the catalogue, not heeding much what they read so that they may satiate the mere love of reading. A little observation will help us to discern more distinctive varieties of readers. That quiet, self-possessed man, with a deeply acute face and that expression of cynicism which has found the nose for its exponent, is a briefless barrister, who has, nevertheless, fine chances in the future, and in the meantime occupies himself with writing reviews, chiefly of the tomahawking description. He has in his hand a list of all the important books coming out in his particular line of business, and calls in at Mudie's, the earliest bird of all, to see whether any copies have just been issued from the publishers. There are always a certain number of men who anxiously watch the book market, and in many cases obtain their early copies from Mudie's, although they are frequently supplied by the courtesy of publishers. Others come, who you know, by a kind of instinct, to be about to travel, and these especially abound towards the beginning of the Long Vacation. A man will not unfrequently take some of Mudie's books to Paris; and they even come in very useful, either with or against the rules, if you are going to St. Petersburg or New York. Then several people will probably inquire in the course of the day for the Hon. Im-

pulsive Gushington's sweet poem 'Reeds from the River.' It is artfully conceived that if the lady's friends make a simultaneous demand for her work from Mr. Mudie, that potentate will become profoundly impressed with its importance, and give an order for an edition. Mr. Mudie must find it difficult work to keep everybody in good-humour, and must almost expect to find publishers and writers alternately grateful and resentful. As you linger in the hall you see some bookish-looking man, with an anxious face, asking for some volume, and inquiring if there is much demand for it. Now that man is an author, and he has got good reason for his anxiety, for Mr. Mudie's assistants are the feelers of the public pulse, and they will be able to tell him almost unerringly whether his work is making its way or not. Disappears the author, and in the turn of a kaleidoscope some fast young man makes his appearance, perhaps an officer in the Guards, who knows that the fashion of the times is altered, and he can hardly make his way on in society without a little help from Mudie. To them enter, as they say in the stage directions, some pretty girls, perhaps the Adelaide and Laura of whom we spoke, at whom the gallant officer gives admiring glances, of which the fair recipients are demurely unconscious.

To that kind of individual to whom the respectful title of 'the moralist' is conceded, Mudie's library must bring its subjects of reflection, inasmuch as it faithfully mirrors certain tendencies of the age. The other day I saw a calculation of the kind of books issued, which was something this way—Works of Science, 1; Works in History, &c., 3; Fiction, 3500. This, however, is only a kind of fancy estimate. Mr. Mudie's interesting statistics present us with very different results, and show the proportion in a million volumes to be of history and biography about two hundred thousand; of travel and adventure one hundred and fifty thousand; of works of fiction four hundred and fifty thousand; of miscellaneous literature, including works of science

and religion and the principal reviews, about two hundred thousand volumes. The largest number of copies ever taken of a single book was three thousand two hundred and fifty of Livingstone's 'Travels,' next in order of number come Macaulay's 'England' and McLintock's 'Voyage in Search of Franklin,' then 'The Mill on the Floss' and other novels. Still, novels make the staple; but, unhappily, there are very few novels which have a permanent value. You should only see the immense store of copies which are stowed away in Mr. Mudie's capacious vaults. They are cheapened and cheapened, and although the country circulating libraries are told that they may have a fabulously large number at a fabulously low price, there is still an uncomfortably large unsaleable residue. It is very much to the credit of Mr. Mudie that he very carefully watches the moral tendency of the different works which he admits into his library. At times, of course, there must be oversights, and the list is made, so far as may be, elastic, liberal and expansive. Still, no book which public opinion would brand as a bad book is to be found here. The present generation has witnessed an extraordinary conflict between good and evil literature. In that conflict Mudie's Library has borne an honourable and beneficent place. The forces of good have obtained a most signal triumph. Books with a tendency directly good immeasurably outnumber books with a tendency directly evil, and it is one of the happiest facts of the present day that a great library like this has no admission for books avowedly flagitious. But 'going to Mudie's' exhibits to us another very remarkable feature of our time. A class of books rivalling the best novels themselves in interest and popularity is a certain class of religious or semi-religious publications. The demand at Mudie's has been enormous for such works as the 'Essays and Reviews' and the 'Ecce Homo,' that is to say, for religious works of a somewhat unorthodox and sceptical character. The inference is sometimes sought

to be drawn that the intellectual tendency of the age is somewhat sceptical and unorthodox. The facts, however, in the opinion of some who are eminently qualified to judge, fail to bear out this conclusion. The sudden and large circulation of such works is due to extraordinary literary merit or accidental circumstances, such as chance notoriety, or mystery, or legal prosecution. It is remarkable that an ordinary book of this character has a very limited sale; and the recent failure of the 'Reader,' and the extinction of one half the issue of the 'Fortnightly Review,' are also significant facts. The noiseless wear of the usual good books continues without the diminution, and with almost overwhelming preponderance as compared with publications of an opposite character.

Those engaged in 'going to Mudie's' behold another vast emporium close at hand, and within a stone's throw of the other, in the great establishment of Messrs. E. Moses and Sons. I trust that these gentlemen, who have always shown a very proper and correct sense of the value of advertising, will deeply appreciate this thoughtful and entirely gratuitous mention of their fine place of business. Their place rivals Mr. Mudie's as an architectural embellishment to New Oxford Street; but I will mention it as a curious fact, worthy of the attention of the 'moralist' aforesaid, that the multitudes who go to 'Mudie's' very seldom pass the crossing and go to 'Moses,' and the multitudes that go to 'Moses' very seldom pass the crossing and go to 'Mudie's.' I am very far from drawing any invidious contrast between the respective followers of these two truly great men; but, as Coleridge was thought to have said a very clever thing when he said that every man was born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, so I may be permitted to observe that every man is born either with a 'Moses' turn of mind or a 'Mudie' turn of mind. A man may be permitted to have his own prejudices in favour or disfavour of either Mudie or Moses. There will be always those who will think that

outward habiliments are the great thing, and those who think that what may be boldly called inward habiliments are the great thing. Sydney Smith called Macaulay a book in breeches; and there may be, after all, no necessary antagonism between books and breeches. If there were such an antagonism the small clothes would carry the day to a certainty.

There is one other vast emporium hard by Mr. Mudie's, which is indeed of a kindred character, and the goers to Mudie's are frequent goers thereto. Of course I mean the Reading Room of the British Museum. Tyburnia is not more the region of fashion, or the city the region of business, than Bloomsbury is the region of the book mart, so far as reading and readers are concerned. You have Mudie's, and you have the British Museum, and your path in Holborn or Oxford Street is almost lined with those bookstalls which are supposed to yield such delicious delights to spectacled book-worms and poverty-stricken children of genius. As examples, you have Oliver Twist's kind friend Mr. Brownlow, and Lord Lytton's child of poetry, Leonard Fairfield. A great value belongs to 'Mudie's' as the necessary complement and supplement to our hugest reading-room in the world. For at the British Museum a man can get almost any book he can possibly desire, with the exception, which is often like the roc's egg in Aladdin's palace, he cannot obtain an entirely new book. But here Mr. Mudie, like an amicably-disposed magician, comes to the rescue. He has old books, indeed, and he must strongly lean to the opinion that readers ought to take the old with the new, the fat with the lean. But new books are his specialty; and although country correspondents may find in their boxes a plentiful share of old books, and grumble thereat, yet the Londoner who goes to Mudie's insists inexorably on the very last new books, and Mr. Mudie will rain them down upon him as fast as he wants them. I feel disposed to believe that the summit of human

felicity is attained by the man who has a reading ticket at the British Museum, and is also a subscriber to a liberal proportion of books at Mudie's. He belongs equally to the past and to the present. He is *totus, teres atque rotundus*. He has readings when he goes abroad, and readings when he stops at home. The rainy day has no trouble, and the solitary evening no *ennui*. He has the cheapest, best, and most enduring kind of amusement.

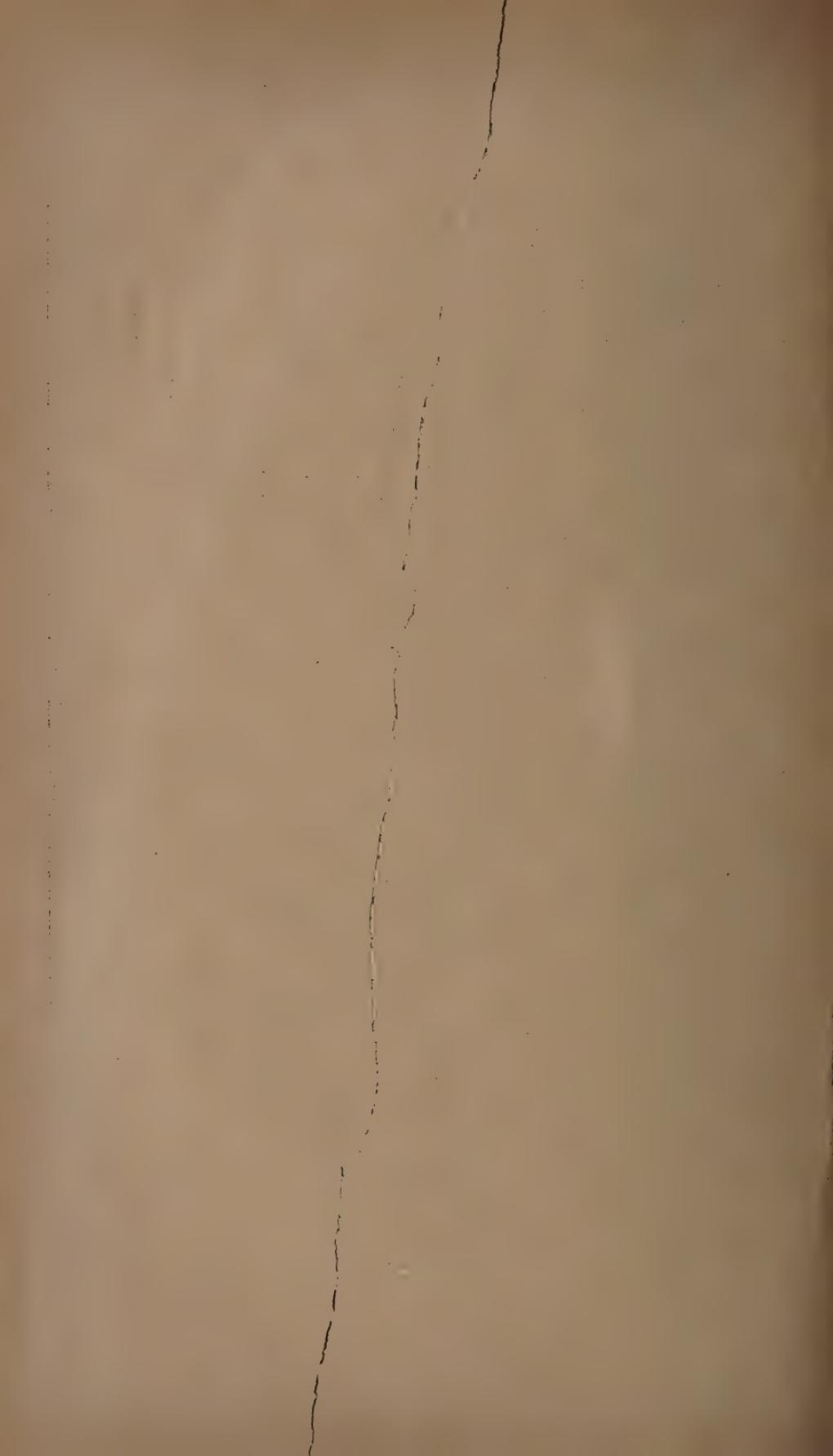
The whole book trade has become revolutionized. In a most important aspect we have undergone a vast social change. There are now, since the time of the last Reform Bill, a dozen books published where there used to be one, and a hundred readers where there used to be a dozen. In fine old country libraries, where all used to be loneliness and stagnation, Mr. Mudie's books bring a fresh current of life, and remote provinces feel the ebb and flow of the London literary wave. It is not found, either, that the lending of books has spoilt the buying of books. People will still buy books as the best of presents, and the books which they keep by them as favourite associates and enjoyments. The literary appetite has, in part, been created by the literary supply, which lends it both satisfaction and incitement. Above all, what would be done in lonely country houses, and what by the pleasant seaside, and what in chambers of restlessness and confinement without that ozone of intellectual life which Mudie supplies? 'Going to Mudie's' is too precious an employment to be consigned to other hands than my own. During the season I may be constantly observed in the department labelled Y. Z. (which initials, by the way, form a sound honourable to my employment), lending a gracious patronage to all new works of merit, and distributing benevolent smiles to those who imitate my steps. To those who do not go to Mudie's (a miserable minority) I say 'Go,' and to those who go, I say, 'Go yourself, and go often.' 'Going to Mudie's' is an institution.



Drawn by Louis Huard.

GOING TO MUDIE'S.

(See the Paper.)



## FURNISHED HOUSES.

IT has so happened that a considerable part of my mundane existence has been passed in the somewhat unique way of a series of occupations of furnished houses. My list of them would considerably surpass even *il catalogo* of Leporello. My maiden aunt was prescribed; or rather upon due consideration she thought fit to prescribe to herself, a constant change of scene and climate. There were only two limitations to our choice of residence, first that the scenery should be pretty, and next that it should be in the South of England. It was accordingly my duty to superintend three maids, a manservant, fourteen boxes, nine portmanteaus, a quantity of heavy luggage, a parrot and a poodle, and the old lady herself, who gave as much trouble as all the rest put together. I was called her nephew, but I myself keenly felt that I was nothing better than a major-domo. My chains were, however, gilded, and I had always that consideration which is generally given to the solitary gentleman of a large party. My aunt did not much care whether we resided at the top of a mountain or underneath a cliff if only the air was good and the situation picturesque. If there was any association of it with poet or painter of renown she was quite ready to consider the circumstance when she came to the consideration of the question of rent. In these years existence was to me a kaleidoscope of revolving pleasing scenes. Many curious incidents happened to us on our travels, and I moreover accumulated a large amount of business experience, which, if that precious quality of experience were susceptible of being imparted, would be of the greatest possible importance to the British public in their annual exodus to the coast.

Some of these houses, in the watering-places at least, were hired from agents who had frequently built, furnished, and were letting them, as a matter of speculation. Others we hired from gentry who

were very willing to let their houses while they went away themselves on visits or tours. We experienced in our time both very liberal and very illiberal treatment, but we found that no particular kind of treatment was identified with either class. There was one pretty watering-place to which we used to resort a great deal, partly because it suited the health of my literary aunt and partly because she discovered that a celebrated poet had an allusion to it in one of his sonnets. I need hardly warn the public too much that we should endeavour to learn something of the character of the person whose furnished house one may be occupying. There is a sentiment in the human breast which may be called a taste for 'extras.' We see this passion strongly developed in lawyers' bills, school bills, and most official accounts. If you hire a house at a stipulated amount it might be thought that there would be little scope for this original faculty of human nature. But *naturam expellus furca, tamen usque recurret*. There is a little document called an inventory, which is frequently slurred over very rapidly when you enter and dwell on with minute particularity when you depart. The ordinary furniture of a furnished house is often scanty to the point of indecency, hard to the touch, and angular to the eye. I know a fellow who in a very clever way makes an addition of one-half to his rent by claims of this sort, and thus gratifies his thirst for extras. I have watched the rise and progress of this man with considerable interest. He had a shop next to one of his houses, over which in gilded letters we read the humble, unassuming name of 'Rag.' In the course of a few years an additional letter humbly crept to join the others, and we now read 'Ragg.' As time crept on the bold idea occurred to the owner of the name that a single letter more might, without altering the euphony, considerably add to the respectability of his appella-

tion. Accordingly the outside world dwelt admiringly on the name of 'Wragg.' But even this did not exhaust the series of improvements, for on my last visit I saw that the name had been prolonged to 'Wragge.' He proceeded in other things as systematically as in his nomenclature. From the plunder of successive tenants he gradually renovated each item of furniture, and his house was always getting gayer and gayer, of course with increasing prices. Mr. Wragge (Wragg, Ragg, Rag) certainly put his business on a sound commercial basis. There was another house in the same place where we used to go whose 'extras' were to those of the other house as shillings to pounds. I am afraid though his friends are numerous that his place is getting shabby; but I know that my aunt has had him down in her will for a comfortable legacy.

It used to be dreary work at first, the taking of a furnished house at a watering-place, before you knew anything of the place or the people. Constant campaigning, however, has brought us even in this difficult matter to a considerable degree of perfection. As a rule the local gentry will not call unless they clearly understand that you are going to be a permanent resident. Even then they will sniff about you for an immense time before they make your acquaintance. The parson will call, but then the parson has the notion, generally speaking, that you ought to ask him to dinner rather than he you. My aunt's notions of religion are not inconsistent with a rubber of whist and a carpet dance, and with many divines it requires a great expenditure on schools and charities before this defect can be obviated. The gentry, though too grand to call, were not too grand to watch our expenditure, or even our letters, and to make inquiries from the tradespeople. The tradesmen seem to have carefully studied a single text in reference to their duties to strangers, for we were strangers, and they 'took us in.' The plan should be to get a few good introductions to country families—a box

ticket takes you all over the house—and until you have time to cement these acquaintanceships to fill your own house with agreeable visitants. On two occasions we had suddenly to decamp; once when a lively brigade of insects crowded us out, and once when we made the startling discovery that scarlatina had been raging among the last inmates of the place.

But it is very different if you take a country house, hire for a season a manor-house or rectory. The hospitable country people soon come around you. You suddenly become admitted into very agreeable intimacies. You go to lunch with people or they come to you, and the lunch ends in a long afternoon stroll or a drive, and you part at twilight with a sincere feeling that the hours have been pleasant and that you soon hope to meet again. Nice people perhaps pronounce you nice, and even the Countess's low pony-carriage will pass up the avenue, and you will get an invitation to the Castle. My dear aunt had never been at a castle before, and she was a little confused at being thrown among the lords and ladies. The owner of Downton Lodge was a man of ancient pedigree and an immense favourite in the neighbourhood, and when on account of the health of one of his children he took all his family to Nice and let the Lodge, all the neighbourhood who liked him so very much showed their respect by coming to call upon his temporary successors. My aunt came out very well, and her return party was long the theme of admiration. She spared no expense, getting down waiters and everything she wanted from the best houses in London. The winters were most brilliant, although we had to go sometimes twenty miles to a dinner-party, and on one occasion were snowed up for three days at a remote place. This was rather too much for my aunt. I believe there was something in her constitution that could not stand too much of this sort of thing; and so there is I suppose in most persons'. When the owner

of Downton Lodge returned we resolved that we would certainly maintain more quiet for the future; but we have still good friends and make frequent visits into that most pleasant and hospitable of English shires.

Generally speaking the plan was that we looked out in the 'Times' or the 'Field' for some sort of place which took my aunt's fancy. Originally she used to insist that there should be a right of shooting over a thousand acres. I represented to the Matertera, which I classically used to call her, being the aunt on the mother's side, that I was not in the habit of shooting and she certainly was not. She allowed the argument, but asserted that there was something seigniorial and respectable in having land to shoot over, and it was with great difficulty that I broke her of the practice. My aunt was also particular, if possible, in procuring a house that had a ghost belonging to it. She conceived that there was something feudal and baronial in the quasi-possession of a ghost. I remember being in one where a deceased owner with nearly all his family had been drowned in his carriage while attempting to ford a brook that had been swollen by recent rains. Every night at eight o'clock the servants said they heard the rapid drive of the wheels as they neared the fatal brook. My aunt heard the narrative with great complacency, but that was an hour of dread to the maidens. Our man-servant possessed a considerable gift in the fabrication of ghost stories, and he gained an absolute dominion over their feelings in the way of shocking or soothing them. Once, however, she was thoroughly frightened, which I did not regret, perhaps, so deeply as I ought to have done. I was away one day when a set of sturdy vagrants entered the place. They were a set of rough, able-bodied fellows with bludgeons, a scythe, and a reaping-hook. They asked for alms, and the cook, trembling in her shoes, put a bold face on it and ordered them to be gone. The men evidently did not dare to commit a felony, but they deter-

mined to try the effect of moral force. They swore and muttered, declared that it was too bad that there should be plenty in the house and eight Christians starving, and even made a slight physical demonstration. My aunt hearing a hubbub came down and nearly fainted when she saw a troop of strong fellows downstairs. She told me, however, that she soon recovered her composure, and determined on being deadly polite. She formally invited them all into the dining-room, and told the cook to put wine and beer on the table and whatever she had fit to eat. She actually gave them half a crown a-piece, and when one of the ruffians, with a threatening motion of his bludgeon, asked her what time it was, she begged him to accept her watch as a present. They made so merry over their meal, that I came back with the man before they had finished, and succeeded in clearing, pistol in hand, the premises of them, and also in getting back that old family chronometer.

When we had settled, after a correspondence, that there was a likelihood of our taking the house, I was sent down to survey the ground and make all necessary inquiries. Once and once only did we take a place and actually go down to it without having given it any inspection beforehand. The proprietor was in a great hurry and had another offer; we might take his proposal or leave it. We considered that the circumstances of the matter were quite satisfactory and took the place. We got down to a remote railway station on the loop line, and through the fast waning twilight into night we drove through those unknown paths and that strange landscape until we reached the place which we had taken, called the Grange. There was nobody about, and I dismounted from the box where I had been seated, nominally for the air and prospect, but, in reality, to get rid of my aunt. It was a long, low range of buildings, apparently of the Elizabethan era, with porch, gables, and mullioned windows. We knocked gently, rang gently, and there being no answer, went on crescendo until we thundered against

the oak. The maid-servants began to be alarmed; my aunt's maid actually screamed. To add to our difficulties the driver put out our luggage, and drove off, saying that he had another job. We waited for half an hour in the cold of the autumn night. Then I went steadily round the house and climbed over a wall that separated the offices. I then found several doors in a sort of court-yard, and I tried all and one of them yielded. I obtained a light from a fusee, and went along a long passage, burning up a 'Bradshaw' as I proceeded. When I got into the kitchen I found a candle on the dresser, and going into the hall unbarred and unlocked the door. We got into the empty house and lighted up a fire in the kitchen. Then we set out on our researches to try and explore the mystery. There were helmets, armour, and huge antlers in the halls, that looked absolutely portentous amid the flickering shadows overhead. We got into the dining-room. It looked as if it had only been quitted a few hours ago. A lamp was still burning low, though the embers had burnt out in the grate. There was a decanter half full on the table, a plate of biscuits and the major part of a cold fowl. Does the reader remember the feelings of Robinson Crusoe when he got on board the wreck and found it full of all sorts of jolly things, which he forthwith stowed away in his cave? I made treasure trove of the bird and wine—and stowed them away in my cave. A book was lying opened, a letter unopened on the table. Then we went into the drawing-room. There was a quantity of silver in a plate-basket, collected but not put away. Proceeding up stairs we found the front bed-room in a state of extraordinary confusion. Drawers were lying loose, and a portion of the contents, evidently the worse portion, were lying about the room. There were abundance of blankets about but no linen. We called and shouted, but there was no answer, only mysterious echoes from dim queer corners. With some difficulty we contrived to bivouac for the night, double locking the doors, and I am

given to understand that my aunt and the maids refused to take off their clothes. In the middle of the night the poodle created the deepest consternation by barking most ferociously, and we were ready to believe that villains who had begun to plunder the house, perhaps disturbed by our knocking, were returning to complete their nefarious operations.

I am sorry to be obliged to give a prosaic explanation of these picturesque and thrilling circumstances. The unopened letter was from myself announcing the day of our intended arrival. Owing to a misdirection the letter had been long upon its travels. We found out that the people of the house were very careless, and had departed in a great hurry, having deferred their preparations till very late. They had left one servant, the cook, to make things tidy and prepare for our reception. The cook got nervous at being left alone in a big house and went off to her mother in the town. This cook afterwards gave us a good deal of trouble. It is usual to have an inventory of furniture; but if you only take a house for a short time, and a servant is left in charge, the inventory is frequently omitted. I found, however, that our careless friends had left so many places unlocked, so many valuables lying about, and the servant seemed so careless and indifferent, that I insisted on sending for the parish schoolmaster, and on his making out in my company a complete inventory. The cook was on board wages—generally a bad arrangement in such cases—and of course subsisted upon us. This we did not mind, the circumstance being usual; but upon penetrating to the kitchen one night, after our own servants had gone to rest, I found the cook with three or four followers carousing on our sirloin and a variety of bottled claret and Bass. I was at a loss what measures it was best to take. I had occasionally noticed that at times the cook unaccountably disappeared, and if she heard the bell would utter strange noises from a subterranean region. One day, when she was

exceedingly long in reappearing, I took a light and proceeded in search of these abysmal utterances. We discovered that they proceeded from the wine cellar, which we understood had been securely fastened up by the outgoing people. The cook, however, evidently possessed a key—the real key or a counterfeit—for we found her in a hopeless state of intoxication, and nearly drowned in the contents of a cask of sherry, which she had set running but was unable to stop.

While staying in one of these furnished houses I heard one of the most remarkable stories which ever came to my ears, and which I would not venture to put down if it had not come to me with great particularity of detail. We had taken for the summer a vicarage house in a remote sea-bound parish. There are various clergymen in pretty localities who look on letting their houses as a regular source of income, occasionally the best part of their income. Let me also say that, as a rule, we found these houses exceedingly comfortable, modest, and without any pretence yet full of elegancies and conveniences. Even in summer the house was very lonely; the population did not exceed fifty, although the parish was five miles long. The sea, as a boundary, practically robs you of half of your neighbourhood. It divides everything. The land side was peculiarly bare, uncultivated, rough, and remote; but the great scenic beauty of the position reconciled us to our loneliness and obscurity. Many years ago two clergymen, brothers, used to live there, by all accounts very singular beings. The one was the rector, and the other brother officiated as curate. As a matter of fact, however, both together did exceedingly little duty, and created much scandal even in those easy days and that limited neighbourhood. It frequently happened that nobody came to church and the service was left unperformed. On one occasion he found to his great amazement a stranger in the church. He politely offered to go through the service if the stranger wished, but if not, he suggested that they

should adjourn to the public. That was very much the style of thing among the mountain clergy once. The rector died, one hard frosty winter, of a chronic illness. The snow was lying deep on the ground; no caller had been near the house, and the church had been tenantless for many Sundays past. The curate was put in a great fix by the loss of his brother. The location at the rectory was very pleasant for him, and that location would for him soon be a thing of the past. There would be a new rector appointed and the rectory must be vacated. The value of the living was not great, only some two hundred a year, but the house was pretty and good, and there was a very desirable glebe attached to it. Poor curate William's mouth watered as he thought of his brother's enviable possession coming to him, and he wondered whether it was possible by any means to contrive that the rectory should come to him as his successor.

No one knew that his brother had departed this life. It was wild weather in a wild country. The brothers, in their wild, outlandish sort of life, used to do pretty well for each other with the occasional help of an old woman. Within the last few days the old woman had taken to bed with the rheumatics and was not likely to show for some time. William locked up the room in which his dead brother lay, found his way, despite the inclemency of the season, to the country town, and went up to London. He called upon the Lord Chancellor and found means of obtaining an audience. He told the Lord Chancellor that his brother the rector was dead, that he had been curate for many years, and trusted that he would receive the vacant appointment. He added that the living was of such small value and in such a remote district that he greatly questioned whether any one would think it worth while to apply for the appointment. The Chancellor told him that he might apply again in a week or ten days, and he would see in the meanwhile what applications were made for the appointment.

The brother lingered about town for the specified period and then renewed his call. His lordship said that things had happened as he had foretold, and that as no one had thought it worth while to ask for the vacant benefice he had no objection to appoint him. William took care to get the appointment duly made out by the secretary of presentations and then started homewards rejoicing. He proceeded publicly to announce the news of his lamented brother's decease and gave him quite a grand funeral. Applications then came upon the Lord Chancellor in shoals; but it was too late, for the living had been given away.

There were still numerous traditions lingering in the neighbourhood of this curious parson's very questionable eccentricity. I can give one of his sermons, which has long been quoted as a masterpiece of oratory along the country side. It happened on a fine summer day when there were some friends and neighbours in church, and also two or three tailors. 'My brethren,' said Parson William, 'I will divide my discourse into three parts. I will, in the first place, tell you something that I know and you do not know. I will, in the second place, tell you something that you know and I do not know. I will, in the third place, tell you something that none of us know. In the first place, then, to tell you something that I know and you don't, the fact is that I have got no breeches on. In the second place, to tell you what you know and I don't know, how much will you contribute towards buying me a pair? And in the third place, what neither you nor I know is, how much the thief of a tailor will charge for making them.' I have heard very quaint anecdotes of the mountain clergy; Mr. Conybeare has given many such, but this is one of the quaintest.

I hardly need any other incidents worthy of commemoration; for the most part it is a prosaic, business-like matter, attended by the inevitable disagreeables of packing and unpacking. I remember our going into a house, and in the middle of

the night there was a tremendous storm, the same storm in which the 'London' was lost. We heard deep moans from the aunt, and found that the rain was penetrating through the roof, turning the four-poster into the resemblance of the Knaresborough dripping well. It appeared that the shortsighted landlord, who had only a life-interest in his property, had cut down some fine trees which had hitherto broken the force of the Atlantic breeze in its most prevalent quarter, and the wind now blows his roof away twice or three times every winter, and people say that it serves him right. In taking a furnished house it is not enough that everything should look well within, but you should carefully examine the exterior or fixtures, or engage some astute person to do so for you. We had a very pretty house once in a famous part of a lovely county, a house that has been painted, photographed, idealized by a crowd of artists. Our rockery and our waterfalls were known all over the kingdom. My aunt took the place less for its attractions than on the high principle that we were getting the place a great bargain. The terms in the season were twelve or fourteen guineas a week, but the rent was only a hundred and fifty a year. The scenery was really of a romantic kind, the true sub-alpine sort, which is the best one gets in this country. In the summer a crowd of tourists came about us. We kept a visiting book on purpose for them, which mightily pleased the aunt, who read out the names aloud every evening. The man-servant certainly made a good deal of money in the way of tips, and withdrew his account from the post-office because it would not receive all that he was willing to contribute, but we merely had the expense of putting on an additional gardener. In the winter we were quite able to comprehend the lowness of the rent—the place became simply inaccessible. The ground rooms were damp, and we had to betake ourselves to the upper rooms, which were fortunately sufficiently numerous and spacious. Some of the shops in the village shut up

altogether. The butcher killed once in the week, and would send to tell us that we might have a leg or a loin if we liked, and if we didn't like we might go without anything. The postman only came on alternate days, and we had exactly thirteen minutes for the return post. By way of set-off to such desolations and privations we once or twice had houses in London or the suburbs. We found that the servants left in charge levied a kind of black mail on all our dealings with the tradespeople. We charitably take it for granted, however, that this was rather our special misfortune than a general fault of the class.

One fine day, however, my aunt suddenly took it into her head to recollect that all this time she had a very good house of her own by no means less agreeable in its concomitants than many of the dwellings which she had inhabited. For many

years past she had been allowing a man and his wife eight shillings a week, with coals and gas, to look after her property, as she was much too grand to sublet it to any temporary tenant. We found this house in an infinitely worse condition than if she had let it satisfactorily, and the man and his wife, by their constant quarrels and their blackguard acquaintance, had rendered my aunt's highly respectable abode perfectly disreputable in the eyes of the public and the police. They not unnaturally objected to go, considering that they had established a kind of freehold; and when they were shoved out I had a most laborious work to inaugurate of moral and material renovation. And thus I linger on, the major domo of a furnished house, in a delightful state of uncertainty whether my aunt will leave me all her fortune or turn me adrift upon the world without a shilling.

### A PROVINCIAL BALL IN FRANCE.

PARIS is a great social sun, around which eighty-eight satellites revolve, by which they are warmed, and from which they reflect their light. Every department has its little imitative capital, where things Parisian are things perfect, absolutely incapable of improvement. The satellites are as obedient to the whims of the greater orb, as are the satellites of Saturn to their controlling planet. Each of these eighty-eight provincial capitals has its imitation of the Tuileries, its little court, and its manners and fashions, imported from the great dictatorial centre. The prefect is a little emperor, the prefecture a Lilliputian Tuileries; and there is in all of them an imitation aristocratic old Faubourg St. Germain, a quarter of the Champs Elysées, petty boulevards, cafés à la Paris, and coteries of society divided into Bourbons, Orleanists, Imperialists, and Sans-culottes. Curious is it to see with what proud reverence society in the provinces looks up to society at the Great City—with what kindly condescension the Great City looks

down upon its little worshippers! Madame la Marquise, who has a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, and deigns to spend a part of the season at the provincial capital, is inevitably the leader of its society; she is the despot of its fashions, her table is a constant example to the *gourmands*, her manners are studied, her presence in the houses of the provincial aristocracy is an honour descending an heirloom of tradition in the happy family so highly blessed. Even Parisian vices—whose multitude is legionary, and whose character attests at least the inventiveness of the French *ennuyé*—are diligently copied, so that if you will but convert social Paris to virtue, you will have a regenerated social France. Even the fashion which they have in Paris, which seems a fashion *'en permanence*, of swindling every Englishman and American who goes there with mouth and pockets open and eyes shut, has penetrated to the 'primitive' rural towns; and the 'simple, honest folk' of remote Gironde or sea-girt Finisterre will

cheat you as glibly, with as smooth a face, as the blandest glove girl of the Rue de Rivoli.

A day's journey from the metropolis, there stands, close by a superb river, one of those musty old towns which boasts a prefect and a palace, a general and a mayor, and a polyglot population, Paris-worshippers to a man — perhaps we should say, to a woman, for the ladies of France are the blindest of all devotees, whether of religion or society. A musty, ricketty, staggering old town, with streets full of drunken houses three centuries old, tumbling against one another, and eccentric ancient bridges, which, by a long contiguity to the river waves, have themselves become wavy and undulating, not at all safe to cross, yet remaining there because they are old, and the conservative folk won't desecrate them. An old town, nevertheless, which is wide awake to the fashions, and has its 'season,' its August races, its winter carnival, its periodical official fêtes and balls, like all other French mankind. On the 15th of August its cozy Parthenon-imitated theatre displays a conspicuous loyalty by a 'Vive l'Empereur!' emblazoned on its musty façade in laudatory gas, just under the armless and noseless row of muses which were propped atop there, they say, in the halcyon days of Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.

Here we found ourselves one bright crisp February day, intent on studying quaint manners and customs, curious to observe provincial French society, with plenty of time on our hands, and fortunately some acquaintance among the *beau monde* of this capital of 'primitives.' Antoine, whose acquaintance we had made one night at the Opéra Comique in Paris, where he had kindly helped us out of a squabble with an employé about our seats, which, engaged a week beforehand, we found filled and overflowing by two fat old French dowagers, who had been guilty of 'bribery and corruption' to obtain them. Antoine was a native of R—, oscillated constantly between there and Paris, knew every soul in the place, was hand and glove, as well with the

'monde de la Préfecture,' as with the grumpy old Bourbon aristocracy. He devoted himself to us with that restless enthusiasm which a French host is apt to display on behalf of a foreign visitor. He showed us all the sights, drove us to all the neighbouring castle ruins and famous vineyards, procured us admission to private galleries, took a box for us at the theatre, and ordered for us at the principal restaurant a particularly elaborate banquet of dishes *du pays*. The provincial society, through his exertions, we revelled in to satiety. We saw all the provincial belles of the place, were gauged and ogled by all the matrons with eligible daughters, took dinner here and there *en famille*, and even penetrated to the gloomy old halls of the provincial Faubourg St. Germain, where we saw the portrait of Louis XVI. hung with crape, and that of Monseigneur the Count of Chambord festooned with the snow-white flag of Bourbon royalty. 'Mes amis,' said Antoine, one day, after we had 'done' everything in the place and its vicinity, 'we will go to the Prefect's ball. There you will see our society at its best. It is a quaint country reproduction of Haussmann's balls at the Hôtel de Ville. It is as amusing as seeing "Hamlet" played by a strolling company, after having enjoyed Kean at the Princess's.' (Antoine had lived in England.) It was just what we wished; so our bustling little friend carried his overflowing politeness to the palace, and eloquently persuaded Monsieur the Prefect to send us cards of invitation. In a day or two the postman brought us two huge square envelopes, in which we found elegantly engraved cards, whose contents ran somewhat after this fashion:

'The Prefect of the Department of \_\_\_\_\_ and Madame de Mont-Cervin request the pleasure of the presence of Monsieur — at the Palace of the Prefecture, on the evening of February 17th at nine o'clock.'

'On danséra.'

'R. S. V. P.'

Baron Haussman's cards themselves are not more neat and sumptuous; everything in the style was *à la Paris*, even to the sending the invitations a fortnight before the night of the ball.

'You must dress,' admonished Antoine, 'with quite as much care and elaboration as if you were going to the Tuileries. Monsieur the Prefect is very particular.'

It was manifest, on the principal streets of the town, that among the ladyfolk at least the occasion was a great one. There was an immense amount of fluttering of dresses among the glove shops and milliners, the dressmakers and the fancy slipper shops. The fortunate ones could be distinguished from the slighted by the happy or disappointed expressions of the faces. The good dames of the provincial capital were as eager to receive *cartes* for the prefect's ball, as are those of Paris to be *invitées* to the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville. The wirepulling and intrigues set in motion to this end are manifold and original. For here, at the balls of the prefect, is the great matrimonial mart, whether in province or metropolis. Here it is that the thousand and one 'old campaigners' lay their traps for unsuspecting young gentlemen, who have, or promise to come into, fortunes and great *propriétés*. Here it is that the blooming young demoiselles of France are arrayed in all their glory, where their charms are forced by the keen artifice of the older female heads into their highest possible fulgence. Here are the fortune and title hunters—the victims and the victors of the great and holy institution of *mariages de convenance*; you might think yourself in a Turkish market for the sale of Circassian beauties, so freely and minutely are physiognomies and physical forms examined, and so shrewdly are the advantages of this or that young monsieur or mademoiselle weighed and compared. It is with many a dowager, yearning for a son-in-law, the last chance. Her *petites demoiselles* are getting *blasées*; every year it is becoming more difficult to conceal the intruding wrinkles, to hide the

increasing pinched appearance of the skin, to infuse a forced vivacity and a difficultly-acted youthful piquancy into the poor tired maids, hunted to death—alas! not by men, but by mammas—in the race after a husband and a permanent place in the great woman-world,—society. Last summer, at Trouville and Vichy, was a disheartening failure. Monsieur le Comte flirted with Mademoiselle Hortense most desperately—and jilted her. Young Piquot, the Paris merchant, was amazingly attentive, ever by the side of Louise, took her boating, taught her fishing, got up at dawn to play croquet with her—and had the insufferable impudence to propose to that red-haired girl from the neighbouring village in the very midst of it! These little untoward circumstances may not reach Paris—the Parisian dowager may forget them, and they may descend to oblivion amid the glitter and rush of Parisian pleasure. But such things reappear like ill-visaged phantoms to the dame of the provincial capital. Gossip, the fastest traveller and veriest Paul Pry there is in the frail human world, wafts every lightest story, every petty intrigue, from the great summer resorts to the country towns where live its victims; and the stories are gloated over with great gusto in the mansions where there are rival demoiselles to be 'settled,' and to whom every discomfiture of the enemy is as a sweet and pleasant savour. Rival 'old campaigner' takes good care that not a syllable of the story shall be lost as it goes the rounds; and even embellishes it, that it may have a readier hearing and a more fatal effect.

The night came, bright and clear, and we, arrayed strictly according to the code ceremonial, were ready promptly at the time appointed. The usually quiet streets were already noisy with the rumbling of carriages and cabs, which seemed to be in an amazing hurry to reach the palace, for what reason we soon learned. The faithful Antoine soon arrived with our own vehicle, and we, too, whirled rapidly on the stony thoroughfares, down long, narrow

winding old streets, anon through a pretty little old-fashioned square, along the river quays, until finally we came in sight of the prefecture itself. It was all ablaze with lights; a row of bright gas jets crossed the front of the long, white, tasteful edifice; over the gate was another illumination; while upon the façade there appeared a fiery illustration of the imperial heraldry of Napoleon III. The vehicles were already so many, that the long line of them, awaiting their turns, extended far up the street which led to the prefecture. Within there was truly a very inspiriting ‘sound of revelry by night;’ and the figures of the guests, in official paraphernalia and the gaudy hues of the feminine toilet, betrayed themselves through the dazzlingly-lighted windows. While exercising the sublime quality of patience, in waiting to reach the door, Antoine was so kind as to give us some lessons regarding the customs of the ball. At last we drove up to the high, wide portal, gave our orders to *cocher*, and entered. There was a vast vestibule, with apartments on either side; at the upper end, a broad staircase, separating midway, two smaller flights leading right and left. The vestibule and staircase were adorned with high plants, flowers, shrubbery, and festoons leafy and floral. On one side of the vestibule the ladies, and on the other the gentlemen, laid aside hats and cloaks, giving them to some neatly-clad *bonnes*, who ticketed them and put them carefully away in cribs. When we reached the top of the broad staircase, we were stopped by a man in livery who sat at a little table with a huge book before him, and who, demanding our names, inscribed as we dictated. Then we ascended to the top, and found ourselves in a suite of apartments scarcely less magnificent or sumptuous than the reception rooms of the Tuilleries itself. We entered the anteroom, in the middle of which was a fanciful and very unique arrangement of plants and flowers, rising in a kind of tasteful pyramid. Here we were confronted by a huge fellow in livery, as straight,

bulging, and crusty as possible, who, having taken our names, pompously marched to a high door, and with great dignity shouted them out. We were indignant, however, to hear each of our names atrociously mangled; especially my friend Jenkins, who started to hear himself announced to the prefect by something which sounded very like ‘Monsieur Jackass.’ In we walked, and found ourselves opposite a very sleek-looking, closely-shaved, gaudily-dressed gentleman—no less a person than Monsieur the Prefect. He was standing; and by his side, on a satin fauteuil, sat Madame la Préfète, a stately mass of perplexing circumambient lace and ribbons, with jewels winking at you from all over her head and arms, and a perfectly Parisian society smile of welcome. Monsieur was dressed in a blue coat, three-fourths hidden in broad eccentric silver lace, and was the very picture of a prosperous and not ill-natured official of consequence.

Our devoirs to host and hostess performed, we passed on into the dancing saloon, a long, superbly-garnished apartment, with musicians labouring frantically over their brass and catgut at the upper end. The chandeliers were supplied with innumerable wax candles, it being plebeian in France to use gas outside the kitchen and entries. Life-size portraits of Napoleon III. and Eugenie graced the walls, ‘*Donnée par S. M. l’Empereur*,’ as the panels were careful to tell you; the walls were richly gilded and corniced, adorned, not as the wealthy edifices of England are, with heavy oaken panelings and ceilings, but in that lighter and more gaudy style which, universal in French houses, is so typical of the national character itself.

The room was already crowded to suffocation, albeit it was but a few minutes past the invitation hour; the dancers could hardly move through their figures, and mademoiselle’s attempts to glide gracefully and fascinatingly through the ‘ladies’ chain’ were painfully balked by her bumping against some one at every curve. It was a

curious sight, this ball-room in the provinces. On the two long sides of the saloon were two rows of seats, one in front of the other, those against the wall being raised fauteuils, rising above the chairs in front. On this back row of raised fauteuils sat in all their majesty the aristocratic and wealthy dowagers of R——. So haughty and starch did they look, with their satin-lined opera-cloaks, their bejewelled eyeglasses, their grey hair arranged *à la mode*, and their rich lace caps disposed with matronly dignity, that they reminded one of the senate scene in 'Othello,' and seemed a bench of stern feminine judges, considering the pros and cons of holy matrimony. There they sat, the long line of shrewd old schemers, deeply intent on their game, acting the Gorgon to one young man and the would-be mother-in-law to another, according to circumstances. On the seat below each sat her blooming (natural and artificial) daughter or daughters, watched over by mamma with too-anxious care, exhibited in the matrimonial mart, and looking each her sweetest and modestest with all her little might.

Now the reason why the carriages had been in such haste to reach the prefecture was clear. The old dowagers were running a race for the best seats. Just as the ambitious gardener or fruiterer will strain every nerve to secure the most prominent and accessible stall in the market where to display his carefully-prepared and tastefully-arranged stock, so did these 'old campaigners' of the province have their carriages at the door exactly at the stated moment, calculate to the nicety of a second how to arrive at the prefecture just long enough before the hour of invitation to enter the saloons as the clock strikes, and to lose no time in appropriating the most eligible seats for self and daughters, those most eligible seats being the ones most conspicuous and easiest of approach for messieurs les messieurs. This great point gained—and everybody knows how important it is for a general, military or social, male or female,

to have the choice of his ground—madame would enthrone herself aloft and her daughters would take the seats below her; and mamma would fix a ribbon here and a curl there, stooping from her eminence for the purpose, and would then lean back, and with her eyeglass take a deliberate survey of the general effect with an exhaustive *coup d'œil*. Thus the ladies, old and young, ensconced in a double row of seats, extending on either side the length of the room. The gentlemen are grouped together in a thick kaleidoscopic bunch near the door, kaleidoscopic because of the variety and gorgeousness of their apparel. They are absorbed in diligently ogling the double line of fair ones, in making out a mental list of partners, remarking to each other things complimentary and otherwise of the dear ladies, one saying, 'Mon Dieu! how lovely Mademoiselle D—— is to-night,' another, 'Madame R—— is more artistic than ever this evening; she has changed her coiffeur, her cheeks are of a more delicate rose than usual,' another, 'There's that old Gorgon, la Baronne de la F——! Mademoiselle might make a catch, had she not always that ugly old witch by her to petrify one,' and so on. The orchestra strikes up and the bunch of the sterner sex breaks up and spreads along the row of seats, *carte des dances* in hand. Every gentleman has the right to ask any lady whom he chooses to dance, whether he knows her or not. Introductions are not *comme il faut*. The prudent man, however, he who is well versed in the manners of society, will first take the precaution to conciliate madame by asking her permission to ask mademoiselle for her hand in the next quadrille. Madame runs her eye rapidly over him, glances keenly at his face, and then, if the scrutiny is satisfactory, grants his petition. Ten to one she knows all about him, though his eyes may never have rested on her before; is well up in his antecedents; knows his fortune within a thousand; and could tell him off hand who his great-grandfather was. As he takes his place on the floor with made-

moiselle, Madame Gorgon keeps a never-wavering watch upon the couple. Every smile he gives her, every time he keeps a lingering grasp on her hand at the conclusion of a figure, every glance of one or other which may betray a growing fancy or be the accompaniment of a delicate compliment, all is noted by the 'old campaigner,' who sits and calculates, and hopes for a happy *dénouement* and marriage bells. If she is pleased with monsieur, he may safely linger by his partner's side after she has resumed her seat, and then madame listens with vast content to his graceful-murmured speeches, and builds her *châteaux en Espagne* higher and more beauteous than ever. Still, she never suffers them from her sight. If monsieur invites mademoiselle to take refreshment he must include madame also, and he presses through the throng with mamma and daughter on either arm. Nor will he dare to ask to be permitted to call on mademoiselle on the day succeeding the ball, to inquire after her health after so much excitement. His only chance to speak with her is at the ball itself. Even if he is really smitten, the charming *tête-à-têtes* of a lover are denied him: he must lie him to a notary, and send him as ambassador to plead for him at the paternal hearthstone. So is the fashion regarding courtship and marriage in provincial France.

But the flirtations of the evening are not confined to bachelor messieurs and unprovided-for mademoiselles. For instance, Madame and Monsieur de L—— go to the ball simply and purely to get rid of each other. They are the natural result of *mariages de convenance*; they were married because he had a *de* to his name and a *château* in Normandy, and because she brought a *dot* of a hundred thousand francs a year. They don't hate or love each other, but each of them, after his and her fashion, loves somebody else. So madame and monsieur come to the ball and separate at the door; madame is in one corner of the room, listening to the flattery of her dear friend Marie's faithless spouse; monsieur is in the opposite

corner, bending over the young lady who was married last month, and whose husband in his turn has gone to Paris to flirt with somebody else. Husband and wife keep apart the whole evening; see each other's attentions elsewhere bestowed with the sublimest indifference; enjoy a delightful evening, and ride home, sitting as far apart from each other as possible in the carriage, and never utter a word from one end of the ride to the other. They are just the people to tell you that marrying for love is ridiculous twaddle, yet, think you, are they really happy? While the couples are dancing and the married folk are flirting, pass we through the brilliant saloon to a smaller apartment opening out of it, and we find ourselves in the refreshment-room. Here mostly the 'old buffers' congregate and are stationary, for their chief pleasure at the ball is eating and drinking. Generals with their gold lace, epaulettes, and broad breasts, a perfect firmament of stars and orders; the mayor, pompous and bedizened with an outrageously gaudy official costume, army officers and navy officers, sub-prefects and secretaries, foreign consuls and judges, are standing about in little knots, talking politics and the prospects of war, the last judicial scandal and the crops, meanwhile sipping Sillery and nibbling at the little fancy-shaped cakes and the *marrons glacés* peculiar to the art of the French *patissier*. We like the plan of giving the refreshments; it is to have a broad *buffet* at one end of the room, with a large table or counter, behind which stand liveried garçons to serve whomsoever is gastronomically inclined to whatsoever takes their fancy for the moment. The table itself is garnished with pyramids of fruit, fresh or preserved; with plates of sandwiches, hot rolls, and fancy cakes; with piles of oranges and grapes, and unique arrangements of symbolical candy. The wines, coffee, chocolate, ice-creams, and sherbets are served as they are called for, in their hottest or coldest state, as the article is: trays are constantly appearing with steaming negus and *ponch*, as the

garçon announces with a stately roll of voice; champagne-bottles are popping right and left, and are emptied fast as little shoals of eager guests crowd up to receive a small share of the bubbling and fizzing nectar, while the more staid sherry and Chablis, St. Jullien and madré are quietly passed around in small glasses at the further end. After the quadrille is over, the heated dancers crowd up to the buffet; panting and fair young demoiselles, as well as rubicund old dowagers, swallow glass after glass of punch and *Carte blanche* without so much as a wink. Then they rush out again, somewhat more than refreshed, and leave the land clear once more to what we may, not disrespectfully, term the 'steady' eaters and drinkers. Some there are, of not very high estate, who have succeeded in obtaining invitations to the ball by one stratagem and another, to whom the prefect's buffet is an annual feast, replete with delicacies quite unknown to them in every-day life. Such are clerks, and now and then a poor little Jew, or a half-famished medical student. These divide with the pompous old dignitaries above mentioned the permanent guardianship and privileges of the buffet: their hearts sink as the heated dancers pour in, and revive again as they tide out to resume their places on the floor. Meanwhile the resources of the buffet seem exhaustless; it continues to dispense unlimited wines, liquors, rolls, and what not, until, in the early hours, the company has gradually left silence reigning in the gorgeous halls.

There is another room, leading out of the dancing-saloon, where something of interest, by the faces of which we catch a glimpse there, seems to be going on. It is a snug

little room, richly furnished, and especially provided with a number of small tables. We enter and find it to be devoted to the exciting pastime of gambling. An innocent-looking young demoiselle glances in at the door, sees what is proceeding, smiles a pretty, not at all disapproving smile, and passes gaily on. There is flagrant, open vice at a fashionable ball, and innocent youth sees it, not blushing with shame, but greeting it with a smile! Such is society in provincial France, and such the example the elders give to the rising generation. Even monsieur the curé is there, the physician of souls and the heaven-consecrated castigator of evil manners, bending over the table, his pious eyes lit up with the keen, anxious glare of the spirit of gaming itself.

The prefect and his lady having passed round to greet their guests in person, this was the signal for the breaking up of the ball. Soon the carriages began to whirl, and the quiet old town once more re-echoed to the clattering of the horses and the tramp of the guests who preferred to return home on foot. The dowagers were, some, doubtless, content with the night's operations, and others, with as little doubt, mortified by one more failure. Mademoiselle put away her silks and laces for the next party, and for an interval the town resumed its wonted sleepiness and monotony. It was one more picture—this ball—of human society in these modern days; and it suggested reveries and comparisons between the new France and the old France of the Bourbon era. And we came away, not regretting that our own lot was cast among the less vivacious, but far more healthy customs of our Anglo-Saxon race.

GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.



## PHASES OF LONDON SOCIETY.

## A Clever Dog.

MANY stories are related of sagacious tricks and witty  
 In quadrupeds and bipeds, which have happened out of time;  
 I've an anecdote to cap them—for it strikes me it's a pity  
 If I cannot point a moral as I run along in rhyme.  
 A sermonette on instinct could but weary, one supposes,  
 And an essay zoological would more than dreary be;  
 There's a hidden pow'r, however, as you'll find, in pointers' noses,  
 If you'll listen to my story of the love of Lily Leigh.

I could gush for many minutes on her exquisite complexion,  
 On the neatness of her chignon, and the glory in her eyes,  
 On her wealth of crooked hair-pins, but I fancy, on reflection,  
 That you'll meet my gush with groaning and my sauciness with sighs.  
 'Tis enough that she was lovely, that she owned a heavy father,  
 Deadeast shot with a breech-loader, most irascible was he;  
 And of course there was a lover—did she idolize him?—rather!  
 Unbeknown to either parents did this naughty Lily Leigh.

And the lover he was sandy, pinky-cheek'd, and idiotic—  
 Not a very bad description of all lovers in the Line;  
 When officers are vacant, their stupidity erotic,  
 With their want of conversation to win womankind combine.  
 He was beautiful but heavy, but he idolized his shooting,  
 And he left the noisy garrison and all its gaiety;  
 For they asked him down to Norfolk, and the time at last was suiting  
 For my hero to bag pheasants and the hand of Lily Leigh.

'Twas a morning in October, time for sandwiches and sherry—  
 Twelve o'clock with eager sportsmen is a pleasant time to rest;  
 And the Captain was out shooting with *her* father, who was merry,  
 For he'd made a double right and left, and shot by far the best.  
 'Now or never' is a maxim which no lover loses sight of,  
 And the military sportsman seized the opportunity  
 Of escaping at the luncheon, no one noticing the flight of  
 The Adonis who was burning for the love of Lily Leigh.

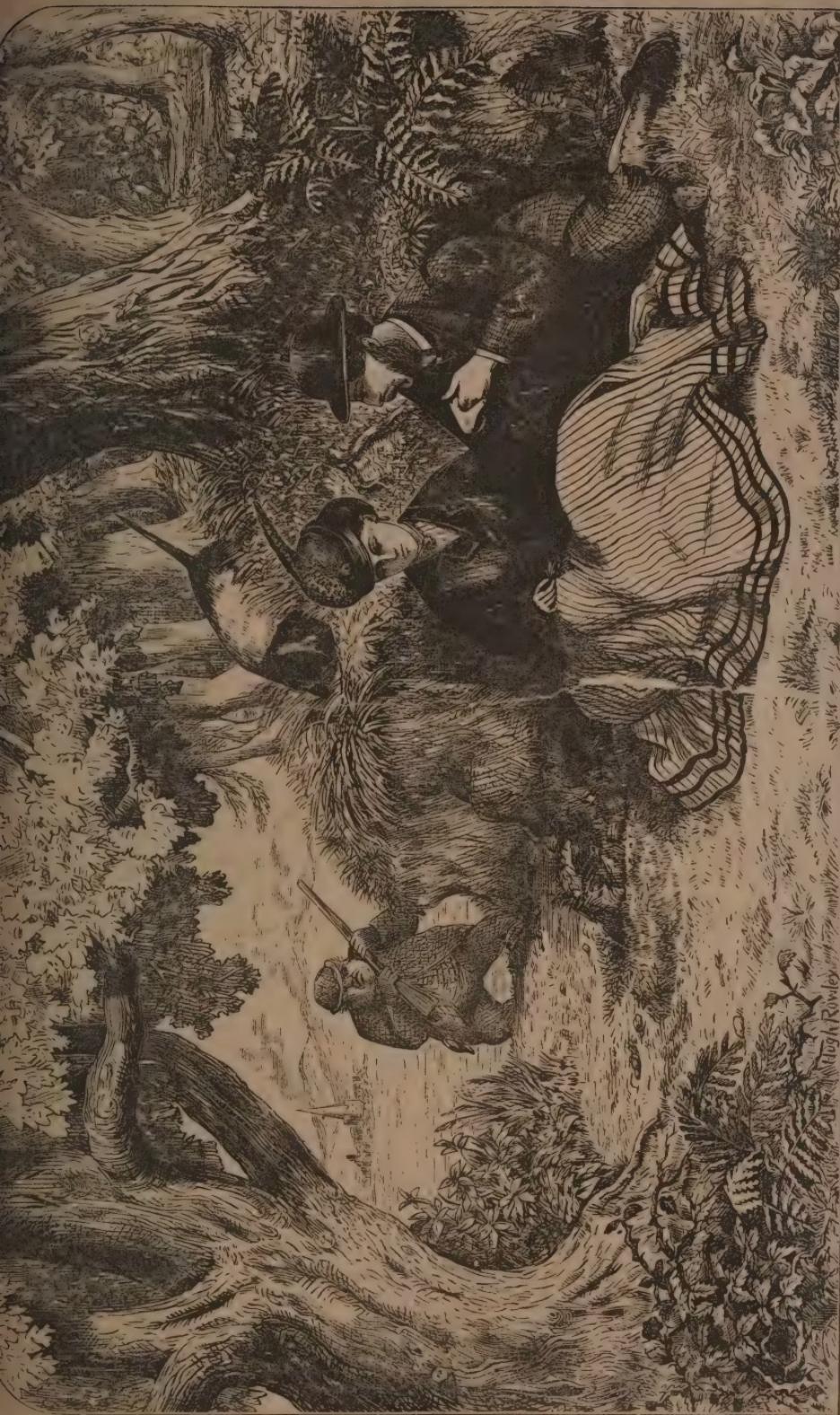
Happy time, and happy lovers: for a sunny hour together  
 They sat speechless—like all lovers—side by side and hand in hand;  
 Never knowing that a pointer slipp'd the keepers and his tether,  
 Which his master—Lily's father—saw but could not understand.  
 On went pointer, on his master, panting eagerly to follow,  
 Pleased with pocket-flasks of brandy and his dog's sagacity;  
 On a sudden Ponto pointed, and his master gave a holloa!  
 For he saw the Captain's lips upon the hand of Lily Leigh.

Fine dramatic situation—wrathful sire and sheepish faces:  
 Then the Captain looked at Lily—Lily looked upon the ground;  
 But her father's look of horror changed to laughter-born grimaces  
 When the secret of his pointer's eccentricity he found.  
 First he kissed his wilful daughter, to the lovers gave his blessing,  
 And he patted clever Ponto standing still with bended knee;  
 And the Captain understood the father's rapture and caressing,  
 For he spied a pheasant's breast upon the hat of Lily Leigh.

CLARENCE CAPULET.

[See 'Phases of London Society.'

AN INCIDENT IN THE PHEASANT SEASON.





## THE PAST AND FUTURE OF THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

'I'LL have you to know I'm a Girl of the Period,' said a young lady the other day (our authority is a London police report), preparatory to the administration of a black eye to a gentleman with whom she was disagreeing.

Truly the Girl of the Period is a great fact—a person to be appealed to as representing the spirit and dignity of her sex, even in classes of society among which black eyes are more or less privileged communications.

To be a Girl of the Period, in the accepted sense of the term, is evidently a very different thing from being a Girl of the Past. But what was the Girl of the Period a comparatively short time back? Nothing but an idea, lurking in the depths of the moral consciousness of a weekly essayist, and evolved therefrom merely because the editor wanted an article. The writer intended probably to write as good an article as he—should we say she?—could out of a good subject, but one not more notable than hundreds of others that are forgotten in a fortnight. He finds himself the Frankenstein of a social monster that will not be repressed. He stands confessed as the cause of some of the most absurd talk of society, some of the worst jokes in the burlesques, and the creation of a new branch of literature and art. For the Girl of the Period has publications devoted more or less to herself, and literature and art which she may fairly claim as her own.

It is certainly a sign of the times to be noted—this new department of satire. Satire is supposed to be impossible without some kind of foundation. There can be no smoke without fire. But surely never was known so much smoke with so little fire as in this monstrous creation of the Girl of the Period. Satirists have seldom been exactly the moralists—they have generally been rather the sportsmen of literature. People who shoot folly as

it flies do not uniformly level their weapons in abhorrence of the game. There was a great deal of the sportsman in Horace, a great deal more in Juvenal; and in Pope and in Churchill we see the same signs. A gentleman who goes out with his gun does so with no feeling of dislike to the grouse or the pheasants. His object is the personal gratification of proving his skill. His last thought is a desire to exterminate the birds; on the contrary, his wish is to preserve them for his own purposes. So it is with satirists. Without their game they can have no existence; and if they make too short work of it their occupation is gone. But it is one thing to preserve game and another thing to create it; and the sportsmen who find sport in the Girl of the Period have certainly been obliged to invent a great deal.

I do not mean to say that the original author drew the Girl of the Period entirely from his imagination. There were girls of the kind going about; and by selecting from many models, as the great sculptor did for his Venus, the representative girl was produced. There was just enough foundation to make the fun effective; and as far as the fun went the hit was fair enough. As for the moralizing, it was mere claptrap; and nobody, I fancy, could be better aware of the fact than the author himself. In its serious aspect the article took no hold upon the public; it was as a humorous caricature only that it made its mark.

This was all very well, and had well been left alone, the Girl of the Period would never have been heard of in her present notorious character. But it is not in periodical literary and artistic nature to allow any one man to have so promising a jest all to himself. The journals, serious and comic; the magazines, heavy and light; publications of every class, including, I think, religious and me-

dical papers ;—all rang the changes upon the unhappy Girl of the Period. The artists meanwhile set to work and invested her with an outward form. The costume and general make-up which they assigned to her was then something quite new. It had originated, I believe, in some of the boldest of the French illustrated journals—notably the ‘*Vie Parisienne*’—where it was intended to caricature the stage dresses of certain actresses, and the tendency to a similar style in private life among some of the free-and-easiest classes in the French capital. Some of its characteristics had, to be sure, been adopted in general society; and here in England — where our fashions always run into extremes and outstrip those of the French in the rage for novelty—the girls had certainly become of the hat, hatty, and of the boot, booty—had a tendency to wild *coiffures*, and abused the privilege which chignons have of being worn on the top of the head. The crinoline, too, had just gone out, and its former wearers were just succeeding in finding a style of skirt which made its absence almost as ridiculous as its presence. The representations of the Girl of the Period of course exaggerated all these peculiarities, and with a result which anybody who has ever observed the effect of satire upon fashions might easily have foreseen. When Rowlandson and Gilray caricatured the statuesque costume—consisting of a tight skirt and a loose corsage, as far as there was any of the latter at all—which was prevalent at the beginning of the century, their satirical pencils, so far from diminishing the absurdity, rather increased it; and if the fashion stopped at a certain point of exaggeration it was simply because it could not go beyond. When ‘Punch’ performed the same service for the crinolines, did the jester succeed in lessening their circumference by an inch? On the contrary, again the hoops grew larger and larger; and the more folly became associated with fashion the more did the folly increase. The broad skirts went out as the narrow

skirts had gone out before them—simply when they had run their course—when their leading wearers grew tired of them, or were coerced by their milliners into making a change.

The original caricatures of the Girl of the Period were caricatures indeed. Nobody dressed in the style depicted any more than they depicted themselves in the manner described. I refer here more particularly to one illustrated journal which gave itself up early to picturing ‘the period’ as supposed to be represented by the young ladies of the day; and the representations of this periodical have been even exaggerated by the one which now devotes itself to the subject. Hats were small and chignons were large, dresses were short and heels were high, and the opportunities for satire were many. But nobody saw such persons as those introduced to us by the artists, and nobody had heard of proceedings on the part of any body of ladies such as were described by the writers. But a change has been taking place for many months past, and it is notable as illustrating the kind of influence which satire may exercise. The girls of the day are dressing more and more like their caricatures; and so keen is the competition between the romance and the reality that the artists seem driven to their wits’ end to get in advance.

When the journals alluded to first betook themselves to drawing comedy from the present costumes, the prototypes of the girls they pictured were to be found only in burlesques. I mean burlesques at the theatres, when the Christmas and Easter pieces gave us Girls of the Period to an extent calculated not only to ‘make the judicious grieve,’ but to make those abstract persons execrate, and conduct themselves in a generally unpleasant manner. But who can say now that the satire is in excess of the subject—that the fun is in advance of the fact? Go anywhere where young ladies assemble, or did assemble during the season :—in the parks, in the public gardens, including, of course,

the 'Zoo,' in private houses and in private grounds, where kettle-drums and croquet are the order of the day:—and ask yourself candidly if the illustrated periodicals misrepresent the costumes prevalent at such places. You will admit, I think, that they hold the mirror up to fashionable nature, show the *mode* its own image, and act the part of a censor who has been welcomed as a friend and received into the bosoms of families with a confidence worthy of a better cause. And not only do hardened girls in their third and fourth seasons incline themselves to such supposed attractions, but blushing *débutantes* array themselves in similar style, and consider sensation costume as a matter of course.

There was a time which we have all heard of, though some of us may not remember, when young ladies of the age at which elaborate coiffures and costumes of Japanese tendencies are now considered necessities, wore obsolete things called 'pinaflores' and played with such obsolete things as hoops, and were supposed to be subjected to the comprehensive process of being 'whipped and sent to bed' when they were not good. Who would dare to associate such play and such processes with juvenile girls of the present day? Times change and we change with them, some of us at least, and they must feel strange who are not one of the number. The old girls must astonish them not a little, but the young girls must astonish them a great deal. The change is pretty to look at; Watteau's and Boucher's pictures are pretty to look at, but the result is strange to regard in real life. There is a great deal more 'taste,' we are told, in these days than in other days. It may be so in a certain sense; but girls always looked pretty, and always made men fall in love with them: admiration is as old as the hills and marriage by no means a new institution. So the same results were obtained without resort to the present process; and against the present process there is good ground for protesting, at least in its exaggerated form. *Modes*—I

mean in the milliner sense of the term—change from time to time, but there are certain standards which must always prevail, and excesses of any kind should be avoided. Look at the consequences of inattention to this principle. You are madly in love with a girl who is conspicuously in the fashion. A few years hence and her portrait, so arrayed, becomes a caricature. Rowland or Gilray could not have made her more ridiculous than she appears to a differently-educated eyesight; and even as depicted by Leech—in whose time there was very little eccentricity in dress—she is beginning to look strange. It is a mistake, you may depend upon it, to carry fashions into great extremes. In the East women wear the same style of dress that they wore thousands of years ago. Their fashions never change; yet they are as attractive as they ever were, and in the East women are as influential as in the West, however little their influence may be recognised and avowed. Our own country-women would hold the same place here that they do without being Girls of the Period, and it may be a great deal more, to judge by signs which promise to be in the ascendant. And by being Girls of the Period, and nothing more, they give an opportunity to gloomy women, whom nobody cares for, to go about lecturing and bothering about 'women's rights,' and assuming a superiority which is by no means to be taken for granted. There are just as clever girls as these in general society who would be thought just as clever if they would not make geese of themselves; but if they give themselves up to following, and never think of leading, and become slaves to the caricaturists, they must not be surprised if society accepts them at their own valuation and believes them to be no better than they seem.

My idea of the origin of the Girl of the Period is, you see, strictly Platonic; and while I write these lines I find that M. Nestor Roqueman, in a curious book that he has just published under the name of 'Parisine,' assigns a similar cause

for the existence of the typical student and grisette of the French capital. The world of the Quartier Latin—the Pays Boheme—he tells us, was created by the imagination of song-writers and romancers, more especially, among the latter, Henri Murger; and the students who are supposed to be types of their class were creations upon the slightest possible basis. Very ordinary young men, who were simply endeavouring to combine study with pleasure, read the works so specially addressed to them, and endeavoured, with more or less success, to live up—or shall we say down?—to the ideal. In the same manner Beranger, and a few of his followers in verse or prose created the grisette, the little work-girl who spends her hard earnings in such simple pleasures, and is so innocent that she can never see the harm of having a lover, even in the most extended and French sense of the term, so that she is sufficiently fond of him and he is sufficiently fond of her. There have been Lizettes, doubtless, but to discover them one must be more or less a Beranger. Failing the imagination of the poet or the romancist, it is certain that you might go a great deal about the Quartier Latin without finding a Lizette, any more than you would find any such romantically dissipated students in law and medicine as are described in the local literature, to say nothing of such glorious Bohemians as Marcel, baugnard, or Rodolphe. If such types ever existed they have disappeared, and the world of Murger has no more existence than the world of Watteau, or the world which is peopled by shepherds and shepherdesses in Dresden china. The stage, it need scarcely be remarked, has had a great deal to do with keeping up the popular delusion with regard to such states of existence, and fiction generally must exercise an enormous influence upon reality.

That the Girl of the Period exists in outward form—the form ascribed to her by the caricaturists—is, as we have said, apparent to the eye in any public place. She may, too, be found here and there in the

spirit as well as in the flesh, or, to speak more correctly, the costume. But there have always been girls who liked to do as they pleased, and pleased to do unlike other people, as there are bold spirits in every rising generation who are in advance of their age; and a few of these, who in dress and in manner would have been more pronounced than their neighbours under any conditions, have taken a direction from the popular satire and realised to a great extent the ideas of the writers and artists aforesaid. So it is that the Girl of the Period, existing in form wherever the *mode* makes its way, and in spirit among the few whose natural ‘go’ gives them the position of leaders, has become a fact. But she is a fact only as far as fashion is concerned. When the writers and the artists have exhausted her, and her milliners have gone the round of every monstrosity on her behalf, she will be taken as a matter of course. And when that time comes—when she ceases to make a sensation—I need scarcely say that she will disappear. The exaggerations of the present costume will go as crinoline went before them; and who can imagine a Girl of the Period—of the character ascribed to her—without these accessories? Some other eccentricities of fashion may sooner or later take their place, but the immediate reaction will probably be in favour of simplicity, and the Girl of the Period will be heard of no more.

In the mean time it may be useful to note that the creation of this monster has not been without its effect. Not only have the more advanced satirists—literary and pictorial—of the Continent changed their long traditional type of the *blonde misse* of Albion, and depicted her in the most daring and pronounced colours, but the original article upon the subject in our Saturday contemporary has been translated into Marathi and other languages of India, and reproduced in the native journals with comments by no means of a congratulatory kind. ‘You English, who have made yourselves our rulers,’ say these writers, ‘pro-

fess to be our superiors, not only intellectually but morally, and you especially condemn us for the domestic relations which we maintain towards our women, whose condition in the Zenana you wish to exchange for the freedom which you give to females in your own country. You wish to educate and enlighten our wives and daughters upon the model of your own, and you send benevolent ladies among us to persuade us to accept your views' (alluding to the visit of Miss Carpenter); 'but what is the result of the education and enlightenment of your ladies? One of your leading reviews has told us. And we,

who wish to keep our wives and daughters dutiful and domestic, will have nothing to do with your teachings.'

The conclusion is an awkward one, and not easy to deal with. It would no doubt be too much to expect that a London journalist, whenever he wished to write a sensational article, should be bound to consider its possible effect upon the natives of Bombay or Bengal. But it is well perhaps to remember that, when we make charges against ourselves, a great many foreigners, Asiatic as well as European, are very apt to believe us.

---

#### HENRY PARRY LIDDON AND ANGLICAN ORATORY.

WHAT is the exact position which preaching at the present day occupies in the 'world and the church'? The critics and cynics say that the noun substantive 'sermon' is the most dreary and repellent of all noun substantives, and, as a rule, society is very much disposed to endorse such an expression of opinion. When the silly season of the 'Times' sets in, laymen often seem disposed to repay to the clergy a tithing of those denunciations under which they themselves have groaned. One such writer ingeniously suggests that the sounding-board of the pulpit should be constructed like an extinguisher, and by a process of machinery should descend upon the pastor's head at the end of twenty-five minutes. Another considerably proposes that Westminster Abbey should be handed over to the permanent use of Mr. Spurgeon. Another insists that sermons should be confined to ten minutes; that it should be allowable to the congregation to withdraw before they commence; or, happiest expedient still, that the effete institution of sermons should be totally abolished. We believe that this is the object practically sought by those who would assign very curt limitations to the sermon. The question of short sermons is, however, distinct from

the doctrine of no sermons at all. The clergy sometimes, but much too rarely, preach very short sermons indeed, and we do not see why the practice should not be indefinitely extended. The Abbé Mullois, who is a great authority in France on such matters, argues that sermons of seven minutes' duration might suffice in a very great number of instances. Some of Dean Stanley's sermons—take the volume of those which he preached before the Prince of Wales—can be read in three minutes, and could be heard in five. Archdeacon Denison says that his sermon never exceeds ten minutes. Some of Mr. Kingsley's sermons are hardly a shade longer. The sermons preached in college chapel—sometimes and with too much reason called 'commonplaces'—rarely if ever exceed ten minutes, and if they did there would probably be a college row. It would be a great accommodation to the public if a list of London churches could be issued where it would be guaranteed that the length of the sermon should not exceed from seven to ten minutes. We suspect that those churches would be much better attended than those where the incumbents slip over their half-hour. In fact, there is hardly any limit to the possible brevity which may belong to the sermon. If the

divine simply wishes to make a little exhortation or give some sound religious advice, he can do so in a very brief space, sometimes the briefer the better. We have heard of a sermon which was hardly any longer than its text. The preacher took the wise saying in the Proverbs about giving to the poor and lending to the Lord, and then only said, ‘ My brethren, you have heard the terms of the loan, if you like the security, come down with your money.’ This veracious anecdote closes with the assertion that the collection which ensued was of the most triumphant description. But while a merely practical or hortatory discourse might be included within a very few minutes, it is obvious that a line of argument or a course of instruction would require an ampler allowance of time.

It is also generally asserted—with a solid substratum of truth—that the length of a sermon is in inverse proportion to its excellence. The clever remark of Dr. South is continually being repeated, that he had written a long sermon because he had not time to write a short one. There are limits, however, even to the power of condensation. Not even Dr. South could materially abridge a proposition of Euclid’s or the Binomial Theorem. It would perhaps be about as difficult to abridge Butler or Barrow. A great deal of time is unnecessarily consumed in extemporary preaching and perhaps an equal amount by extemporary writing. Perhaps, if we could venture to be generous and candid, it would not be difficult to shew that a portion of the blame might equally be divided between the preachers and the public. The public can stand contentedly a frightful amount of twaddle in parliament, on the platform, and in the law-courts, but they are utterly intolerant of what they may choose to consider half an hour’s twaddle in the pulpit. We are bound to say that we never, or at least very rarely, hear downright twaddle talked in the pulpit. We get much verbiage, poor illustrations, thin, inconsequent reasonings; or sometimes the discourse is a mere cento

of heats, with desultory, ill-arranged remarks thereon. But the sermon has generally a meaning and always a good purpose, and it is odd if there is no crumb at all worth carrying away. We are afraid that George Herbert’s old-fashioned consolation will hardly in these days be accepted; that if we get a lesson in patience, and the benediction that comes at the end of the sermon, we have hardly lost our pains. The reason of the weariness felt frequently is that people really do not care about the subject-matter of the sermon. It is like picture-criticism for those who do not care for pictures, or music-criticism for those who do not care for music. In many congregations many persons resemble schoolboys puzzling over authors whose meaning they do not understand. Such persons are not the best judges of the limit of time within which a preacher should confine himself. The instances of the University sermons, both at Oxford and Cambridge, sufficiently prove that it is possible for pulpit orators to rivet the attention of cultivated audiences for upwards of an hour. We do not mention the case in Scotland, which we confess imperfectly to comprehend—where congregations consider themselves defrauded if they get off with much less than that time. Without in the least degree vindicating the use of long sermons, and thinking strongly that most sermons might well be abbreviated, we believe that there are circumstances and conditions under which long sermons could hardly be avoided, and in the interests of public education it is undesirable that they should.

A contrast is sometimes drawn between the French and English pulpit very much to the disadvantage of the latter. We noticed such a contrast in a recent number of the ‘ Pall Mall.’ The French carefully avoid the error of mixing up preaching, almonry, and the confessional. They choose their best men for preaching, and assign them, temporarily, positions in which they are to do their very best. Hence we get the Conferences and such brilliant examples as Père Felix and

Lacordaire. The French preacher makes preaching his business, and he does it well. The English preacher has an infinite variety of other business to do, and he does it execrably. He resembles the hero of the Homeric fragment—

'Many things he did, but none he did well,  
Him the gods made neither a fisher nor a hunter.'

He is obliged, on every hebdomadal occasion, whatever his inner feelings may be, to be devotional and hortatory. He has to give the inevitable sermon, in the conventional manner, at the regulation length. He has not got the moral courage to limit his sermons to ten minutes, if that will include all that he has really got to say, or to confess himself unprepared and read aloud the sermon of some better man, or to have a system of exchange with neighbouring clergymen, which would enable him to write fewer and better sermons. The clergyman is surrounded with many secular influences: he is frequently little better than a relieving officer. He has to carry tracts to old women and play at croquet with young ladies. In fact he is always fetching and carrying, after the fashion of a tame poodle. He has little time for that broad, generous culture which is necessary for excellence in any special culture. He who knows nothing but theology will be a very poor theologian indeed. Yet, after all, we are by no means disposed to admit that the real superiority rests with the French preacher; we question if the services at *Notre Dame* and the *Madeleine* are better attended than those at the *Abbey* and at *St. Paul's Cathedral*, although in these the same discrimination in the choice of preachers does not seem to exist, neither is the same high standard of excellence maintained. The churches in France are practically given over to women and children, but this is not yet the case in our own country. The country church is still filled by all the respectable families of a neighbourhood. Dean Hook mentions some sharp fellow who was in the habit of making himself extremely witty

in the periodicals at the expense of the clergy; but finding an opportunity of convincing himself of his own utter incompetence for public speaking, has since repentantly declared that he will never do so again. The '*Saturday Review*' has occupied its readers with an appalling enumeration of the number of sermons preached every week in England. After stating the average number of thousands it proceeds to meditate on the frightful amount of bad preaching, verbiage, and wasted power suggested by such statistics. It would be easy, however, to give a much more appalling calculation. Only imagine the immense number of dinners that are cooked every day in the British isles, with the waste, excess, and bad cookery connected with them. Yet it would not be easy to convince an Englishman that he ought to omit a dinner in order to lessen that appalling average. In the same way so rooted is the sermon in popular habits that it would not be easy to induce the average congregation to do without it. Moreover, as a man cannot recollect any particular day what he had for dinner, but is quite sure that the dinner did him good, so the average Christian, though he cannot recollect what the sermon was about, is sure that it was a good influence that helped to keep him in good ways.

Yet it may be admitted that in several respects the influence of the pulpit is a declining influence. Popular preaching is not now what it once was. We remember the time when everybody seemed to have a pet parson and a pet doctor. But now there is a great deal of disbelief both in parsons and in doctors. We remember the time when it was popularly said that Mr. Melvill, Dr. McNeile, and Canon Stowell were the three greatest orators of the Anglican Church. Yet no one now goes out into the wilderness—that is, to Barnes—to hear Mr. Melvill; and we have heard the late Canon Stowell almost hooted down by an unsympathising clerical audience; and we confess we have listened with considerable disappointment to the

'great and good' MacNeile. It may be said, and with truth, that the men had changed from what they had once been. But the times have changed also. Mr. Melvill's gorgeous mannerism, with its rhetoric and its ornamentation, is now out of date. Mr. Melvill has much better merits than these, and we have no doubt but future critics will seek for the best specimens of pulpit eloquence in volumes of his sermons. They contain passages absolutely unsurpassed in English literature for eloquence and force. But the public taste now prefers a simpler, rugged, and more sincere style. When Melvill used to preach, the church or chapel would be absolutely besieged. The steps of the altar and the pulpit stairs would be covered with clustering human zoophytes, and the orator could scarcely make his way to and from the vestry. There is no copyright in sermons, and an enterprising publisher would print Mr. Melvill's as fast as they were delivered. We have seen similar scenes in Scotland when Mr. Caird, years ago now, would leave his Highland parish to preach in Glasgow or Edinburgh. Such scenes are now very rarely paralleled in England. Cheap literature has had a very great deal to do with this. A hundred subjects of intellectual interest are now generally discussed, and in London life these subjects are treated with peculiar intensity. If you would wish to know what the full power of the sermon can be, you should observe it in dissenting congregations in Wales and Cornwall. There they like their sermons hot and strong, and they certainly get them hot and strong. The sermon is there everything to a highly excitable and imaginative people—poetry, literature, gossip, criticism, the drama, and what not. It is the one great intellectual stimulus of the week. Their cravings for intellectual pleasure can hardly be satisfied in any other way than this. Londoners have hardly got an idea of all that a sermon may be capable of being and effecting.

Yet surely Mr. Liddon might give them such an idea. We have heard

Dean Stanley remark—and we fully endorse the remark—that he is the greatest preacher of the age. But it is not too much to say that if Mr. Liddon were not recognised as a great orator, he would be more widely acknowledged to be a great writer. He contradicts the shallow criticism that the great objection to the sermon is the objection on the score of length. Whoever goes to hear Mr. Liddon preach makes up his mind that he is going to listen to a sermon of at least an hour's duration. 'On the evening of Good Friday, last year, 1868, the author heard the Rev. A. P. Liddon, at St. Paul's, and listened to him with unabated interest for an hour and twenty minutes.' Thus writes Mr. Binney, an eminent Nonconformist minister, who has himself written a volume of sermons or essays of a very high degree of excellence. Moreover, his sermons are by means of that merely hortatory character which might wisely be compressed within a few minutes, albeit, by weak preachers they are often spun out to any conceivable limits. We observe that when Mr. Liddon comes to publish his sermons, he includes some passage or other within brackets, as being necessarily omitted at the time of delivery.

Mr. Liddon draws together such an audience as rarely excites the interests or anxiety of an orator. The announcement that he is to preach anywhere is one that widely excites curiosity and interest. A college don, Mr. Liddon has no regular charge, and he ordinarily reserves himself for great occasions, for cathedral or other preaching of the highest importance. The writer of this paper has travelled sixty miles to hear Mr. Liddon preach, and probably many persons have had a similar experience. Long before the hour of service commences, the cathedral or church is densely packed. If the admission is by ticket, the tickets have been disposed of days before, and hardly any amount of interest is sufficient to obtain one. On these occasions the clergy number very largely. The white ties and black coats are scattered everywhere about, includ-

ing many of the most eminent clergy of the day, and at times various of our most eminent prelates. Many other eminent men are gathered together, eminent in polities, in literature, in science, and art. The people are there in their thousands, with an enormous preponderance of the educated classes. Mr. Liddon's great reputation commenced with the high church party; but since that it has grown familiar to every educated man, and is fast fermenting the great masses of our population. There is an indefinable thrill of emotion amid the vast crowd that assembles to hear words of truth and teaching from a great man—a contagion of emotion belonging to the hour and the scene. With a quiet, rapid tread the preacher makes his way to the pulpit. With a natural, earnest gesture he at once buries his face in his hands to pray. When he fairly faces you, you are at once impressed with his striking and somewhat monastic appearance. Very probably he at once impresses you irresistibly with his likeness to St. Augustine in Ary Scheffer's celebrated picture of Augustine and Monica. The impression deepens upon you if you have ever been a student of Augustine's, as you follow the chain of the discourse, and think you grow better acquainted with the orator. For a moment you might fancy that there was a monk before you. The impression is helped by the rapid and almost imperceptible act of adoration with which Mr. Liddon accompanies every mention of the Name. There is a basis for this impression in the fact, which we have heard stated on the best authority, that Mr. Liddon has spent years in studying preaching as it is on the Continent, and has formed himself on the best models in France and Italy. When you hear such a preacher as Mr. Lyne—Brother or Father Ignatius as he is called—you see merely the external mannerism and the imitated costume of the monk. But Mr. Liddon, disregarding mere externals, reproduces what is best in great Catholic orators, what is deepest founded in the deepest sense of humanity—the

passion, the tragedy, the will, the emotions of mankind. We think that it was something in this way that Fénelon preached in the Cathedral of Cambrai, or that Bossuet thundered in the chapel of Versailles. Mr. Liddon need shrink from no comparison with contemporary foreign eloquence. He is essentially our Lacordaire or Père Felix.

Almost in his first sentence we see the essential character of his oratory. His manuscript is by his side, but he is almost liberated from the chains which a manuscript imposes. He almost knows it by heart, and he declaims it in a grand but a peculiar kind of declamation. It is very remarkable how the greatest pulpit orators of the day are men who read their sermons, which is certainly contrary to the general idea and to ordinary experience. This was the case with such renowned pulpit orators as Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Melvill. The Bishop of Oxford is skilled in both plans, but seems to prefer the manuscript. The Bishop of Peterborough is strictly extemporary. Mr. Caird compounds, by learning his sermons off by heart. It is utterly impossible, the human mind being constituted as it is, that any sermon such as Mr. Liddon's could be spoken in extemporary sentences. You might as well expect a man to speak in lyrics or in epigrams. Those sermons have evidently been polished and repolished to the last degree of point and finish. This is an advantage which you may have with the written but cannot have with the extemporized discourse. It is easy to see that Mr. Liddon's sermons have had an amount of thought and elaboration bestowed upon them which, in these days of swift writing and speaking, is, unfortunately, extremely rare. The leading characteristic of his oratory is the uniform high pressure of his impassioned speech. So to speak, there are no eminences or depressions in his oratory. He hardly ever slackens and then puts on speed. There is almost a monotony of eloquence. It is the equable speed

and rush of the express train. The eye is kindled, the head thrown back as a war-horse; you detect the nervous, sinewy clutch of the fingers. No sooner have you been startled and attracted by the vivid original manner of the speaker than some modern name or allusion, some clear and trenchant thought seizes your attention, and at once brings you fairly abreast with some religious controversy of the time. As he clenches some argument or summarizes some analysis with a keen remorseless logic, for a moment the face becomes illumined with a smile of thankful triumph. That noted electric link that exists between orator and auditory is touched and thrilled, and the speaker feels that he is carrying with him the convictions as well as the hearts of his hearers. There is a pause—only too slight—before the preacher branches into another section of his subject. The mind is at extreme tension as you attempt to follow the course of the argument through those terse, glittering, incisive sentences, which follow so keenly and swiftly, like the steps of a mathematical demonstration. Presently that reasoning of the ‘severe impassioned’ order has reached its climax. Hitherto he has been logical, but he is now slightly rhetorical. To use the Greek image, the closed fist is relaxed into the open palm. The orator now turns to the practical part of his subject and its peroration. If up to this point he has sought to convince the reason, he now concentrates his efforts on piercing the heart. There is some touch of exquisite pathos, of heart-stirring appeal, as when last Easter Day, at St. Paul’s, he quoted the lines from the ‘*Lyra Apostolica*:’

‘And with the morn, those angel-faces smile,  
That we have loved long since, and lost ere  
while.’

And very probably the final peroration is thrown into the form of simple earnest prayer to the Deity, with an effect of awe and sublimity almost impossible to be described.

As the congregation issue forth from the church or cathedral portals

—and it is long before such masses are broken up—on every side you hear eager discussion of the sermon. There is no doubt, in the first place, but the preacher has supplied his auditory with an immense intellectual stimulus. On the oratorical question there is, we think, no doubt; but great as the effect has been it would have heightened if the manuscript had been absent. We have been assured by an eminent dignitary, who had the rare good fortune of hearing Chalmers preach an extemporary sermon, that the effect considerably transcended even the immense effect of his written orations. This might have been the case with Chalmers, whose sermons, after all, are somewhat too expanded and verbose; but such a mode of address could hardly co-exist with the literary and dialectic skill of Mr. Liddon. After you have heard Mr. Liddon preach you find considerable difficulty in reconstructing even the skeleton (to use that Simonian word) of his discourse. You remember many a striking phrase, apt illustration, powerful appeal, but your attention has been so overpoweringly absorbed by the magnificent oratory, by the rush of vivid musical language, that you would willingly listen again untiringly to the sermon, or would desire to read it over quietly again and again. When you really come to read it in print, you perceive how closely it is articulated into divisions and subdivisions, which the preacher omitted in the preaching, probably because in the lapse of time the system of divisions has grown somewhat pedantic and old-fashioned. With most popular preachers the sermon dies in its birth, and is lost into thin air. But in the delivery of Mr. Liddon’s sermon is only comprised a sectional part of its office. Mr. Liddon is now a considerable theological writer. We have his large volume of the ‘Bampton Lectures,’ a volume of University sermons, various scattered sermons, and we have the intimation that another volume of sermons will be shortly forthcoming. Multitudes who do not

know him as a preacher know him as an author. In sacred authorship he occupies a very peculiar and distinctive place.

His first volume of sermons was originally entitled 'Some Words for God.' In deference to friendly criticism Mr. Liddon withdrew that title, and substituted the indistinctive title of 'University Sermons.' We rather regret this, because the original title gave an idea of the leading characteristic of all Mr. Liddon's written oratory. To him it is emphatically given that he should contend earnestly for the faith, and meet the shifting forms of mental conflict and doubt. He is an Athanasius; if necessary, an *Athanasius contra mundum*. He has the keenest sympathy with all the stir and movement of the contemporary intellectual life of Europe. He is fully abreast; more than that, he is often in advance of the thought and philosophy of the day. He clearly discovers wherein lies the true stress and brunt of the religious battle of our time, and does not disguise from himself that the real issue is with sheer atheism and profligacy. In a noble sermon preached this summer in St. James's, Piccadilly, he says: 'It seems to me that Roman Catholic and Protestant Dissenters must agree with members of the English Church so far as to admit that our deepest differences are insignificant in presence of a dreary materialism which utterly ignores the other world.' There is something intensely vivid and life-like in the mode in which Mr. Liddon meets the seething religious and ethical opinions of the day. He reproduces, exactly at the right moment, the thoughts which are uppermost in the minds of thinking men, and finding expression in the more serious and earnest of current publications. As we follow him from sermon to sermon, it is not difficult to detect the various intellectual tendencies of his sermons—to see at one point how he is combating some of the opinions of Mr. Mill, and at another how he has risen fresh from the perusal of the writings of Mr. Lecky; how, again, he is combating the

English forms into which the French system of Comte has thrown itself, and how, again, he is meeting the latest German rationalists before their newest errors have become naturalized in England; once more, how he is crystallizing vague floating thought and difficulties on sacred subjects, or combating the full tide of secular opinion as found in such periodicals as the 'Pall Mall Gazette' or the 'Saturday Review.' To any one who, in these days of turmoil and unrest, is dissatisfied and unhappy on those ultimate problems which must beset the mind of any thinking man, we would earnestly recommend the writings of Mr. Liddon, whether, as in the 'Bampton Lectures,' he makes a systematic and scientific exposition of orthodox truth and its counterfeits or opposites, or whether, as in his occasional sermons, he meets the desultory and guerilla attacks which are often best met by a similar system of defence.

There is sometimes greater audacity, sometimes a more familiar vein of reference and allusion, than some persons might think befitting the dignity and tranquil atmosphere of the pulpit. But there are times in which *frappez vite et frappez fort* is the general motto. There is undoubtedly a subtle spirit of the age which he ought to be able to apprehend and seize, if he would truly meet its wants and necessities. The great secret of Mr. Liddon's power and influence is that he so thoroughly comprehends and meets the special characteristics, difficulties, peculiarities of the present time. As truly as Socrates has brought down philosophy into common life, does Mr. Liddon, who is often Socratic in his method, bring all details of life into a religious reference. It would be easy to adduce isolated passages of that bold, familiar way in which Mr. Liddon treats many subjects. We may refer to a few such passages, but we deeply feel that the reader ought to repeatedly peruse and make a careful analysis of a sermon of his before he can form an adequate idea of the consummate art and ability with which

it is characterized. Here is a home-thrust at the periodical literature which is adverse to religious truth: 'Look around and mark the varieties of intellect which enter in various ways into this conflict with religion. There is, first of all, mercenary intellect. This intellect writes or talks at the rate of so much per annum, and one given understanding. "You take so much, and you write up that minister, you advocate that line of policy, you denounce this institution, attack that theory, you blacken that public man." "Done." Necessity, it may be said, knows no law; and there is an inexpressibly sad proverb about poverty to the effect that it cannot afford to have a conscience. We need not care to examine that saying too narrowly. Some of us, perhaps, have known cases in which really noble souls have bent to a degradation from which they shrank in secret agony, and from which, long ago, they would have torn themselves away if the comfort and even the life of others had not been dependent on their sad, unworthy toil. Gladly, indeed, would I here be silent. But sometimes this hired intellect, in bondage to sharp necessity, or to the mere spirit of gain, passionately asserts its monopoly of freedom. It even tells us, the ministers of Christ, who have freely entered His service, and who rejoice in what it calls our fetters, that we are not free.' Here, again, is some outspoken language on the difference between the legal and medical professions, such as is not often heard in the pulpit: 'If you are hesitating between law and medicine, it must be admitted that modern English society seems to award a social pre-eminence to law. Yet surely the study of the framework of God's noblest earthly creatures is a higher study than that of any system of human jurisprudence, dashed as every such system must be by human caprice, by human short-sightedness, by human error. Surely the practice of a profession, almost every activity of which is a fresh corporal work of mercy, must have an increasing attraction for those

who, in the moral sense of the expression, seek "things above." Pardon me, brethren, if I speak too boldly in a matter on which there may fairly be difference of judgment; but I venture to hope, nay to believe, that as public opinion becomes more Christian, a higher, nay, the very highest social consideration will be everywhere assigned to the members of that noble profession of medicine, which ministers with the one hand to the progress of advancing science, while with the other it daily lavishes its countless deeds of unknown, unacknowledged generosity and kindness on the suffering poor.' Here, again, is a most interesting anecdote. 'There is a well-authenticated tradition of a famous argument between that great scholar and divine, Bishop Horsley, and one to whom I may be permitted to refer with something of the reverent admiration, due most assuredly from the members of a great society, to a name which it must ever cherish with love and honour—Dr. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church. They sat, it is said, late into the night, pouring forth thought for which men would have given one of them at least scanty credit. They were debating the question whether God could be better reached by His creatures through the exercise of their intellect, or through the exercise of their affections. Unwillingly, but step by step, the Bishop, who advocated the claims of intellect, retreated before the arguments of his friend, till at length, in a spirit which did no less honour to his humility than to his candour, he exclaimed, "Then my whole life has been one great mistake." Mr. Liddon subjoins in a note, 'I am indebted to Dr. Pusey for this account: he received it from Bishop Lloyd.'

We had marked a number of passages which we would willingly like to discuss, where the religious interest is united to a popular interest, a literary interest, and the interest that belongs both to mental and natural science. But our limits, and the difficult nature of the ground to be here traversed, warn

us to forbear, and merely to entreat our readers to study the writings of the brightest and fullest-orbed mind in the Church of England. That mind rises fully above the dwarfed controversies of the national church, and takes in with keenest glance all their respective relations to the Catholic Church throughout all the world. There is hardly any thought or difficulty that has agitated Christian Europe but is here honestly and boldly stated and discussed from the Christian platform, whether connected with the names of Rousseau or Renan, Hegel or Schleiermacher, Hobbes or Mill. The only preacher who approximates to the intense hold which Mr. Liddon possesses on the hearts and minds of his hearers is the Rev. Stopford Brooke, the biographer of Robertson, and the minister in York Street, St. James's. There is very considerable divergence between Mr. Liddon and Mr. Stopford Brooke in their views, and also in their corresponding intellectual character. There is a practice, a passion, a depth of speculation about Mr. Brooke in which he stands pre-eminent even to Mr. Liddon. Perhaps, however, Mr. Liddon would hardly desire to possess the intense originality which belongs to Mr. Brooke, and it must be confessed that originality is, after all, a dangerous gift for a preacher. Mr. Brooke's place in the church is so unique, and his recent volume of sermons so remarkable, that we have elsewhere sought to do justice to the subject.

We think, therefore, with the utmost confidence, that we may place Mr. Liddon first in the rank of the contemporary orators of the Anglican Church. We cannot but feel a deep feeling of regret, widespread, we are sure, that in this recent cloud of appointments he has not received episcopal preferment. We are not unmindful of the very great pulpit ability that at the present time exists among bishops and dignitaries of the Church. There are many who will refuse, even in favour of Mr. Liddon, to abandon their long and enduring preference of the

Bishop of Oxford; and if we regarded mere oratory alone, as we have intimated, the Bishop of Peterborough would bear away the palm. Dr. Magee is a born orator, while Mr. Liddon has superinduced intense culture upon his fervid style. Archbishop Thomson is noted for his thoughtful handling of philosophical subjects in the pulpit; at the same time most practical, most evangelic; with a grave earnestness rising into a pure, genuine eloquence. The present preacher at Lincoln's Inn, who succeeded Dr. Thomson, is Canon Cooke, who, while lacking the magic touch of eloquence, has the earnestness which is next to and the best part of eloquence, and is in the highest degree weighty and thoughtful. Dr. Moberly, the new Bishop of Salisbury, is one of those who, at the Oxford University pulpit, never failed to draw men largely around him. Of late years there seems to us to have been a distinct falling off in the character of London preaching. So many eminent men cease to hold charge in London. Thus we have lost such men as Thomson, Magee, Alford, Goulburn, Boyd, Dale, by cathedral or church elevation. It can hardly be said that their successors have made or are likely to make quite the same mark. The most remarkable regular preacher left in London is probably Mr. Stopford Brook. Far in the west, Mr. Molyneux, and far in the east, Dr. Rowsell, attract and keep together great congregations. Doubtless in the metropolis itself, and also in the provinces, there are men who may hereafter rise to great eminence; but those who have been accustomed for years past to watch the condition of the metropolitan pulpit will probably admit that at the present time there is in London a considerable dearth of pulpit oratory of the highest excellence. It is sometimes said, with what degree of justice or injustice we do not pretend to determine, that the same is the case throughout the country. It must, however, be recollect that in all professions, the Church especially, character rather than ability is the true test

of excellence. More than eloquence, learning, fancy, there is need for Christian sincerity and active goodness. But though we willingly concede that these are the highest things, we see no reason for submitting to a low standard of excellence in matters on which depend the fundamental principle whether people will care to come to church and whether they will be attentive when they get there. We do not think that Mr. Liddon's eminent example is one that is susceptible of much general imitation. He would not be able himself to make such a prolonged and exhausting effort week by week, and no regular ordinary congregation would be competent to follow him. But there are certain demands which the laity are entitled to make upon the clergy, and the church if it is wise in this, its time of trial, will seek to meet them. The one accomplishment which brings some one to a level with the best and most cultured clergyman, is the power of extemporary speech, an accomplishment which in nearly every case is to be obtained by diligent effort. This generally succeeds in procuring the attention of the audience, and is a practice fraught with reflex good to the orator himself.

But let the clergyman not read mere homilies which would suit equally well or ill any age of the Church's history, but let him comprehend and meet the special character and wants of the times in which his own lot is cast. Then let the preacher be sincere and true to himself, going just so far and no further, as his own thoughts and feelings take him, avoiding all conventional goodness and assumption of mellifluousunction. Let him have the moral courage, if demands on his time and not business have driven him into a corner, to give a seven or ten minutes' sermon, something short and sweet, or tell his people that he is going to read them some other man's sermon. Above all, let them be men of broad thought and reading, cultivate habits of sympathy, toleration, and catholicity, that they may meet the moral and intellectual needs of their followers. The Anglican clergy needs not so much to be great orators, but the present elevation of the standard and tone. They may make themselves, through care, trustworthy guides of the people, and be a means of promoting balance and harmony in the state. It may not be given to them all to be Sons of Thunder, but they may all be 'Sons of Consolation.'

F. A.



## THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

## SCARBOROUGH.

THE broken weather produced a broken season this autumn in most of the watering-places except in those where the system of huge hotels has of late years been successfully imported. There, while houses and lodgings are at a discount, the hotels are full, and when the rest of the town is being deserted the hotel visitors are the last to depart. A huge hotel, such as, for instance, the Grand Hotel at Scarborough, is a little city in itself: it has its walks, lounges, promenades, dances, music, concentrating within its own limits the frivolities of a large population. But then Scarborough is a peculiar place, and the Grand Hotel is its most peculiar institution. It is not so splendidly finished and well established as the more limited Royal Hotel, but then its enormous dimensions and its distinctive character make the question of its eventual success a very interesting problem. It is a little too much of an imitation, a defective imitation, of the Grand Hôtel on the Boulevards, a notion helped by the staff of French waiters, the reproduction of the celebrated Paris dining-room, the system of accounts, and on the whole we are left lagging considerably behind the French model. But it is only the second season, and it may achieve much still. I observe that the Yorkshire people themselves generally go into lodgings, which can be as handsome and expensive as any hotel-rooms, because they belong to family clans and have lots of their own people about them. But people who come from a great distance, or who are solitary, come to huge hotels where there is abundant liveliness and infinite chances of companionship. It is curious to note in how rudimentary a form the acquaintanceship is knocked up, and how duly and prosperously it proceeds. You speak a little to your next-door neighbour,

perchance a lady, at the table d'hôte; perchance you settle down into the same proximity at dinner for several successive days; you get first a smile and then a nod. You are at liberty to ask for music and to turn over the music-leaves in the immense drawing-room; you make part in a sail to Whitby or Saltburn, or perhaps in a carriage expedition. The solitude is soon peopled with well-known forms, and even the loneliest man, with a moderate degree of tact and appearance, may find himself part and parcel of a very gay society.

The huge hotel system which has been imported into this country from Paris and New York may have inevitable drawbacks, but I imagine that it meets very exactly the social wants of a place like Scarborough. The table d'hôte system has never taken root in England, but it flourishes exceedingly well here and also at the Pavilion at Folkestone. I must, however, say in candour that the dinner need not be so long and the cookery might be better. People, however, get very hungry at Scarborough and do not eat scientifically. The people at the Grand are acting wisely in getting up a specialty for dancing. Dancing, as one of the fine arts, has been greatly declining in Yorkshire. Harrogate used to be famous for it; there was scarcely an hotel there where there was not dancing night after night, but now there is perhaps only one hotel in the place where the dancing is regularly kept up. They dance a good deal at the Grand. The Royal, and doubtless the other hotels on the South Cliff, have regular balls with their formal cards of admission, but these are rare. At the Grand they get up little balls or dancing parties two or three times a week, when you get what supper you like in the coffee-room with champagne-cup and claret-cup, and the dancing

does not last much beyond two in the morning.

I have said that Scarborough has a distinctive character, and that distinctive character is undoubtedly flirtation. It is carried to an amazing height, flagrantly and without disguise. Scarborough forms the great hunting-ground of the north. Girls confessedly go there to look up husbands, and men are confessedly looking out for wives. The north of England abounds in heiresses, and they crop up plentifully in Scarborough. Their belongings look very sharply after them, for the Detriments are busy here, loafing about on their narrow incomes, and inquiring diligently into all the variations of the matrimonial market. A huge hotel affords excellent chances of flirtation. There is that public drawing-room, where, when all the world is withdrawn to the Spa, there is abundant solitude in quiet recesses, not to mention the walks that may be achieved in the hall, the corridors, and the huge verandahs. But for all that the flirtation is not to be carried on so quietly as might be supposed. There is as much gossip in a big hotel as in a small town. Dowagers and others watch each little game most intently and comment on it incessantly. Scarborough society likes a lord, and will allow a great deal to a man of rank. By-the-way Scarborough has a lord of its own in the person of the popular Earl of Londesborough, who has a beautiful place here, where he is about to receive the Prince of Wales. But Scarborough society knows its rights, and thinks a very middle-aged man of title unreasonable if he wants both youth and beauty at once in a bride; he ought to be content with the one or the other. Then gossip and rumour are busy in these vast shadowy halls. That pretty girl is hesitating whether she shall take that young man with two thousand a year or that old fellow with five. Perhaps the old fellow is deliberating whether he will marry the pretty portionless girl or take some more elderly lady with substantial property. It is soon keenly detected and then whis-

pered about in the hotel that such a person 'admires' such a lady. Thenceforward to some it becomes a keen delight to watch the history of this little transaction. It is very remarkable to notice how many elderly men there are in pursuit of young wives at Scarborough. The other night I counted numbers of grey-haired men dancing at a ball, and a grey beard dancing, it must be confessed, is hardly a very pleasing object for contemplation. A business man feels that he must work hard and make 'a little pile of his own' before he can seriously think of marriage. And so it comes to pass that in our more industrial counties young men are working while old men are wooing; and it is too much the case that young beauties prefer coin and a carriage to love and a cottage.

The fashionable town has overflowed from the South Cliff to the North Cliff. The North Cliff has the advantage of quietude and novelty, but it is very dull when compared with the South Cliff. This season the new pier has been opened. They have not yet had a band, and the new pier certainly strikes us as being dreary. The fashionable gatherings ought not to make any visitor oblivious of the great natural beauty of the scenery and the picturesqueness of the old town, that borough planted on the rock or scar. The sands are all alive with the happy children playing, with horsemen and horse-women, with the scarlet postilions on the carriage-horses. Between the Grand Hotel and the jetty the sands are as well worn a track as Newberry Street itself. By the jetty and the lighthouse you see that Scarborough is a not inconsiderable port, and that many fishing-boats start here, boats of pleasure, traffic, and passage. The old town here rather reminds you of Hastings. Between lowly dwellings you go up a very steep street called Church Stairs Street, and very appropriately so, for it is a literal going up of stairs. It is like that steep street of Clovelly which has justly been described as 'a cataract of houses.' Then you emerge

on the wide, desolate churchyard, swept by the northern storms; and you will do well to enter that magnificent old church, with its associations of the battles that wrecked its choir. Pleasant it is to pace that stupendous headland, where stand the reliquary ruins of the castle, and to look down the sheer precipices, where the seabird is flying between you and the wave, and examine the fosses, dykes, and scarped cliffs that remind you of the memorable siege. Across the bay and the ravine rises the opposing height called Oliver's Mount. The Scarborough people say that Oliver Cromwell here planted his cannon against the castle. They are, however, very much at fault in their history, for, as a matter of fact, Oliver Cromwell never 'assisted' at the siege of Scarborough. Still it is very well worth your while to climb up that long succession of terraces that conduct you to the summit of the Mount. There is the best attainable view of Scarborough from here. You see the sea, trending away, north and south, through a succession of points and bays, northwards to the moorlands of Whitby, and southwards to the white chalk cliffs of Flamborough Head, the favourite haunt of those 'pilot' seagulls, whose shrill screams warn the mariners from the perilous rocks. On a clear day you may discern Castle Howard from here. It is one of the sights of Scarborough, but, it must be acknowledged, rather remote for a visit. Still I did it, and thought it worth doing. There is something melancholy, however, in recalling the genius, taste, and activity of the last earl, and contrasting with it that comparative silence and solitude which belong to the rule of the present lord. It is as well that Admiral Howard does for Castle Howard what the lamented Lord Herbert did so long for Wilton. A day amid the statues and pictures, the gardens and woods of Castle Howard is an agreeable interlude for a stay at Scarborough.

But of course the great social charm of Scarborough is the Spa.

The people here are simply delirious on the subject of their Spa. They frequent it morning, noon, and night. In my wanderings round the environs I was surprised to see how comparatively few were interesting themselves with the landscapes or with the antiquities. All Scarborough concentrates itself at the Spa. The Spa itself, considered simply as a Spa, is probably not much more than a snare, a mockery, and a delusion. Not one in a thousand cares for the medicated fountains. The Spa is a truly wonderful place. You may have seen all the best watering-places at home—you may have seen many of the best abroad; but you must own that Scarborough Spa is absolutely unique, imitable in its way. That cliff bridge, with its sixpenny admission for the whole day, is the most crowded of all thoroughfares. The whole cliff, as far as possible, is planted with hardy trees that can withstand the Norse gales, with masses of ferns and undergrowth, and winding paths through the woods. Then come terraces with flower-beds; and so you descend to the Spa buildings and the long wide terrace in front. Looking up from the terrace on a brilliant morning we see parterres of flowers, and still more bewildering parterres of living beauty. The scene is wonderful at night, especially if it is a moonlight night and the tide is up. Then the sea is plunging close beneath the balustrade, and the terrace is brilliantly lighted, and noble music is crashing, and crowds of men and splendidly-attired women are pacing the terraces or wandering in the walks. Perhaps the provincial belles are in their dress a little too gaudy and gay, but every now and then you meet with some perfectness of costume that tells of the best society in London and Paris. The 'Grecian bend' has not, so far as I have observed, penetrated into Scarborough, but I am told that something which is called the 'Alexandra limp' has come into fashion. There is a very fashionable young lady who wears a high-heeled boot on one foot and a low-heeled boot on the other, which

is supposed to confer an elegant drawl on the attitude, and to produce a highly effective result. The vagaries of fashion are most curious, and some of the most abnormal specimens may be studied in such a place as Scarborough. I do not wonder that this queen of northern watering-places is such a passionate favourite with the North country folk, and, through the system of railways, with people all over the country. People come here again and again, and think that the year is lost which has not

had its six weeks at Scarborough. You may stay later if you like—later than you would have thought possible for the eastern coast, through the earlier winter months—so pure, bracing, and comparatively mild is the climate—but when the east winds really set in, then let the narrow-chested beware, and take their swallow flight over the country to nestle beneath the cliffs of Torquay, or to sun themselves by the dark-blue waters that lave the Riviera.





STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

COUNTESS REVENTLOW.

Drawn by the late George H. Thomas. Engraved by William L. Thomas.



# LONDON SOCIETY.

DECEMBER, 1869.



Drawn by Wm. McConnell.

A LONDON SOUP KITCHEN.

## THE AFFAIR OF THE RED PORTEFEUILLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A VAURIEN,' ETC.

THE red portefeuille in question was a certain red morocco note-case. How, in the Rue de Jérusalem, it became 'an affair,' was the story its owner told us. And on this wise.

VOL. XVI.—NO. XCVI.

'It was safe enough,' Dick Langley said, 'in my inner breast-pocket when I left Spa that morning; and it was safe there too when I reached the Nord terminus that evening. But I had not been five minutes in

my customary quarters at the Grand before I discovered that my note-case was most indubitably—gone—looted quietly, you know. The how was that clean cut through the bottom seam of the pocket; the where must have been in the crowd at the station just now.

'I don't profess to be much of a judge of this sort of thing; but it struck me at the time that the fellow who had operated on me must have been about the top of his profession—so scarcely perceptible was the solution of continuity in my garment, so absolutely unconscious had I been of his propinquity. Still, I had lost some fifty thousand francs' worth of French bank-paper, not one sou whereof was I likely to see again. So that it was with feelings of not wholly unmixed admiration that I was examining the traces of the spoiler's handiwork when the door opened, and some one came into the room.

'I looked up, expecting to see Vere Licingham. Vere was Second Secretary here then; an incorrigible *farceur*, who had, as such, a "difficulty" with some victimized native to settle next day;—which business had brought me up from the Bad. But it was not Vere on whom the door had just closed.

'It was a slight, wiry little man, with his black hair cut close to his bullet head, with a sallow face shaved blue, and a keen, cool eye that took everything in the room in at a glance, and then rested upon me as though I was precisely the person its owner wished and expected to behold. In fact, I fancied the little man mntered as much to himself.

'So I asked him pointedly who he was, instead of what he wanted.

'"Dard, Agent of the *Sûreté*," he answered.

'I had to ask him what he wanted, then, you know. His reply to this was curious.

'"In the name of the law I arrest you," he said.

'"Might I inquire why?" I returned.'

'"You, Thompsonne, alias Walkerre," the little man pursued. 'In short, Thompsonne, with an

infinity of *aliases*. Why, for your last *coup* at Spa this morning.'

'He was perfectly in earnest, I could see; he meant every word he said. I stared at him. His smile was particularly irritating to me in my then state of mind. The window was open; there was the making of a good fall outside. I admit my first impulse was to dispose of my visitor summarily that way.

'"C'est pas la peine," he observed, misreading my eyes; "you would only break your neck."

'He was so perfectly cool that I had perforce to get myself in hand again.

'"That," I said to him when I had done it, "is the second mistake you have made, Monsieur—"

'"Dard," he put in.

'"Monsieur Dard, since I have had the pleasure of your society. It was *not* myself that I was tempted to toss out of that window. And I am not Thompson—"

'"English pickpocket," this insufferable Monsieur Dard put in here. "Ah! you are not Thompsonne, English pickpocket? Really?"

'"Really not. Your last mistake is rather a ghastly one you will find, I shouldn't wonder."

'"Allons donc!" he responded, shrugging his shoulders.

'"My dear Monsieur Dard," I went on, grinning inwardly now, in spite of my annoyance, and in anticipation of Vere's entry on the scene, to see how profoundly convinced my interlocutor was that he had arrested his Thompsonne, and how charmingly he mistook my modest assurance for the impudence of that hardened criminal; "my dear Monsieur Dard, it so happens that in a very few minutes I shall be able to produce unimpeachable evidence of my proper identity."

'"Pray do not trouble yourself," he deprecated ironically.

'"I am not going to trouble myself at all," I said; "my unimpeachable evidence will walk into this room of its own accord in about a quarter of an hour."

'"Aha! And he comes from where, your unimpeachable evidence?"

'"From the British Embassy,

my dear Monsieur Dard. You will, I presume, admit, then, your mistake is the ghastly mistake I have ventured to style it? You will? Very good. And as you have only a quarter of an hour to wait before you admit this, and as any *esclandre* would hardly improve matters, do me the favour to sit down, light one of these cigarettes, and relieve my curiosity as to why in your wisdom you have arrested me as Thompson, English pick-pocket, and what, supposing I am Thompson aforesaid, I have been doing at Spa?"

"Monsieur Dard looked at me harder, shrugged his shoulders higher, smiled more insufferably than he had looked, and shrugged, and smiled yet. I had, however, so far impressed him in some way, that when I sat down and lit a little roll of Pheresli tobacco he followed my example. Then he said:

"You were at the Redoute at Spa this morning when play commenced?"

"I admitted I was.

"At the roulette-table in the smaller *salle*?" he continued.

"Excuse me; you are wrong there. It is well known I never touch roulette. I was at the trente-et-quarante table."

"At the same table," pursued the impassible Dard, "was standing one Hippolyte Bourdon."

"Who is he?"

"Whom you must have noticed place a red portefeuille—"

"A red portefeuille?" I repeated.

"Containing, it appears, in bank-notes, the sum of—"

"Of fifty-odd thousand francs, I suppose," I muttered, pensive at the recollection of my own vanished paper, the result of that run upon the Rouge that morning.

"No," Monsieur Dard returned sharply, "not quite so much as that. About forty thousand francs. A miscount, no doubt," he added.

"By Jove!" I ejaculated in the vernacular, unheeding my friend's sarcasm. "This is queer. A red portefeuille, you say? Morocco?"

"Your penetration is perfect,"

Monsieur Dard replied, with an ironical bow. "A red morocco portefeuille. Monsieur Bourdon, as you noticed, placed it in the inner breast-pocket of his coat; and—"

"What! The inner breast-pocket, too?" The coincidence was getting more than queer.

"And you," pursued Monsieur Dard, "took advantage of the crowd at the doorway to—"

"And I will be shot, you know, if Monsieur Dard didn't pantomime precisely the manœuvre my *dévaliseur* just now must have employed to cut *my* red morocco portefeuille out of *my* inner breast-pocket!

"Go on," I said, astonished. "What did I do then?"

"You rushed precipitately down the staircase of the Redoute."

"I wanted to catch the train, you know."

"Ca se comprend! You jumped into a *panier* waiting outside, and caused yourself to be driven furiously to the station, where you arrived in time to take a ticket, first-class, to Paris by the 11.37 express."

"I admit all that. Go on."

"In the mean time, though unfortunately too late, Monsieur Bourdon had become aware of his loss. He instantly communicated his suspicions—he had noticed you repeatedly at his elbow—to the Commissaire of Police. Oddly enough," continued Monsieur Dard, his eyes on me more maliciously than ever, "the Commissaire was at that moment engaged with the Sergeant Rokerre—you know the Sergeant Rokerre, without doubt? No? Really? Not the Sergeant Rokerre of your own *Sûreté* from Scotlan-yar? Well, no matter; the Sergeant Rokerre knows *you*."

"The devil he does!" I interjected.

"Yes. In fact it was precisely one Thompsonne, with an infinity of aliases, notorious English pick-pocket, who had brought the Sergeant Rokerre from Bruxelles, where he had lost sight of his man, to Spa, where he expected to find him; and it was precisely this Thompsonne that Bourdon described when he

described the individual he believed had robbed him."

"I don't say he didn't," I commented; "I only say he didn't describe me."

"Wait a minute," Monsieur Dard returned. "By means of this description you were traced to the station; by means of it it was ascertained you had taken a ticket for Paris. The Sergent Rokerre then communicated by telegraph with us, and took other precautions in the event of your changing your mind with regard to your destination. However, these proved unnecessary. You arrived in Paris at nine o'clock this evening. Monsieur Thompsonne is too important a personage for us not to possess his *signalement*. That telegraphed to us by the Sergent Rokerre from Spa agreed remarkably with the pen-portrait of the same which I of course consulted when the affair was placed in my hands. So remarkably," concluded Monsieur Dard, "that though the telegrams specified such things as that travelling-dress you wear, as that purple and black plaid, as that peculiarly-fashioned cap, I had need of none of them to feel certain you were the Thompsonne I wanted the instant I came into the room.

"And you feel as certain of it still, Monsieur Dard?"

"Undoubtedly," he said, smiling insufferably. Yet I had reason to know the Sûreté could boast of few abler agents than this same Dard. I was curious to hear why he was so certain I was his Thompsonne.

"Before I prove to you I am not, prove to me I am," I asked him.

"I will prove that to you in two words," he declared, calmly.

"Well."

He looked me in the eyes with cool triumph in his own, as he leaned across the table and said—

"The red portefeuille was distinctly seen in your possession at the station *là bas* at Spa."

"That is very probable," I returned.

"Ah! You admit it? In effect to what good deny it?"

"I don't deny it the least in the world."

"No?" Monsieur Dard replied, rising with that confounded touch of melodrama in his rising that taints all Frenchmen more or less; "no, you do not deny it, and it would be useless if you did, because that same red portefeuille was again seen in your possession at the station here in Paris three-quarters of an hour ago."

"I admit it was in my possession there too, Monsieur Dard."

"Because," he went on, "you have held no communication with any one since, except with me; because, therefore, and in short, that red portefeuille and the forty thousand—"

"Excuse me, fifty thousand," I interrupted, spitefully, spoiling his peroration.

"Because," he repeated, "that red portefeuille is—there!" and he pointed with unhesitating forefinger straight at that inner breast-pocket of my travelling-jacket, where indeed my red morocco note-case ought to have been.

I could scarcely well help grinning in his sallow, blue-shaven face, at the sell and the swindle that was coming.

"The devil it is!" I replied, turning so as to expose that clean, artistic cut in my garment. "I should be only too glad if you were right about that, at all events. But what do you make of this, Monsieur Dard?"

Monsieur Dard didn't seem to know exactly what to make of it for a minute or two, I thought. Then he smiled that confounded smile of his, and wagged his head, as it were, admiringly.

"It is very clever," he observed, "wonderfully clever. But my dear Monsieur Thompsonne it will not do. Ah, no; it will not do at all!"

Eventually I gathered that Monsieur Dard's opinion, belief, conviction, was that *I had been operating on myself!*

And to make oneself out so far from the robber as the robbed wouldn't have been such a bad move on the part of the real Thompson, would it? It was a notion, though, which could only enter that individual's head—or Monsieur Dard's;

so that, to Monsieur Dard, I was simply more positively the real Thompson than ever, don't you see?

'But that too clever little man's triumph was of the briefest. The next moment the door opened with a rush, and there entered, perhaps more precipitately than he had intended, an unmistakable subordinate from the Rue de Jérusalem, whom I presumed Monsieur Dard had prudently put on guard outside, followed by some one far more reassuring in the shape of Vere Lucingham.

"Some trouble to get at you, Dick," said Vere, when he perceived me. "Ah! here is Monsieur Dard. Bon jour, Monsieur Dard."

Notwithstanding its natural imperturbability, the countenance of the *agent* of the Sûreté betrayed signs of exquisite discomfort at this salutation; for Monsieur Dard knew who Vere was perfectly well. He had taken certain instructions from the Second Secretary in a matter in which the Embassy had just employed him; and the Second Secretary knew *me*—Thompsonne, with the infinity of *aliases*, notorious British pickpocket, and addressed me familiarly as 'Dick.'

"Diable! diable! diable!" muttered discomfited Monsieur Dard in three different keys. If this were the case, why—. The inference was as obvious as it was unpleasant. I was no more his Thompsonne than he was himself.

'At a sign the subordinate withdrew. Vere seated himself, and looked from one to the other of us.

"Perhaps I'm *de trop*?" he inquired, as if this idea had just struck him. "You've business with Monsieur Dard, Dick?"

"No," I returned, enjoying the spectacle Monsieur Dard presented ineffably; "it's Monsieur Dard who has business with me. Perhaps you can help him to settle it."

"All right. What's the row?"

"Monsieur Dard has done me the honour of arresting me," I explained.

"Ah! what for?"

"Picking pockets at Spa."

"Serve you right, you know."

"And as being one Thompsonne,

with an infinity of *aliases*, who picks pockets generally everywhere. Is it not so, Monsieur Dard?"

"Eh, bien, oui!" that individual rapped out; "for me, I confess, you are Thompsonne. Unless——?" and he glanced interrogatively at Vere. Which *farceur* shook his head dubiously.

"Such," he said, "is human depravity, that, in spite of his ingenuous countenance, it's possible he *may* be Thompsonne. On the neck of my conscience, Dick, I can't say you're *not* a swell mobsman, and have *not* been picking pockets at Spa."

"Allons donc!" muttered Monsieur Dard, impatiently.

"But," continued Vere, "I can say that, except in the legitimate way of whist and billiards, you have never picked mine. And moreover, Monsieur Dard, though you may be right, and society in general wrong, I am bound to add that by society in general, and by myself in particular, this person has hitherto been held to be one Richard Langley, and that, if not honest, he is at least written down honourable in Debrett."

"Diable! diable! diable!" in the three different keys from Monsieur Dard again at this.

"So that," Vere concluded, "before altogether renouncing him, perhaps I had better hear all about it."

'Well, the upshot of it was that we all three beat up the nearest Commissaire; that my identity was duly vouched for, and that it was arranged we should meet the victimised Bourdon, and the English detective Roker, before the same official next day, when matters were partially cleared up. Monsieur Bourdon declared that though I very strongly resembled the individual who had stuck to him so pertinaciously at the roulette-table, yet that to the best of his belief he had never set eyes on me before. And the English detective decided as readily that I was not his man.

"Only you see, sir," Sergeant Roker explained, "you really are so uncommon like the other rascal—that is, I mean, of course, *the* rascal—that it ain't no wonder we was

put wrong. You had been noticed hurrying off to the station; we thought we was tracking him all the while. Our description of him hit *you* off so well, that we got that information about your grey jacket, and that queer cap you wore, and so on. Then again the description of *you* we telegraphed here quite fitted with the one they'd got of *him*. Altogether, sir, you see it wern't our fault. Besides, you'd been seen with a red pocket-book down at Spa, and you'd been seen with one at the station here. Which *that* were a odd start, too, you're having *your* pocket cut that way, wern't it, sir?"

"I had arrived at that opinion already; but as I had had about enough of this "Comedy of Errors" by this time, I cut Mr. Roker's discourse as the "Chorus" ruthlessly short here.

"Impassible as ever again, Monsieur Dard had played an almost silent part in the last scene. When it was over he saluted us comprehensively, and departed without a word. As his friend and *confrère*, Roker, had remarked, "all things considered," the mistake of the French agent was excusable enough. It was nevertheless, though, a mistake, and it punished Monsieur Dard's infallibility sorely to have to own it was.

"But," he said in the course of a brief conversation we had before I left Paris—"but, *en revanche*, I think I can promise you, Monsieur Langley, the recovery of the money you were robbed of on the night of your arrival."

"You have a clue, then?" I inquired, not over hopefully.

"I have my little theory. If I get *carte blanche* to act upon it I will answer for success this time."

"Very good; but remember, Monsieur Dard, I don't know the number of a single note, to begin with."

"That is of no consequence—you can identify the portefeuille?"

"Of course."

"Well, it is part of my theory that the money is in that portefeuille still, exactly as it was when it was stolen."

"The only thing, then, is to discover the portefeuille, Monsieur Dard?" I laughed.

"Precisely," he responded. "If, as I say, I am allowed to act, I consider that discovery certain. It shall be my *amende honorable*."

With that Monsieur Dard took his leave. I can't say that he left me with any very abiding hope of getting my note-case again. It was, nevertheless, destined to become "an affair" not yet forgotten at the Préfecture.

On the Boulevart, three months later, I ran against Vere one afternoon.

"Well, my Thompsonne," said the *farceur*, "and how is business, eh? Faked any more fat note-cases lately? I suppose so, for your old friend Dard was inquiring for you just now."

"What did he want me for?"

"I couldn't gather the precise crime you'd been perpetrating; but he asked so suspiciously when you'd be back that I thought it more leary to answer him vocally out of 'Kathleen Mavourneen'—

"It mightn't be for years, and it mightn't be for ever,"

at which he seemed annoyed. So at last I proposed for a certain sum down to betray you unto him tonight."

"Don't be a d— fool! What do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm going to order a *mirobolant* dinner in here, and that you are to pay for it like a bird. At least I shall think but poorly of you if you don't, when I have told you that—keep cool now—that our Dard has recovered the coin you boned from—I mean the coin that was boned from you, you know."

"Bah!"

"And that your formal identification of your purloined note-case is all that is wanting to put you once more in possession of your ill-gotten gains, when, as a matter of course, you will invite us all to a dancing-supper at Brébant's."

I may as well add at once that I was eventually let in for this entertainment, and then leave Monsieur Dard to finish the "Affair of

the Red Portefeuille" in his own fashion without further interruption.

"My theory," he said, "was this: Monsieur Langley, not being my Thompsonne, had neither robbed Bourdon nor—as I had given him great credit for doing—himself; but, on the contrary, Monsieur Langley had indubitably been robbed by some one else. Now was it not a thing unnatural, almost impossible, to suppose that on the same day, in precisely the same way as he was being accused of having robbed Bourdon at Spa, Monsieur Langley should be robbed at the Place Roubaix of a similar portefeuille, containing a similarly large amount, by any mere casual cut-purse? To me it seemed so impossible that I rejected the supposition at once. I had, therefore, to conclude that it was no mere casual cut-purse who had robbed Monsieur Langley.

"Who then? Some one who had planned the *coup* at Spa, and followed the red portefeuille in Monsieur Langley's inner breast-pocket to Paris?

"Much more likely. And yet the chance of success was hardly great enough, in proportion to the inevitable risk, to tempt an artist of such *force* as Monsieur Langley's *dévaliseur* evidently was, to leave securer and more profitable business *là bas*. It is true my Thompsonne, who had imperative reasons for quitting Spa, might have taken this purse also on his way; but I had ascertained that my Thompsonne had not arrived in Paris at all, you see.

"I put this second supposition aside the more readily because of something I remembered suddenly.

"I remembered that that evening there had been at the Paris terminus, waiting the arrival of the express at nine o'clock, a man who, the moment he beheld Monsieur Langley, would be morally certain that in a certain pocket of Monsieur Langley's travelling-coat was a red portefeuille containing some forty thousand francs in bank-notes, who would have special reasons for watching Monsieur Langley closer than anybody else, and who believed

Monsieur Langley to be Thompsonne the pickpocket.

"Remembering this, I quickly saw how this man, with special reasons for watching Monsieur Langley closely, might have noticed him take the portefeuille from his pocket, to get out his keys say; how this man, who believed Monsieur Langley to be Monsieur Thompsonne, might have hardly calculated on being able to rob him with perfect impunity, inasmuch as, on the one hand, even if Thompsonne caught him *in flagrante delicto*, a word from one thief would make the other only too glad to hold his tongue; and, on the other hand, if Thompsonne were not to perceive his loss at the moment, he was to be arrested, so soon as he was domiciled, by me, when, his *dévaliseur* naturally supposed, there was slight chance of my prisoner proclaiming he had been robbed of the most positive proofs of his late operation at Spa.

"In short, I saw in a very brief while how this man might have robbed Monsieur Langley, supposing him to be Thompsonne. The more I reflected on the matter the more certain did I become that this man, and no other, was the actual robber.

"And he was—the agent who had been ordered to '*filer*' the supposed Thompsonne on his arrival. The '*faiseur*' of the red portefeuille was this particular agent, I was finally convinced, and no one else.

"The conclusion I had arrived at was a very grave one. We are, we must be, invariably above suspicion in our *métier*. But I had arrived at this conclusion deliberately, and I could arrive at this alone. I laid my theory, therefore, before the Chef, and more effectively than I had ventured to hope. After some deliberation the Chef decided that, considering the importance of this matter to ourselves, I should be allowed to clear it up if I could. At the same time the consequences of my failing to do so were plainly intimated to me. But I did not think I should fail. Armed with the Chef's *carte blanche* I lost no time in placing my 'suspect' under surveillance forthwith.

"His name was Falleix. Cer-

tain protection had procured him admittance into the Brigade, where we knew unusually little of his antecedents; a fact which had no doubt had its influence in deciding the Chef in favour of an investigation.

"In my unavoidable absence, at the last moment, Falleix, to whom all the details of the affair must have been well known, was directed to await the arrival of the supposed Thompsonne by the express at nine o'clock, and in the event of my still not having appeared, to *filet* that individual quietly wherever he might go;—our object being to make the acquaintance of any confederates Thompsonne might have in Paris, you understand. I reached the Gare just as Monsieur Langley was driving away to the Grand Hôtel. Once there, I, as you will doubtless recollect, left Falleix outside the supposed Thompsonne's room, entered it myself, and arrested Monsieur Langley—a deplorable error, for which I have only forgiven myself since yesterday.

"Convinced by Monsieur Lucyng-ham shortly afterwards of this error, you will also recollect I signed to my *aide* that he might withdraw. Which he did in the most tranquil manner possible, carrying off the red portefeuille and the fifty thousand francs of Monsieur Langley with him. When, next day, I informed him of the *fiasco*, and the way in which our supposed *faiseur* had himself been robbed, it pleased Monsieur Falleix to lift his shoulders in his customary silent fashion, and to smile disagreeably in my face. I remembered that smile when the notion that Monsieur Falleix, and none but he, was the robber, began to grow upon me. He had had time to dispose of his plunder, and had evidently so disposed of it as to feel quite safe.

"How? Where? Questions I had to answer, and questions very difficult to answer; for the way in which he had planned and performed this *coup* proved Monsieur Falleix at once to be a person of profound ability, who would never have forgotten to take into his calculations the possibility, at any

rate, of his being suspected and watched as I meant he should be. No; Monsieur Langley's red portefeuille—I was of opinion, by-the-by, that the portefeuille itself had not been destroyed, either because Falleix would consider its destruction immaterial when it was no longer liable to be found in his possession, or because he had had no means of destroying it safely forthwith, and had been too prudent to keep it about him till he should have had these means—Monsieur Langley's portefeuille, I say, and its contents, the proof of Falleix's guilt and the correctness of my theory, were only to be discovered through Falleix's impatience or imprudence. Only this could give me a clue; and this clue my 'suspect,' who now began to live, as it were, under glass—the minutest action, the most trifling incidents of whose life were all henceforth known to me, seemed to have determined I should wait for eternally. The closest watch upon him brought to light—absolutely nothing. My 'suspect' continued to conduct himself in the most unsuspicious manner possible. This I had anticipated; he had taken it for granted he was *surveillé*, of course. But the Chef grew, or appeared to grow, incredulous. I was pushing my theory too far, he said; it was *indigne*, this, *que diable!*

"Was it? Was I mistaken? I did not wonder they thought I was; but I never thought so, somehow, myself. No; Falleix was even stronger than I had imagined; that was all.

"He was poor, miserably poor, amongst us who are not rich. Miserably poor. Yet I could see on his debauchee's face signs of the vices that are costly. Those fifty thousand francs—how could he resist the temptation of them? How could he hold himself back from them any longer? Yet I knew he had not spent a sou; yet I doubted if he had even once allowed himself to ascertain if his treasure was still safe. Marvellous self-denial! What was he waiting for? A pretext to get quit of us, and beyond our reach. Never be-

yond mine, I used sometimes to say to myself, if he went to the end of the world.

" " I think he knew this. I think he must have known the incessant, terrible *espionnage* he was subjected to. But he bore it, and so he baffled it; his patience was proof against it, and he made no sign.

" " There are those who declared at last that he was innocent. Three months had passed; this was the sole result I had obtained. But my conviction of his guilt was strong as ever.

" " However, there must be an end of this, the Chef declared. Falleix must be released from surveillance. As for me, I thought it advisable to anticipate events by tendering my resignation at once.

" " The Chef smiled and shook his head.

" " Not yet," he said.

" " But since it appears that I am wrong?

" " Not yet, I tell you. Ah! ça, you do not then understand me?"

" " At last I did. The Chef's idea was simple enough. Falleix, he reasoned, has been perfectly aware of the watch we have kept upon him, and so has taken very good care to avoid betraying himself. When he finds he is no longer *filé*, he will conclude he is no longer suspected. And then—well, then, you see, he may be less careful. So I withdraw a useless surveillance, and—I leave the rest to you.

" " The next day it was reported at the Préfecture that I had been sent on special service across the Channel. But that day, and every day, in one disguise or another I dogged my man about Paris, patiently, ruthlessly, as a hound follows a trail. In vain, however; in vain always.

" " Had he recognized me? I felt sure he had not. Was he really guilty after all? Yes; a thousand times yes. My instinct if not my judgment told me I had not deceived myself. I stuck doggedly to the trail. Admit, though, Messieurs, that this affair was assuming a hopeless aspect. There appeared no limit to the time this game of hide-and-seek between us might last.

" " I was thinking so two mornings ago when, once more, my man-chase recommenced. In his usual listless fashion Falleix was strolling along the Quais just sufficiently ahead to be kept well in sight. It seemed everybody's Dimanche but his; in his threadbare garments he looked more miserably poverty-stricken than ever then. Surely he must allow himself to draw on the red portefeuille soon I tried to hope.

" " All at once his listless mode of progression changed. My flâneur began walking like a man with some object in view. I had to shorten the distance between us.

" " Across the Place, across the Boulevart, where was he going so straight? To the station in the Rue d'Amsterdam it appeared presently. Tempted by the sunshine, the poor devil wanted to breathe a little country air. Where?

" " He waited his turn at the bureau of the St. Germain line. His destination, I concluded, then, was Asnières. The price of a seat on the *impériale* to that favoured locality would hardly be beyond his means. But no. He was going farther—too far, it struck me. He must have been *difficile* about the country air he breathed; for he asked for a ticket for Chatou.

" " Diable! Why Chatou, when we were so poor that positively our whole available capital could not compass the fare; and but for the compassionate official who consented to accept a little *bon* upon the Préfecture in payment we could never have gone at all? Why Chatou?

" " I tried to solve this question on our way down; for, I need hardly tell you, I also had business at Chatou that day.

" " Arrived there, Falleix strolled away, listless as ever, from the station, I following. I suppose we had about equally enjoyed the country air for half an hour, when the delusive sunshine faded; it began to rain—to rain in torrents. Impossible to continue strolling about in this deluge. We took shelter in a certain restaurant.

" " Positively ce malheureux had

no chance. His little holiday was spoiled. Hour after hour passed by; the deluge only increased; he had only to stare blankly at the downpour. He manifested a melancholy resignation—so touching that I caught myself almost pitying him at times.

“Towards dusk, when nothing remained for him but to go home, the rain suddenly ceased. He took immediate advantage of the opportunity of reaching the station with a dry skin. I felt half inclined to let him go in peace. What could I learn by simply dogging him back again?

“Yet, why had he come here at all? Why here to Chatou in particular? In a moment I had started after him, as this question recurred to me.

“He must have walked fast; he was out of sight. No; I caught a glimpse of him as he turned swiftly off the roadway into the wood. Why, if he were so pressed, that *détour* through the wood?

“I reached the place where he had disappeared. Screened securely by the bushes, I looked for him. There he was, walking now as though he had just discovered he had plenty of time to reach the station before the coming train.

“Had he suspected me? Or had the momentary chance I had stupidly afforded him enabled him to do what he had come here to do? Had those two or three minutes lost me the whole game? I strained my eyes in the gathering darkness to see.

“And, suddenly, I saw him swing round, and glance sharply about him. And then he seemed to lean against the trunk of a tree beside him while one might count slowly five. And then he lounged on, this *flâneur*, never looking back.

I let him go, now. I waited still where I was till I had heard the train pass, and stop, and start.

“Then in my turn I walked down that pathway, and halted by that tree, and perceived its trunk was hollow. In that hollow, my instinct told me, lay the proof of my little theory. Yet I paused a few seconds before I put in my hand.

“My hand pushed aside the dead leaves and the moss and touched it, and drew it forth;—a small tin box. In this tin box was the red morocco portefeuille of Monsieur Langley, bearing his initials. In the red portefeuille were fifty-one thousand two hundred francs in bank-notes of the Bank of France.

“For more than three months that tin box had lain where I found it; for more than three months my Falleix had baffled us all. But the temptation to assure himself of the safety of his *butin* had in the end proved too strong even for prudence like his. He had come down that day to touch it;—only to touch it while one might have counted slowly five.

“Unfortunately for him it was I who counted.

“I put the notes back into the portefeuille, the portefeuille into the tin box, and the tin box into the hollow trunk again. That night I made my report to the Chef. Yesterday Falleix was brought down to Chatou, and I reproduced tin box, portefeuille, bank-notes, to everybody's satisfaction but his.

“Poor devil! He fainted.

“And that is the end of the Affair of the Red Portefeuille. I trust Monsieur Langley will consider I have made him the *amende honorable* I promised him?”

“Well, you know,” Dick concluded, ‘it wasn’t for me to say he hadn’t!’





Drawn by A. W. Cooper.]

### THE AFFAIR OF THE RED PORTFEUILLE.

[See the Story.



## OPPOSITE A CABSTAND.

FOR some little time I have been confined to the house. Instead of going abroad after breakfast, I stay in the dining-room, and I generally manage to limp to the dining-room windows. Now just opposite these windows is a cabstand. I used to think that cabstand a nuisance, but the truth now dawns upon me that there is a compensation in most things. It is only some weeks ago that I was awoke from a slumber, tranquil, but perhaps too deep, through a late supper and potations, with a burning pain in the ball of my great toe, and considerable constitutional disturbance. It so happened that the worthy and rubicund vicar called on me that next morning, accompanied by his churchwarden, hardly less worthy, and a shade more rubicund, on the subject of the parish charities. When I mentioned to them my dolorous state by various gestures and lively expression they testified their sympathy and even their gratification. The reverend and the approximately - reverend gentleman explained to me that I was indubitably suffering from my first attack of gout. They had suffered from it themselves, and welcomed me warmly into their honourable fraternity. The spectacle of an additional sufferer seemed to afford them a deep-seated satisfaction. The family doctor confirmed their unwelcome augury. He knocked off hot suppers and hotter potations, and put me on a light beverage of lithia water and cognac. He also ordered me to take abundant rest, which I do on the armchair, unless I hobble to the window. I am not, I candidly confess, a man of intellectual resources. I rarely look into any books beyond my business book, and, a very little, into a betting-book. The 'Daily Telegraph' kindly manufactures all my opinions for me, and a game of cards is my best enjoyment of an evening. But the D. T. exhausts itself, and I can't very well play at cards in the daylight. So I fall back upon my resources, which

frequently resolve themselves into the cabstand.

When I go and look at them after breakfast, it appears to me that the cabman's lot in life is not an unhappy one. His work is not hard; he lives out in the open air; and though he says he has hardly enough to eat, I am quite sure that he gets a little more than is quite good for him to drink. He can go to sleep comfortably on his box, and if it rains he can get inside the carriage. Sometimes the floor of the cab is extemporized into an *alfresco* dining-table. There is a great deal of horse-play among these fellows. I observe one old man who is in the habit of going contentedly asleep on his box. It is a favourite device for some one to lift up the body of the cab from the ground, shake it, and let it dash upon the earth. One's first notion is that the somnolent driver will have his neck dislocated, or get concussion of the brain, but somehow he seems to hold on. Now this is not at all an uncommon type of cabman—a man of extreme animal nature, whose only notion of enjoyment is to drink and sleep in the sunshine. But there are some sharp fellows among them. There is one man who has often a book with him, who has a very sharp pair of spectacles, and a distinctive nose of his own, and an expression of countenance which shows him to be as acute and cynical as any of his betters. I have no doubt but that man has formed opinions of his own on most subjects of human interest, and could maintain them well in an argument. As a rule, the cabmen are content with their newspaper—many of them, indeed, cannot, or do not care to read—and very rarely you see any of them with a book. On the shady side of the street they often seem to enjoy themselves very much, engaging in chaff or talk, reading the newspaper, and every now and then disappearing into a public, to get a penny glass of the vile stuff which they know as London beer. Still business is busi-

ness, and however grateful may be the charm of leisure, the cabman has a certain sum of money to make up, and he has a quick, alert eye to detect a possible fare in the least roving glance or indecisive movement of a pedestrian.

Standing much, as podagra permits, at my window, I know some of these cabmen very well by sight. Some of them I know personally. If I want a message sent, or a cab for any inmate of the house, I merely beckon or tap the window, and there is a brisk competition. If you want to send a telegraphic message you had better use a cab, as it is much quicker and no dearer than a messenger. I always take first cab, unless the horse is bad or the cab dirty. In an astonishing number of instances the horses *are* bad and the cabs dirty. Every now and then we have paragraphs, and even leaders, in the papers, and I have even seen some prospectuses of limited companies. But the cab mind is slow to move. Only now and then do I see a really superior carriage on the stand. I prefer the carriages that don't ply on Sunday, and I do so because I prefer the man who practically says, 'I myself am something better than my trade; I don't mean to be used up as if I were an animal, but claim rest for mind and body, even though I have to make a sacrifice for it.' That is a sort of manliness to be encouraged. They change the cab horse very often, but not the cabman. Without doubt there is in the world a prevalent feeling in favour of the muscles and bones of horses which does not extend to the muscles and bones of human beings. Now among these cabmen there are some exceedingly pleasant and civil fellows, and a few who are very much the reverse. There is never any close inquiry into the character of these men, and the result undoubtedly is that they number a greater amount of blackguards than any business in London. I remember having to convey a very pretty girl, at a time when my frame was lighter and my heart more susceptible than at present, across one of the parks, and a mile or two in the suburbs. I

asked him the fare, which was a weak-minded thing, as I ought to have known it and have the money in hand. 'The *fare* is six shillings,' he answered, with intense emphasis on the word *fare*, as indicating a wide margin of personal dues and expectations. I am ashamed to say that at that verdant time I gave him the six shillings and something over for himself, whereas eighteen pence would have covered his legitimate demand. One of these fellows, in the last Exhibition year, while making an overcharge, caught a Tartar. The fare announced himself as Sir Richard Mayne, and requested to be driven to Scotland Yard. There is one fellow on this stand whom I never employ. When I took him to go to the Great Western Station he made a great overcharge, and then maintained stoutly, until he was nearly black in the face, that I had expressly stipulated with him to drive fast. Such a stipulation would have been abhorrent to all my habits, for I pride myself on always being a quarter of an hour before the time. I acquired this useful habit through a remark of the late Viscount Nelson, who said that being a quarter of an hour beforehand had given all the success which he had obtained in life. I thought this a very easy way of obtaining success in life, and have always made the rule of being a quarter of an hour beforehand, in the remote hope that somehow or other the practice would conduce towards making me a viscount. Up to the present point, however, the desired result has not accrued. With regard to this particular evilly-disposed cabman, I have a theory that he is a ticket-of-leave man. If not so already, he is sure eventually to descend into that order of society.

Cabmen bully ladies dreadfully. A large part of their undue gains is made out of timid women, especially women who have children with them. A lady I know gave a cabman his fare and an extra six-pence. 'Well, mum,' said the ungracious cabman, 'I'll take the money, but I don't thank you for it.' 'You have not got it yet,' said my

friend, alertly withdrawing the money. Impransus Jones did a neat thing the other day. He got into a cab, when after a bit he recollects that he had no money, or chance of borrowing any. He suddenly checked the driver in a great hurry, and said he had dropped a sovereign in the straw. He told the cabman that he would go to a friend's a few doors off and get a light. As he was pretending to do so, the cabman, as Jones had expected, drove rapidly off. Thus the biter is sometimes bit. According to the old Latin saying, not always is the traveller killed by the robber, but sometimes the robber is killed by the traveller. When Jones arrived at Waterloo Bridge the other day, he immediately hailed a cab, albeit in a chronic state of impecuniosity. The cabman munificently paid the toll, and then Jones drove about for many hours to try and borrow a sovereign, the major part of which, when obtained, was transferred to the cabman. There is a clergyman in London who tells a story of a cabman driving him home, and to whom he was about to pay two shillings. He took the coins out of his waistcoat pocket, and then suddenly recollecting the peculiar glitter, he called out, 'Stop, cabman! I've given you two sovereigns by mistake.' 'Then your honour's seen the last of them,' said the cabman, flogging into his horse as fast as he could. Then my friend felt again, and found that he had given to the cabman two bright new farthings, which he had that day received, and was keeping as a curiosity for his children. There is something very irresistible in a cabman's cajolery. 'What's your fare?' I asked a cabman one day. 'Anything your honour pleases,' he answered. 'You rascal. That means, I suppose, your legal fare, and anything over that you can get.' 'No, your honour, I just leave it to you.' 'Very well; then there's a sixpence for you.' 'Ah, but your honour's a gentleman,' pleaded Paddy, and carried off double his proper fare.

A certain amount of adventure and incident happens to cabmen, some glimpses of which I witness

from my window, on the stand. Occasionally a cabman is exposed to a good deal of temptation, and the cabman who hesitates is lost. For instance, if a cabman is hired in the small hours of the morning by disreputable roughs, and told to be in waiting for a time, and these men subsequently make their appearance again, with a heavy sack which obviously contains something valuable, and which might be plate, I think that cabman ought to give information in the proper quarter unless he wishes to make himself an accomplice. There is a distinct branch of the thieving business which is known as lifting portmanteaus from the roofs of cabs and carriages, sometimes certainly not without a measure of suspicion against the drivers. A cabman, however, has frequently strict ideas of professional honour, and would as soon think of betraying his hirer, who in dubious cases of course hires at a very handsome rate, as a priest of betraying the security of the confessional or the doctor of the sick chamber. Even cabmen must have severe shocks to their nerves at times. For instance, that cabman who found that he had a carriage full of murdered children; or suppose two gentlemanly-looking men have taken a cab, and the driver finds that one is gone and that the other is plundered and stupefied with chloroform. Very puzzled, too, is the cabman when he stops at an address and finds that his fare, perhaps the impecunious Jones, has bolted *in transitu*, or, if he goes into a city court, has declined to emerge by the way of his original entrance. 'A queer thing this afternoon happened to me, sir,' said a cabman. 'A gentleman told me to follow him along the High Street, Marylebone, and to stop when he stopped. Presently I heard a scream: he had seized hold of a lovely young creature, and was calling out, "So, I have found you at last, madam. Come away with me." She went down on her knees to him, and said, "Have mercy on me, Robert. I can't go home to you." "Stuff and nonsense," he says, and lifts her up

in his arms, as if she had been a baby, and bundles her into the cab. "And what d'ye want with the young woman, I makes bold to ask?" says I. "What's that to you?" he said. "I'm her husband, drive sharp!" I took 'em to a big house in a square, when he gives me half a sovereign, and slams the door in my face.' 'I suppose, cabman,' I said, 'you sometimes get queer jobs, following people, and things of that kind?' 'Sometimes, sir, and I know men who have seen much queerer things than I have ever seen, though I've seen a few. When a man's following some one, perhaps a young fellow following a pretty girl, and he doesn't like to be seen. I don't mind the lads being after the girls, that's natural enough, but there are worse things than that in the way of dodgings.' He told me several things that might have figured in a volume of detective experiences. There were some gentlemen, he said, turning to lighter matters, who could make themselves very comfortable for the night in a four-wheeler. There was a gent that was locked out of his own house in the race week, and found several hotels closed, who took his cab for a night, and made himself as comfortable as if he were in his own bed (which I rather doubted), from two in the morning till seven. He charged him two shillings an hour all the same. One night he took a gentleman and a lady to a dinner-party in Russell Square. They forgot to pay him. He waited till they came out at twelve o'clock, and charged them ten shillings. He could carry a powerful lot of luggage on his cab. Had it full inside, and so much luggage that it might have toppled over. Asked him what was the largest number of people he ever carried. He said he had carried seventeen at a go once. He was the last cab at Cremorne once, but the fellow really did it for a lark. He had five or six inside, and a lot of them on the roof, one or two on the box, and one or two on the horse. He might have lost his license, but

he made nearly thirty shillings by it. The longest journey he ever took was when he drove a gentleman down to Brighton in a hansom. He had repeatedly taken them to Epsom and also to Windsor. He did the distance to Brighton in six hours, changing the horse half-way. There was a little bit of romance belonging to the stand, I found out. Did I see the handsome girl who came every now and then to the stand, to the good-looking old fellow in the white hat. He was the proprietor of four cabs, and was always driving one. She stayed at home and took the orders. I found afterwards that she was a very good girl, with a well-known character for her quick tongue and her pretty face. I was assured by an officer that the fair cabbess was at a Masonic ball, and a certain young duke picked her out as the nicest girl in the room, and insisted on dancing with her, to the great disgust of his people who were with him. I heard another story of the cabstand which was serio-comic enough, and indicated some curious vagaries of human nature. There was one cabman who had a handsome daughter who had gone wrong, or, at all events, got the credit of it. She used continually to come down to the stand, and give her old father a job. He used to drive her about, dressed as splendidly as he was shabbily, and he would take her money as from any other fare, and expect his tip over and above.

My own notion is, that the scale of cab fares, as settled by law, is too low, and requires some advance. I say this, notwithstanding a cab proprietor has told me that he is quite satisfied with the low fares, as assuring abundant custom. The cabmen do not think that the concession that there should be no six-penny fare for a cab called off the ranks at all meets their claims. But they are by no means the best judges of what is best for them. If they were satisfied with their legal fares many people would take cabs who do not now care to be imposed on or annoyed. I generally give twopence or threepence

on the shilling additional, which I think is fairly their due, but I sometimes get mutterings for not making it more. The cab trade is more and more getting into the hands of a few large proprietors, some of whom have seventy or eighty cabs. The tendency of this must be to improve the cabs. When the cabs make their average profit of ten or twelve shillings a-day, this must be a lucrative business. The driver does well who makes a profit of thirty shillings a-week or a little over. All the responsibility is with the cab proprietor, and he generally keeps a sharp look-out after the men, and will give them uncommonly scanty credit. As a rule, though the rule is often relaxed, they must pay down a stated sum before they are allowed to take out the cab. The sum varies with the season, as also does the number of cabs. There are some hundred cabs less in November than in the height of the season. The hansom business of course forms the aristocracy of the trade. With a good horse, a clean carriage, and a sharp, civil driver, there is nothing more pleasant than bowling along on a good road with a pleasant breeze coursing around. The night-trade is the worst in horses, carriages, men, and remuneration to those con-

cerned. Some of these cab horses were once famous horses in their day, which had their pictures or photographs taken, and won cups at races. There are also decayed drivers, who harmonize sadly and truly with the decayed animals. They say there are one or two men of title in the ranks, and several who have run through good fortunes—men who have come to utter smash in the army or the universities, the number of whom is probably larger than is generally supposed, and come to cab-driving as their ultimate resource, and only more congenial than quill-driving. There is a good deal of interest felt in cabmen by many religious and philanthropic people. Their experience and strong mother wit, their habits of keen observation, and consequently of marvellous acuteness, make them great favourites with those who study the humours of the street. Archbishop Tait, when he was in London, used at times, we believe, to collect as many as he could in some stables at Islington and preach to them. It is easier, however, to get at cabby than to make a durable impression on him. It would help, however, to humanize him if some of us were more humane and considerate towards his ‘order.’



## DEAR DECEMBER !

(ILLUSTRATED.)

DEAR December ! you were with us when we missed her  
 From our merry winter circle years ago,  
 And a sudden breath of sickness came and kissed her,  
 Just a rose on either cheek, as white as snow.  
 When she stole away, so ghostlike from the playing  
 Of the children, for the truant sun had set  
 'Midst the branches, and their melancholy swaying  
 Sent a shiver round the home of Colinette !

Dear December ! did you find him broken-hearted  
 In his little lonely homestead miles away ?  
 Full of hope ? the same he whispered when they parted,  
 'Midst the honey and the hyacinths of May ?  
 Did he tell you he was longing like the swallow  
 Just to wing to mother-country once, but yet  
 Cruel Fortune led the way and bade him follow  
 Ere he crossed the cruel sea for Colinette !

Dear December ! welcomed warmly, she was weary,  
 When we toasted you with carol and with song,  
 As she wandered by the melancholy mere, he  
 Sadly wrote of separation ! Love ! how long ?  
 Promised manfully his coming in the hay-time,  
 Parting nevermore, ah ! she should never fret,  
 Still she sighed, though daily dreaming of the May time,  
 And the winter still was chilling Colinette !

' Dear December ! often cruel, we can love you ;'  
 So she whispered, smiling sweetly through her tears,  
 ' Neath the bonny boughs of mistletoe above you,  
 We can kiss away the sorrow from the years  
 We have wept, maybe, when winter waits have woke us,  
 But it's rarely on the morrow I forget  
 That the death of old December brings the crocus  
 And the lilacs and the love of Colinette !

' Dear December ! it is kindly thus to chill me,'  
 Thus she smiled, for she had scarcely strength to sing,  
 ' It is better with your kisses thus to kill me  
 Than to die in sweet embraces of the Spring.  
 It is happier in shadows to be sleeping,  
 When the garden path is very wild and wet—  
 It is best the snowdrop withered in my keeping,  
 And to let the lily long for Colinette !'

Dear December ! proud and loverlike, he quickened  
 For the heart that he had waited for and won,  
 Early hope and early laughter, for he sickened  
 With the sorrow of that setting of the sun.  
 So December is still dear from recollection,  
 And the rain is but a symbol of regret,  
 But the snowdrops mark for ever the affection  
 Which is breath'd above the grave of Colinette !

CLEMENT W. SCOTT.



Drawn by B. Ridley.]

## DEAR DECEMBER.

[See the Verses.



## THE ROMANCE OF MEDICINE.\*

WHEN the early frosts of morning and evening set in, when the lamplighter begins his cheerful round of illumination at an earlier date, when the poulters' shops are ablaze with the plumage of game, when all the premonitory signs of the winter season are upon us, then, on the 1st of October, comes a most eventful day to many young hopeful lives. This day it is that the hospital terms begin, and various lecturers come out with their orations, a few of them eloquent, all of them learned, some perhaps too learned for their auditory, and all of them glowingly dilating on the dignity and beneficence of the medical profession, and teeming with exhortations to industry and virtue. The careless, happy boys, who have trooped up from various parts of the country, many of them, as stated on a parliamentary inquiry, grossly ignorant, hear it all, and the words often deepen serious and manly purposes that have been formed. Some have dreams of fame and wealth; some of them are animated with a genuine love of science; some of them think that they may be able to act hereafter almost like a beneficent Providence in the alleviation of suffering and pain. Of course, too, there is the commonplace mob of students, to whom the profession is simply a means of livelihood to be obtained with the minimum expenditure of hard work. Pretty uniformly the session begins well. The students are punctual and attentive. They read up their books. They are busy with their notes. Their evenings are devoted to methodizing and building up the acquirements of the day. After a time there is a lull in their intellectual activity. This, I believe, is the pretty uniform experience of the hospitals. These young men, for the most part in solitary lodgings, after the first flush of energy and enthusiasm has passed by, begin to feel a desire of change, and amusement and companionship. Then

the fast epoch of medical student life sets in, which blunts so many fine intellects and spoils many a promising career. And certainly to many perils are these youths exposed who come up fresh and inexperienced from the country to the dissipations of town. It is impossible not to feel much sympathy for them and to make much allowance; and let me vehemently exhort any friendly reader who knows a Bohemian medical student to make a point of inviting him often to dinner, and letting him have a share in wholesome family influences. This is the best human preservative for young men, and all the kindness that society bestows in this way, will in the long run be returned abundantly to society. It may be here noticed, as an invariable rule, that those who take kindly to their anatomy will do well, while the idle student will neglect or slur over his anatomy. By-and-by we hear of sundry incidents. Such a one has fainted away in the dissecting-room. Such a one is afraid that he has poisoned himself with morbid matter. Such a one has become a dresser or clinical clerk. Such a one has gone altogether to the dogs. Such a one seems already marked out by general opinion for future eminence. At last comes the examination, especially that tremendous *vivā voce* examination, when he has to face some of the big wigs of the profession, whose greatness and glory have for years dazzled his eyes. Some are plucked—it is to be feared that many of the best men, through nervousness, get plucked—but the mass pass; yet let me, as an outsider, express my belief that many of those who pass well deserve to be plucked. It is on this point that I deeply feel the uncertainty and rottenness of the medical profession. What can we say of those young men who, without having mastered their profession, by a system of examination-cram manage to make a show of the necessary knowledge, which they as speedily forget, and then go

\* A sequel to paper in September Number, 1867.

forth into the world with a license to kill, slay, and destroy. I have heard a saying attributed to the late Sir Astley Cooper, the candid confession that his mistakes would fill a churchyard. I should think that the annual carnage, committed by young practitioners in the course of their experimenting on our vile bodies, must equal a periodical battle of Waterloo. I had a long, confidential talk with a youngish medical practitioner the other day, and I put the question broadly to him, 'What would he do if he came across a medical case which he was not satisfied that he could treat properly, and where the calling in of other help would be a confession of incompetency?' He said very frankly, that, under such circumstances, he should prefer to let the patient die. His professional existence would be at stake, and it would be better that the man's life should go. This sounds horrible enough, but it was all said in most perfect faith.

And now that the medical degree is obtained, the question arises, what is to be done with it. The best start is made when a man has a few good friends and a large family connection. Some men strike out boldly for a West-end practice. But in this case a man's antecedents must have lain in the best society, and he must have excellent connections. It will, moreover, be necessary he should be spending a very considerable outlay for years before he can expect to get a correspondingly large income back again. If he is a poor man he begins in a much humbler way. Perhaps he prescribes for the poor gratis. 'I crept over the backs of the poor into the pockets of the rich,' is the confession of one worthy doctor. Perhaps he becomes a duly qualified assistant somewhere, doing the night work, and the rough work, and the dispensing work. Perhaps, again, he opens an apothecary's shop, and unites the business of a chemist with that of a surgeon or general practitioner. As he gets on, the professional element predominates, and finally he 'sinks the shop,' and becomes the highly-respected medical man of a limited

neighbourhood. It is a somewhat humiliating fact, that, in the east of London, there may be quite as able and gifted men as those who are practising in the west end and attaining to fame and fortune. While all London is running after some celebrated physician, there may be, in some obscure provincial town, or on the outskirts of London, an unknown practitioner who has obtained a rare insight into and mastery over disease. So true is Henry Taylor's now proverbial line, 'The world knows nothing of its greatest men.' Some men make themselves known through the avenue of medical literature, writing and lecturing. This course is commonly watched very critically and cynically by the profession, and is hardly very helpful to the writer, as medical books are chiefly read by medical men, and it is extraordinary how little popular interest is attached to them by general readers. Still this method of gaining publicity must be thought a good one, considering the great space in the 'Times' occupied by advertisements of medical literature. In these works there is a real difference between books written to obtain practice and books that are written out of the fulness of knowledge which long practice confers. The 'Lancet' has asserted that Elliotson, in consequence of the cases he sent them, in one year leaped from five hundred to five thousand a-year. Professor Owen was brought into reputation by his first surgical paper respecting a particular aneurism. It is quite possible that a man, if resting on real ability, and backed by a little luck, may keep his name fully before the public, and work himself into eminence. This is the kind of man, who, if he goes to the seaside, forthwith brings out a work on the climate of the locality, which draws visitors to the watering-place and brings many to himself. As a rule, I believe we may accept the fact, that in the long run, merit works its way, and a man who can produce good work receives good hire. The consulting physician is perhaps the man who has the worst chance, particularly if he is one who relies

on his love of knowledge and disdains all popular arts of acquiring notoriety. One reason is that people have the erroneous impression that he is a much more costly person to deal with than the general practitioners. This, however is, to a very great degree, a mistake. You pay your physician a guinea, or it may even be a half guinea, and there is [pretty well] an end of the matter. But your general practitioner runs you up bills, and these bills may become as torturous as any blister or bolus. He may give a general overhaul of the whole family, mentally taxing you at five shillings a-head, which mounts up, and sends out drugs, the selling price of which is, for the most part, all profit.

Inasmuch as these things really are, it cannot be amiss to set them down, though in some respects their recapitulation may be as unpleasing to others as to ourselves. But there is also a vast debt of gratitude due to medical men by society at large, of which no sensible or grateful man will ever be unmindful. We sometimes speak as if the hardworking clergyman was the most meritorious man of the day, visiting the lowliest abodes and combating sin and ignorance in a thousand forms. This may be so, and we should be the last to contest his just claim to the title of beneficence. But we are also sure that the medical man is much more frequent and constant in his ministrations. Most rarely has it happened, within our experience with medical practitioners, that familiarity with suffering has in any degree dulled the edge of sympathy. Considering the illiberal remuneration which a niggard nation gives for their services to the poor, it is wonderful how ample and unremitting is the attention they bestow, showing how they recognize above meaner considerations the paramount claims of duty, benevolence, and their own healing science. How often have the kindly smile, the firm cheery voice, the sympathy and hopefulness of the physician, charmed as an elixir; and often as they pursue their offices

of goodwill and service to men they themselves are suffering from deep anxieties, and perhaps discern symptoms of danger to themselves, which their own knowledge makes them quick to suspect and even exaggerate. I heard the other day an affecting instance of a doctor, whose life would have been saved if he could get one day's perfect rest. He was a man of great eminence, and the demands on his time were proportionally large. He had symptoms of fever then, and if he could have laid aside for a single day at the outset, it would have saved him. But he could not rest until he was compelled, and then the rest came too late.

And now as our friends enter their profession, let us take a popular view of the aspect which it will bear to them, and it would be very advantageous to us of the public, if we could clearly present this aspect to ourselves. In the first place, far more than with methods of cures, which for many make the sum total of the medical profession, that profession is properly concerned with methods of prevention. The essence of disease is really a disturbance of the laws of health. It is a most limited view of medical science that regards it, as is generally done, as a system of counteractive specifics for the control and eradication of disease. If the average of human life is to be lengthened this must be effected by methods of prevention. In this field the most outer layman can co-operate with the physician. It is wonderful, however, how far removed are the public, even at the present day, from attaining to the most elementary notions on the subject of medicine. In spite of the immense efforts which have been made to popularize rudimentary physiological knowledge, medicine is still considered as a sort of black art, and the medical man is regarded as a domestic pope, whose decrees are to be received with the blind submission of unreasoning faith. And even when men have the sense to know better, they will often refuse to act upon the knowledge. Take, for instance, that painful

disease of gout, which, Sir Thomas Watson says, some people are anxious to have because they think it fashionable! Perhaps they repent when it really comes to them. A Frenchman has thus described it: 'Place your joint in a vice, and screw the vice up until you can endure it no longer. That may represent rheumatism. Then give the instrument another twist, and you will obtain a notion of the gout.' It is said of this disease, that when a man is predisposed to it, it can be brought on by the bite of a flea. And yet gouty people will actually ask doctors to give them plenty of colchicum and cure them of the gout by a particular day, because they want to go out to a good dinner party! Disease is often a battle where everything depends on good generalship on the part of the patient, and where a knowledge of the laws of health, of the necessary condition of atmosphere, temperament, nutrition, is what every one, especially those who are delicate, ought to gain; but, unfortunately, there is never likely to be a time when a most important department of a physician's practice will not lie in the inculcation of simple sanitary truth for a careless and ignorant public.

The inference to be derived from this reasoning, concerning prophylactic uses, as pointed out by Professor Goodsir,\* is not, as many may suppose, derogatory to the usefulness of medical science, but lies quite another way. 'The more clearly and comprehensively we grasp the conception of disease as being merely a physiological state, so much the more firm and uniform will be our confidence in the efficacy of physiological means for restoring health, and our conviction that these means alone constitute the conditions of relief and recovery from disease.' Because, as he argues, when you give powerful medicine, quinine, strychnine, chloroform, and so on, you are really bringing about powerful physiological results. There are innumerable matters of

practical detail, where a wise and prompt decision is necessary, for which we look to the opinion of a medical man. For instance, a man is taken ill and falls down in the street. It just makes the difference of life or death to him whether he is carried to a hospital on a stretcher or in a cab. The late Sir Emerson Tennent's idea, on which he seems to have acted, was not a bad one: that if you are taken suddenly ill, you had better knock at a door where you see a card and ask for apartments. In multitudes of cases there are an immense number of apparently trivial directions which really make the condition of recovery, and without which the chance of recovery goes by. In this way all the commonplace aphorisms concerning health, and the improvement in this respect which we may expect from the common sense of mankind, will never supersede the need of medical assistance.

The action of foreign substances on healthy and morbid states constitutes therapeutics: the final cause of medicine considered as an art. This is a subject which at the present time is exciting intense attention. Progress in this direction has hitherto been limited, but there is really no limit, and it forms the most glorious chapter in medical history. It would perhaps not be too much to say, that as much progress has been made in this department during the present century as in all the previous eighteen Christian centuries, and as much during the last dozen years as in all the rest of this our century, which has now attained its grand climacteric and is going down hill. We cannot but believe that there are wondrous means of cure provided for all the diseases to which men are subject, but these can be discovered, not by any impulsive plans or empirical treatment, but by the accumulative growths of experiment, knowledge, and philosophy. On this subject; listen to the brilliant burst of prophecy in which, on last 'capping day,' Sir J. Y. Simpson indulged—one who has gone far to accomplish such glowing predictions—but where we feel some difficulty in

\* 'Anatomical Memoirs of Professor Goodsir,' vol. i., p. 346. A work of matchless value and importance.

distinguishing the learned professor's 'earnest' from his 'jest':—'It may be, also, that the day will yet come when our patients will be asked to breathe or inspire most of their drugs, instead of swallowing them; or, at least when they will be changed into pleasant beverages instead of disgusting draughts and powders, boluses and pills. But that day of revolution will not, probably, be fully realised till those distant days when physicians—a century or two hence—shall be familiar with the chemistry of most diseases; when they shall know the exact organic poisons that produce them, with all their exact antidotes and eliminatories; when they shall look upon the cure of some maladies as simply a series of chemical problems and formulæ; when they shall melt down all calculi, necrosed bones, &c., chemically, and not remove them by surgical operations; when the bleeding in amputations and other wounds shall be stemmed, not by septic ligatures or stupid needles, but by the simple application of haemostatic gases or washes; when the few wounds then required in surgery shall be simply and immediately healed by the first intention; when medical men shall be able to stay the ravages of tubercle—blot out fevers and inflammations—avert and melt down morbid growths—cure cancer—destroy all morbid organic germs and ferments—annul the deadly influences of malaria and contagions, and by these and various other means lengthen out the average duration of human life; when our hygienic condition and laws shall have been changed by state legislation, so as to forbid all communicable diseases from being communicated, and remove all causes of sickness that are removable; when the rapidly-increasing length of human life shall begin to fulfil that ancient prophecy, "The child shall die a hundred years old:" when there shall have been achieved, too, advances in other walks of life far beyond our present state of progress; when houses shall be built, and many other kinds of work performed by machinery, and not by human hands alone; when the crops

in these islands shall be increased five or tenfold, and abundance of human food be provided for our increased population, by our fields being irrigated by that waste organic refuse of our towns, which we now recklessly run off into our rivers and seas; when man shall have invented means for calling down rain at will; when he shall have gained cheaper and better motive power than steam; when he shall travel from continent to continent by subterranean railways or by ballooning in the air.'

It will be interesting to compare with this language that of Mr. Lecky in his recent 'History of European Morals.' 'Of all the great branches of human knowledge medicine is that in which the accomplished results are most obviously imperfect and provisional, in which the field of unrealized possibilities is most extensive, and from which, if the human mind were directed to it, as it has been during the past century to industrial inventions, the most splendid results might be expected. Our almost absolute ignorance of the causes of some of the most fatal diseases, and the empirical nature of nearly all our best medical treatment, have been often recognized. The medicine of inhalation is still in its infancy, and yet it is by inhalation that Nature produces most of her diseases, and effects most of her cures. The medicinal powers of electricity, which, of all known agencies, bears most resemblance to life, are almost unexplored. The discovery of anaesthetics has, in our own day, opened out a field of inestimable importance, and the proved possibility, under certain physical conditions, of governing by external suggestions the whole current of the feelings and emotions, may possibly contribute yet further to the alleviation of sufferings, and perhaps to that Euthanasia which Bacon proposed to physicians as the end of their art. But in the eyes both of the philanthropist and of the philosopher the greatest of all results to be expected in this, or perhaps any other field, are, I conceive, to be looked for in the study of the relations between our physical and our

moral natures. He who raises moral pathology to a science, expounding, systematizing, and applying many fragmentary observations that have been already made, will probably take a place among the master intellects of mankind.\*

An address in medicine, delivered last summer in Oxford, by Dr. Gull—than whom at the present time there is no consulting physician in London more popular or more esteemed by his brethren—claims a distinct scientific department for that medical art which is alone learned at the bedside of the sick. A man may have all the scientific knowledge in the world, and yet, from unacquaintance with clinical work, might be totally ignorant of the fundamental department of clinical science. Dr. Gull truly says that the study of disease has to be guarded against assaults on the side of science, and that we 'need to watch lest we betray it by accepting a too chemical or physical limit to our thoughts. . . . A discovery in physics has made us for the moment no more than galvanic batteries, or a discovery in chemistry mere oxidising machines.' When a doctor goes to the bedside of a patient, he has, at least for a time, to leave behind him the large problems of chemistry and physiology, and concentrate his attention on the individual before him, and trace the presence, the causes, and the relations of disease. Dr. Gull argues that the clinical department includes points so various, special, and practical, as to justify the separate and devoted study of it in the light of histology and comparative anatomy and pathology. He has many interesting remarks in his paper. Thus he comments on the rarity of acute disease, except perhaps pneumonia, in contrast with their supposed frequency in former times. Sometimes it is said that the type of disease is changed, but probably the change rather resides in medical notions, and the doctrine of chronicity in all diseased conditions.

Dr. Gull's interesting address forms one of a series of addresses in medicine delivered at the Oxford

\* Vol. i. pp. 166, 167.

meeting of the British Medical Association, and which are now collected into a handsome volume.\* They will thus deservedly receive a circulation beyond that of the scientific journals in which they appeared. The opening address by Dr. Acland possesses great literary merit. If Sir Thomas Watson is the Cicero of English medicine, as Dr. Acland aptly termed him when making his Harveian oration, Dr. Acland himself may be regarded as a medical Petronius Arbiter. In his paper he admirably sums up many of the recent triumphs of medicine, the application of optical instruments to organs hitherto inscrutable, the apparatus that registers the wave phenomena of the pulse and heart, and 'the very romance of zoological evolution' revealed by the test tube and the microscope, and the wonderful synthetical character of chemistry which had hitherto been exclusively analytic. 'In the present state of knowledge we are always on the verge of the most amazing results, and we do not know when or where the outcome may be. As in a siege, we advance in a series of zigzags and parallels, and these must be begun at a great distance from the fortress.' The papers of Professors Rolleston and Haughton, which make up a large bulk of the book, are by physiologists who stand outside practice and are discoursing on the 'higher science.' Such papers will impress on the profession and on the public the necessity of deep thought and abstract research in connection with the commonest incidents of illness. Professor Rolleston eloquently says that labour which may seem 'curious and dilettanti, otiose or even disgusting, may turn out ultimately to be essential elements in problems the solution of which promotes directly and greatly the interests of man and the glory of Him to whom nothing is common or unclean.' No paper could be more successful or more meritorious than that of the Rev.

\* 'Medicine in Modern Times. Discourses delivered by Dr. Stokes, Dr. Acland, Professor Rolleston, Rev. Professor Haughton, and Dr. Gull, etc.' Macmillan.

Professor Haughton 'On the Relations of Food to Work, and its Bearing on Medical Practice in Modern Time.' The highly scientific character of this paper was relieved by a good deal of humour and some happy illustrations. He has the following remark on the doctrine that the blood is the seat of all the chemical changes that develop force in the body: 'Thus the human mind revolves in cycles, and the physicians of the nineteenth century are preparing to sit at the feet of Moses and learn that the blood of an animal really constitutes its life; while South African theologians are disposed to reject his authority because he happened to confound a rodent with a ruminant.' Mr. Haughton has some striking illustrations of illness derived from his explanation of the equivalent amount of work due to animal heat in the body. He takes the terrible instance of typhus fever, that disease of which the cause is unknown, and you can only combat symptoms. 'If you could place your fever patient at the bottom of a mine, twice the depth of the deepest mine in the Duchy of Cornwall, and compel the wretched sufferer to climb its ladders [those fearful ladders which eventually kill off the miner with heart disease] into open air, you would subject him to less torture, from muscular exertion, than that which he undergoes at the hand of nature, as he lies before you, helpless, tossing, and delirious, on his fever couch.' 'The diabetic patient resembles a racing steamboat on the Mississippi whose supply of coals is exhausted, and whose cargo furnishes nothing better than lean pork hams to throw into the furnace to maintain the race. It cannot be wondered at that our poor patient, under such disadvantageous conditions, fails to keep in the front.' There is a ghastly footnote. 'It is startling on making a post-mortem examination of a cholera patient alone, to witness, on the first free incision of the scalpel, the hand of the corpse raised slowly from its side and placed quietly across its breast.' Again, he has some quaint remarks on the supposed uniform

benevolence of all the operations of nature. It is to be recollected that if Nature has her prodigality she has also her law of parsimony—prodigality in her adaptations, parsimony in her structures. Mr. Haughton remarks: 'Before trusting Nature in this matter of cholera and proceeding to help her, it would be well to inquire whether she intends to cure the patient or to put him into his coffin. For myself, I greatly mistrust her, and would wish to ask, previous to assisting her, whether she is really my mother or only my stepmother.' To those who appreciate the intense human and scientific interest that belongs to medicine we cordially recommend this remarkable volume of Oxford addresses.

In all medical publications a considerable portion is devoted to cases. We shall think it right to follow precedent. Our 'cases' are not designed to prove any doctrine, which a single well-observed, well-authenticated case might do, but will take the form of anecdotes, which, if they do not instruct the benevolent reader, may serve the minor purpose of amusing or interesting him. We turn to medical biography. In the course of his long professional career Sir Astley Cooper was at least twice instrumental in discovering murder. The first was a curious case enough. A Mr. Blight, a shipbroker of Deptford, was sitting in his parlour when the door suddenly opened and he saw an arm extended towards him. The hand held a pistol, which was fired at him and he fell wounded, and the wound subsequently proved fatal. The only light he could throw on the matter was that his partner, Mr. Patch, while sitting in the same room a few days before, had heard a gun fired outside, and the ball had entered the shutter. Cooper seated himself in the place where Blight had received the wound, and satisfied himself that to have fired and also to have concealed his body the murderer must have been a left-handed person. He now noticed that Patch, the partner, was a left-handed person, and he became convinced that he was the

murderer. Patch was at liberty after the poor man's death, without any suspicion attaching to him, but on the inquest many damaging facts came out, and he was convicted and executed on the strongest circumstantial evidence. On the second occasion a rich merchant, who was Cooper's own intimate friend, was assassinated. A servant brought the news to Sir Astley in a strange, confused way, and Sir Astley immediately was convinced that this servant was the murderer. The man afterwards cut his throat, but being cured he was fully convicted, and suffered on Pennington Heath, near the scene of the murder. There was a remarkable statement in the man's confession. He said that as he was going up stairs, poker in hand, towards his master's bedroom, he said to himself, 'Nicholson, what are you going to do?' and heard an answer made to him by a voice at his side, 'To murder your master and mistress.' In both these instances Sir Astley said that he could not explain the peculiarity of manner in the criminals which made him form such a rapid and decided opinion of their guilt.

In the life of Cooper we find the best accounts with which we are acquainted of the formidable resurrection men. Many tales of mystery and horror are told of these men, but it is hardly possible that the fictions ever came up to the facts. At the commencement of the session there was no proper provision for procuring anatomical subjects, and if magistrates and the law officers had not winked at violations of the law, the English school of medicine would have sunk below the level of any medical school on the Continent. When Sir Astley Cooper was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, he astonished the legislators by saying, 'There is no person, let his situation in life be what it may, whom if I were disposed to dissect I could not obtain.' This, perhaps quite as much as the murders of Burke and Hare in Edinburgh, induced the government to bring forward what was popularly called the 'Natomy Bill.' Most of the resurrectionists came to bad

ends for other violations of the law. The popular indignation against these men was very great, and several of them were beaten to death. One of them is known to have accumulated six thousand pounds out of his horrible earnings. One of the least horrible of these narratives may be mentioned. A 'subject' was brought to a medical man, as usual, tied up in a sack. The doctor paid some money on account for it, and being in a hurry kicked the parcel in the direction of his dissecting-room. Going up stairs to bed he heard groans in that direction, and going to see, he found a man standing upright with a sack by his side. The fellow, in a suppliant tone, said that a trick had been played on him when he was drunk. The doctor bestowed a further kicking, which sent the 'subject' through the door into the street. On turning the matter over in his mind he was convinced that the resurrectionist was an assumed character, and that a burglary had been intended.

There is a capital story told in the 'Life of Sir Astley Cooper' of Dr. Fordyce. Fordyce was a man of some mark, but every evening after the day's work was done he used to take a good many glasses of wine, and was not only *ebriolus* but *ebrius*, and not only *ebrios* but *ebriosus* (a little drunk, drunker, a drunkard). One night when he was in this customary state he was sent for suddenly to attend a lady of title who was very ill. Dr. Fordyce arrived, sat down, listened to her story, and felt her pulse. The poor doctor found out that he was by no means up to the mark even for feeling a pulse. His brain whirled, he lost his wits, and in a moment of forgetfulness he exclaimed 'Drunk, by Jove!' He managed, however, to write out a mild prescription such as he generally wrote on such occasions. The next morning, the very first thing, he received an imperative message from his noble patient requesting his immediate attendance. Dr. Fordyce felt very unhappy. His patient evidently intended to upbraid him either with an improper prescription or with

his beastly condition. The lady thanked him for his polite compliance with pressing summons, and then proceeded to do a little penitence. She acknowledged his discernment in detecting her unhappy condition the night before, and owned that she was at times addicted to this unfortunate error of drunkenness. She had sent for him at once in order that she might obtain from him a promise that he would keep inviolably secret the sad condition in which he had found her. Old Fordyce listened to her with a countenance as grave as a judge, and said, 'You may depend upon me, madam. I shall be as silent as the grave.'

We must, however, assume a graver air and turn to more professional matters. Some amusing cases might be related of the wonderful manner in which illness is cured by violent emotion, especially gout. Thus the poet Southey tells the case of a Mr. Bradford. 'No persuasions could have induced him to put his feet to the ground or to believe it possible that he could walk. He was sitting with his legs up, in the full costume of that respectable and orthodox disease, when the ceiling, being somewhat old, part of it gave way, and down came a fine nest of rats, old and young together, plump upon him. He had what is called an antipathy to these creatures, and forgetting the gout in the horror which their visitation excited, sprang from his easy chair and fairly ran down stairs.' Cases have been known where persons have been able to jump to the top of a table but have not been able to get off again. Mental shocks, however, are not a kind of galvanism to be much prescribed. If they now and then take away an illness, in many more cases they cause one. Here is a curious case. 'Dr. Latham has told the following circumstance respecting a patient whom he treated for hydrophobia in the Middlesex Hospital. He went one day to the ward, fully expecting to hear that the patient was dead; but he found him sitting up in his bed, quite calm and free from spasms, and he had just drunk a large jug of porter. "Lawk, sir,"

said a nurse that stood by, "what a wonderful cure!" The man himself seemed surprised at the change; but *he had no pulse*, his surface was cold as marble. In half an hour he sank back and expired.\* The operation of cutting a man's throat is by no means so dangerous as might be supposed. In some classes of cases it is almost the only resource, and when taken in time is generally successful. The suffocating man freely breathes through an artificial opening; the blood changes from purple to scarlet; in time the wound heals up and the man is as good a man as ever. Dr. Farre relates the case of a lady treated with mercury. 'Her complexion was compounded of the rose and the violet. Under a course of mercury she was blanched in six weeks as white as a lily.'

Then, again, how humiliating is such a case as Sir Astley Cooper relates of the illness of the Earl of Liverpool. The Prime Minister was struck down by apoplexy while reading a letter from Canning. When he slightly recovered, the Premier exercised his speech by trying to repeat the lines—

'At Dover dwells John Brown, Esquire,  
Good Christian French and David Fryer.'

But, alas! he could only do so very imperfectly, and became the subject of epilepsy, of which he died. There are few cases, in a literary and medical point of view, more interesting than the death of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Most readers are familiar with it from the account in the famous biography by Dean Stanley. It is probable that this mysterious disease was *angina pectoris*. It is commented on by Sir Thomas Watson. A very full account is given by Dr. Latham, from Arnold's medical attendant. It has become, in fact, a stock instance in medical literature, and has as strong a moral as a medical interest.

To continue our 'cases.' Then there are some very curious cases of extraordinary acts of swallowing. There was an unfortunate man lately, at Swindon railway station,

\* 'Sir Thomas Watson's Lectures.'  
Lect. XXXIV.

who, in drinking off a glass of beer, swallowed a nail, and perished miserably. I fancy somebody ought to have been hung for gross carelessness in that business. Yet it was possible that the matter might have ended better. There is a perfectly authenticated case of a sailor who, in drunken bravado, swallowed a clasp-knife. Through bets or profers he repeated the trick, and swallowed a dozen at different times. After the thirteenth—an unlucky number—he died. In catching money in the mouth, the coin has sometimes gone down the throat, causing much grief. The well-known case of Brunel will be recollected. That prince of engineers, in showing his children some trick of legerdemain, got a half-sovereign in his throat. The throat was opened, but it could not be found. In a fit of violent coughing it dropped out of his throat, ‘just as,’ says Sir Thomas Watson, ‘a coin may sometimes, by good luck, be shaken out of a box through a slit in the lid.’ Another case is given of a shilling getting into the windpipe. Dr. Halford ‘directed the porter of the hospital to turn him upside-down in a corner of the surgery, when, after several expectoratory efforts, the shilling rolled out of his mouth.’ A well-remembered case, given on the somewhat dubious authority of Mr. Samuel Weller, respecting swallowing, which Mr. Charles Dickens reads with peculiar gusto, might almost be cited as a case in the medical books.

Here is a scrap of intelligence which may give much comfort to smokers. Sir Thomas Watson quotes, with approval, ‘an old and intelligent asthmatic,’ who writes: ‘Smoking, I am able to say, after fifteen years’ practice, and suffering as much as mortal can suffer and not die, is the best remedy for asthma, if it can be relieved by expectoration. I have been in the hands of all the doctors of the place for the last fifteen years; and still I say, smoke.’ Some additional prescriptions may be cited. Here is one of the pithy kind: a doctor being asked what was good for acute rheumatism, answered, ‘Six weeks.’

To put his meaning into a vernacular shape, he meant, ‘grin and bear it;’ an analogous prescription to ‘patience and water gruel.’ Dr. Marshall Hall prescribed to a fat old lady, that she should walk to the Serpentine every morning and dip her finger in it. ‘Happiness is the best tonic,’ is one of his sayings. Comparatively few persons know that the white of egg may prove a very salutary, or that strychnia may be a very safe medicine. It is the great medicine for the nervous system. ‘Its least action,’ says Dr. Marshall Hall, ‘is that of an invaluable spinal tonic. Its mean action is that of an invaluable spinal stimulus, terrific in its effects. Its most violent action is that of the thunderbolt.’ Foreign travel was Marshall Hall’s very favourite prescription. He was a wonderful old man, learning Greek when he was nearly fifty, and crossing the Atlantic, for the first time, when he was over sixty. His own throat-affection was a very singular one. Here is a quaint anecdote from the interesting biography of Marshall Hall, by his widow. ‘Dr. Wilkins lent Dr. Hall a well-known book, “*Body and Soul*.” The book being retained, he sent a note: “Dear Dr. Hall,—Do send back my body and soul: I cannot exist any longer without them.” The servant who received the note was able, by pressing the sides, to read it. He was quite horror-stricken, and rushed into the kitchen, saying, “Cook, I can’t live any longer with the Doctor!” “Why, what’s the matter?” “Matter enough,” replied the man; “our master has got Dr. Wilkins’s *body and soul*, and I have too much regard for my character to stay where there are such goings on!”’ But as we were speaking of prescriptions, we may say that Dr. Skey’s prescriptions are of the most cheerful kind with which we are acquainted.\* We only trust that they will not become too extensively popular. He is strongly in favour of stimulants, and rejoices that he has more than quadrupled the con-

\* ‘*Hysteria. Treatment of Diseases by Tonic Agency.*’ By F. C. Skey, F.R.S. 1867.

sumption of wine in his own hospital. He argues that you cannot cure disease with a feeble pulse. Mend the pulse, and Nature will do the rest. Give brandy to a man with a quick, weak pulse, and you do not raise but lower the pulse. He lays down two propositions; (1) that stimulants alone can restore the vital powers under great and sudden prostration; (2) and that then the capacity for stimulants is enormous, and they may be administered in safety almost to any extent.

On every side in medicine we are surrounded with mysteries. We discover isolated facts, which, as it were, furnish us with guesses and glimpses, but beyond these, in the slow state of science, we are unable to advance. For instance, it is a curious fact that, just before and during the prevalence of Asiatic cholera, there was a slight but ponderable increase in the weight of the atmosphere. Now this looked as if some heavy gas had been added to the atmosphere. It does not appear, however, that much stress has been laid upon this. The most remarkable fact recently discovered in case of cholera is that by an eminent German, Von Pettenkofer, who seems to have established that a porous subsoil and retreating groundwater are 'factors in the complex constituting an area or arena for cholera.' On a still firmer basis rest the recent discoveries of the relations of soil to consumption. There is another very wonderful theory in connection with cholera and various other diseases. This is connected with the hypothesis, to which Linnaeus gave his sanction, that insect life is the cause of disease. An astonishing field of speculation is here opened up to us. The general course of the reasoning may be easily presented.\* We all swallow every day a considerable amount of insect life. It is also certain that a vast amount of animal life exists in the atmosphere, that cannot be detected by the microscope. To suppose otherwise, would be to imply a sudden breach of continuity, such as

we nowhere find in the animal being. It is only of late that we have come to understand the infusoria. It is probable, indeed all but certain, that the air is full of clouds and tracts of insect life, impalpable, inaudible, invisible to our grosser senses. This might go far to explain the marvels of spontaneous or equivocal generation. It is conjectured that these animalecules may act as poisons or causes of disease on substances exposed to them. It is a wonderful and not over-pleasant idea, that we are called upon to combat hordes of minute, invisible little beasts. Entozoa are constantly observed in the blood, and it has been even conjectured that tubercular formations are due to them. It is argued that the material of all contagious disease is supplied by matter possessing all the conditions of parasitic life. There are some plausible reasons which might make us attribute cholera to animalecule life. It seems owing to a material, wandering poison, with the faculty of reproduction. On the hypothesis of an animal species, we should have an explanation that, in many curious minute particulars, corresponds both to what we know of insect life and of the phenomena of the disease. It seems to be a well-attested circumstance that cholera sometimes spreads in the face of a prevailing wind. It is an interesting fact that the presence of cholera seems to have a deterring effect upon birds. 'In many respects the erratic and ambiguous course of cholera is well represented by the flight, settlement, and propagation of the insect swarms which inflict blight upon vegetable life.' The proof is altogether incomplete, but it stands scrutiny singularly well.

Again, the following illustration strongly shows the darkness in which we live. The most severe symptoms may denote nothing serious (except that excessive pain is in itself a serious thing), and, on the other hand, the lightest symptoms may point to most serious disease.\* For instance, irregularity of the pulse may mean

\* 'Of all symptoms pain is the most inconstant and uncertain, whatever be the disease.'—Latham, 'On the Heart.'

\* See Sir Henry Hallam's 'Medical Notes and Reflections.'

everything or it may mean nothing. Moreover, a man may have most serious disease without a single symptom to betray its existence. In what is called 'latent inflammation of the lungs,' without pain, without cough, without difficulty of breathing, without abnormal expectoration, the disease passed through its full course to the ultimate surprise and horror of the physicians. A headache may be a mere trifle, or it may be accompanied with some symptoms that may indicate deadly disease. Unusual cheerfulness, great exhilaration of spirits may be an unfavourable symptom, precursors of an attack of epilepsy. It is quite possible to have a 'sudden seizure' without the patient or his friends being at all aware of it. The late famous preacher, Christopher Benson, became deaf in a single moment. Again, some men are always making astounding physiological discoveries, especially such a man as M. Claude Bernard, who announces that in all healthy persons an active manufacture of sugar is always going on. Every now and then some medical subject turns up in which the general public becomes largely interested. At present the surgical mind is greatly moved on the question whether those unfortunate gentlemen, the Siamese twins, could endure with safety a separation of the ligature that connects them. Mr. Bence Jones has lately written a letter to the 'Times,' on a subject which of late years has emerged into a very high degree of importance. It is now quite possible for boys that are mere children, by getting through competitive examinations on the foundation of public schools, to save their parents many hundred pounds. This unwise system leads to an enormous accession of youthful misery. We regret that Dr. Bence Jones's letter did not elicit a public discussion that might be fertile in results and stop an injurious system. At the present time the use of carbolic acid is becoming a fashionable remedy. Another instance of the fashion in remedies occurs. Eight or ten years ago there was a great deal written and said in Dublin on the efficacy of

larch bark in chronic bronchitis. Like other members of the same class — the Terebinthinates — it doubtless possessed useful astringent property. But somehow it dropped out of practice. It is not to be found in the last edition of the 'Pharmacopeia.' We now perceive that Dr. Greenhow, in his new and most useful work, strongly approves of it.\* Dr. Greenhow's remarks on mechanical irritation as a cause of chronic bronchitis show how much, beyond instances of deleterious trades, we suffer from dust, bad air, and gas. Here is a homely prescription which, in our own experience, we know worked wonders in a bad case of bronchitis: the simple device of keeping a kettle of boiling water on the fire, with a spout long enough to throw a constant jet of steam into the room, will suffice to moisten the air. His remarks on the tonic treatment of the disease are very good, and his advice to keep in the fresh air as much as possible, almost comprises, for a bronchial patient, the whole duty of man.

But of all forms of disease, mental disease is the most terrible and also the most fascinating for the student in medicine or psychology. It is commonly stated, but to us the point seems doubtful, that insanity is rapidly increasing in the country. This department of medical literature is now peculiarly rich, but we are not acquainted with any work of deeper interest than the now classical work of Dr. Forbes Winslow. The recent fourth edition, so much enlarged as in some respects to be almost a new work, is now before us.† The great literary charm of this work should not make the general reader insensible to its scientific value. We had marked a variety of passages in this volume for a discussion which we find we must defer for some other opportunity. He lays great stress

\* 'On Chronic Bronchitis, &c., Being Clinical Lectures delivered at the Middlesex Hospital.' By E. Headlam Greenhow, M.D. Longmans. 1869.

† 'The Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind.' By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. Fourth edition, revised. Churchill.

upon the fact, which is most awful as well as most encouraging, that seventy, if not eighty, per cent. of cases of insanity admit of perfect recovery if treated at an early stage. The logical, the moral, the metaphysical trains of reasoning in this volume are replete with instruction and interest, and, moreover, a whole romance of medicine might be evolved from the numerous striking narratives that he gives. We will only quote one, the rather as two similar instances have come to our personal knowledge. 'A young gentleman having 10,000*l.* undisposed of and unemployed, placed it for business purposes in the hands of his confidential broker. This sum he invested in a stock that had an unexpected, sudden, and enormous rise in value. In a fortunate moment he sold out, and the 10,000*l.* realised 60,000*l.* An account of the successful monetary speculation was transmitted to the fortunate owner of this large sum. The startling intelligence produced a severe shock to the nervous system, and the mind lost its equilibrium. The poor fellow continued in a state of mental alienation for the remainder of his life. His constant occupation, until the day of his death, was playing with his fingers, and continually repeating without intermission, and with great animation and rapidity, the words "Sixty thousand! sixty thousand! sixty thousand!" His mind was wholly absorbed in the one idea, and at this point the intelligence was arrested and came to a full stop.'

And now for a few words on our illustrious patient-man. 'It is a simple matter of fact and of everyday observation that all forms of animal work are the result of the reception and assimilation of a few cubic feet of oxygen, a few ounces of water, of starch, of fat, and of flesh.' In a chemical point of view man may be defined to be something of this sort. That great authority, Professor Huxley, has lately been discussing what he calls 'protoplasm,' or 'the physical basis of life.' He seeks for that community of faculty which exists between the

mossy, rock-encrusting lichen, and the painter, or botanist that studies it; between 'the flower which a girl wears in her hair and the blood which courses through her youthful veins.' Mr. Huxley finds it in the protoplasm, the structural unit of the body, the corpuscle, the epheroidal nucleus, which, in their multiples, make up the body or the plant. But unless his statement is limited and guarded, some colour for materialism may be afforded by it. These make up the body, but, nevertheless, they are not the body. Suppose, to illustrate, we take the letters of the alphabet, *a, b, c, d*, we might similarly argue that because these letters occur in mathematics, metaphysical writings, and in comic songs, there is therefore something essentially mathematical, metaphysical, and comic about these letters. Again, Professor Huxley has not proved, and it is impossible for him to prove, that these protoplasms may not have essential points of difference. The facts of organic life cannot be interpreted by the ascertained laws of chemistry and physics. Physiologists cannot tell us how it is 'of four cells absolutely identical in organic structure and composition, one will grow into Socrates, another into a toadstool, one into a cockchafer, another into a whale.'

But, as we said before, we are on ground encompassed on every side with clouds and darkness. Our readers will probably remember the very remarkable speculation of Mr. Darwin on the laws of inheritance.\* The great difference between muscular and constitutional vigour, and the further difference between animal vigour, whether muscular or constitutional, and what is called vital force—the two often being inversely developed—are matters of the deepest scientific interest, and fraught with a vast variety of practical consequences. Other subjects might be mooted of the largest possible medical and general interest. But we must now turn away from the fascinations and terrors of such lines of thought, wherein we are reminded so much

\* 'Animals and Plants under Domestication.' Vol. ii., p. 78.

of the greatness and the littleness, the glory and the humiliation, the incorruptibility and the mortality of man. It is much as Mr. Swinburne has put it in his *Atalanta in Calydon*,—

'And the high gods took in hand  
Fire and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand,  
From under the feet of the years ; .

And froth and drift of the sea;  
And dust of the labouring earth;  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and of birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashioned with loathing and love,  
With life before and after,  
And death beneath and above ;  
For a day and a night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span ,  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man.'

F. A.

### ON THE RIVER.

THE drooping willows whisper soft, the rushes murmur low,  
The water-lilies white unveil their breasts of gleaming snow;  
The kingfisher, a living gem, flits like a meteor by,  
The sun goes down, the star of eve upriseth in the sky.

There comes to me a memory, a memory of old,  
A tale of youth whose chronicles are ever writ in gold ;  
A tale of love and summer-time, when roses were in blow,  
A tale of bright and happy dreams, a weary while ago.

Twas in the melting, mellow light of eventide in June—  
'Twas when the chestnuts were in flower, the nightingale in tune ;  
But more than all, 'twas when our hearts had never known a care,  
And when the greed of fame, or gold, had never entered there.

Ah, golden hours of indolence ! Ah, fleeting hours of bliss !  
Unmarked save by the clasp of hands, or by the stolen kiss !  
We drifted on the river, carried onward by its flow,  
Beneath the bending alder-boughs, a weary while ago.

I dropped the oars—she the rope that held the rudder-band—  
*Somehow* it happened, by-and-by, that hand lay clasped in hand ;  
And presently entwined were arms, and eye spoke mute to eye,  
No sound around to break the charm save when the swans sailed by.

Old am I now, and silver-haired, and life hath lost its zest,  
I soon beneath the daisied turf shall lie in dreamless rest :  
But whilst I live, and whilst I love, on this fair earth below,  
I'll treasure in my heart of hearts those dreams of—long ago !

A. H. B.



## QUESTIONABLE FACES.

MEN, in their own persons, have so little to do with our questions that it would perhaps have been honester to have called this paper, 'Questionable women's faces;' for the first question is whether or not it is well, in any sense, for women to paint their faces in the styles known to certain fashionable circles, and gazed on with bewilderment by outsiders; and the next question is, What is the end aimed at by female fashionables who paint their faces in this year of grace, 1869?

It is certain that women painted their faces a long time ago. The women mentioned in the Old Testament, who painted their faces and stippled the skin at the corners of their eyes, were not good women, or women to be, by any stretch of charity, tolerated. We hear of

'Troy's proud dames, whose garments swept the ground,'

but nowhere are they written of as painting their faces; and Roman matrons were above suspicion of this peculiar adornment. But Evelyn, in his Diary, at the date June 11th, 1654, says—'I now observed that the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing'; yet our countrywomen paint their faces, and to an amount which excites astonishment and may lawfully be thought to command inquiry.

People tell us that to paint the skin of the face blue at the corners of the eyes for a small space, shading off in the direction of the ear, gives a languishing softness to the countenance, and that it will make the greatest of shrews look lovely, mild, and meek. Are all the ladies, then, who paint in this way constitutionally given to look daggers? And, if so, which is better for mankind in general—that they should scowl by Nature, or soften away all signs of sullenness by Art?

We are also told that darkening the eyelids and the skin under the eyes is an Eastern custom, adding greatly to female beauty, and so to the pleasure of life and the gratification of the lookers-on. But when

it is replied that the ladies spoken of are not domestic characters, nor, in fact, Christians, an answer by acclamation declares that in the question of face-painting there is neither right nor wrong—that it belongs to the inferior considerations of pretty or ugly—and that it cannot be treated on serious grounds. Well, be it so; and when

'Affection, with a sickly mien,  
Shows on her cheek the roses of eighteen,'  
let us only inquire why she does it? She does it unblushingly, as might be expected, but does she do it to command admiration? Of course we speak of the painters of to-day, not of those who belonged to a past generation.

Of those painters of past times the present writer had the honour, about thirty years ago, of dining with one who was supposed to be the last of them. She was then nearer eighty than seventy, and she died full of years and good works, painted to the last.

'And, Betty, give this cheek a little red;  
One would not sure look ugly though one's dead.'

She might have said the words, and probably did in plain prose give some such instruction. Anyhow, what was done was done respectfully. I was young when I saw this venerable—no, I do not think that painted old age can ever be venerable, let me say this variegated old lady; she lived in a great country house, and had a husband and children. She had not changed her style of dress for the evening for many years. She was not eccentric in any other way, and she had undoubtedly been a beauty. She was an active woman, who could walk about briskly with no other help than that of a toy-like gold-headed cane. She wore a flaxen wig with short curls, and two strings of Roman pearls round her head. She had a Roman pearl necklace on her enamelled neck, and her white satin gown was edged round the skirt with a gold fringe. Her whole complexion was exactly the pink and white of a delicately coloured doll,

and the only defect was in her eyebrows ; they had grown bushy with age, and they had not taken the dye well. She had no objection to talk of herself. She had always painted. She painted white and red to the extreme dinner-party point which was called for by the white satin, but a certain amount of pearl-powder and rouge was as much a part of her dress as her shoes and stockings. She had no idea, neither perhaps had her husband or her children, of the effect she produced upon strangers ; she never dined out, and they were a family who did not lead lives very full of human beings : they were certainly not ashamed—on the contrary, I should say they were rather proud of her.

Extraordinary as all this may read, it is the kind of painting most easy to understand. That girls worn out with balls and hot rooms, and too much croquet playing in the summer, and constant excitement of one sort or other, should so far fade as to take to painting, very gently, just to make up for lost charms till they can get back to the country and renovate their natural roses—this can easily be understood, and even pardoned : for as to the face-painting practice, people are, in their opinions, like the faces themselves, of every shade. The practice is dangerous, even when used as a temporary embellishment. Rouge and its accompaniments hurt the skin, and after a time make all natural renovation impossible ; still its use can be understood and forgiven, though not recommended. But the high art of blue, brown, and yellow ; the get-up of artificial veins and eyes painted into softness, and lids made languishing by the help of bistre and a camel-hair brush—all that is too wonderful—and yet all that is on the increase, and there is more painting in London among respectable people than in Paris or Vienna.

The really mystifying fact belonging to this style of painting is, that such persons as devote themselves to it, do not paint to deceive. No one can be in the near neighbourhood of such a face and not know that it is painted. Nobody ever pretends that people are stippled blue by nature. It is not, then, done to deceive, but because, on deliberation, Art is preferred to Nature. Some women would rather be artificial than real. Can there be anything in this world more astonishing ? Let the fact be chronicled and kept. Let the deed be considered and pronounced upon. We are not going to say here that the practice is ugly in its results. There is undoubtedly a certain strange sort of beauty in the performance. But is this unreality to be admired and encouraged ? If face-painting is on the increase in this country, are we to be glad, or sorry, or indifferent ? How can we be indifferent when every hour of every day men and women are forming opinions of each other which are to influence all future life ? The subject is so suggestive that questions multiply under our pen. Who are the assisting powers in this great work of face decoration ? Can it be true that a fine lady who refuses to acquiesce in the work of her Creator can trust her maid to colour her into something else ? We know how the thorough-paced lady's maid enjoys dressing ‘her lady’—if it be not too curious an inquiry, Who paints her ?

Up to this period it has been supposed that one part of women’s rights is to be worshipped. Are the ladies going to exchange worship for wonder ? Are they going to prefer being looked at to being loved ? These last are the really great questions that belong to our subject. Let ladies who contemplate painting stay their hands till they are honestly answered.







Drawn by F. Roberts.]

### THE ENGAGED RING.

[See the Verses]

## THE ENGAGED RING.

SHE has come from the brilliant ball: and now  
Alone in her chamber sits.

Ay, mark how over her smooth white brow  
A sorrowful shadow flits.  
The ring she draws from her finger fair  
Has rendered the bright eye dim—  
'Mid the mirth of the giddy revel there,  
Has she been all true to him?

When he went away to a foreign land  
To toil for her sake alone,  
He placed that ring on her trembling hand  
And murmured—‘Mine—mine own!’  
To-night they have pressed that hand in the dance,  
And her eyes begin to swim  
As she reckons up whisper and smile and glance—  
Has she been all true to him?

Was the smile no warmer than sun on snow?  
Was the glance than ice more chill?  
Was the clasp no closer than friends bestow?  
Was the whisper friendship's still?  
She questions her heart in the silent night—  
As her thoughts o'er the ocean skim,  
Like summer birds to her love in flight—  
Has she been all true to him?

Oh, pitiless, mocking, hollow world,  
What else could the poor child do?  
She must keep her love in her mid-heart furled—  
Have a smile and a glance for you!  
Oh, *you* cannot let her be sad or weep  
Over life and its struggles grim.  
She must laugh with you, when you revel keep,  
Though she be all true to him!

When he went away to a foreign shore  
She was full of hope and cheer.  
But time has flown, he returns no more  
As long year succeeds on year.  
And that little ring is the one sole ray  
In the picture her fancies limn,  
And she asks herself aye, though he's far away,  
Has she been all true to him?

'Tis a tiny link for a trust of might—  
On her eyelash there hangs a tear  
Seems larger by far, and by far more bright  
Than the ring's one brilliant clear!  
Yet though tiny the link 'tis amply strong,  
And her heart is full to the brim  
As she answers herself, ‘I have done no wrong—  
I am still all true to him!'

POPPIES IN THE CORN;  
OR, GLAD HOURS IN THE GRAVE YEARS.—No. IX.  
BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' &c.

OLD FRIENDS.

**G**LAD hours in the grave years: Gay, well may the specific title of this paper be ranged under this generic. It is when the years have grown grave that we are able to speak of 'old friends:' hence, perhaps, a certain pensive ring in the words. *Old friends*:—leaves yet left upon the thinning tree, changing, but not changing to us; and ah, loosening their hold, one by one, to join the heap at the foot; the dry heap of the once juicy, merry dancers of the Spring. '*Old friends*.' Yes, as it were, the chrysanthemums and asters now in one's garden; the very same roots indeed that used to be snowdrops and crocuses, lilac and laburnum, lilies and roses; the same roots, and still flowering,—but sending up autumn flowers. And a quiet Messenger comes once and again, from the Great House, along the paths, and cuts, one by one, the autumnal blooms that are no longer succeeded by others. '*Old friends*.' As life goes on, and wanes, we find that we have no income of these; that we have been living on our principal: and we wonder if, of the few coins left us, enough will be found to last out our need till the end. Old friends: ah, well may we class thoughts of them within our handful of bright, short-lived blossoms. And what more glad time in the grave years than that lit up by the visit of an old friend? Sudden, let it be, or long looked forward to; for each will have its special zest and enjoyment. Soon come, and soon gone, we wistfully think, as we stand on the platform after that last wave of the hand out of the departing train. Soon come, the pleasure we had been so delightedly expecting, but over now;

'For pleasures are like poppies spread;  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.'

And (if your head is beginning to

show something of an Oxford mixture) you go meditatively home, a little dully musing as to when again, if ever, you and your old friend shall sit together by the fireside, and call back, in merry, pensive talk, 'the days that are no more.'

By the fireside: yes; Winter is the time for these dear meetings. Summer for new friends: then you can take them for delightful outings, and give up your time to amusing them:—lay down, indeed, a store of pleasant memories, that shall mellow and put by their coarser parts, their crust of over-newness, and ripen into a pleasant beverage for the yet coming years. But all this was done long ago for the old friends; and, moreover, there is, you are well assured, nowadays no vintage like those of the Summers when you and they were young together. So you need not seek for new amusements, new delights, new experiences: it pleases better to sit by the fireside and hob-a-nob with the old generous liquor, pouring it out ever afresh from those hoarded bottles of the past, pleased to see the beaded bubbles that lightly crown the brimming memories; glass touching glass, as it were, in the reminiscent talk: bottle after bottle opened (this wine of which I speak is of a sort that 'cheers but not inebriates')—now the old fellows laughing till the tears run down their cheeks, now speaking softly, pensively, with even an enjoyment of the beverage that was so rough and austere when new, but that has long ago mellowed and softened. Ah, the present rarely satisfied, when 'the present' it was; the gleeful anticipation of a pleasure, or the pensive and tender reminiscence of it;—these constitute the larger part of our enjoyment. Even sorrows, I say, shared with

old friends long ago, have a halo about them, a mild light around them, a clearness and a sweetness at which it does not occur to us to wonder, it seems so natural,—as we recall, in these quiet talks long years after, those hours, keen then, but softened now, when we were sad together. Immediately after the earthquake the scene was desolate enough, no doubt, and bare; and we shuddered to look at the gaping chasms, the ugly fissures, the rent and naked rocks, the ruined homesteads. But the alleviating years passed on; and now that, brought back by that reminiscent talk, we again stand, amid the desolation mutually witnessed, vividly remembered, what do we see? Oh, the same gaps and clefts and rents are there, no doubt; the same, yes, for ever the same; but yet with a difference. Time, compassionate time, has been at work to veil, if it cannot repair, the devastation, the ruin. A million hoary or golden lichens have spread their gilding or their silverying over the gaunt, bleak stone, until its jagged edge and sharp dagger points, which indeed have in some measure crumbled into bluntness, are scarce regarded under the tapestries of grey and orange; and here again the velvet moss, with its miniature corn-field of slender-stalked, capsule-seedlets; and here again clinging rims, and veins, and tufts, of all tiny ferns; and grand ostrich plumes of these just where the bleakness and blankness most repelled in the new days of the catastrophe: all these have changed the shattered and convulsed landscape into a scene even of beauty. And ferns and lichens fringe the fallen trees, and ivy has cast a screen over the sunken roof-tree and the scarred walls; and out of the fissures smile up the crowding primroses and clumps of grey summer-violets; and long weeping fronds droop down from the edge into the sullen chasms. And you can endure, nay, you even are pleased now, to walk and linger among those spots in the Past, from which you fled long ago with a cry and a shudder. Thus, then, do old sorrows appear to us, when we revisit them with old friends.

'It is an old friend.' Is not this phrase potent in kindly defence of many an inanimate thing even, that has become assimilated to us, as it were, and that for long we have been accustomed to count as part of our belongings? So you may get attached to an old garment, and thus plead for it if it be rudely reviled as green and threadbare; or to an old hat, or pair of boots, or pocket-book, or purse, or walking-stick. Indeed for this last I have a special affection. An old walking-stick is peculiarly worthy of the regard due to an old friend. I lay him reluctantly by in the corner; his varnish is all worn off, he is rough with dents and abrasions; more than an inch having been worn off him by constant travel, he no longer suits my height. But he is, as it were, an unwritten diary, the faithful comrade of a year or two of life; he has helped me over many a brook in some pleasant summer walk, he has hooked down for me many a cluster of yellow-brown nuts, or the laden branches of tempting blackberries; on him I leaned when I scaled the lime-stone ridge after a choice fern; often he has complaisantly brought down acorns and beech-nuts for my excited little ones; nay, one whole night he hung suspended in a tree, a sacrifice to his zeal in this good-natured catering; and when we repaired in force to the rescue next day, was it not my well-aimed stone that brought him down and re-cemented our companionship? Have we not, besides all these minor experiences in common, have we not been for whole long excursions together, climbed hills, descended declivities, with mutual assistance; probed fresh-welling springs, carried knapsacks, in many ways entered with sympathetic zest into all the little episodes of the long walking tour, or the brief afternoon's ramble? Has not his stout form bent, or even given an ominous crack, as I plied him lever-wise to secure some choice root, or some seaside rarity? And can I forget how gallantly he played about the nose and ears of that infuriate ram which, coming head down at us in that narrow lane, had assuredly

bowled over myself and my other companion like skittles, had a mere cane or umbrella been our sole defensive weapons. And so I really feel that a walking-stick has a special title to the name and the consideration of an old friend.

And to ascend a little in the scale, before our return to human specimens of the genus,—how many a one will recognize a true old friend in some faithful animal that has long shared with him life's vicissitudes and pleasures. The dog that you had with you during your life as a Fellow of a college at Oxford, and that was itself almost considered as one of the Dons; the old friend that came with you moreover into the at first empty, chill, unfamiliar Rectory, and that, among strangers unaccustomed to your ways, seemed an understanding, sympathetic friend, a link also with that different, for-ever vanished, but pleasant and unforgotten past life;—how sorry you are when the eye has grown dim, and the tail languid, and the limbs lazy;—and when at last the time has come when there shall be at your return no bark, subsiding into capering, to greet you;—when the old friend must be laid by.

Though no sportsman myself, I can sympathize with the feelings of a writer from whose musings I cut an extract which pleased me, and which may come in here to conclude this by-play concerning my theme of 'old friends.'

'We shall say "good-bye" to Juno soon; who can doubt it? Put up your face, old girl; yes, there they are, the grey hairs; and the eyes are duller, and the film begins to creep over them. Never mind; you have had several Augusts, and many a September; you have had your ecstasies; you have known for many a year what it is to come on game—to be nearly sure, quite sure;—to stand as though in marble in your trance. And we, looking down on that true old head placed between our knees, see a thousand golden stubble-fields with the sun beating on them; almost smell the turnip which our foot has crushed, the first of all that year; or sit,

fagged at last, on the grey-blue stone amidst the heather, with a fragrance as of honey all round, and a bag of no mean dimensions emptying at our feet. No doubt the days are gone and our old companion will soon follow them, and we shall follow her; but they were glorious days for all that—days to be thought of and talked about.'

When does that time in life come at which we are entitled to talk of 'old friends?' It *seems* to come very soon. If you listen to your son at Harrow, you will find that, however you might feel inclined to deny him the right, he will at any rate exercise the privilege. By the way, how you may notice, even in schoolboy talk, the sacredness, the hallowing power, of this adjective, 'old.' 'Old fellow,' 'old boy:' thus they apostrophize those who are, for the hour, their chief and special chums. And it is not only because we are creatures of habit, and get into the ways of old friends, and get them into our ways,—it is not only this that explains the charm and mellowness which the passing years give to our friendships. It is that a certain process of trial has been passed on both sides. Your friendship (if you have, according to the proverb, summered and wintered it) has been put to the proof—and has stood it. Experiences of joy and grief have cemented it: disagreements and tiffs have proved it, and it was of tougher consistency than to burst, like a gay bubble, at the first rough touch. If there was a cleft for a time, there was in both hearts a hunger, a necessity, that brought you inevitably again together. Or if you held aloof for a while, yet the loss, the grief of estrangement, was never overworn or overgrown: no fairest new growth ever concealed that ghastly rent: the friendship was too real for the sorrow to be healed. Alas!—

'Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.  
And thus it chanced, as I divine,  
With Roland and Sir Leoline.'

Each spake words of high disdain  
And insult to his heart's best brother :  
They parted—ne'er to meet again !  
But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining,—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;  
A dreary sea now flows between ;—  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Still wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.'

The heart's affection had hardened into rock; it was not that crumbling mould which soon becomes a velvet turf again or a terrace of wild-flowers.

- ‘ Forsake not an old friend; for the new is not comparable to him.
- ‘ A new friend is as new wine when it is old, thou shaltdrink it with pleasure.’

There have been many treatises on friendship, but in truth there are few upon the subject vying in excellence with the book from which this stanza is quoted. When a snowball is rolling, it picks up material from whatever track it takes; and so it often is in writing an essay or a sermon. One's ordinary everyday reading falls in with the subject, and unsought material comes to the hand. And so it was with me, reading, with this subject planned upon my desk at home, the first Lesson at Morning Prayers, which happened to be the sixth chapter of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. I could not help thinking how wise and subtle were the receipts given therein for the manufacture of old friends, and the detection of the counterfeit of these. As thus :

- ‘ Be in peace with many; nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.
- ‘ If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him.
- ‘ For some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.
- ‘ And there is a friend, who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach.
- ‘ Again, some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction.
- ‘ But in thy prosperity he will be

as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants.

- ‘ If thou be brought low, he will be against thee, and will hide himself from thy face.
- ‘ Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable.’

Again, what wise rules for the winning and keeping these precious possessions. As thus :

- ‘ Be good unto thy friend before thou die, and according to thy ability stretch out thy hand and give to him.
- ‘ Lose thy money for thy brother and thy friend, and let it not rust under a stone to be lost.’

Once more, what sweetness and wisdom in this advice as to our conduct in the case of misunderstandings with our friend, or even of injuries received from him :

- ‘ Admonish a friend, it may be he hath not done it; and if he have done it, that he do it no more.
- ‘ Admonish thy friend, it may be he hath not said it; and if he have, that he speak it not again.
- ‘ Admonish a friend, for many times it is a slander, and believe not every tale.
- ‘ There is one that slippeth in his speech, *but not from his heart*; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue ?’

Here are maxims and precepts concerning friendship, which ought to be illuminated in scrolls, and set about the study walls of every man who owns a friend. And from no treatise on friendship should they be left out. How many a treatise has been written on this subject ! How strong and vehement is this feeling in the hearts of some ! Thus in one blossom from that loveliest wreath ever laid on a friend's grave :

‘ For which be they that hold apart  
The promise of the golden hours?  
First love, first friendship, *equal powers*,  
That marry with the virgin heart.’

But Tennyson is for a moment sad, in thinking that that maturity might be wanting to his friendship; that

his friend lived not long enough to become an '*old friend*'.

'Love, then, had hope of richer store :  
What end is here to my complaint ?  
This haunting whisper makes me faint,  
'More years had made me love thee more.'

But the poet bethinks himself, and takes heart again. The snows of Death's winter were alike in hue with the hoar hairs of that of Age. There was no loss.

'But Death returns an answer sweet :  
My sudden frost was sudden gain,  
And gave all ripeness to the grain,  
It might have drawn from after-heat.'

But when, to return whence I set out,—at what point, while friends yet live together, are they entitled to use of each other that adjective of peculiar dearness, and to speak of each other as '*old friends*'? I think it may fairly be allowed to that time of life which comes upon us soon after thirty is left behind, that time of life within the experience, I doubt not, of many of my readers, that time of life when we are not very old, *but old enough to feel that we were once younger*.

Yes, then it is that we find that, as a rule, we have indeed made up our stock of friends: then it is that we feel that now the thing for us is not the manufacture but the preservation of this article. Then it is that we count over our hoards, with something of a miser's care and greed, and are well aware that we have reached the time when losses cannot be replaced. The old trees may fall, one by one; but the gap they leave must remain now; the slight saplings that gathered round them will never supply their place, in our day. It is too late for new friends to ripen into old friends; so, at least, we feel. The *joyous* days of life are gone, however its peaceful days may have come: and no friends that we may gather about us now can ever be the '*friends of our youth*'. The glad experiences have given place to the grave; and what ray can these new-comers reflect upon us from the set sun of that warm and glowing past? There is no rush of old memories, half-exhilarating even the saddest heart, as the familiar step enters the room: there are no old joy-bells instantly set

a-ringing again (however it be faintly and from far) by their look, their voice, their well-remembered ways. They may be friends, true friends, dear friends, valued friends,—but never *old friends*. It is a second marriage; a sedate tranquillity, a very kindly relation, perhaps; a mutual assistance, a humdrum happiness; but, ah! *not* that old ecstasy, that ever-remembered delirium, that ushered in the first,—the marriage that followed upon first love. The fruit is mature and useful; but we never remember for it a blossom-time. This Autumn has its honour and its need, but it never knew the delicate and gay gladness of a Spring.

So we look back, as life goes on, very lovingly towards old gleesome experiences and the sharers of them. And each period of life had its friends; some, it is true, were like unset blossoms; they fell away, and nearly the memory of them is lost. Of this class are the friends of childhood, of boyhood also, as a rule. Yet at times the memories of them come vividly, suddenly back: an old name, an old letter, something in our children's simple ways, or idle prattles—and lo, the screen of that long, intervening, eventful past is rolled aside, and we are children again, romping in the hay-fields, racing in the lanes, violet-seeking, garden-digging, boat-sailing, doll-house-making (according to the sex), tossing cowslip-balls, up to our waist in a green ditch, shell-gathering, seaweed spreading: and all with, this week one, that week another familiar and bosom friend. Quarrelling often; forgiving always, and easily appeased; jealous sometimes, huffy, capricious, affectionate, forlorn; little men and women in childhood's little world. Playing at friendship, with a laughable likeness to the '*upgrown*' reality, demure and wayward, exacting or gracious, tiresome or agreeable; much, in our small scale, like grown people. Changing our friends faster than Spring changes its flowers; and so the child passes into the boy at school. And now the friendships become more lasting, like that bloom which sets into small pea-sized apric-

cots in your trees, but which fall off at a touch; from frost perhaps; from exuberance of growth most often. You smile, as you ask the schoolboy, each fresh half-year, who is his 'friend' now? knowing well that the kaleidoscope will likely have had a turn; the same colours, but new arrangements. Yet sometimes the half-year passes into a year; rarely the school-friendship remains constant until the boy has ripened into the youth, and then indeed it is apt to be of the lasting order. Ah! boyhood is the age of confidence, of mysteries, of linked walkings round the playground, mutual arm round mutual neck; of shared 'grub,' sometimes community of property; of solemn private enlargings upon sisters, and parents, and the general wealth and grandeur of respective homes, the time of mutual holiday visits, when white-collared, black-clad, uneasy, preternaturally solemn, the just-arrived 'friend' of whom we have talked so much, sits, uncomfortably upright and silent, on the edge of his chair, in the presence of those sisters of whom he has heard so much; until we, all important, precede him into the garden, and introduce him to that special lop-eared rabbit, and that well-wattled carrier-pigeon, or choice almond-tumbler, of which he had heard once and again at school; and exhibit the new bat, or the bow and arrows which had been our boast; and soon we are at our ease together, and the gay laugh is unthawed, and the starch is soon out of the limbs and of the collar, and the shyness has worn off, and we feel a pride of proprietorship, as our sisters genially laud our wise choice of a friend.

Well, the later school friendships not unfrequently last, and what a zest such early reminiscences give to the flavour of friendship that has lasted into age! Yet assuredly it is very difficult, when we meet as men, to connect the links of our love with those utterly other selves which so long ago were boys together. No; the boy-friendship has little to do really with that of ripened years; you will find that you have, in fact, made a fresh and later start;

you have lost most of the associations, most of the ties, which belonged to your friendship as boys. You do not often talk of the old school-days, the old school-adventures, when your friendship has lasted on steadily, or with only a short break, into manhood. If after many years you meet the friend from whom you parted as a schoolboy the case is different. There has been no gradual fading out of the distant into the near days; you take up your friendship at that very link where it was abruptly severed; you plunge naturally and with zest into that old, old past of school.

But the boy will often have his idol rather than his friend; his Admirable Crichton, his Steerforth, older than he, cleverer than he, fanning by his condescension the reverent admiration into a fervent love. Have we not all had such heroes for our worship? It is in the nature of us from the earliest to look higher than ourselves for props to which the abundant and yearning tendrils of our hearts may be fast bound.—Ah, where is my boyhood's hero now? How honoured I was by his friendship, how flushed by his praise, how deferential to his injunctions, how flattered by his confidences! Do I not still prize, for his bright and handsome sake, the Shakespeare that he gave me, nobly bound, the pride of my shelves, above most other volumes in my library? Is it not one of the first to which I would fly in the case of fire menacing that store of treasures? Do I not see him now, often, before me; the clear blue eye, the noble brow, with the brown hair tossed off it now and then with that remembered turn of the head, the handsome features, the merry laugh? Do I not feel his hand even now, passed lightly through my curls; do I not introduce him at home, where he is at his ease, naturalised, loved, at once, and glow with a happy pride at being his friend? Does not my heart swell as he leans his arm upon my shoulder, as we pace the sinuous garden-walk, and he is deigning to talk to me as an equal! ay, even to make me a confidant in that matter of his love to

C. H.? Unrequited love;—I can hardly conceive of such a thing; true, she is my ideal of female loveliness, as he of manly perfection; still, would not even an Empress be honoured, exalted, by his love? O the devotion on one side, answered by sincere affection on the other, of such a friendship as this, which indeed most of us can number among the experiences of our youth. But the years passed by, and where is my old friend now? Alas, a gap of years came in our society;—and he grew wild, they said, and his gay ways had grown into deep debts at Oxford, and it was thought well for him to try life over the far seas; and many years have gone, and I dare say I should hardly know him if we met, and he has not answered my letters—plumb-lines sent out to fathom the deep distance. But it was the same handsome face when last I saw him, and I have in my library his Shakespeare, and in my drawer his few letters, and in my heart until I die the dear and faithful remembrance of my loved old friend. Ah, what opportunities, let me say, lie in such compacts between worship and sincere affection, for good or evil influence on the part of the elder friend! Use your power mercifully, wisely, purely, holily, I would say to such a one. For it is almost boundless.

College friends! Ay, here we come to the true nursery of the trees under whose pleasant spreading shade our mature life may dwell. For this is equal friendship—friendship also that begins at an age near enough to manhood for it to look on, unaltered in kind, though increasing in degree, into our mellowing years. This is the material also out of which brothers-in-law are fashioned. And oh, what friendships like these, for delicious memories, from the blithest, sweetest, least care-harassed years of brief life? The new dignity of proprietorship in ‘rooms’ of our own; the new importance of acting the host, and calling into our little castle those whom it pleased us to ask; the cosy evenings by the fire; reading together, or warm in debate, or merry in a select circle; the walks

by the Cherwell and Isis through the sweet-breathed fritillary-studded meadows; the thud of mutual oars, the shared honours on the tented field; the glad advent, after we had waited for that anxious hour, of some old fellow with the testamur; the long vacation visits; the hearty greeting, as we step into the Quad at the beginning of term, and come upon three broad-chested fellows arm in arm striding towards the gate; the genial supper that evening together in one of their rooms, sparkling silver, red-clawed lobsters, pink ham, trembling jellies; the spread-eagle next morning at our breakfast of four (the stereotyped viands, you will perceive, are intimately associated with those old days); the gathering in Chapel, the familiar thunder of the rising in Hall; the knots about the Quad afterwards; the greetings, the filing away presently, some two or three, for a glass of wine in some fellow’s room who has just come up; one’s own dear cozy little den, with the nucleus of books and prints; the tap when your egg is boiled and breakfast proceeding, and the entrance of that man who will have his pipe after breakfast, and who resumes his plan of finishing it at his length in your easy chair; the criticisms on the Freshmen; the notes compared on Tennyson’s new poem; the chat like no other chat, the days like no other days, the friends like no other friends—always a very tonic to our flagged spirits when we meet them in later years:—ah, these old memories bind us for ever to those old friends! And I look up as I write, and lo, the faces of some half-dozen greet me from my wall; and in their centre is the old Hall of Magdalen, and my rooms (I seem to be resting on my elbow, looking out of that window now); and the rooms of my brother-in-law (as I look, I am straightway reclining on his chair, while he gravely bows towards his pianoforte, and, himself a master, expresses the masterpieces of music); there is the Hall, and there the kitchen, and there the very chrysanthemums, and the quick-growing, short-lived creeper; and ah,

there the door leading to my staircase; how often has my light foot sprung up it, bound for my own or for some congenial room: and there is the tall tower of New, with its grave, familiar chiming of the hours. Ah, how easily I can people it all, and summon back the past, that yet has cast me off,—and I should be a stranger now in the old Hall, on the old staircase, in the old rooms.—But not, not to the old friends; their possession lasts on, is inalienable; always a letter from one of them is a pleasure, a visit from one a rapture, and as life steals on, and hoar hairs gather, these are always, and to the last, our ideal of *old friends*.

And when now indeed life has long passed on from the waxing to the waning time, how then we retire, as it were, upon our hoarding of old friends. The young ones spring up about us, we have a kindly heart, a cheery word, a pleasant smile for them; nay, often a deep devotion, a wistful love which they (how life changes round!) accept with condescension, and repay with mild affection. But the old friends, yes, the old friends;—it is our gala day when these come to see us. The young people have grown too fast for us; our past, our ever dear past, is as nothing to them; they do not understand us; they condescend towards us,—they patronize us. We turn from them relieved, to a fuller sympathy, to mutual tastes, mutual memories, mutual opinions and prejudices and likings. We do not refuse to go with the stream, but oh, it is pleasant sometimes to dip our oar, and draw into the bank, for a quiet talk with one of those who have peopled our remembered, vanished past. Our Past of fresh energies, and quick emotions, and undimmed gladness: our Past of new trust, and unblunted hope, and unworn faith, and first-tasted love. Our Past of mutual adventures, mutual interests, mutual laughter, mutual tears.—Let me remember a scene, which may well come in here, a scene at which I was an appreciative spectator. It was the birthday, the seventieth birthday, of one infinitely loved and reverenced by me; and we, as was our custom

always on his birthday, we, the younger ones, were met to celebrate it. Unexpectedly, on a sudden, just before dinner, there walked into the drawing-room two of his very oldest friends, brothers-in-law. It was pleasant to see his face brighten as he realized their having come to join the party; and the caskets of old memories were unlocked, you may be sure, as the evening wore on. But the turkey had been removed, and the plum-pudding discussed, and the plump oranges and the shrivelled figs and raisins had the table to themselves, and the wine passed round for the toast of the evening. Then it was that the elder of the brothers arose, and mysteriously extracted from his pocket, and unfolded, a yellow, ancient-looking document, scored with rusty-brown writing. Fifty years ago it had been written, fifty years ago, when their hair had no white streak in it, when life, now nearing its ending, had hardly seemed to have well begun. Fifty years ago, in the merry days when they were young men together, and had met, even as now, on the birthday of the host, to celebrate his coming of age. And these were verses written in honour of that event by the present speaker and proposer of the toast. They had been read then, and sung then, in merriment and glee;—then they were laid, by,—and a gap of fifty years had opened between that day and this; and many a sorrow and many a gladness had marked the chequered days; and now the old friends were met together, and the writer of the verses in honour of the twenty-first was reading them at the seventieth birthday. A simple episode to dwell upon so long; but dwell upon it yet longer, and see what food for thought, pathetic thought, melancholy thought, quiet thought, peaceful thought, might be extracted from this simple incident. Such old memories to come thronging back, across the chasm of years; such wistful-eyed, such glad-eyed, such mournful-eyed ghosts. The year in its Spring then, and all the leaves and all the blossoms and all the birds coming; the year in its late Autumn

now; and so many of the leaves circled down, and so many of the flowers gone, and so many of the birds silent. But the touch of sadness which it brought over us for the moment soon passed in the sparkle of merry memories which the elders interchanged, and to which the younger listened.

Shall I say any more yet about old friends? One word. For there are some who may not now join in our gatherings here; there are some whose familiar step must never on this earth make glad our hearts again;—and yet one word should be given, as so many thoughts are by us all devoted, to old friends gone before—old friends in the churchyard; old friends in Paradise. Sometimes we wend our way, over the crisp Autumn leaves, across the dew-drenched grass,—and hold, as it were, quiet communion with them in the place in which alone now we seem to retain a portion in their old society. The dear sister whom we watched so long, as she faded away from this dying life; the brave bright man with his grand presence and his sunny smile who was struck down in a few days; the sweet mother who left us long ago; the old man who was our father's guardian before us, and our kind Mentor in

early years,—these are still friends, old friends; death has rather sealed than severed our love. We love to haunt the place where last we laid them,—oftener to look up, and wonder about them, still at our toil:

‘And in the furrow musing stand,  
“Does my old friend remember me?”’

Where are they? What know they? Where is that Unseen Land in which they wait that not-yet-attained perfection of both body and soul in which we shall one day see them, and clasp them, as we did, yet not as we did, when we walked in sweet fellowship on earth? We shall see them again. Meanwhile, we keep the old friendship ever faithful, ever fervent, in our heart. ‘*How they'll greet us!*’—we think this when there comes to our thought that coming day of parting from the old friends here, and joining the glad and waiting company of the old friends there, in that Land of Welcomes, without Farewells. Surely and certainly, even there, the bond of old friendship will be one of closer union than any new can weave. And the oldest and truest love of all will at last be realized by us there and then; a love which began before that of any other; a Friend also of whom an old Book tells us, that ‘Having loved His own which were in the world, *He loved them to the end.*’

### A BOOK FOR FAIR WOMEN.

LET me begin with an apology—not for myself, but for the English language. I use the word fair, not in its general, but its particular sense, as meaning what the French call *blonde*. In English we have no convenient words to express the two broad distinctions in colour which exist in the human hair and complexion. We may say ‘dark’ and ‘light,’ to be sure; but though ‘dark’ is not uncommonly employed, ‘light’ has a strange sound when used independently. If I described a young lady with light hair as ‘a light young lady,’ I should say a great deal more than I meant, unless my object were to give serious offence. So although I put in an

appearance above with ‘fair,’ for the sake of dignity, I shall use the word blonde in the following pages for my own comfort and convenience—my next care being to tell you why I have to use it at all.

There is a fashion in beauty as in most other things—in all other things, indeed, which it is possible to control—for few natural objects would escape the interference of the *môde*, if the *môde* had its own way. As it is, ladies are said to change the colour of their hair and give various effects to their complexions, to say nothing of filling up deficiencies in their forms—real or fancied—with the general result of making themselves appear as they

are not. In France, where the custom is carried farther than in this country, great *dames du monde* are said to colour even their babies and their lap-dogs. One of the latter looks particularly absurd when adorned with fancy hues, suggestive of his having reclined too long upon a rainbow; but a single colour, I believe, is usually employed, to suit the toilette of his mistress. Thus it is considered bad taste to wear a blue dog with a green dress, and so forth. It may be easily supposed what would happen if some Madame Rachel could be found to change the face of nature. We should have magenta trees, mauve skies, and yellow waters, as sure as you were born, and the hills would be tipped with gold quite independently of the smiling morn, like the Hyde Park railings. Nature, in fact, would be a continued transformation-scene; we should hear of companies being formed for the decoration of counties; and the fashionable papers would tell us in what charming taste Lord Soandso had given new tints to his estate, with such harmonious consideration, too, for his tenantry, whom it was not proposed for the present to change from their prevailing hue of peagreen, &c., &c.

Pending such pleasant possibilities as these, I will content myself with referring only to the fashion which has of late years given such a marked preference for blonde ladies over brunette ladies—so marked, indeed, as to have occasioned a considerable recourse to art on the part of the latter, if scandal is to be believed. And although we have heard from time to time of a coming reaction, there have been no signs as yet of its arrival. Brunettes continue to hold a high place in the admiration market, but blonde is still the ruling colour as far as fashion is concerned; and we all know how such a despot as fashion can even govern taste.

My reference to the fact is not induced by the fact itself—which is in no danger of being forgotten by the public—but by a theory to which it has given rise of so whim-

sical a character as to deserve more notice than it has received. It was while the mania for blondes was at its height as a novelty, that there appeared in Paris a little book which deserves to be remembered as illustrative of a period in social history not yet passed away. The work in question—which is from the pen of M. Ausone de Chancel—is called ‘*Le Livre des Blondes*.’ It has a machinery of narrative, but its object is to place blondes in a relation to the universe never assigned to them before, and one which has never been suggested even by that advanced body the Anthropological Society.

The narrative may be soon disposed of—all, at least, except the *dénouement*, which is naturally reserved for the end,—and with this arrangement far be it from me to interfere.

In the first chapter we are introduced to one Maurice de Frégeneuil, a rich young gentleman inhabiting a beautiful estate in Angoulême. To him comes, with a letter of introduction, one Albert de Revel, another rich young gentleman, who is travelling with an object with which we are soon made acquainted. There is, it appears, a skeleton in the visitor’s cupboard, the nature of which he communicates to his new friend on the second day. Albert is rich, as has been said, but he is threatened with abject poverty, for he has inherited his entire fortune from an uncle upon conditions which he has not in the course of nearly two years been able to fulfil—and two years was all the time allowed him. He was to marry, but he has not been hitherto able to find a wife. A strange difficulty, you will say—as Maurice indeed said—for a handsome member of the *jeunesse dorée*. But the difficulty is the uncle’s, not the nephew’s, and this is how it arises.

Albert must, in order to retain his fortune, marry within the time so nearly expired, a young lady of a beauty minutely described, and of which the chief characteristics are a skin brilliantly white, and hair of a gold colour, long and abundant. He would have found little difficulty,

as his friend suggests, in finding such a person in England or Germany; but the uncle insists that the lady shall be French, and in France beauty of the kind is comparatively rare. He had met with some who might have suited, but there were always exceptional conditions in the way: and, what seems to be more important than all, he did not particularly care about blondes, his tastes inclining rather to brunettes. Still less, too, does he share certain theories of his uncle on the subject of race, which he truly describes as of very extraordinary character; and in order that Maurice may see that he is not unreasonable, he reads to him a treatise in which the eccentric testator has embodied the said theories for the benefit of his heir.

The basis of this heterodox old gentleman's system is this: That white people—that is to say, the extremely fair—were the originals of divine creation, and that dark people—in proportion as they are dark—have come from fallen angels. In his illustrations, however, he applies this theory only to the female sex, believing a blonde woman to be the being most nearly allied to divinity. The blonde, in fact, belongs to the sky, and the brune to the earth. In support of the principle he ransacks history, both sacred and profane, in order to show that all the most illustrious and lovable ladies, from the earliest period to the present time, have been blonde, while those who have the lesser claims to those distinctions have invariably been brune. He traces them through the poets of ancient and modern times, and through the most celebrated works of fiction.

Beginning at the beginning, he tells us that Eve was blonde, the brune being a new Eve, born out of Eden. She belongs properly only to the paradise of Mohammed, where the houris are represented with a speciality for black eyes. Carrying the idea through the heathen mythology, he informs us that the Venus Urania—the celestial Venus—was blonde, while the Venus Melania—she of Corinth—was brune,

as her name denotes. According to Pausanias the statue of Venus Urania was of gold or of ivory, and for her attribute she had at her feet a tortoise, symbol of secluded life; that of Venus Melania was of bronze, sitting on a goat with gilded horns, indicative of adventure. The sons of these goddesses—Eros and Anteros—had the respective characteristics of their mothers.

The author guards himself, however, against giving the Venus Melania as a symbol of the brune in modern times. The mind purifies the flesh. Sappho and Cleopatra he cites among great women of antiquity who were brune, but redeemed themselves by their sacrifices. In short, as he explains, one may be brune in the body and yet have in the soul all the delicate sensibility of a blonde. This beautiful type, he reminds us, has not escaped Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who says in his 'Confessions':

*Mlle de Breil était une jeune personne à peu près de mon âge : bien faite, très belle, très blanche, avec des cheveux très noirs, et, quoique brune, portant sur son visage cet air de douceur des blondes auquel mon cœur n'a jamais résisté.*

And not only, says our author—writing, be it remembered, for the eccentric uncle of Albert—never resisted, nor even tried to resist this air of sweetness of the blondes, but the blonde was the type of his ideal of beauty, as immortalized in his *Nouvelle Héloïse*; and he adds, after bringing Balzac in support of his idea, that Madame de Warens, '*cette première initiatrice de Jean-Jacque*' was blonde, while the beautiful Venetian, '*qui, faute de mieux, le "renvoyait aux mathématiques,"*' was brune.

Aurora—I follow the author in taking the illustrations at random—was a blonde as well as rosy goddess, but Night was decidedly a brune; and crowned though she were with diamonds, no woman would be willing to pass for her personification—even for the sake of her crown. The Graces, too, were all three blondes, as must be admitted on the authority of Homer, who makes Anchises take Venus for one of

them. And the Graces, as the author points out, become very important persons when symbolised as the three Christian Virtues. For Thalia has Confidence, the diminutive of Faith; Aglaia Elegance, the affirmative of Hope; Euphrosine Prudence, the intelligent reserve of Charity. The Nymphs, he adds, were blonde; but the Fates and the Eumenides—both of the night—were brune.

But there is no need to accompany the author through the Mythology. That blonde beauty was the beauty *par excellence* of the Greeks he shows by examples from the poets—notably that of Helen of Troy, on the authority of Homer. The Greek brunettes, he adds, stained their locks with a yellow tincture, or powdered them with gold dust; and often, by a curious caprice, the blondes stained their eyebrows and eyelashes with black, which explains why Helen is said to have had black eyes, and why we find this kind of beauty celebrated by some of the poets. The type, like the ideal of beauty, was the blonde. The Judgment of Paris was the judgment of all antiquity. It was the blonde Phryne that inspired the two greatest artists of Greece. In Egypt it was the blonde Berenice who, to invoke the favour of the gods on Ptolemy, consecrated her hair to Venus. Passing to Rome, the author cites from Horace, Propertius, Tibullus, and others, numerous examples of the blonde beauties whom they celebrate in their poems. He admits, however, that their golden tresses were for the most part borrowed—and this homage to the blondes of course delights him the more.

All false adornments—and especially false hair, which was still worn of a blonde colour by women—were condemned, the author goes on to say, by the fathers of the Christian church. But the barbarians who invaded Rome brought flaxen or red hair with them, and so the colour became naturalised! Dante's Beatrice had blonde tresses, as everybody knows, and the great heroine of the 'Jerusalem Delivered' was also a blonde. 'This

portrait of Armida,' says the author, after quoting Tasso's description, 'was that of Eleonora d'Este. Unhappy Tasso!—happy, perhaps!—it drove him mad!' Ariosto, he adds, did not lose his head for Angelica, but he would probably have been prepared to stake his life in her cause. It was while the age was under the influence of these poets that Philippe le Bon, Duke of Bourgogne, instituted the order of the Toison d'Or, in honour of his blonde mistress.

The champion of the blondes devotes a great deal of laudation to Héloïse, as introducing a considerable improvement in her sex. Before her example of devotion to Abelard, no woman, he assures us, had ever loved. He is naturally envious to claim her as his own, but unfortunately he has never been able to find any details of her personal appearance. That she was beautiful is all that he has been able to ascertain. There is an old engraving in the library in the Rue Richelieu, which is supposed to represent her, but this is not to be depended upon. 'I know not, therefore,' he adds, 'whether Héloïse was brune or blonde; but I would wager that she was blonde, or else a brune with blue eyes.'

In his next chapter he sets to work to show that from the time when woman ceased to be a slave and became a queen, however brunettes and brunettes may have reigned over men's minds, blondes have always reigned over their hearts. Taking the Troubadours in support of his proposition, he quotes from Raoul, Comte de Soissons (thirteenth century) the lines beginning:

• O belle blonde!  
O cœur si gent!  
Perle du monde  
Que j'aime tant!

Hastening on to 'the age of love, of pleasure, and something of chivalry, of art, of poetry, of royalty of every kind, in short, of which Francis the First—the gentleman, the gallant, the poet, the chevalier, the artist, was the king,'—he says that in that age all France was amorous of green eyes—at least, according to Ronsard:

'Je veuil l'œil brun et brun le teint,  
Quoique l'œil vert tout la France adore.'

The poet declares himself opposed to the popular taste in favour of Marguerite de Valois, the king's sister, who was brune with blue eyes; but 'bon sang ne peut mentir,' and another day he said to another mistress:

'A cette jeune Grecque à qui ta beauté semble  
Comme tu fais le nom.'—*Hélène.*

Then we are reminded that in an epithalamium on the marriage of Madeline of France, daughter of Francis, Marot wrote:

'Brunette elle est, mais portant elle est belle.'

Among the other 'proofs,' as the author calls them, of his proposition, we find an allusion to green eyes in connection with blonde hair, and the two are, we believe, always associated. (Becky Sharpe, by-the-way, is an illustration in our own time.) Laborde makes the heroine of his '*Amie de Cour*,' a coquette and courtly lady, say:

'Je mettais peine à porter proprement  
*Mes blonds cheveux* et mon accoutrement,  
A posément conduire mes yeux *verts*  
Pleins de douceur, ni peu ni trop ouverts.'

From Mellin de Saint-Gelais, Joachim Dubellay, Louise Labbé, 'la belle cordière,' Remi Belleau, Claude de Pontoux, and others, he quotes verses in praise of blonde beauty, showing its high appreciation among French poets. Then he proceeds to give us some specimens from that curious book called '*La Pauleographie*'—written in praise of a lady of Toulouse called 'la Belle Paule,' by Gabriel Minut, and printed at Lyons in 1587—from which it is evident that the lady in question, unlike the Toulouse ladies in general, had golden locks. The author—who certainly ought, from the enthusiasm with which he writes, to be an authority on the subject—declares, moreover, that it is impossible for any woman to be beautiful except under this condition. 'La Belle Paule,' by-the-way, he describes as the most beautiful lady that ever existed; but his *dictum* may be accepted with some reserve, considering that, as the author tells us, 'the Superlative was born in Languedoc or its environs, and has never been ex-

patriated,' in illustration of which historical fact he tells us a story which, as it is about a white horse, may not be considered out of place.

An officer of Languedoc had lost a horse, and his grief took such a hold upon his southern excitability that he gave forth his lamentations at table in this style:

'My beautiful horse! You know the white one? So beautifully white—more white than a swan in alabaster! So beautiful—the most beautiful of all Algeria! And young—the most young in the regiment! The most—ah, well! it is dead!'

'Dead!' interrupted a companion. 'What a pity! But you have this to console you—that it is quite dead; the most dead of all horses; that there has never been a horse so dead as he!'

The belle Paule, however, must have been something remarkable in the way of beauty, for we are told that she exhibited herself every Sunday on her balcony in order that the assembled people of Toulouse might see her at their ease, as the admiring crowd could not be kept within due bounds in the streets without the interference of the authorities.

Our author, alluding to these pleasant difficulties incidental to the life of a blonde (there are blondes and blondes, by-the-way, and the belle Paule was, it seems, a *blonde argenté*), mentions the fact that another blonde—Mademoiselle Sophie Gay, afterwards Madame de Girardin—was the cause of an *émeute* at Lyons. The populace surrounded the house in which she was staying: she had to shut the windows for her protection, and then they all competed for the privilege of gazing at her through the panes of glass. She would have been the most beautiful woman—that is to say, the most beautiful blonde of her time—if there had not been another. This other was a Venetian countess who was called the *Biondina*. All Venice sang nothing but the *Biondina* while she was in the City of the Hundred Isles.

The blonde Ninon, says our author, alluding, I suppose, to Ninon

l'Enclos, observed of a young gentleman who had no memory, that it was all the better—he could not tell anything. Our author pleads the same cause, on his own account, for closing his quotations from the beauty-market of the blondes. But he adds another batch, of women of fashion, of rank, of mind, or of beauty, who are to be included in the category. Agnes Sorel was blonde, Diana de Poitiers was blonde, Gabrielle d'Estrées was blonde, and Marie Stuart, 'whom the brune and jealous Elizabeth caused to be decapitated,' was blonde also. And then he quotes, from Brantôme, a description of the unhappy Queen of Scots' hair, as displayed on the scaffold, forgetting recent researches into history, which declare the same hair to have been a wig. But however this may be, Marie Stuart was undoubtedly a blonde, so he has a right to make her his own. He adds, too, some other illustrations, which I am bound to record. The first wife of Henry IV.—la belle Margot—was, he confesses, brune, but he adds that her ivory arms were one of her great attractions, and also the fact—if it may be so called—that all her pages were blonde, and that she made them shave their heads in order to provide her with tresses of the colour most admired. Among other illustrious ladies he cites Anne d'Austriche, blonde; Henriette d'Entracques, blonde; Marie de Bourbon, Duchesse d'Orléans, blonde; Elizabeth de Fraine, Reiné d'Espagne, blonde; Henriette d'Angleterre, Duchesse d'Orléans, blonde; the Duchesse de Chevreuse, blonde; and blonde, he adds, was the beautiful Duchesse de Longueville, of whom the great Rochefoucauld wrote the well-known verse:—

'Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire ses beaux yeux,  
J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux dieux.'

Mademoiselle de Montpensier, painting her own portrait, describes herself as having hair *blond et d'un beau cendre*, with blue eyes and a vermilion mouth. Of the three races of Mazarin two were brune

and the third blonde. And to show how blonde beauty was accepted at the Court of France, it is stated that Madame de Motteville in her Mémoirs, speaking of the brune Soyon, maid of honour to the Duchesse d'Orléans, said that she might have declared, like the Sulamite: 'Je suis noire, mais belle?'

Our author does not fail to note that the ladies in the last century in France who were not blonde, wore wigs which made them appear to be so. And he adds that, besides the *blondes du perruquier*, there were others who were blondes by nature—as Madame de Sévigné, who invented a blonde coiffure; Mademoiselle de Lavallière, who invented another; Madame de la Fayette, who was blonde, and Madame de Maintenon, whose *blond chevreux* was not the less beautiful because it was celebrated by the Marquis de Chevreuse, her first lover, in somewhat mediocre verse.

Under the Regency—at that epoch of materialism—the brunes were in the ascendant. Such is the cause and effect traced by our author; and he traces the decline of noses—which are always great in great men—to the general decadence of the age. But I will not follow him into his conclusions upon this subject, nor into his profound reflections upon the association of the Revolution with physiognomy in general. My business is with the blondes. I should not omit to mention, however, that he notices the assumption of blonde hair during the revolutionary period. And he adds: 'The blondes are the incarnation of poetry; the brunes are the poetry of the flesh.'

The eccentric old gentleman who is responsible for all these ideas brings them to a rather alarming conclusion. The human race, he says, whatever its present degrees of colour, will one day all be black. The dark peoples have led the way, the light peoples will have to follow them, and the universal negro will be the result. There is no need to trace the theological and scientific causes alleged, as we can credit the conclusion just as well without them. But it is time to tell what

happened to the young gentleman to whom the manuscript was committed—whose fortune depends upon his marriage with a miraculous blonde beauty within a certain time.

Albert has been well advanced in his readings, which are resumed from day to day, when he suddenly announces to Maurice that he has seen, during his walks abroad, a young lady of wonderful beauty—blonde, and, as it appears from his description, answering all the conditions prescribed by his uncle. His imagination takes fire at the idea which naturally suggests itself. But Maurice implores him to moderate his transports. The young lady, he says, is Louise de Gérac—the early friend of a cousin of his—and he is himself in love with her. It is true that the cousin—Madeleine de Fré-geneuil—is an earlier love; that he has been devoted to her from his childhood. But he loves Louise, and cannot choose but abandon himself to his inspiration. He asks, therefore, from Albert a promise, on the honour of a friend, that he will not cross his path. Albert necessarily consents, and meets the two ladies, who are present from time to time at the reading of the manuscript. The addition to the society causes some embarrassment at first to Albert, as Madeleine is a brilliant brunette, and is not likely to feel flattered at the theory of the eccentric uncle. But Albert assures her that the argument is to be accepted in a *Pickwickian* sense, ‘or words to that effect,’ as far as the French language will allow, and the young lady takes the reflections of the

author in very good part. As the readings proceed, Albert finds himself taking more and more interest in the young lady, and at last pays her attentions of a very marked character. He is in great danger indeed of flying in the face of his uncle’s injunctions, and ruining himself for Madeleine, when his friend steps in to save him. Maurice, it seems, has seen, not without jealousy, the attentions of Albert to Madeleine, and at last avows that he has mistaken the nature of his feelings for Louise. He believed that he felt towards her as a lover; but since he has learned to love Albert as a brother, he has discovered that it is only as a sister that he loves Louise. It is Madeleine, and Madeleine alone, whom he now owns as the mistress of his heart.

Nothing could be pleasanter than the arrangement suggested by this altered state of affairs. Albert is more than willing to transfer himself to Louise, and Louise is happy to meet him half way. Madeleine, too, who has never swerved from her early love, is delighted to secure him. So, after a little mystic talk about affinities and so forth, the book closes with a very proper moral—the blonde gentleman being married to the brune lady, and the blonde lady to the brune gentleman. As for the theories of the eccentric uncle, not one of the party, you may be sure, cares a straw about them; and the reader who has accompanied me thus far will doubtless agree that they come to a very proper conclusion.

S. L. B.

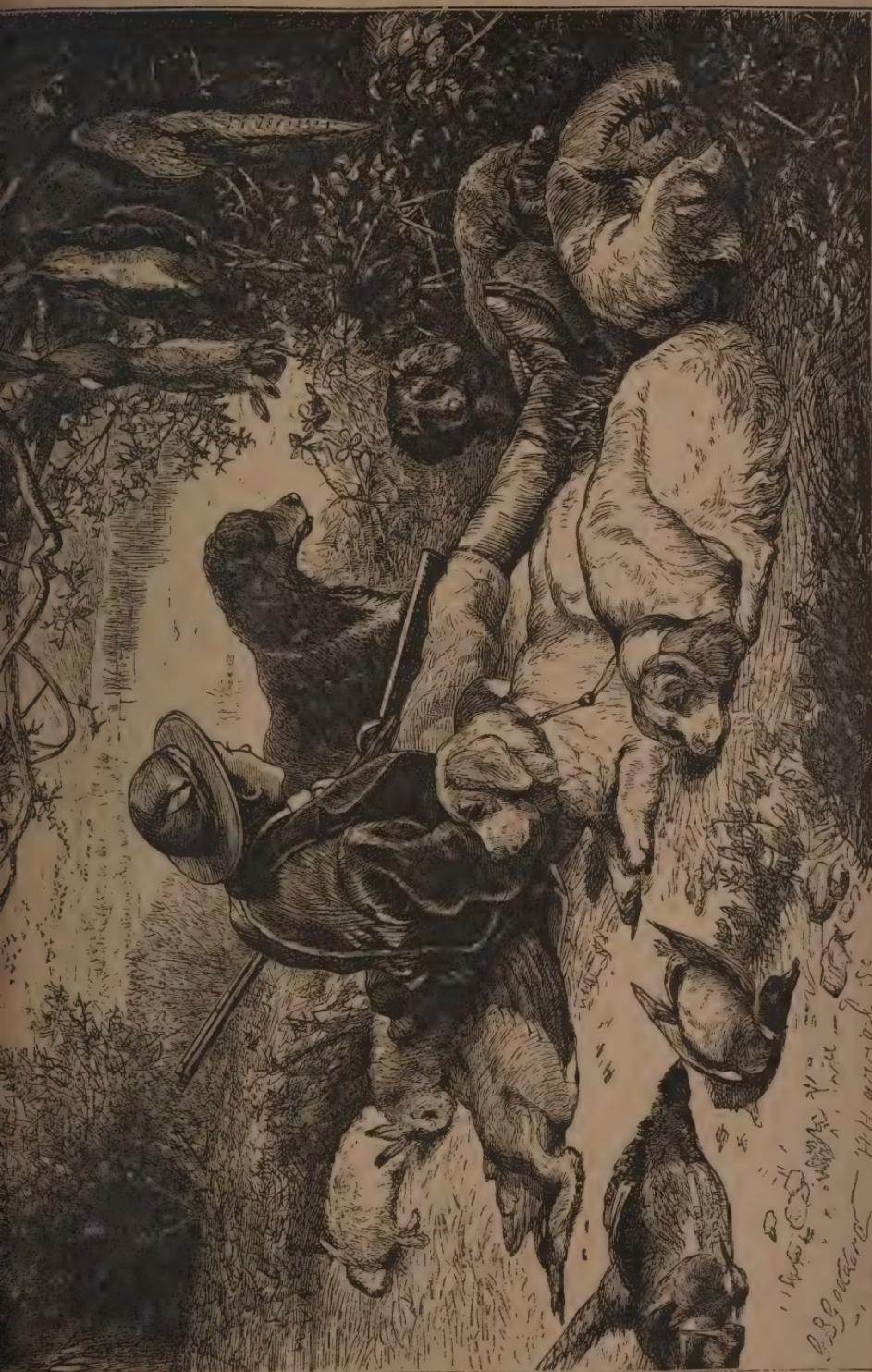
#### M R. O'REILLY.

**H**OW many months ago is it since I lay down, one lovely autumn afternoon, on the side of Loch Sheogachan, and mentally tossed up ‘heads or tails’ as to what I should do about Mary O'Reilly and her intractable, unbearable, ungovernable papa? From Christmas to Christmas is twelve months—thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. Scarcely fifteen months, and it seems as if a hundred years had passed since then.

Here a certain young person, looking over my shoulder, remarks that I have

paid her a very pretty compliment indeed. I explain, however, that I meant the hundred years to express my sense of the happiness which had been compressed into the fifteen months. The explanation appears to myself to be remarkably vague, not to say incoherent; but it satisfies the young person, who retires, and leaves me to my story.

Fifteen months ago, then, I went over to the west of Ireland, in answer to an invitation from an old gentleman, a distant relative of mine, who had some



116  
"I'm a duck  
D. G. Goddard - H. H. Munro, M.D.  
1890"

Drawn by G. B. Goddard.]



excellent shooting. He did not shoot himself; he had few neighbours who had not shooting of their own; he had still, out of habit, kept on his game-keeper, who supplied the kitchen in autumn and winter; and so it was that he was right in saying there would be no lack of sport if I went over. A young and briefless barrister, who has the good luck to have some little money of his own, is seldom busy. Above all, he is never busy in the autumn; so in an inexpressibly short period of time I found myself at the half farmhouse, half castle, which my venerable friend owned on the shores of Loch Sheogachan.

The shooting, as I had anticipated, was excellent; and for a week or two I revelled in slaughter. Day after day, wet or dry, I sallied out alone, my only companions being the dogs; and while I sometimes found sufficient difficulty in disposing of the game I shot, so that it might be fetched by some one from the house, that inconvenience was more than atoned for by the freedom I obtained from the persecutions of Tim O'Lany, the keeper. Tim was a pig-headed old fool, incorrigibly obstinate in sticking to his own means and methods, and regarding all improvements or alterations in the outfit of a sportsman as something approaching sacrilege. Breechloaders, in especial, were his particular abhorrence; and if, by chance, you missed anything, Tim was invariably ready with an 'I told you so,' and with a protestation that any other gun would have caught the hare or the duck, as the case might be. So I intimated to Tim, after a day or two in his company had taught me the boundaries of my shooting, that henceforth I should dispense with his services. Tim said nothing; but I know that he prayed to his favourite saint that I might miss every bird or beast at which I might fire; and I am certain he was almost moved to tears of vexation on seeing, evening after evening, that the day's bag had not been decreased by his absence.

In midst of this enjoyment, it was my fortune to meet Mary O'Reilly; and from that moment I became the wretchedest of human beings. She and her father came from some unnameable district to dine with us one evening. There was no other lady present; and as my aged friend and Mr. O'Reilly devoted their energies exclusively to discussing the doings of some magistrates in the neighbourhood, the young lady and I were naturally thrown pretty much together. When Mr. O'Reilly did address

me, it was merely to say all the insulting things he could imagine about England and the English. These, delivered in a fine rich brogue, he hurled at my head, as if I had specially gone over to become the scapegoat of my countrymen. Miss Mary did her best to deprecate these attacks; but in vain.

'Ye talk about shootin'!' he cried. 'Is there a man in your country who'd wait all the noight in a barrel in a bog—wid plenty of rain to prevent your fallin' asleep—to have a shot at the say-fowl?'

'Why, I've done it myself,' said I.

'You?'

The tone in which he uttered the interrogation sounded remarkably as if he believed that I was lying.

'Will, I'll till you, I'll go out wid ye to-morrow noight, now.'

'All right,' said I.

The challenge, as I suspected, was only a threat; and Mr. O'Reilly never mentioned the engagement again.

However, Mary O'Reilly and I became great friends that evening. She was (perhaps I had better say *is*, lest this sheet should again be submitted to inspection) a very handsome, spirited-looking girl, with dark-blue eyes, a fresh complexion, and large masses of jet-black hair. There was fire and life in her every look and motion; and yet she was exceedingly gentle in manner, and soft in voice. She was so unlike her father, that I took it for granted she resembled her mother, who, to judge by Mr. O'Reilly's objurgations against my countrymen, had probably been an Englishwoman.

In return, Mr. O'Reilly invited my relation to dine with him, and included me in the invitation. After that evening, I took the liberty of calling at Mr. O'Reilly's house, without seeking any invitation. Indeed, I fancy he rather liked my going there, that he might indulge his passion for maligning and sneering at the English. What he chiefly complained of was their want of spirit. They did not drink, nor fight, nor dance, nor make love, nor do anything in that fine, boisterous Irish fashion which he remembered to have marked his own young days. They were a set of patient, dull, respectable people, introducing calculation into every matter of life, wanting entirely that dare-devil enthusiasm and courage which were alone worthy of a man. All this, and much more, I was accustomed to hear as Mr. O'Reilly sate and drank prodigious quantities of Kinahan and hot water, and while Mary O'Reilly

sate at the piano (it might have been a better one, certainly) and played those old Irish airs which are so full of a sweet and tender pathos.

In time—in fact, in a very short space of time—all this produced its natural consequences. I was madly in love with Mary O'Reilly. I went about the hills and along the side of the loch in a maudlin fashion, oftentimes allowing a hare to scuttle off in safety among brackens not thirty feet from me, and at other times allowing a heron to rise from the reeds and fly unharmed over my head, with his long legs hanging in the air. Finally (and by this time Mary by various little arts and devices, had impressed me with the notion that I should not displease her by so doing), I went and asked her father if he had any objection to my becoming a suitor for her hand.

He had, most decidedly. He drank off some raw whisky, and told me, with profuse and profane language, that his daughter should never marry an Englishman—never! And he invoked all the saints and demons to bear him witness.

So I departed, crestfallen. What was I to do? That very evening I received a note from Mary, which she had sent by some servant. She had heard of the quarrel between her father and myself. She was in despair. I was never to be allowed near the house again; and what should she do?

That was the very question which was pressed upon myself, for the term of my invitation had nearly expired. I began to curse the hour in which I was born on English soil; and wished that I had been, to please her maniac of a father, a Dutchman, a Bosjesman, or a New Zealander.

Next day I had grown desperate. I was moved to slaughter every living thing that came within reach of my breechloader. I was unusually lucky, too—woodcock, pheasants, hares, and ducks falling to my gun, to say nothing of half a dozen rabbits and a long-necked heron. Towards the afternoon I returned to the spot where I had hung up some of the game in the morning. I sate down on the bank, surrounded by the dogs and the slaughtered birds; and there I read Mary's letter again, and fell to wondering what was to be done with the Anglophobist who had the honour, and did not appreciate it, of being her father. At length I took my resolve; slung most of the game on a tree which I knew how to indicate to Tim O'Lany; went home with the

dogs; and then started over the mountains to Mr. O'Reilly's house.

I hung about there until I saw emerge from the place a little girl whom I recognized as the daughter of O'Reilly's bailiff. Her I laid hold of, and bade her quietly go and tell Miss O'Reilly that some one wanted to speak to her. Mary came, in great agitation; and there and then I proposed that, if her father persisted in his mania, she and I should get married in spite of him.

'Has he any other objection to me than my being an Englishman?' I asked.

'None,' she said; 'but that is quite insuperable. I am in despair. He will never give his consent; and I dare not do what you ask.'

But she did, all the same, although it took me two or three days, with half a dozen interviews, to persuade her. I had to make arrangements with my relatives in London; I had to coax my mother into writing a letter to her, saying that Mary could come direct to her house; I had then to go to London, and arrange with an elderly official gentleman at Doctors' Commons, and another elderly official person in the neighbourhood of a certain church; and finally I hurried across again to Ireland. I confess that I almost repented of the project when I saw the distress the poor girl was in.

'But then,' she urged, while she was still struggling to retain her tears, 'when he knows we are married, then he will give up his prejudice against Englishmen.'

'I don't know,' said I; 'but if he gives up his prejudice against me so far as to make friends with you, well and good.'

It was only a week or two after this that, one evening, Mary and I sat on the balcony of a hotel at Königswinter, overlooking the Rhine. We were married, and were on our wedding tour; but the quiet and loveliness of the surroundings of Königswinter had kept us chained there for several days, and we were in no hurry to depart. Besides, we had written for letters, and daily expected them.

A gentleman stepped out from the *salle-à-manger* and approached the portion of the balcony where we were sitting. Mary turned her head slightly, and then uttered a little scream. I started up at once, and was confronted by Mr. O'Reilly.

'Now,' said I to myself, 'we are going to have a scene, and it will be better to have it a short and a swift one.'

' Me boy,' said Mr. O'Reilly, ' give me your hand ! Did I say ye were an Englishman ? Divil a stupider word did I ever utter, and that's the thruth ! Divil an Englishman had iver the courage to carry off his swatheart in the way ye did ; and it's mighty plased I am wid ye—and proud of ye, me boy ;

and here, Molly, me girl, come and kiss your ould father !'

The next moment Mr. O'Reilly had turned to me, with a wink, to say that he had brought ' a foine dhrop o' the craythur wid him, just to make all matters straight atune us.'

---

## HOW MR. MINTER WON AND LOST HIS SEAT FOR GOLBOROUGH.

### A Story of the Election Petitions.

---

#### I.

' **W**HAT do you think about it, my dear—eh ?' and Mr. Minter, of the firm of Minter, Splinter, Flinter, and Co., Coleman Street, City, looked dubiously at the lady who was most emphatically his better and stronger half.

' Think ?' replied that lady ; ' why, that of course you will act upon Mr. Writeley's advice, and issue your address at once for Golborough. Isn't it just the opportunity ?'

' But I have heard such queer accounts of the place : they say it's as corrupt as possible. You know, my dear——'

But Mrs. Minter had made up her mind ; and where Mrs. Minter led, Mr. Minter invariably followed. Had that lady's literary abilities and mastery of political phraseology been somewhat more extensive than they were, she would have probably taken the pen out of Mr. Minter's hand, and completed for him, then and there, the election address which he was hesitating to commence.

To explain these snatches of dialogue already quoted, it may be well to say, that in consequence of the death of Sir Croesus Broadlands the second seat in the representation of Golborough had just become vacant. Mrs. Minter had the eye of a hawk in these matters. For some time it had been her main ambition to achieve the position and dignity of a county lady. County society she had understood was by no means easy of access ; but Mrs. Minter was not to be daunted by small obstacles. If her aspirations

could not be realized in one way they should be in another. She was wearied of the sphere in which she moved in London : she thirsted for novelty and distinction, and, *coûte que coûte*, she would have them both. Why on earth should not Mr. Minter go into parliament ? Every person was in parliament now-a-days. ' Thomas Minter, Esq., M.P.' —that would be the Open Sesame to the door which was closed against her ; and those initials she determined that, in some way or other, her patient and plastic husband should have. The opportunity that morning had come. Mrs. Minter had observed the decease of Sir C. Broadlands, pointed out the vacancy at Golborough which would thus occur, to her lord and master, and despatched him at once to Mr. Writeley, the head election agent of the great Buff party, with whom Mr. Minter had already some slight acquaintance.

Upon Mr. Writeley, therefore, Mr. Minter duly called. The great man was in his office. He would see Mr. Minter — presently : at that moment he was occupied with talking to a couple of Cabinet ministers—the Buffs, it may be remembered, were in office just then. This interview concluded, he would give Mr. Minter at least ninety seconds to explain his business. ' Just as well to impress these City men,' said Mr. Writeley to himself, as he finished a very excellent Havannah in a little inner room leading out of his regular office,—for the head election agent of the Buffs, it is

needless to say, was about as much engaged with Cabinet ministers as he was with the Queen and the various other members of the royal family. Mr Writeley's strong point was impressiveness, and judging from his tone of conversation, he was quite as essential to representative government in England as the House of Commons or the balance of parties.

'Take a chair, Mr. Minter,' said this important personage; 'sorry to have kept you: extremely full of business: appointment at the Treasury in three minutes' time: your business?'

'That seat at Golborough——'

'Oh!' said Mr. Writeley, with a very different expression, 'have you any wish for a parliamentary career?'

Mr. Minter, encouraged by this question, began to unfold his views to Mr. Writeley. But Mr. Writeley was not a man who needed much of the unfolding process, and, cutting the explanation as short as possible, turned to an imposing address-book.

'Well, Mr. Minter, I see I can put you in nomination—that is supposing our subsequent arrangements to be satisfactory.'

Mr. Minter hinted something on the subject of probable expenditure. 'Oh, the expenses would be nothing—nothing, that was to say, to a man in Mr. Minter's position.' Mr. Writeley thought that the seat ought to be safe for three or four thousand pounds. Could Mr. W. put him, Mr. M., in communication at once with his agents at Golborough?—or—'

'Wasn't,' Mr. Minter interposed, 'Golborough a place which bore a rather bad character as regarded purity of election?'

'Well,' Mr. Writeley observed, 'you must take the place as you find it. A seat in parliament was a seat; and British electors were British electors. However, he thought that, with agents of such entirely unassailable honour, Mr. Minter might be quite satisfied that the conduct of the election would be irreproachable in every respect.' 'Contest? Oh yes, there would be

a pretty sharp contest. Was not Mr. Minter aware that Mr. Studley had been "nursing" the borough for some time,—in fact, ever since the last general election; but then Mr. Studley was Blue; and it was quite impossible for any one but a supporter of the colours of the great Buff party to carry the second seat for Golborough.' 'Thoroughly sound and honourable principles? Yes. Mr. Minter might be entirely satisfied that the election would be conducted on these.'

'Then, mildly asked Mr. Minter, 'wasn't three or four thousand pounds a rather large amount?'

'Yes, perhaps it might seem so,' rejoined Mr. Writeley; 'but then he must remember, firstly, that the agents' expenses would be considerable, as Golborough was a long straggling town; secondly, there were a good many public charities, which Mr. Minter should support. These tactics were, of course, not merely perfectly justifiable but absolutely necessary. As he, Mr. Writeley, had observed, Mr. Studley had been nursing the borough for a considerable space, and it would require some amount of honest liberality—that was Mr. Writeley's expression—to counteract the venal tampering—(by-the-bye,' said Mr. Writeley, whom it just struck that he had developed a felicitous phrase, 'you might hint at that, should you be brought into personal collision with Mr. Studley) of the candidate in the Blue interest. Well,' summed up Mr. Writeley, 'have you made up your mind?'

So Mr. Minter promised an answer on the next day, and went on his way, not at all rejoicing. To tell the plain truth, he had not, in the first place, the slightest wish to get into parliament. His politics were of the mildest order, principally confined to the Money Article in the 'Times,' and speculations in Consols. But the necessity of the step had been urged upon him by Mrs. Minter. 'Think of the good it would be to them all! Think of the advantage it would be to the girls;' and Mrs. Minter drew a delightful picture of the Minter *ménage* in some aristocratic county, with Min-

ter père playing the part of the old English gentleman, and the Miss Minters carrying everything before them.

‘I’d a deuced deal sooner have a villa in Surrey, close to the river, and a nice punt—all handy to town,’ sighed Minter, thinking fondly of the old days when the dells of Richmond Park gave him his idea of Tempe, and his aspirations after Ilissus would have been perfectly gratified by the contiguous Thames. But the villa in Surrey, and the punt, and the handiness to town were not at all what Mrs. Minter required. The Miss Minters were stylish girls, and had received an expensive education, and Mrs. Minter had not the remotest idea of hiding their gifts and graces beneath the bushel of suburban society. A real country house, not a Brummagem imitation, was Mrs. Minter’s notion, and the neighbourhood of Golborough was, she had heard, delightful. All the county families were such admirable style—very exclusive, of course; but then Mr. Minter, as member for the county metropolis, and as a country gentleman—for Mrs. Minter had quite decided that there was not the least use in their living in London all the year round, and that a snug little place close to Golborough would be the thing; already had vivid visions of her lord and master entertaining the Golborough Hunt at breakfast, and opening the Golborough county ball with the Duchess of Fiddlestick, Mrs. Minter’s phantom partner being none other than the great Duke of Fiddlestick himself.

These were the thoughts which Mrs. Minter was revolving in her breast while she sank back in the recesses of her yielding arm-chair, and beheld before her her greatly-perplexed husband elaborating his address to the ‘Free and independent electors of Golborough’ from the depths of his moral consciousness.

Enter the footman. A note on a silver salver. From Mr. Writeley, who would be glad to know whether Mr. Minter had quite decided as to Golborough. Mr. Writeley had al-

ready received more than one additional application; but as Mr. Minter was first in the field, and he, Mr. W., was, above all things, anxious not to divide the interest of the great Buff party, he should certainly return the answer that there was no opening at Golborough, should Mr. Minter continue of the same mind in which he appeared to be this morning. Active measures, most active—and these words were underscored by Mr. Writeley—would be necessary, as he understood that Mr. Studley was moving heaven and earth, and that Mr. Flowett, the head election agent of the Blues, was already down at Golborough, reconnoitring.

‘Mr. Studley!’ almost shrieked Mrs. Minter, who had been reading the letter, at the same time letting the document drop from her hands; ‘Mr. Studley!—Henry, you never told me this. Write at once to Mr. Writeley, telling him that you have quite decided, and that your seat must be carried at any price.’

Mr. Minter thought of his balance, his investments, and wrote.

In truth the mention of Mr. Studley’s name had shed an altogether new light upon the whole matter, and had supplied an entirely new set of motives to Mrs. Minter’s ambition.

‘Fancy,’ said Mrs. Minter, when the document had been duly despatched, ‘never telling me about the Studleys. You know I hate that woman! You know I would do anything in the world to punish her for her rudeness to me when we were at Cannes last year. Odious, proud creature! And to think that you should have hesitated one moment about Golborough; I will have Mr. Studley beaten, even should it cost me my very dress off my back. Henry, you are a poor-spirited man, and don’t know when your wife’s insulted.’

‘But, my dear,’ remonstrated Mr. Minter.

Mrs. Minter was not in a humour for ‘buts.’ As for Mr. Minter, he accepted the situation, and meditated. He fancied that he had gained a new insight into the question of the woman franchise.

'That seat must be won. I don't care what it costs,' said Mrs. Minter.

'My dear,' returned Mr. Minter, 'the election must be conducted on honourable principles, remember.'

'Honourable principles, indeed!' ejaculated the lady. 'You talk about honourable principles, when you have not the spirit to avenge the insult to your wife. That odious Mrs. Studley! She shall repent it.'

In this way did Mr. Minter issue his address to the electors of Golborough. The Golborough electors were taken by surprise. So was the Studley party.

'I say, Studley,' remarked Mr. Flowett to that gentleman, the day after Mr. Minter's opposition was announced at the Canning, 'the Buffs have got a man—Minter—and if half of what I hear is true, you will have a regular calf of gold to fight against.'

'Just like my luck,' replied Mr. Studley. 'It's cost me deuced near fifteen hundred pounds during the last two years nursing that cursed borough. Why, 'twas only the other day that I bought up precious near all the pheasants in Leadenhall Market, to send a brace to every influential elector in the place, when the coverts at Studdington' (Studdington was the name of Mr. Studley's country seat) 'would scarcely yield a bird.'

'I am perfectly certain,' was Mrs. Studley's remark when she heard of the matter, 'that it is all that vulgar, jealous upstart's doing, Mrs. Minter. I know she was immensely mortified because I would have nothing to say to her at Cannes; and this is her revenge. Really the cool assumption and impudence of some persons in these days are wonderful!'

## II.

When Mr. Minter had alluded to Golborough in the course of his conversation with Mr. Writeley as a curious place, he was certainly not far wrong in the epithet which he chose. A very remarkable place, indeed, in every sense of the word, Golborough was—that is, from a

Parliamentary point of view. And so Mr. Minter had occasion more than once to discover in the course of his canvass. It has been already stated implicitly or explicitly that Golborough returned two Members to Her Majesty's House of Commons. Of these seats one was held by Tyrrel Lacqueacre, Esq., the representative of one of the oldest families in the county. This gentleman had been in the enjoyment of the confidence of his constituents for some considerable time; and highly important it was to him that he should continue in the proud possession of the trust; for, if report spoke truly, it was entirely the beneficent result of his Parliamentary privilege that he still experienced personal liberty, and that he was able to remain on his native soil instead of betaking himself to some of those convenient watering-places on the French coast. Not that Mr. Tyrrel Lacqueacre was individually much respected or admired by the constituency of Golborough, but his father, a worthy old gentleman, who had recently died a nonagenarian, had been a great benefactor to the town, and in this case gratitude to the parent was followed by fidelity to the child. There were curious stories as to the real composition, could the truth only be known, of the tolerably numerous body of his domestic retainers. As was the case with Sheridan, so it was said that no sooner was one parliament dissolved and the inviolability of Mr. Lacqueacre's person threatened with temporary suspension, than there was an addition to his corps of menials, in the shape of two officers of the law, who were obliging enough, in order to disguise their real business and status, to don the Lacqueacre livery, and who were only distinguishable by their fellow-servants from the ubiquitous anxiety with which they attended to all their master's wants, and the extreme solicitude which they displayed lest some unforeseen calamity should befall the lord of Lacqueacre Hall, if he happened to stray any distance beyond the circumscribed sphere of their vision. As for this

pair of periodically-recurring additions to the Lacqueacre *ménage*, they rather seemed to enjoy their vocation than otherwise. ‘Live like fighting cocks, you know,’ these worthies would remark to the other members of their fraternity, when they rejoined them, somewhere in the precincts of, say, Cursitor Street and Chancery Lane. ‘Game, ven’-son and all that, you know. In fact, we gets too much of them luxuries, for precious little meat enters Lacqueacre’s kitchen which ain’t killed on the premises, I can tell you,’ the speaker would say, with a knowing grin. ‘The Golborough butchers they know a trick worth two of that, I can tell you.’ And the gentleman who, with a wink, made this proposition, would thereat apply one of his digits to his nasal organ, in a manner suggestive of the quaint grimace in which, according to Mr. Ingoldsby, the Sacristan of the legend indulged.

Several attempts had been made to disturb the seat of the senior sitting member of Golborough, but to no effect. At the last election it was thought that a rather formidable Blue opponent—Buff was the hereditary election colour of the Lacqueacre family—had been brought forward, and several stratagems of political warfare had been resorted to. Neither invective nor calumny, if Mr. Lacqueacre’s friends were to be believed, had been wanting. His impecuniosity was more than hinted at: rude puns were made on his name, and some of the Blues, with a strong taste for statistics, absolutely drew up a list of Mr. Tyrrel Lacqueacre’s alleged debts—from what sources they were derived is not known—and circulated the document right and left. But nothing was gained by all these expedients; and it was left for Mr. Slender, the great Blue agent at Golborough, to address an indignant harangue to the assembled mob, from the window of the principal hotel in the place, the burthen of which was that the great town of Golborough was once more shown—shame upon them!—to be an appanage to the house of Lacqueacre. Golborough, however, cared for none of these

things; for, in some way or another, Golborough managed to make quite as much as it wanted out of the great house which Mr. Slender so eloquently arraigned.

One seat, however, secured by the representative of Lacqueacre, it was, in the language of those who knew the town, quite a toss up who secured the other—or rather, as those who said they knew Golborough still better declared, it was no toss up at all, and by an extension of the legislation of auction to senatorial matters, was invariably knocked down to the highest bidder. There was no doubt about it that Golborough had cost the baronet so recently gathered to his fathers a very pretty little amount. It had long been known that poor Sir Cresus was liable to be carried off at any moment; and Mr. Studley, who had first appeared in the field nearly ten years ago, had quite made up his mind that when the seat fell vacant it should be filled by no one save himself. With this view he had lost no opportunity of cultivating the favour and goodwill of the Golboroughites. In fact, he had been doing what Mr. Flowett called ‘keeping his nest warm.’ He had subscribed to the agricultural shows of Golborough, had frequently gone there at the most inconvenient seasons to deliver the prizes at the Golborough grammar school, had spent quite a little fortune in purchasing Christmas and New Year’s gifts for the good folks of Golborough. Thus it was quite the accepted thing that whenever Sir Cresus might be promoted to heaven or the Upper House, Mr. Studley was to pop in. Under these circumstances it was not surprising if some little excitement was created by the news at the eleventh hour that the Buffs were going to bring forward a man.

Mr. Minter had prosecuted a most successful canvass; everybody said that, and—it was now the eve of the election day—the ‘Golborough Guardian,’ a most decidedly Buff paper, came out with a flaming article on the principles on which the contest was to be carried on this time. ‘Honour unimpeachable,

good faith inviolable, adhesion to public duty, the exemplification of private virtue—these have invariably been the political principles of the great Buff party. They will be so now; and Mr. Minter is the man in whom all these gifts and graces shall take bodily shape and substance.' So wrote the '*Golborough Guardian*'.

Mrs. Minter had at first intimated to Mr. Minter her intention of coming down to Golborough with him. This intention she had subsequently abandoned, but her absence only made her take the keener interest in all that was going on, and Mr. Minter sent despatches in numbers numberless as to the progress which he was making. The professional gentleman to whom Mr. Writeley had been good enough to recommend Mr. Minter at Golborough was a certain Mr. Damp. If there was any person who knew Golborough, Mr. Damp was certainly the man. As he told Mr. Minter on the occasion of one of their first interviews, he had been bred in it and born in it, and if Golborough was to be got at he thought he knew how. It is scarcely necessary to say that between these two gentlemen there was the best understanding possible. Mr. Damp, as he sat with Mr. Minter on the particular evening to which mention is here made, assured him that the whole matter was perfectly safe.

'Mr. Damp,' said Mr. Minter, 'I hope all is being done on the square. I have heard some curious reports already, but they are only reports, I hope.'

'My dear sir,' replied the gentleman thus addressed, 'make yourself quite at ease. I would not countenance—'

'If you please, sir, Mr. Flock wants to speak to you,' said a waiter to Mr. Damp, entering the room in which the pair happened to be seated at the Royal Arms, the hotel which Mr. Minter honoured with his patronage.

'One of my faithful collaborators,' said Mr. Damp, and left the room.

'I say, Mr. Damp,' remarked this gentleman, 'Studley's people are

bribing like the very devil all round. We've spent every farthing of that last seven hundred we had from Mrs. Minter, and we must have more.'

'I suppose, then, we must telegraph,' said Mr. Damp: 'the only thing is to keep the matter as close as possible from Mr. Minter. Strikes me he's suspicious already. He will keep on about his honourable principles. My dear Flock, we must carry the election at any price, and Mrs. Minter will spend, I believe, anything. There's nothing like a woman's quarrel for election agents.'

'Then that other matter about which we were speaking this morning is all squared, eh, Mr. Damp? no humbug, you know. I ain't doing all this dirty business for nothing, and I expect Minter to take the Grange at the sum I said. No,' went on this precious gentleman, 'twenty-five per cent. ain't too much, and I have fouled my hands in a pretty way. Why, it's only twenty per cent. over the regular charge.'

Mr. Flock, it may be mentioned, was an auctioneer and house-agent; the Grange was the name of the country seat which Mrs. Minter had fired her ambition on, and the question of percentage was a polite form for estimating the value of Mr. Flock's electioneering services.

'Fouled your hands, have you?' said Mr. Damp, who, in the spirit of a true diplomatist, naturally objected to this very coarse way of looking matters in the face; 'more fool you. Remember, I know nothing of this. You are my coadjutor; I find the funds: they are legally expended by you in the course of an honourable canvass. That is how the matter stands; and, Mr. Flock, be careful, be careful!'

With which words Mr. Damp prepared to rejoin his principal.

There was something much the reverse of pleasant, though, about Mr. Flock's face. 'If all this business is not properly done, blame me; if I properly do it, and there's any nonsense to me, Mr. Damp, look out. I'm fly to all the business, and what I know I'll use.'

As for the money which Mr. Flock alleged he required, it was duly provided. Mr. Flock's system of ma-

naging business was simple and intelligible. He would go into the house of a free and independent elector, and say that he hoped the f. and i. e. would vote for Mr. Minter. ‘ That’s all very well, sir,’ the free and independent elector would reply, ‘ but gentlefolks never comes to me unless they ’spects me to do summat for ’em. I’ll not do nothing for gentlefolks unless they do summat for me.’

Under these circumstances, would Mr. Flock inquire, ‘ What are you to do? The man’s remark is from a certain point of view unanswerable. I think,’ Mr. Flock would say, ‘ that the best thing to do is to accept the situation, and if you want the vote, to get it.’

In this way Mr. Flock had contrived to find outlets for the expenditure of a very considerable sum of money in excess of the three or four thousand pounds which Mr. Writeley had informed Mr. Minter would be required to carry his seat. How had that money been provided? It will be remembered that Mrs. Minter, at the commencement of the undertaking, had announced her intention of procuring her husband’s return by all means which lay within her power, fair or foul, even should they involve the hypothecation of her very dress from off her back. There was, indeed, little likelihood of her being reduced to this extremity; for, in the first place, Mrs. Minter’s wardrobe was extensive; and, in the second place, Mrs. Minter had a very respectable little fortune, the management and disposition of which came completely within her own control. Never was there partisan like Mrs. Minter, and the zeal of her partizanship was exactly proportioned to her antipathy towards Mrs. Studley. The Golborough election was the one matter that haunted her night and day: the one question which she was perpetually asking herself was whether Mr. Minter was doing all he could and should to make the seat safe. Like many others of her attractive sex, Mrs. Minter was supposed to be somewhat sceptical as to the competency of masculine management. Something in the

spirit of the celebrated Spanish Emperor Don Alonzo, who remarked that if he had been consulted at the Creation, he could have suggested several improvements, Mrs. Minter was decidedly of opinion that Mr. Minter’s policy would be grievously incomplete without her supervision. It was entirely in harmony with these views that in a moment of extreme restlessness, when she had inflicted a grievous amount of torture upon herself by picturing to her imagination the triumph of the Studley faction, and experiencing, by anticipation, the pangs of mortification which would be the results of that triumph, that she sat down to pen a letter to Mr. Damp, whom she had ascertained was Mr. Minter’s agent, and was acting in his interest at Golborough. That letter need not be quoted *in extenso* here; we shall have occasion, unfortunately, to refer to it again. Briefly, it was to this effect: She (Mrs. Minter) knew how necessarily expensive elections were, and she knew, too, how ridiculously sensitive her husband was on all these points. What she wanted now to express to Mr. Damp was, that Mr. Minter’s victory must be ensured at any cost, and that for all the funds which might be required he (Mr. Damp) might look to her. To cut a long story short, the result of this letter was that Mr. Flock had had more than one interview with Mrs. Minter in London, and that on each of these occasions he had returned with very much more about him, in the shape of coin of the realm, than he had come with. These interviews were, it is needless to say, conducted under promise of the profoundest secrecy; and Mr. Minter—whose conscience Mrs. Minter was in perpetual dread lest she should violate—knew as much about them as ‘the man in the moon’—indeed not quite as much; for it turned out that this was a *soubriquet* which the inhabitants of Golborough gave the indefatigable Mr. Flock. Mr. Flock, therefore, knew far too much about matters in general to make it at all advisable or safe for Mr. Minter, or any of Mr. Minter’s faction, to displease him. How Mr. Flock employed

his knowledge will be presently seen.

It is needless to dwell upon that most hackneyed of all stock subjects—a county election. The Golborough election was much what others are—there was the same amount of noise and banners, of oratory and of beer, of partizanship and of intoxication, that usually distinguishes these events. For a long time on the polling day the contest between Mr. Studley and Mr. Minter continued pretty even; but as the day waned, Mr. Minter's prospects brightened, and just before four o'clock the tide was decisively turned in his favour by a rush of free and independent electors, decorated with the Buff colours, to the polling booth. The result was that Mr. Minter was declared duly elected by a majority of forty.

Mr. Minter returned to town the same evening. Mrs. Minter felt disposed to illuminate all the windows of her house in Hyde Park Gardens to receive him.

'Thank goodness, Henry,' said that lady to him, with characteristic feminine charity, 'we have managed to "dish" Mrs. Studley!'

'Dish' was not, perhaps, an elegant word, but it was emphatic, and it probably described the position in which the wife of the defeated aspirant to senatorial honours found herself, and the sensations which she experienced very completely.

'Gracious powers!' said Mrs. Studley to her husband, 'fancy that detestable vulgarian and his wife having beaten us.'

'It is a nuisance—an infernal nuisance,' replied her husband, sipping his Burgundy. 'But what is there to be done?'

This dreamy after-dinner attitude of unresisting despair did not, however, at all suit the fiery temperament of the aggrieved Mrs. Studley.

'Do,' repeated that lady, 'do?' why, petition at once. You must let Mr. Flowett know immediately. It's quite impossible, of course, that Minter can have got in without terms of corruption. You must rout up every atom of evidence that there is.'

'Have you heard that Studley's

going to petition?' said Mr. Writeley, two days after the above conversation, to Mr. Minter on the steps of the Retrenchment.

'Petition!' answered that gentleman, 'the deuce he is! Isn't there any way of stopping this, eh, Writeley?'

'I'm afraid not,' answered the great election agent of the Buff party. 'If what I've heard is true, there certainly is not; for it seems there is a lady in the case, and that Mr. Studley is perfectly infuriated at our success. From what I've heard this morning from Damp, I must candidly tell you that I don't like the look of the business.'

If Mr. Writeley had been consulted on the point, he would have told Mr. Minter that as regards election petitions there very generally was a lady in the case, and that mortified feminine ambition was far more frequently the cause of the opposition offered to the return of successful candidates than the world has any idea.

'I don't see why I should have any particular reason to fear,' returned Mr. Minter; 'so far as I know, everything was done on the square. At least,' he continued, correcting himself, 'as much as I suppose is ever possible. And if you come to that, I should think that *sans peur et sans reproche* is about the last motto which Studley could appropriately select.'

'It's always a bad sign,' returned the imperturbable Mr. Writeley, 'when women poke their heads into these matters.'

And Mr. Writeley's comment was undeniably sound.

### III.

'Very well, Mr. Damp, those are my terms, and those terms I intend to have paid. It's not a halfpenny too much, seeing what I did. And if you won't let me have it, I'll make you regret it. Of that you may be quite sure. Five hundred down now, and a bill for two hundred at three months' date.'

The speaker of these words was Mr. Flock, and Mr. Flock was at

this moment in a very aggressive and uncompromising frame of mind. Hitherto the financial arrangements of Mr., or rather Mrs., Minter and her representative had been perfectly satisfactory to him. He had 'bled,' to employ his own language, that lady plentifully, and without encountering resistance; but the trampled worm will turn, and after yielding to repeated extortions, Mrs. Minter now fairly told Mr. Flock that she could pay him nothing more, and that he must go to Mr. Damp. To Mr. Damp he had gone accordingly, and with the result which has been stated above. Mr. Damp was quite firm; he had stated his terms, and he would not depart from them.

'That or nothing, Mr. Flock; make your own choice.'

'I'll have what I ask, or I will upset the whole lot of you.'

'Pshaw! Flock, don't talk nonsense; you'll do just what I say.'

'I've said what I'll do, and I'll go away and do it now.'

'You'll go away and come back in a far more reasonable frame of mind in half-an-hour,' said Mr. Damp.

'I'll see you——' but the remainder of this speech was inaudible, for Mr. Damp left the room and slammed the door.

Mr. Flock meant mischief. If there was one man in Golborough—and it is very much to be feared there were a great many—who was entirely incapable of understanding, or who persistently ignored the meaning of the word principle, that man was assuredly Mr. Flock.

Mr. Flock was in this instance quite as good as his word. On leaving Mr. Damp's presence, he at once went in quest of Mr. Studley, who had taken a house about a mile out of the town of Golborough for purposes of shooting. When Mr. Flock called, Mr. Studley was out. Mr. Studley had, in point of fact, gone to London on business, and would not be home for one or two days. Mr. Flock's business was extremely important. Was Mrs. Studley in? She was. Well, then, Mr. Flock would see that lady if she could give him a short

interview. Mrs. Studley, it appeared, on the servant's return, both could and would; and it may be well here to state, that when Mr. Flock sent in his name, he accompanied it with a hint that his call was dictated by motives in great measure political.

'It's a pity,' said this worthy, while waiting Mrs. Studley's advent into the drawing-room, 'if I can't play a card now which shall do for the hand of Messrs. Damp, Minter, and Co. I told Damp I wouldn't stand any humbug, and by George I won't!'

Mrs. Studley duly made her appearance, and addressed Mr. Flock in her most gracious manner.

It may be well to state, *in limine*, that the astute Mr. Flock had already gathered from the remarks which Mrs. Minter had on more than one occasion, in the course of their interviews, allowed to drop, that her desire for her husband's political success was greatly intensified by the nature of her personal feelings towards Mrs. Studley; and this gentleman, who was as capable of putting two and two together as most people, was not slow in concluding that Mrs. Studley would cordially reciprocate Mrs. Minter's measure of ill will. It was upon this conclusion that he now intended to base his negotiations. Mr. Flock, accordingly, coming to the point at once, stated to Mrs. Studley, with as much brevity as possible, that having heard it was Mr. Studley's intention to petition against Mr. Minter's return, he ventured now to call to see whether he might not be of some assistance, and whether, should Mr. Studley not have entirely made up his mind on the point, the information which he (Mr. Flock) was enabled to give might not have the effect of at once deciding him. This was news which caused Mrs. Studley to display evident signs that she was on the *qui vive*, and Mr. Flock adroitly proceeded to unfold his tale. Mrs. Studley could not suppress a feeling of uncomfortable doubt whether she was not doing something which she would subsequently regret by

accepting, as in listening to them she did, the propositions and suggestions of such a perfect embodiment of venality as Mr. Flock frankly represented himself to be. On the other hand, we know, ‘sweet is revenge, especially to woman,’ and, in the interest of justice, it was but right that such flagrant corruption as the Minter faction had not hesitated to practise should be remorselessly exposed. As for Mr. Flock, he kept his counsel. It was not his policy, he thought, to inform Mr. Damp immediately of what he had done; and so, when he received a letter from that gentleman, asking him whether he had not yet thought better of his proposal, he fenced the question, and replied to Mr. Damp that he was quite content to allow the matter to stand over. Meanwhile, the period for the opening of the inquiry into the Golborough election on the petition of Mr. Studley against the return of Mr. Minter was approaching. Mr. Minter, it must be confessed, felt very much the reverse of easy when he contemplated the proceedings. Mrs. Minter, it is true, kept the secret of her frequent communications and negotiations with Mr. Damp marvellously to herself. Somehow or other, however, Mr. Minter, with a vague sense of impending calamity, was haunted by a melancholy conviction that there had been a good deal more done in effecting his return than had met his eye or struck his ear; and when he mentioned the matter to Mr. Writeley, that gentleman did not disguise from him his opinion that the petition was an unfortunate occurrence. Mr. Damp, it may be well to say, had communicated to the head election agent of the Buffs the fact of Mr. Flock’s obstinacy, and Mr. Writeley had written back to Mr. Damp, very strongly reprobating the course which he had adopted in not securing the silence of the auctioneer ‘at any price.’ As for Mr. Flock, he kept in the background, nor did Mr. Damp get an opportunity of speaking to him till the day before that which was appointed for the opening of the petition by

the judge appointed to try the case —Mr. Justice Bowles.

Golborough was in a great state of excitement. It was generally believed that the inquiry which was about to commence would result in some very astounding disclosures, and rumours were already flying about as to the excesses of venality which had been promiscuously perpetrated on both sides. It was known that the head election agent of both parties had come down from London, Mr. Flowett personally to cheer Mr. Studley on to victory, Mr. Writeley to keep up, so far as by his reassurance he could, the drooping heart and the failing courage of Mr. Minter. It was not, however, known till quite the evening of the day that Mr. Flock had deserted, in consequence of a difference which he could not or would not adjust with Mr. Damp, and had fairly gone over to the enemy.

‘Tell you I see’d him myself with the Blue people at the Lions’—the Lions was the hostelry which the Blues patronised—‘a talking to Studley and that lawyer chap who’s come down from London,’ remarked Mr. Blogg, the grocer, to a fellow-townsman.

‘It’s queer, too,’ said another trader in the good town of Golborough; ‘they always seemed to have so much money going. I shouldn’t have thought they would have spared a few pounds to save a quarrel with Flock.’

‘No, nor they wouldn’t—a few hundreds neither,’ remarked a third, ‘if they hadn’t been a set of fools. But that Damp, he’s a reg’lar close-fisted customer. However, Flock’ll play old Tommy with the whole lot of ’em. Why, the evidence he can produce is enough to lose the seat for Minter ten times over. I know that—and I have reason to know it—precious well.’

And Mr. Chubb, the chandler, grinned complacently, and ordered another gin hot with lots of sugar.

‘It’s all fine enough for them who has heaps of money,’ put in another gentleman, by way of reply to the remark that ‘there was no doubt about it—Minter bribed like a good ‘un, he did’—‘to go and say that

bribing's a sin, and all that; but what I say is, how would they act if they were situated as the likes of we are?

This argument was generally considered irrefragable, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause by the free and independent electors of Golborough assembled that evening in the parlour of the inn known as the Honest Lawyer—a sign the impossible realisation of which in real life was symbolised by the effigy of a decapitated attorney holding his head at arm's length.

'I say,' remarked Mr. Minter to Mr. Writeley, at the Warren Arms, the traditional head-quarters of the Buffs in Golborough, 'what's this? I am told by Damp that Flock's gone over to Studley, and is routing up a tremendous deal of evidence against us.'

'Nonsense!' said Mr. Writeley. 'I say, Damp, what's this?' for at this moment Mr. Damp was announced.

Mr. Damp was obliged to say that so it was. Rage vividly overspread the features of Mr. Writeley's face.

'That's all the fault of your cursed stupidity, Damp,' returned the great election agent of the Buffs. 'How infernally Flowett will chuckle to himself! Cleverly done, I must say. Can't make out how they managed to keep it all so much to themselves.'

But springing mines was Mr. Flowett's great forte. Indeed, that gentleman was wont to say that, like the mole, he conducted all his operations under ground.

'I wonder what Mrs. Minter will say now to her tactics,' remarked Mrs. Studley at the same time to her husband and Mr. Flowett.

If this trio could have been endowed with the powers of Asmodeus they would have perceived at that moment a very tragic scene indeed enacted between Mr. and Mrs. Minter. Mrs. Minter had heard the dreadful intelligence of Mr. Flock's secession, and naturally enough she began to have some misgivings as to her handiwork. Consequently she thought that the best thing for her to do was to make a clean breast of the whole matter to her lord and

master. This gentleman was at first disposed to be furious. 'Just like your woman's meddlesomeness!' he exclaimed. But Mr. Minter was naturally soft-hearted, and Mrs. Minter's tears rapidly subdued his passion. 'Oh, Henry, what have I done?' said the poor lady, sobbing.

'Ah! my dear Ann,' returned Mr. Minter, 'why didn't you take my advice, and content yourself with the crib in Surrey?'

The morning came, and with it the opening of the inquiry. As to the results which were elicited in the course of it, there is no need to recapitulate them at any length here. They may be found by any one who cares to explore the columns of the various numbers of the daily papers, referring to that date, duly chronicled under the head of 'Election Petition Intelligence; Revelations Extraordinary at Golborough.' And extraordinary, beyond a doubt, these revelations were. The first day of the inquiry was entirely occupied by the evidence which Mr. Flock gave. This gentleman told everything, gave a full, true, and particular account of his interviews in London with Mrs. Minter, as well as of the financial results which accompanied them. Mrs. Studley, who was in the court, grinned with stern satisfaction. As for Mrs. Minter, she could barely sustain herself, with the assistance of the stimulus of potent smelling salts, in the solitude of her bedroom at the Warren Arms. Mr. Flowett chuckled, and said he had never heard of anything so clumsily done. Mr. Studley smiled. Mr. Writeley swore, and Mr. Damp thought of emigrating to New York straight away. As for Mr. Flock, he rejoiced with the joy of the malignant Caliban which he was.

The evidence which cropped out on the second day did not give such unmixed satisfaction to the Studley party as that of its predecessor. Far too much was said of Mr. Studley's nursery system, and of his gratuities as well as of his agents to the citizens of Golborough on the eve of the election to be pleasing. The spirit of the Minterites rose in proportion.

Amid such alternations of evidence as these the proceedings terminated, and it was announced that the judge would deliver his verdict. It was extremely lengthy; indeed it occupied about four hours. Mr. Justice Bowles possessed considerable power of speaking his mind, and he spoke it pretty strongly. He characterised all the proceedings as disgraceful and abominable. He adverted to the untoward influences of misplaced feminine political ambition, which caused a laugh to run round the court, and he censured Mr. Flock in the severest terms which the English language could supply. Finally, he said, that so utterly corrupt, rotten, and abominable, was the state of things at Golborough, and so clear was it that Mr. Studley systematically sought to extend his

influence by improper means, that while he declared that Mr. Minter was not duly elected, it was quite impossible for him to declare that Mr. Studley was. It was his duty, therefore, to recommend her Majesty to send down a royal commission to inquire into the state of things at Golborough, and this he should do.

Such was the announcement of Mr. Justice Bowles. Mrs. Studley, who was in court anticipating triumph, was carried out in a fainting fit. Mr. Studley took it better than could be expected. Mr. Flowett ground his teeth. As for Mrs. Minter, her exclamation was one of gratitude that her loss was not at any rate Mrs. Studley's gain. As for Mr. Minter, it is pretty certain that he will not aspire to Parliamentary honours again.

## THE PICCADILLY PAPERS.

BY A PERIPATETIC.

MICHAELMAS TERM AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE University of Cambridge just now is in a very abnormal and transitory condition. Those who remember it with its settled air of mathematical certainty and calm will hardly be able to understand the utterly topsy-turvy condition at which all things of town and gown, buildings and studies, things earthly and unearthly, are reduced at the commencement of the present term. We believe that order will be evoked from the chaos, but at the present moment the chaos seems certain, and the order is only in some respects problematical. The University is exhibiting just now a great academic revolution—a great architectural revolution. Everywhere there are great destructions and great renovations. There is an army of more than a thousand workmen busy at Cambridge. Even picturesque little Queen's, quiet and somewhat decaying, is making a great splash of stones and mortar in front of its

unambitious portal. The magnificent chapel of St. John's is fast approaching its completion, although many of the stained windows which have been so long ordered have not yet arrived. The magnificent frontage of Caius College, though almost lost in the narrowness of the street, will be probably the most remarkable addition to Cambridge after the glorious chapel of St. John. In fact there is hardly a college in Cambridge which is not, or has not, been exhibiting unwonted activity and expenditure in regard to the material fabric. The most remarkable accomplished facts of late are respectively the completion of the Whewell quadrangles, and the new buildings of the Union Society. We could trace the course of prosperous improvement in various details. Thus in Trinity College alone, in addition to libraries and other bequests, we have Mr. Woolner's busts of Sedgwick and Tennyson in the library, and

in the chapel the noble statue of Lord Macaulay, to which will soon be deservedly added the statue of that great benefactor of his college and university, William Whewell. We only trust that the extraordinary chaos and confusion presented by the public works offered no obstacles to the even course of undergraduate work. In particular we did not very well see how the men at Caius College would for some time get the use of their renovated chapel.

This external confusion and activity seems also to symbolize the organic changes which are at work in the constitution and character of the University. In two most important directions Cambridge is about to follow the lead of Oxford. Cambridge has in so much gathered wisdom from the example of her exemplary sister, that no Cantab will mind, that here as on the river, she should for a while follow in the wake of Oxford. Cambridge is just now putting into action the system of unattached students. Next year a Tripos of Law and Modern History, corresponding with the now famous Oxford school, is coming into action. The question is, how far these Oxford institutions will bear transplanting to a Cambridge soil. The system of unattached students is the greatest movement that could possibly be made in the direction of university extension. The success of the experiment is still problematical at Oxford, but the results hitherto obtained are highly hopeful. This Michaelmas term is fraught with the deepest interest and anxiety in many minds and many homes. Nearly two thousand young men are pouring into Cambridge from all parts of the country, more than a third of them for the first time. At Oxford they enter rather more sporadically, but at Cambridge all undergraduates commence residence in the present term. Among them will be many genuine specimens of the poor scholar. For these Alma Mater has minimized all her expenses, and thrown the gates of knowledge widely open to all comers. With the exception of a few inconsiderable fees, a poor scholar may live at Oxford or Cam-

bridge with no greater expense of living than would be the case anywhere else. He is liberated from ordinary college expenses, but he will obtain the university degree, and at any time, through successful competition, he may be affiliated into college life. At the same time we do not attach to this movement the same importance as to the corresponding Oxford movement. The reason is simple. Cambridge already gives abundant helps and rewards to poor scholars. She is poor, miserably poor, as a university, but in her college revenues she is rich. In the various colleges she gives away some fifty thousand a year to undergraduates, in scholarships and prizes. Oxford, which is rich as a corporate university, hardly gives such an extent of prizes to her alumni. Hence poor scholars have chances at Cambridge which they do not possess at Oxford; while at Oxford the unattached system is the only possible system for many poor men. Hence we think that the importance of the unattached system, which at Oxford can hardly be overrated, may at Cambridge be easily exaggerated. On the other hand, we think that the introduction of a Law and History school at Cambridge possesses a very high degree of significance. This school at Oxford has proved immensely popular. It considerably outnumbers the mathematical school. It seems very exactly to meet the characteristics of the Oxford mind. We are of opinion that a larger tincture of this spirit might advantageously be imported into Cambridge. The Cambridge ideal is accuracy; the Oxford ideal is taste; the former loves verbal scholarship, the latter, abstract speculation. The wide field of modern history, with its many questions that can only tentatively tend to a solution, will show that there are more things in heaven and earth than can be proved to the satisfaction of the dons of demonstration.

There is one large Cambridge scheme, towards which a vast sum has been already raised, to which we can give our warmest wishes—the cleansing and improving of the

Cam. The narrowness of their stream, at times almost choked with the American weed, is the greatest obstacle to obtaining the coveted supremacy on the water. The occasional practice on the Thames will never make up for the nature of the habitual practice on the Cam. The river flowing through groves and lawns, beneath frequent arches, cannot be improved in the loveliness of its surroundings; but its wave is dull though not deep, and may be taught by art to minister better to academic necessities. The purifying of the stream may be emblematic of a further purifying of academic life through all its varying strata. University manners, despite the unclean libels of 'Formosa,' show most satisfactory progress. It is a common remark that university men spend less money but they spend it more wisely; and tradesmen, as a rule, make fewer bad debts. Still there are reforms among the Seniors which may be hopefully expected. The phenomena presented by the system of married fellows—a system that would have simply petrified the dons of the last generation—are as yet somewhat discordant and disappointing; but this, after the period of fusion, will probably work better. The University Press, instead of being a source of expense and weakness to the university, may, to Cambridge or to Oxford, prove a prolific source of revenue. At this commencement of her academic year we have every good hope for Cambridge, and all things are hopeful. It is impossible to limit her rate of progress or the goal whither it advances.

#### MORNINGS AT A STUDIO.

If you really want to lounge away a morning, and yet to make the lounge not unprofitable, you cannot do better than go to the studio of an artist. He is not a business man, or a man who makes literature a business, for in that case he would probably look on your laziness with ill-disguised impatience. But the artist is to be considered as even favourable to such irruptions; he

is, *ex hypothesi*, a being whose bonhomie is imperturbable; he does not consider himself to be superior to criticisms and suggestions; moreover, a studio is essentially a place to be visited as a means of publicity and possible custom to its owner. The artist will indeed work ferociously hard at times, and at such seasons he will desire to be, or will make himself, invisible; but on the other hand laziness is a very large and pleasing component in his character. You are perhaps like the little boy in one of those moral tales that adorn the spelling-book. The little boy asked the bee to play with him, but the bee had to make honey; and implored the cow, but the cow had to make milk; and the horse had an engagement to draw a carriage; and the sheep had no time to spare from the formation of mutton, and so the virtuous little boy declared that as nothing else was idle he must not be idle, and goes off to school to learn his verbs. The artist prevents you from forming a similar virtuous determination. Other people will not be idle with you; the barrister has his brief, the journalist his leaders, the parson his sermon, the member his blue book; but the artist will probably say, 'with all my heart.' And he will lounge away the morning with you in his studio, or he will put on that raffish cap and cut-away coat, and be ready for anything you like.

Your artist, however, is not a very good man to walk. Somehow he knocks up, I think, more easily than other men. When he takes the open air he takes it in a sedentary point of view, with his canvas opposite to him and a big umbrella over his head. You had better talk with him in his studio than by the wayside, and in his studio he has much wayside talk to give you. It is the happy peculiarity of artists that much comes to them in a business-like and professional way, that other people can only partake of as a most positive kind of relaxation. They go mooning about in the lanes and woods and in stately parks, and find picturesque little hostels by the seaside, or in

the vicinity of some decaying abbey, or amid the lakes and mountains. And where you only stop a day or two, and then press on to the next place marked down in your inexorable plan of tour, he will linger on week after week, or even month after month, and then having taken the blossom of the fleeting summer in its loveliest aspects, he will blandly tell you that he has been working very hard, and that he must take his enjoyment out of the winter months in town. And sitting then, with the fire burning low in the grate, he will tell you one ravishing story after another of the summer months. There never were such streams, such woods, such ruins, such sunrises and sunsets, such aerial perspectives, as those which he has been painting. And he found a farm-house close by, as picturesque and convenient as farmhouse could be, with hay-fields and corn-fields such as Gainsborough or Constable would have loved and painted. The cost was little indeed; coins were not often seen in that primitive region, and their use was only imperfectly comprehended. The villagers looked on him as a grand seigneur, and yet he was admitted into all the secrets of their innermost life—that lower class life which is as impenetrable to the ordinary middle class as the lowest strata beneath their feet—and could tell of dances in barns and cottage flirtations that had the genuine aroma of the simplicity of the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

Sometimes such Arcadian experiences are not without results. I am afraid that occasionally the artist has been the incognito hero of the little romance he divulges. But he chiefly leaves such for amateurs, fellows who have not got their living to gain by the brush, and can afford to sentimentalize. If the flirtation becomes very deep with the farmer's daughter, and by and by the bells of the village church are set pealing because the rustic beauty is wedded to the fine gentleman who came down from London to paint the scenery, ten to one the artist is an amateur and not a professional. I am no stranger to such

cases; but in each instance it has been the monied amateur whose pictures won't sell, and not the working artist whose paintings and drawings command their price. And what satisfactory prices they get, too. A friend of mine went and asked a man in the full flush of work to do an etching for him. 'What will you give?' was the question put with laconic point and brevity. 'Twelve guineas,' replied my friend. 'Twelve guineas,' replied Prospero, not without contempt; 'why, I should lose money by you. Your etching would take me nearly the whole morning.'

Similarly about models. Whatever your amateur may do, the artist would as soon think of falling in love with his laundress as with his model. He paints the bust or leg of his model at a shilling or eighteen pence an hour as coolly as a surgeon might by and by dissect the same. Sometimes the model will hardly appreciate such neglect. Her eyes have flashed back scornful indifference. Of course there have been painters, and very eminent painters too, who have married their models; but you may easily count up such painters on the fingers of one hand: and I don't think they have done so injudiciously in the long run. I am not answering at all for the amateur. He can afford to marry, and he marries as he likes. Perhaps it would be better for him if he couldn't afford it. As a rule, your romantic marriage generally turns out an unfortunate affair.

I go now to a sculptor's studio. He shall be the most fashionable of sculptors, and his studio ought rather to be described in the plural, for it is made up not of a room but of a range of rooms. He will talk, but somewhat curtly, for he is the rage just now, and his eyes are envious of every ray of daylight. To-day is for him, but he does not know for whom to-morrow is to be; and he must make his fortune, if it is to be made, before the coming man cuts the ground from beneath his feet. Many and most interesting are the reminiscences that he too has got to tell of the recess. It has hardly been the recess to him.

He has been to one great house after another, busy with his work. There is the great statesman. He sat to him three hours a day for three weeks this summer. It is hard indeed to chain down in marble those exquisitely mobile features. Again and again the Minister would be interrupted, or would interpolate interruptions, during the sittings. But there was nothing pleasanter when he would really relax and talk about art and Italy, poetry and scholarship. And at dinner he heard some of the best talk talked, and drank some of the best wines drunk in the kingdom. He picked up commission after commission here, and perhaps was able to have two sitters in the same house. Look at this thoughtful invalid philosopher. Did you ever see eyes so deeply sunk beneath such broad, shaggy, commanding brows? One would hardly imagine that so great a man would care for the comparative triviality of a statue. But what a pleasure and honour to gaze so often and fully on that furrowed, thought-seamed face, to hear his deep accents, and perhaps gain from his own lips a further insight into his far-reaching speculations. And here is the fashionable poet; and here the beauty who imagines that her arms might serve for the Aphrodité *Anadyomené*; and here the vulgar M.P. whose constituents have determined on setting up a golden idol in their market-place; and here a still more vulgar millionaire who has determined that his statue shall be done by the hand of genius, and I only hope that the hand of genius will determine that an enormous fee shall be thrust into its palm for doing so. My friend has a strongly-marked line of his own, but I will not describe it—whether he is one who insists upon pre-Raffaelite distinctness and accuracy, and remorselessly renders every defect, or whether he glorifies the subject he touches, and converts even stringy or ropy locks of hair into a sort of human floriculture. There is little doubt but the latter system must be adopted, at least partially, if you want to put your art on a sound

commercial basis. But of course neither the great sculptor nor yet the illustrious subject will condescend to all the details. A prize-fighter may sit for the earl's legs, and the said legs may be handed over to the assistants. As work accumulates the assistants may have more and more to do, but the face and the immortal touches are reserved for the artist. And wonderful is the instinct and genius of the artist who reproduces not a mere photograph—for after all a photograph may be a bad likeness that chronicles only the passing moment—but brings into expression the sum of the thought and action and passion of years.

To my mind there is no more satisfactory talk than that of the studio, with its science of the human form and visage, its lore of the human heart, its careless frankness, its acute perceptions and delicate criticisms. Of course these men talk 'shop,' how such pictures are going up and such going down in the market, and R.A.s are objurgated, and hanging is too good for the Hanging Committee, and such and such are the great forthcoming triumphs of the Academy. All sorts of men may talk this shop except scholars, and when they talk their particular kind of shop it is called pedantry. For my own part I am most tolerant of 'shop.' I like it, first, because it shows that men are really fraternizing with you, at least *pro tem.*; and in the next place, this is the best way for thoroughly getting into their groove or line. Any one who knows Rome will tell you that his happiest hours are spent in the studios there, and even in London you may for a time fancy that you are in Rome.

#### HUNTING WATERFALLS.

There is one kind of tourist travel which you may prosecute as late as you like in the season or out of the season; and the heavier the rainfall, and the more boisterous the weather, the more promising and successful will be your expedition. This is what Wordsworth calls the 'hunting of waterfalls.' The phrase is an exceedingly good one, for it is

not enough that you should turn out of the road to look at a waterfall, but the best waterfalls are generally placed in almost inaccessible localities, and then you have to work your way up the gorge before you have really explored the fall. Now in the summer time waterfalls are really a great imposition. 'Aira force that torrent hoarse,' is, as a matter of fact, nothing of the kind. An effect, partly similar, might be produced by an old woman with a watering can. It is after heavy rains or in the depth of winter that you see the waterfall in its own season and in its proper charms. If you are tolerably hardy and robust, make the experiment even in December. The whole lake country is girdled and encircled by the railway system, and the lines run up to the very shores of the lakes. Nature does not come to an end when the excursion trains cease to run, and winter and waterfalls go excellently together.

It may be broadly said that there are two kinds of tourists. There is the carriage tourist, and there is the genuine walking tourist. The first system is the more luxurious; but the second is absolutely necessary if you want to see the country. It is all very well to loll in a carriage, as you roll along by the margin of a lake, and to go on the water in a cushioned boat, to dream away your days in pleasant hotels opening on woods and waters, to ascend hills so far as good roads, good rides, good mules will take you. I trust I have a keen and well-educated sense of such enjoyments. But I admit, at the same time, that fine scenery requires a severer system. The hunting of waterfalls certainly involves such. Let no fine-weather tourist venture on the experiment. You wait for a propitious day; that is the first day after the heavy rains. The path is a watercourse simply; the slopes are mimic waterfalls in themselves. You had better take goloshes; they save you at first, to a certain extent, but they are of course eventually torn to pieces by the stones and the moraines. You do not so much

walk as make a series of kangaroo leaps from one stone or crag to another. If it was raining yesterday, of course it will rain again some time to-day. With all your exertions you make a very slow progress, and you are now fully able to understand the slow progress of troops over heavy ground. The general physiological effect upon your system, from the rain without and the dew within, is precisely analogous to a Turkish bath; and the best rule is, when thoroughly wet through and wearied out, to betake yourself to hot blankets and hot brandy and water.

There is one idiotic remark which one frequently hears in the Lakes, 'Oh, but you ought to have seen the Alps.' As if a 'beautiful' object is really less beautiful, because elsewhere there is also something that is beautiful, or perhaps more beautiful. This remark always flings me into a state of dreadful irritation. One is glad to have seen the Alps, if only because it leaves one at liberty to admire the Westmoreland and Cumberland ranges. The foreground is, in point of fact, just as fine, as a rule, as the Swiss scenery, only we miss the background of snowy mountains. In compensation we have that wonderful throng of minute beauties which hardly belongs to the bolder and sublimer Swiss views. Neither can the most experienced Swiss climber afford to think cheaply of our northern hills. It is not so long ago that a man took his departure, alpenstock in hand, from John Ritson's, at the head of Wastwater, to go up Scafell. That experienced guide—whose modest inn, engrafted on the dalesman's farmhouse, is so welcome to tired pedestrians across the Black Sail Pass—warned him against the attempt when ice and snow were over all the ground. The traveller said he knew Switzerland thoroughly well, and so could venture on these mountains. 'You need not go to Switzerland to break your neck,' said honest John. So the traveller went up Great Gable (I think it was), and broke his neck and was brought down on a ladder. They use ladders

here in case of any accident, as almost the only thing that can be grasped at along the steep paths. But hardly a season passes without accidents. Almost the very night that I came up Ennerdale, then reduced to a morass by the rains, and came down the Black Sail in the dark, a poor guide was lost on Coniston Old Man. They saw by the tracks next morning that his ponies had gone round and round him all the night.

For the genuine tourist there are no hostels and neighbourhood more enjoyable than the head of Wastwater and the head of Ennerdale. The pretty little 'Angler's Inn' at Ennerdale, with the water almost covering its steps, is a picture. You find in Wastwater holdings that have been held on from father to son ever since the times of the Tudors. It is the grandest bit of all the lake scenery for the mountains, and you may obtain near here the Scottish view stretching to Ben Lomond, to be recognized by its peculiar shoulder. Of course there is a waterfall close by here. Only a pretty cascade in ordinary weather, indeed, but in stormy times it has been known to bring down enough earth and of granite boulders to stop the outlet of the lake. Such is the nature of the waterfall, which makes it desirable to see the 'forces' in their own season. The ingenuous mind Mr. E. A. Freeman would be delighted with the method of fox-hunting on these fells. For, let it be said, to the equal horror of sportsmen, men go out after foxes with guns. For it is not a matter of sport, but of internecine warfare between farmers and foxes, who pillage his lambs and his poultry on an alarming scale. But even here—and it is an argument against Mr. Freeman—in spite of the guns, they cannot dispense with the fox's natural enemy, the dog. For the dog will kill him more surely, and pursue him on the fells where the sportsman cannot follow, even in his aim.

The waterfall that is more familiar to that vague entity the public mind is Lodore, made notorious by Southey's lines, which would re-

quire some qualification if applied to Niagara, and are simply ridiculous when applied to Lodore. There is a good deal of difficulty about the Lodore falls, for a new and very good inn having been opened at Borrowdale, the Lodore Hotel people have put all who go there in an 'Index Expurgatorius,' and will give no admittance to visitors from the new hotel who wish to visit those lower falls of Lodore, which are best seen in the grounds of the old hotel. This argues a very morose and unhealthy state of mind somewhere. My own impression is that the public, by long usance, has acquired a right of way, and that the law is on the side of baffled and ejected tourists. Having determined on operations, we took some sherry and soda at the latter inn, and went as a matter of course into the grounds. Here we were promptly confronted by a small and very imperious boy, who demanded whether we were staying at the Borrowdale Hotel. We explained to the youth that we had been through a process of 'restauration' at his own hotel, and beyond that we declined to criminate ourselves, alleging that he had no right to put questions to an Englishman. The small boy considered our reply evasive and unsatisfactory, and avowed a dark suspicion that he had seen us at the large hotel. Having forthwith demolished the small boy, although a big lout with a pitchfork ran up to help him, we proceeded to scale the gorge. There was rather a difficult moraine, and we had to thread our way through a pathless plantation, which by the side of the stream had an almost tropic closeness of air and abundance of vegetation. Let the tourist, instead of entering on litigation or attempting the *vi et armis* plan, since even an appeal to the 'Times' has failed, ascend the hill, behind the inn, which will soon bring him to the higher and better falls, for unless you have seen them you have not really seen Lodore. When you have climbed the gorge you emerge from the wood on a table-land, and not far off you come to that most secluded tarn from which the cascade is fed.

The friend who scaled the gorge of the Lodore fall with me was a poet, and I willingly transfer to my pages some lines that will give them a value not their own.

'Oh quiet tarn, uplifted on the hills,  
Thy face is filled full of the light of heaven.  
No factory soils thy ministering rills,  
Nor restless traffic o'er the waves is driven.

But bosomed gently mid the swelling fells,  
Thou, in thine azure loveliness, dost rest  
Like a great sapphire gem, that silent dwells  
In glorious splendour on a woman's breast.

And silver-mailled children of the deep,  
Mute, in calm beauty, thy clear waters part;  
As in the tranquil hours of holy sleep,  
Glide quiet thoughts through girhood's purest heart.

And of heaven's light thou keepest still account,  
So hast thou done while ages past thee trod;  
As Moses' face on the calm desert mount  
Shone from his lonely communing with God.

Ah! would like thine, my life were full of heaven,  
But now, I fear me, it is all too late.  
No second morning unto man is given;  
I can admire thee, yet not imitate.'

But unquestionably the finest waterfall in the whole Lake district is Scale Force. You visit it from any of that group of sublime lakes, Buttermere, Crummock Water, Loweswater, which with Ennendale and Wastwater make up the secluded lakes, in contrast to those watery thoroughfares of Derwentwater, Windermere, Ullswater, and Coniston. The lakes, like the waterfalls, ought to be seen in stormy weather. The effect is truly remarkable. No boat could live on them for five minutes. The water is regularly torn up, ploughed, or rather churned, by the winds. You might have imagined the scene wrapped in the smoke of a furious cannonade, the spray, scattered by the winds, almost scaling the surrounding hills. To visit the waterfalls I took up my abode at the quaint little inn identified with the sad story of Mary of Buttermere. That story is often romantically exaggerated, but the real facts are stranger than the poetical story. The lover was no man of noble family, or in any degree deserving of compassion for his ultimate destiny at the hands of the hangman. The marriage with the pretty maid of the inn was a bigamous marriage;

he was simply a vulgar cheat, swindler, liar, and impostor. The odd points about his career that render him a psychological study were these: he suffered in great measure through his insane vanity, forging franks while he represented himself to be an 'honourable' and M.P. Secondly, he seems to have had a passionate love of scenery, and wandered about the lakes and mountains in search of the sublime and beautiful, while he had the most harrowing appeals from his deserted wife and children in his pocket, and was meditating swindling and bigamy in his head. He and the poet Coleridge appear to have had some knowledge of each other in some curious and unexplained way, perhaps through some west country connection. The criminal dreaded to meet Coleridge, and Coleridge always spoke of him with undisguised horror. The heroine became unheroically fat, and, marrying a farmer, settled down somewhere near Carlisle.

Crummock Water seemed tranquil enough after the rains, but it was adjudged unsafe to cross it, as being liable, in such unsettled weather, to sudden dangerous gusts. The road round that seemed so long was in reality very arduous, occupying four hours. People must make up their minds not to hunt waterfalls in their season unless they can stand a full amount of exposure and fatigue. Ladies who attempt it are apt to sit down on stones in the most imbecile way, and declare, with some truth, that they cannot go a step farther. One of them, under such circumstances, feebly said that she should like to sit there 'until the moon should rise,' being in utter uncertainty of its time of rising. Scale Force is certainly exceedingly well worth seeing. It has some sort of shadowy resemblance to a cañon of Colorado. The water comes down in a sheer single leap, as if through the shaft of a mine. Black perpendicular crags of syenite rise on either side, slimy and dripping with water, while shrubs and trees project from the deep crevices and clefts.

What, after all, is the peculiar

charm, the solemn fascination of a noble waterfall? How would you analyse that emotion which it rarely, if ever, fails to awaken? It is not alone the hue, the glitter, the spray, the volume, the roar, the height, the depth, the glory. I think we may proceed beyond this class of sensations. The waterfall, beyond all inorganic matter, is a thing of life. It is a living form with a sense of strength and undeviating force. In its constant movement and whirl,

it has its analogies with human life. This is heightened by the loneliness and awe with which it is almost uniformly invested. There is something, too, in the vehement stream as it bounds over the ledge, which reminds us of human destiny, as we, too, 'shoot the rapids of life.'\*

\* We would wish especially to call attention to the great merits of the new edition of Mr. Murray's Guide to the Lakes, published this year.

### A WINTER'S NIGHT.

**C**OLD!—bitterly cold!  
The moon is bright  
And the snow is white  
Beautiful to behold.  
But the wind is howling  
Like hungry prowling  
Wolves on the wintry wold.  
Cold!—bitterly cold!

My shawl is ragged and old—  
The hearth deserted and dark,  
Gladdened by never a spark;  
And my only light  
Is the pitiless white,  
That the moonbeans spill  
Silvery-chill,  
Cruelly—splendidly bright,  
This frosty winter's night—  
Cold!—bitterly cold!

Babe, more precious than gold,  
Rest, little one, rest!  
Sleep, my own one,  
Slumber, thou lone one,  
Clasped to thy mother's breast.  
Though thin and wasted her form  
Her arms shall enfold  
And shield thee from cold,  
For the love in her breast is warm,  
Though the chill night-breeze  
May the life-blood freeze—  
Cold!—bitterly cold!

Cold!—bitterly cold!  
My eyes are dim,  
And my senses swim,  
And racking pains are in every limb,—



Hawall

Drawn by the late T. Morten.]

Morten

### A WINTER'S NIGHT.

[See the Poem.



I am prematurely old!  
Foodless and fireless,  
Almost attireless,  
Wrapt in rags so scanty and thin  
With bones that stare through the colourless skin,  
Weary and worn,  
Tattered and torn,  
If I should wish I had ne'er been born—  
Tell me, is it a sin?  
Cold world!—bitterly cold!

T. H.

## DALILAH REVISED.

**B**LUE Eyes saith that I ‘am cold;’  
Shakes her locks of rippling gold,  
Arches both her shoulders white,  
Takes at me a studied ‘sight.’

‘Neath her lashes cunningly,  
Thinking I cannot espy,  
Trick, well-worn, used-up device,  
‘Twill entrap no lover *twice*.

Blue Eyes thinks herself *so* sly,  
Versed in all her wiles am I:  
Try another man, fair rover,  
*My Dalilah days are over!*

Sunny locks and azure eyes  
For themselves I cannot prize,  
Save the heart be golden, too;  
So *I’m* not the man for *you*.

Oh, that eyes so blue should be  
As deceitful as the sea;  
Blue, and still, and calm, and fair,  
But cruel shipwreck lurking there!

Look around, my lady fair,  
Deftly smooth thy glossy hair,  
Put on soft blushes. Simper twice,  
*Sir Bullion comes! He’ll pay the price!*



## A RUN TO THE SOUTH AFTER CREATURE-COMFORTS.

THE day after our arrival at Vernet-les-Bains, being Sunday, was devoted to absolute rest for man and beast. But while strolling beside a watercourse, I found one of the less common ferns hereabouts, the *Cystopteris fragilis*, and immediately appropriated it. What a pity the heat was so overpowering! One specimen, if it does not make, often assures you of, many. So on Monday, after *déjeuner*, in spite of the blazing weather, we determined to attempt a little ascent, namely to the Abbey of St. Martin du Canigou, one lady mounted on little gran' père Coucou, another on a native brown-black she-ass, self and their attendant on foot. We accomplished it; and it was worth the trouble, although the trouble was considerable. Towards the close of the climb, there are several what are called *mauvais pas*, nasty bits of mule-path, where prudence suggests that it is wise to dismount and walk, purchasing safety by a little extra fatigue. On the way up, the she-ass showed refractory symptoms. We soon discovered their obvious cause. Instead of an ordinary crupper, they had fastened the poor beast's saddle with a broad strap behind, in such a way as completely to interfere with her personal comforts. This remedied, she became a perfect ass, a model and a pattern to the rest of her sisterhood.

The path is green-skirted and tolerably shady until you reach the little village of Casteil, through which you have to run the gauntlet, the beggars (apparently well-to-do peasants) being even more intolerable than the sunbeams. We would direct the Mayor of Casteil's attention to the fact—it has a mayor, this knot of hill-side hovels—that the regulation *Ordonnance ‘La Mendicité est défendue dans le Département des Pyrénées Orientales’* seems unknown in the hamlet which he administers. Mendicity, if prohibited, is practised there, in a style approaching to highway robbery. The quadrupeds having the advan-

tage of four legs, while I have only two, they and their conductor soon left me lagging alone behind. Even before I could reach Casteil, a sturdy old woman, come down to sell a basket of raspberries, asked charity in a tone which plainly told me that if she had been the stronger and I the weaker, my purse would have been in jeopardy. In the village, on our return (and you must come back by the way you went), we had to confront a knot of men and women sitting on either side of the street in wait for us. One of these ladies told her child to hold out her hand to the pedestrian—of course a millionaire; else, how should he get to the Pyrenees? As I gave nothing—for it is not included in the Ten Commandments that you are to take your walks abroad heavily laden with sous—she contemptuously exclaimed in excellent French, though Catalan would come more readily to her tongue, ‘*Pauvre bête!*’—‘Poor beast!’ Really, the mayor does not favour his administrés with a sufficiently strong sample of personal government; or perhaps the mayor, now and then, takes a turn at begging himself.

Barring the mendicants, the excursion was certainly well worth taking. What a sublime view we got, in consequence of our closeness to it, of the time-worn buttresses of the Canigou overhead, and of Vernet's pastures and watercourses, smiling and dancing beneath our feet! What charming plants and unknown flowers; what strange lizards, grasshoppers, and butterflies! But never in my life did I—not perspire so much; the expression is too weak; but—melt so thoroughly into water. To give some idea of the power of the sun's rays, in a parapet wall, which edged a precipice, was a large block of iron ore. I laid my hand upon it, but could not keep it there; the brown stone was too burning hot. And in spite of that, what plants! What ferns in the interstices of stones and rocks! The bright-red starry

flower of a little spiderweb house-leek was particularly charming and curious. Unaccustomed forms of insect life might be expected, and there they were. And this is only one little half-step upwards, compared with the complete ascent of the Canigou!

I rejoiced to find sundry vigorous tufts of the little grass-like *Asplenium septentrionale*, by no means a common fern, and which I had never seen before in a living state. With these, some *Cystopterises*, and other younglings about whose parentage I felt less sure, I next day filled a tin Albert-biscuit-box, stuffing the crannies with spiderweb house-leeks, sedums, and other trifles, and sent them off by 'Grande Vitesse,' to be carefully nursed till our return. It was a pity that almost all the ferns (except those common at home) which we found in the Oriental Pyrenees, require either a greenhouse or unusually warm and sheltered sites in England. Thus, at Amélie we could easily have gathered barrowfulls of the true Maidenhair, *Adm. Capillus-veneris*, and we found small quantities of the pretty *Asplenium fontanum* and its broader variety, *Halleri*. But for *Allosorus crispus*, *Asplenium pyrenaicum*, and the rarer hardy or alpine ferns, you must scale the Canigou as far as—as the chinks and crannies where they are to be found.\* But the dog-days are not the time for the search. You may buy even botanical gold too dear.

I saw enough, however, to be convinced that the best, perhaps the only way of exploring the floral treasures of the mountain (reputed to be the richest in that respect in France) would be to come after the great heats, or even after the first rains of autumn, and make excursions lasting from morning till dusk, more frequently with a guide than without one, taking your luncheon or dinner with you, and supping after your return to your inn.

\* For these explorations, Michael Nou is recommended on good authority as a trustworthy guide, who knows well the plants of the Pyrenees and their habitats. The temperature alone prevented my asking his assistance.

The hours of table d'hôte meals are a great restraint upon explorers. A plentiful and heavy breakfast at half-past ten, and a similar dinner at half-past five, spoil both the morning and the afternoon. Indeed they completely destroy those natural divisions of a working day. But travellers who do not refuse to eat warmed-up things, or even cold meat, will have little difficulty in getting a passable meal served at whatever hour they please.

Nevertheless, we much regretted having done so little in the way of fern-hunting, although we ought to have known beforehand that the season would prevent our doing more. It is useless to knock one's self completely up, especially whilst the desire exists to enjoy life and health a little longer, and in the equally entire absence of any intention to make the present pleasure trip the last. But to appreciate the difficulties of summer climbing, it is necessary to see the country. In the Oriental Pyrenees, where it seldom rains, wherever irrigation is practicable, there is delightful verdure and great fertility. Where there is no watering by irrigation, sterility reigns, except on the terraces built on the hill slopes for the cultivation of the olive and the vine. The mountains, naked, arid, barren, stand baking in the pitiless sunshine, and glow as if they would burn the hand that touched them.

Now the Canigou is an enormous pyramid of mountains in the same unhappy condition; with no forests, only a few wretched fir-trees scattered on occasional spots; no shelter nor shade; a heap of rocks wasted away to obelisks and needles by the wear and tear of the elements during incalculable ages; the ruin of a mountain once perhaps twice as high as it is at present. The rare plants after which people hunt so greedily, grow in glens, ravines, crannies, crevices, where there is a square yard of shadow and a thread of water, and even where the former is wanting. It would astonish many horticulturists to see sundry plants, which they keep in the shade, here insolently defying the

sun. Add to this that the whole of Le Vernet is only a small bouquet of trees and grass lying at the bottom of a deep stone funnel; and that one of the walls of this funnel is the Canigou (2785 mètres, or 9137 feet high), and you will comprehend that, to scale this funnel, even partially, with only 80° or 85° of Fahrenheit, makes even practised climbers perspire a little.

In short, Vernet, during the height of summer, is a lovely prison, withal its shade, its verdure, and its living waters; but people who are not mountaineers bred, feel it to be a prison still. Certainly you can get out of it when you please, by retracing your steps along the way to Villefranche by which you came—for it is really only a *cul de sac*, a magnificent blind alley opened on the supposition that when once invalids have reached the thermal springs, they cannot by any possibility want to go further. There is a road into it, but there is no other road out of it, mule-paths not deserving that name, especially when you have to descend from your steed and lead him by the bridle over rugged places. To make excursions you must climb and scramble, whether on two feet or on four, and that over rocks that might well pass for monumental lumps of primeval baked clay, glowing with heat, unrelieved by forest, shade, or shelter, and under sunshine which makes you drip like an icicle breathed upon by a sou'-west wind.

The same evening, after dinner, we took a drive on the road to Olette, leading into the Cerdagne far enough to make us regret that the sun had put his veto on our going further. Man is assuredly a reasonable creature! We came for warmth, and now we complained that we had found it! Nevertheless, whilst reading, in incomplete attire, accounts of the chilly weather in the North, we could not suppress the ungrateful remark that the coolness there prevalent must be very agreeable.

At seven next morning we took our departure; again breakfasted at sunburnt Ille, protected from the flies by the fan-waving handmaid; there took rail for Perpignau; and

thence, after waiting an hour for the train, to Port Vendres. But we ought not to bid good-bye to Vernet-les-Bains without recording that the Etablissement Thermal des Commandants there, of which Monsieur de Lacivier is the able and amiable director, offers either to the visitor or the sojourner all that can be reasonably required. Seven francs per head per day procure you a plentiful and well-cooked breakfast and dinner, including wine, and a comfortable bedroom *not* infested with gnats. This is a happy property of the site; because, as there are things which money cannot buy, so there are things which money cannot exclude, gnats being amongst the number; for mosquito curtains are an imperfect palliative of the evil and an aggravation of the heat. Grand apartments, or detached residences, at the Commandants, are luxuries to be agreed for by private contract.

Vernet was, in time if not by measured distance, the furthestmost point of our journeyings in the South; for if the map were to prove Port Vendres to be further, it may be reached and got away from by rail, which makes an enormous practical difference. In returning homewards we went to Port Vendres, partly to enjoy the Mediterranean in its air, its bathing, and its lovely aspect, and partly through the consoling knowledge that, by taking rail at Port Vendres for our definite departure, we should completely give the go-by to stifling Perpignan.

*Port Vendres.*—Yester'ay, July 17, after our evening meal, we had a paddle in the boat on the open sea (calmer than many a mill-pond) with the Durand family, accompanied by their spaniel, Polka, and their monkey, Goree (inseparable friends; for the monkey tyrannically insists on the dog's companionship), together with some ladies just arrived from Perpignan and Toulouse—whose atmosphere they could bear no longer—to inhale a little breathable air. There was a cloudless blue Italian sky (remember our latitude here is nearly that of Rome), lighted up half by

the crescent moon, half by the lingering glow of sunset. The little town of Port Vendres was stretched out wide, as an irregular horse-shoe, at the foot of the bay, and was backed by a panorama of lofty mountains, the foremost of which are covered nearly to their very tops with vines, which have a soft green moss-like appearance when beheld from a distance. The lights of the little group of cafés twinkled—‘so shines a good deed in a naughty world;’ the beacons shot forth various coloured rays from signal points at various elevations. The grand leading features of the landscape were softly visible, while all meaner details were subdued or suppressed; the movement of the warm pure air could scarcely be felt upon the cheek; and the whole scene was at once photographed on our memories so strongly and pleasantly as not to be forgotten.

At five this morning, July 18, J. and I started in a boat for an early row in the Cove of Port Vendres and at its opening into the sea. The water is so beautifully clear and transparent that you can distinguish pebbles and seaweeds at surprising depths. We gazed down into submarine thickets and parterres, amongst which the ear-like or cornucopia-shaped *Padina pavonia* (whose northern limit seems to be the English Channel) was conspicuous; whilst the black-spined sea-urchins, so cruel to the tender toes of bathers, contrasted with the inoffensive bright-red sea anemones and the scarlet star-fish, which latter’s brilliant tints throw our pale fellows at home quite into the background. Our boatman, Louis, speared first a small dorade, and then a good-sized cuttle-fish, whose angry contortions and quick sticking suckers made us anxious for him to keep his distance. We were astonished and uneasy at—‘agility’ is not the word to describe its movements—the rapidity with which it glided or *flowed* about the boat, in any direction that promised escape, incessantly changing its shape, outline, and colour, like a mass of highly-animated, semi-liquid jelly,

reminding you of the *amœba* as seen under the microscope, only incomparably more active and aggressive in its ways. Its boneless, jointless arms, knotted together or separately, penetrated everywhere they would, and laid hold of everything they touched. By way of bravado, Louis let them clasp his naked arm; on tearing them off immediately afterwards, each sucker gave a crack, like that of a whiplash. The sleepy specimens seen in aquariums give no idea of the infuriated beast.

Less ugly and vivacious, though equally strange, were the sea-cucumbers (at least a foot long and two or three inches in diameter) we fished up from the bottom. With their brown rough backs and ash-coloured bellies, after they have squirted out their water and begin their uncouth, helpless, slow contortions, they are just the things for a naughty little boy to put into his nursemaid’s bed, to give her a fright without hurting her. More appropriately deposited in a bath of sea-water, it will show you, when it has got over *its* fright, its elegant diadem of feathery tentacles. I suppose it is this, of which Figuier says, ‘One rather large species, the *Holothuria tubulosa* (in which, by-the-bye, there lives a singular parasitic fish), is common in the Mediterranean. This species is eatable, and much relished at Naples.’ But even with a good receipt for cooking it in hand, we should feel little inclination to test its merits. One thing, however, is certain, that sea-cucumber is a favourite dish along the Malayan and Chinese coasts. There, the *Holothuria edulis*, otherwise called *Trepang*, is sought with avidity and eaten with delight. In shallow seas, divers gather the sluggish animals slowly crawling at the bottom, with as little difficulty as you gather windfall apples in an orchard. And not only are sea-cucumbers eaten fresh, but to prepare and preserve them for transport to distant markets, the Malay and Chinese fishermen boil, flatten, dry, and smoke them, and then ship them by sackfuls to their destination.

We also found several of those pretty univalve shells, with a slug-like mollusc living beneath the shelter of each, which the world calls *Haliotis iris*, sea-ear, Venus's ear, and the people hereabouts, 'Le Sabot du Bon Dieu'; they also eat the contents of the sabot, stewed with oil and garlic. The shell is familiar on chimneypieces, sometimes in its natural state, with its inner surface only beautifully iridescent, and sometimes spoiled as a specimen, with its outer rough surface removed by acid, and polished. This shell, more variously coloured than mother-of-pearl, is largely used for inlaying, with bright effects. We propose taking our next row a little earlier (J. begging Louis to catch no more cuttle-fish), in order to see the sun rise from the sea. In the Mediterranean this is a sensation scene, beyond the grasp of any theatrical manager. As soon as the least little bit of the solar disc, not bigger than a star, appears above the horizon, it immediately begins to dazzle and warm you, without waiting for the whole disc to get fairly above water.

Towards the close of our stay at Port Vendres, the heat prevented our taking any walks or land excursions, even in a carriage, until just before sunset. In-doors, with the wooden shutters closed outside, in an artificial darkness visible, in shirt sleeves, sans cravat or waist-coat, we had full opportunity, when not too lazy, to improve our minds or bring up lagging correspondence. This was our frequent after-breakfast condition, until the sun turned round the corner of the house, when a slight opening of the shutters became possible, allowing us to peep through the chink at the glowing hills and the glittering bay, without permitting too much radiation to enter. Out-doors, all we could do was to be rowed or paddled about the port in a boat, take our sea-baths, or, seated on some rocky height, beneath an ample umbrella for want of other shade, enjoy a *dolce far niente*, a delightful do-nothingness, watch the flittings to and fro of the white-sailed sardine boats, read our journals, or relieve our memory by scribbling pencil

notes. As a proof that we were not the only persons who avoided unnecessary exposure to the glare of day, for the soldiers, the *retraite* was sounded at half-past nine in the morning. At the summons, they were expected to return to barracks, and go to sleep if they liked, until three in the afternoon; when many betook themselves forthwith to a sequestered little cove near the entrance of the Port, appropriated to their use by the inscription, 'Bains Militaires,' painted on a rock, to bathe and disport in the tepid waters, without the restraint of the full-dress costume which is rigorously enforced at the 'Etablissement.'

But at Port Vendres the temperature is comparatively cool. One day, people rushed by rail from Perpignan, simply to take a bath and rush back again to their affairs, complaining that, at their place of business, the thermometer marked  $38^{\circ}$  in the shade—only  $100^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit. But Perpignan is probably the hottest town in France—quite as hot, they say, as Algiers in summer, and warmer in winter. When it rains there, the little boys and girls shout to one another to come and see; and snow is a still rarer phenomenon which greatly excites the popular attention.

Yesterday, July 27, we were panting here under a heavy, storm-laden atmosphere; and the worst of such threatening tempestuous spells is, that they rarely come to a head and burst in showers. Out of the water there was no bearing one's self. Many people bathed twice-a-day—indeed, they had done so for some time past—remaining in the sea an hour and more each time. Happily, soon after midnight we were aroused by sharp cracking thunderclaps magnificently echoed by the hills. It rained all night, and again next day. Marvellous, delightful, beneficent change! The vintage will be almost doubled by it.

When it ceases we are to walk to a neighbouring vineyard in which are growing some caper plants, the straggling bush cultivated for its flower-buds, with which everybody

is acquainted in sauce and salads, as pickle, but which not everybody knows that, if not gathered for pickling, they would swell into very pretty silky-tasselled flowers, quite deserving promotion to the rank of a buttonhole or a bouquet flower. The foliage, too, is original and striking, spreading about in all directions in long, regular, opposite-leaved, bright-green branches. But it is a fanciful plant in all its ways, preferring a rock or wall from which to hang to the most inviting patch of level ground. You may see it, so growing wild, on the ruins of the Colosseum at Rome. We were anxious to know if there were any rooted layers or suckers in a fit state to carry off, at the same time fearing that, in any case, to be successful, we should have to transport a large root or stump. Neither project was feasible with plants in a state of vigorous growth. We were consoled by remembering that the caper bush, requiring, as it does, a degree of drought and heat unknown in English gardens and unusual in English greenhouses, does not readily lend itself to any mode of culture in the north. These caper bushes, covered with their jaunty blossoms, were another instance of grapes being sour. It is not a vulgar plant, nevertheless.

Another day, a country girl brought us a bouquet, and the bulbs, of a charming, sweet-scented, white-flowered liliaceous plant, which grows in burning sand on the shore of the Anse de Paulilles, a little creek about a couple of miles to the south of Port Vendres. Being deterred by the heat—there were heights to climb and descend from between it and us—from gathering it ourselves *in situ*, we made her bring more. We were not yet acclimatised to the broiling sunshine, and left without becoming so. We saw the flower again from our railway carriage unmistakably wild on some hot seaside sands skirting the line between Perpignan and Narbonne. A 'Horticulteur' tells me it is *Amaryllis blanda*, a native of the Cape, according to the books. If so, I ask myself how it comes to pass that a South African

flower should be growing wild 'at the Mediterranean terminus of the Pyrenees. Is it a repetition of the history of the Guernsey lily, which tradition affirms to have been introduced to that island from Japan or elsewhere, by a shipwreck? Perhaps the mystery may be dissolved by our plants turning out to be *Pancratium maritimum*, the Sea Daffodil, indigenous to the Mediterranean region.

Such impracticably hot weather—it is not *sultry*, but stinging, baking, sublimating—confines our interest chiefly to bathing incidents. If, according to Mr. Tyndall, heat be only a mode of motion, it is certainly adverse to locomotion. Our outdoor pursuits are nearly circumscribed by the ropes which mark the extent of our aquatic promenade. But, even *in* the water, the rose of existence is not without its thorns. I grazed my shin by trying a header in too shallow water; C., while dutifully urging the ladies to swim, to his disgust trod with his naked feet upon several fat sea-cucumbers; an urchin's spines penetrated Mdlle. M.'s fair skin; Mdlle. N. frisked into water only three inches too deep for her, and, after jumping and sputtering a minute, was politely handed to the shallows just in time, without herself or her mamma suspecting that she had had a narrow escape from drowning; Mdlles. O. and P. complain of an eruption, brought out by the pungent sea-water and sunshine, which, if on their face, would detract from their beauty. The natives, however, welcome this outbreak, maintaining that it draws off and gets rid of bad blood; as if pretty girls could have bad blood.

There are two styles of bathing at Port Vendres; the fancy-costume style, and the old-clothes style. The choice is left to your private taste; only a costume there must be. With that duly donned, you are at liberty to converse as freely (after previous acceptance as a travelling acquaintance) at and *in* the marine promenade, as at and in the hospitable hotel—but with all respect and decorum, be it strictly understood. There may be a little brotherly and

sisterly fun at the very most—no more. A favourite young lady's costume—high up to the neck, and more decent than many 'low tops' at balls—is something like that of Fra Diavolo; only the conical hat, of straw, is without a feather; naked arms and legs, with sandalled shoon which do not quite conceal a well-turned calf. Buttons in quantity are much the rage. While conversing with a lady on the platform previous to our entering the 'liquid element,' I suggested that, as the weight of the mother-of-pearl on her dress must be considerable, almost enough to sink her, she might do well to replace the buttons by rounds of cork stitched on instead, which would give more buoyancy, though they might be less becoming. She preferred, however, the circlets of pearl, saying that, with them, she could *faire la planche*, *i. e.*, float stiff and straight on her back—a proof of the little inconvenience caused by the buttons, and also of the density of the Mediterranean waters. Amongst gentlemen's imaginations of a befitting attire to take to the sea in, there are capital copies of the parti-coloured clothing of English clowns, minus the paint and the nightcap, but crowned with a broad straw-hat, in various degrees of dilapidation—the one unchanging and invariable item.

The old-clothes style is founded on the principle that when things are not good enough to walk the streets in, they are quite good enough to walk the sea in. Moliere's miser says to his domestic, 'If you serve me faithfully and well, I will give you this old coat—when I have worn it a little longer.' A penurious dame, here, might promise her maid, 'If you continue honest and true, I will give you this dress, after I have bathed in it a few more times.' Such bathers, male and female, when they retire to their cabins to un- and re-dress, look, with the exception of an inconsistent placidity of countenance, like unfortunates rescued from a watery grave.

A lady, young and good-looking, in mourning, retains the hue of

sorrow even in her bath. She has evidently cut short a pair of her husband's black pantaloons; the vest is some ruined, sable, female garment, whose scientific name escapes my memory; head-dress, an oilskin cap, surmounted by a battered and wisped straw bonnet. The pretty feet are thrust into worn-out black-cloth boots, left unbuttoned, to finish the graceful *negligée*. I feel inclined to ask, impertinently, why Madame does not also wear a holey pair of black-kid gloves, to swim in; but she is really so amiable that I cannot.

We will take a gentleman fellow-bather, from the top downwards. Smart straw hat (never wetted), with bright-blue ribbon; spectacles (Monsieur is young); blue blouse, not much the worse for wear; bright chestnut trousers; real grey linen boots, with black tips at the toes. The trousers prevent our ascertaining whether silk stockings are worn or not. So attired, Monsieur walks into the water, as he would walk down Fop's Alley at the Opera, proceeds to a horizontal bar, lays hold of it, leans back, shows the tips of his boots above the surface, and calls that bathing! I should like to send him, translated from 'Eothen,' Kinglake's description of the genuine and luxurious swim *he revelled in*, in the buoyant waters of the Dead Sea.

The thick straw hat is adopted as a sunscreen, and because few bathers wet their heads. I tried to supersede it with the king of Yvetot's crown, a cotton nightcap; but the innovation did not take; and, invariably wetting my head, I found no head-covering necessary. Bathers not having costumes of their own, are provided with them at the bath; but it is swimming in harness, a deprivation of the free contact with the pellucid liquid for which you came, and altogether a sad drawback to the healthful pleasure of free and easy bathing; I therefore occasionally stole a real bath in a cove, unfettered by etiquette.

Whether known as mosquitoes, *moucherons*, or *cousins*, the gnats began to be irrepressibly annoying,

which surprised us, as there is little or no stagnant water in the neighbourhood, and the sea harbours none of their larvæ. Though not particularly numerous, they are terribly truculent and bloodthirsty. Half a dozen gnats in the south commit as much havoc as half a hundred in the north, converting your face and hands into the semblance of plum-pudding, and rejoicing your enemies with the belief that you have caught the small-pox. The local way of doing them battle is to enter your bedroom after dusk, *without* a light, and after driving out winged intruders by whisking a towel, to close the window and use a lighted candle to undress by, if needs be. When the candle is extinguished, you may reopen the window for air; the gnats won't come in, so they say; it is the light which attracts them and does the mischief.

An agreeable pastime, after dinner, was to sit on the temporary terrace of the Hôtel Durand, and watch the rising moon, when the moon kindly rose at a fitting hour. Sundry learned ways have been contrived of demonstrating the earth's revolution on her axis. I want no other proof than to behold a good moon-rise; seeing then becomes believing. By looking steadily at the shining disk, and regarding it as fixed (comparatively), I (and so may other people, if they try) can see the earth roll forward towards the moon—hills, waters, buildings, and all together. I thus see that the moon's rising is only an optical illusion; it is we who first advance to her, and then sink, as we spin along in our unceasing dance. The steadfastness of the rocks and the hills, the unruffled surface of the waters, is the consequence of all things spinning together. If this smooth, imperceptible revolution were stopped for only half an instant, what a splash, and a smash, and a crash there would be! To see the earth revolve, by keeping an eye on the moon, requires little more good will on the part of the observer than to catch the solidities of a stereoscope, or to make use of a camera-lucida for drawing.

But this is wandering from creature-comforts. What were our consolations of the flesh to-day? Only these: Breakfast—Radishes, sliced saucisson d'Arles, red mullet, sea crawfish, beefsteak, fried potatoes, sliced ham in purée of tomatoes, stewed beef with mushrooms, purple figs, greengages, biscuits, Roquefort cheese.

Dinner—Vermicelli and tomato soup, fried whiting, roast fowl, fried potatoes, roast lamb, sea crawfish, cos-lettuce salad, beignets de crème, or whipped cream fritters; peaches, greengages, fresh almonds, biscuits.

And all this, please remember, for five francs and a half per day, for board and lodging. As a tonic strongly recommended by the natives, we enriched our dessert with a bottle of tawny old *Rancio* (an extra), the beverage included in the dinner being excellent vin ordinaire, diluted with water from porous earthen vessels of classical shape, the dewy exudation from whose surface keeps the contents within deliciously cool, in consequence of the evaporation constantly going on. Out-door labourers employ the same means of refrigeration. They hang water in porous jars in a shady place, making them swing to and fro in the air, to cool more rapidly.

To sum up with our financial statement: For the grand total of, say, one hundred and thirty pounds sterling—or, more grandiloquently, three thousand two hundred and fifty francs—four persons travelled, denying themselves no reasonable comfort, during two calendar months, from one extremity of France to the other and back again. One only of the party, for economy's sake, occasionally travelled third-class, the others second-class. When first-class was obligatory, for speed, all went first-class. This bill of costs, however, moderate as it is, may be fairly taxed to a certain amount; for instance, it includes an aneroid barometer at Paris, and a thermometer graduated with both the Fahrenheit and the centigrade scales, besides other items which have no right to be debited to the real expenses of the journey. The

article ‘carriages’ might have been cut down by a more frequent use of omnibuses and diligences—but we got our money’s worth in the ease and independence. A party of male friends might accomplish a further reduction by all travelling third-class, and by clearing long distances, when possible, in direct trains, instead of in express trains.

For this outlay we saw, besides the Oriental Pyrenees and the Mediterranean, the cities of Avignon, Montpellier (Perpignan does not count), Nîmes (Hôtel Manivet, good and not expensive), Lyons (where there is as great a choice and variety of hotels as in Paris), with a good look at Paris in going and coming. Lyons particularly deserves a visit.

Two days may be well employed there, thus: First, take one of the

little steamers called ‘Mouches,’ and go as far up and down the Saône as it will carry you; walk about the town; do your shopping (advantageous for wearing apparel); visit any factories to which you may have access; in the evening, go to the Grand Théâtre, if open. Second: Take a carriage, and drive to the junction of the Rhône and the Saône, thence to Notre Dame de Fourvières, where you have a wonderful view from a point called the Observatory—on clear days Mont Blanc and Mont Cenis are visible: thence, drive round the park, inspect the plant-house, and note the rich collection of agaves and their allies. Finally, the whole trip could not be probably performed so cheaply without tolerably fluent French.

E. S. D.

## THE EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLÉON III.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER II.

CAN a future Emperor ever be a naughty boy? After he has become an Emperor, flatterers would say that he never was, never could be, naughty. We hope, however, if only to quiet our own recollections, that it may be possible for a naughty little boy to turn out a decent sort of man. And Louis Napoléon was surely a little like the former, when, making light of his first tutor, the Abbé Bertrand, he wickedly played truant and went bird’s-nesting instead of learning his lessons. It was a sad example for the Prince Imperial, who luckily was neither born nor thought of; but in all probability the Prince Imperial never did anything so naughty as that. The naughtiness, however, was only a passing freak, and was succeeded by conscientious, untiring study.

Another childishly eccentric act would have been rewarded by some parents with a whipping. One day he surprised the maternal mansion (for his father Louis, ex-king of Holland, had resided at Florence in

strict retirement ever since the battle of Waterloo) by returning to it barefoot, almost naked, shivering with cold, with his nose red and his fingers blue. He had met with a family in the extreme of want; and having nothing else to give them, he had made them a present of his clothes.

It was at the camp of Thun, Switzerland, and while going through the course of training there, that he heard the news of the Revolution of July, 1830. It was impossible for the exiles not to feel delighted at the downfall of the elder Bourbon branch, whose restoration to France had been based on *their* utter and apparently hopeless ruin. It has been said that their rejoicings were actuated by no selfish or interested feelings; that they regarded the re-adoption of the tri-colour flag, the glorious standard of the Emperor, as a pure act of justice to the national honour. It may be so; but if it was not, there was no harm in the Bonaparte family’s entertaining a mo-

mentary hope that the government to be built on the events of July would open the gates of France to them. But they were very speedily undeceived. Louis Philippe knew a great deal better than to permit the arrival of so inconvenient a party of unwelcome visitors.

In the winter after the July Revolution, namely at the close of 1830, Louis Napoléon and his mother went to Rome. He was then two-and-twenty years of age. It was only a natural consequence that the uprising in France should produce disturbances in Italy. The leaven of dissatisfaction spread. Ideas of independence and unity fermented amongst the masses. The reigning Pope, Gregory XVI., was anything but popular; and we know that, even with a well-intentioned Pope, the Papal government is incurably bad. The revolutionists made advances to Louis Napoléon, who imprudently lent an ear to them. His youthful imagination was dazzled by the grandeur of the object, his youthful pride probably flattered by the appeal. He joined the conspiracy, whose ramifications spread over the whole peninsula of Italy. But, whether treacherously or inadvertently, the secret was blown; the government became aware of the plot; and one fine morning the Governor of Rome called on Cardinal Fesch (a connection of the Bonaparte family) to inform him that the Holy See would be gratified by Prince Louis absenting himself for a while; seeing that, in the present state of things, a young man bearing the name of Bonaparte, riding about with tri-coloured paraphernalia, attracted too much attention, and might cause the government serious inconveniences in case of disturbances breaking out.

The Cardinal, who was far from taking in good part what he considered uncalled-for advice, replied that his relative, having done nothing wrong, should remain in Rome as long as he pleased. The rejoinder to this reply soon arrived in the shape of a picket of fifty soldiers, who surrounded Hortense's

palazzo, with orders to conduct the young Prince to the frontier. Louis Napoléon therefore immediately started for Florence, to join his brother, who was staying there with their father, the ex-king of Holland.

A few days afterwards their mother sent them a letter containing the following sage remarks: 'Short-sighted people are incapable either of judgment or of forethought; it is wise to distrust their attempts at persuasion. Having nothing to lose, they are cautious in nothing. They are led away by their imagination. But the man who allows the first comer to influence his mind, who makes no use of his own proper judgment, will never rise above mediocrity. Now there are magic names capable of producing an enormous effect on impending events: in revolutions, they ought only to come forward for the restoration of order, and to give security to a nation by exercising the powers which are the prerogative of kings. Their part is to wait with patience. Italy can do nothing without France; she ought therefore to remain patiently quiet until France has settled her own affairs. Any imprudence would be injurious to both causes; for a rising without a successful result reduces the strength and the adherents of a party for a considerable time, and raises their opponents at their expense.'

Nothing could be wiser or less dictatorial than the maternal counsels thus conveyed. But Menotti, one of the leaders of the Italian movement, who went to see the young men at Florence, addressed them in language more flattering to their vanity. He conjured them by the glorious name they bore, to put themselves at the head of the movement, insisted on the obligations imposed on them by their birth, and dazzled their eyes by a picture of regenerated Italy. Yielding to persuasion, the young Bonapartes joined the conspiracy, which spread, like a net, over the whole of Italy.

Hortense became alarmed. Louis Napoléon wrote to her: 'Your affection will conceive the course we

have taken. We have contracted engagements which we cannot escape from fulfilling. Could we remain deaf to the voice of the sufferers who appealed to us? We bear a name which obliges.'

The extent to which the princes bound themselves to the cause of the Italian patriots, and the nature of the engagements so contracted, will probably never be exactly known. One side may diminish their importance and stringency, while the other side may greatly exaggerate them, implying vows of fraternity for life and unbounded obedience to revolutionary chiefs. It is probable that the Italian republicans, when once they had caught and compromised the Bonapartes, were not likely to let them go. And it has been suggested that the Orsini plot was partly intended as the punishment of some unfulfilled promise to the Italian cause. But assuredly, at the time, they were anything but lukewarm or indifferent adherents. The desperate expedition in which they took part cost the life of the elder brother, who died at Forli of inflammation of the chest, and Louis Napoléon fell seriously ill at Ancona, whither Hortense speedily betook herself, to nurse her last surviving child. After a week's anxiety, he got well enough to be moved, if they could only discover a refuge to get to in safety. The occupation of Ancona by the Austrians compelled them to concealment even there. If caught, they were lost. And yet, by a singular chance, the general commanding at Ancona lodged in the same palazzo as Hortense and her son. Nothing but a thin partition separated the Prince's chamber from the apartment of the man who, at the slightest discovery, would hold their fate in his hands. The invalid was therefore compelled to observe the strictest silence, so much so that, when he coughed, she smothered the sound of his voice with her hand.

Their pursuers, however, were thrown off their track by a clever trick. By a pretended embarkation in a sailing vessel, she spread the

rumour that her son had escaped, and had gone to seek an asylum in Greece. She then sent a despatch to Florence, certain that the courier would be stopped by the Austrians, informing the ex-king that their son was out of danger, and safe in one of the Ionian Islands. A violent storm had luckily prevented the vessel from being taken, searched, and found *not* to contain the person wanted—which would have led to the discovery of their actual hiding-place. As it was, the Austrians were beating the bush in coverts where no game was hid.

After mortal anxiety, they left at last, on Easter Sunday, with an English passport, the young Marquis Zappi personating the deceased elder brother. In this measure there was considerable risk; for English travellers are everywhere to be met with, and the only one of the three fugitives who spoke English was Louis Napoléon. At Macerata a person recognized him, but held his tongue. At Tolentino, an Italian denounced them to the authorities; but the Austrian commandant generously closed his ears until the exiles had proceeded on their way. By these sort of stages, full of hairbreadth escapes, they traversed Italy, and resolved to seek safety in the lion's mouth, in France, which they had been forbidden to enter under pain of death. Hortense's avowed object was to spend merely a few days in Paris, to give her son time to re-establish his health, and then to return to their home in Switzerland. We may believe that, with this end, there was mingled, even if unconsciously, an undercurrent of interests, expected possibilities, and hopes. In any case it was a bold measure, very adroitly executed.

They alighted from their travelling-carriage at the Hôtel de Hollande, in the Rue de la Paix, a few paces from the Column in the Place Vendôme, which had been erected in honour of Napoléon's victories. It was a singular choice of residence to make; certainly appropriate to the personages; but perhaps imprudent, or perhaps intentional and

calculated, as the sequel of their sojourn leads one to suspect. It was an exciting moment for Louis Napoléon. He had been exiled from his country while quite a child; he was now returning to it by stealth, in full adult possession of his bodily and intellectual powers. The sight of that storied Column from his windows could not do otherwise than fan the flame of his ambition, even if it had ever been dormant or smouldering.

The French government knew nothing of their arrival. M. Sebastiani, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, was so wonderfully well-informed of their movements, that on the very day of their reaching Paris, he said to Louis Philippe, 'Sire, I have very precise news of the Duchesse de Saint-Leu (the title allowed to the ex-queen of Holland); I am assured that she has landed in Corfu.'

Considerable, therefore, must have been their surprise when Hortense's *lectrice*, or lady reader, announced to M. d'Houdetot, the king's adjutant, that she had a communication to make to his Majesty on the part of the ex-queen. M. d'Houdetot was further astonished when, on presenting himself at the Hôtel de Hollande, he was received not by the lady reader but by the ex-queen herself.

The next day she was visited by Casimir Perier, the President of the Council, to whom she at once said plainly, 'Monsieur le Ministre, remember that I am a mother. I saw only one way of saving my son, namely, to bring him to France—and to France we have come. I am aware of the danger we incur. My life and my child's are in your hands; take them, if you think fit to do so.'

The President, in reply, graciously informed her that, if they would maintain a strict *incognito*, King Louis Philippe would allow them to remain a week in Paris, to give her son the time to regain his strength. A day or two afterwards she was conducted by M. d'Houdetot to the Tuileries, where she was received with great cordiality by the

king, the queen, and the Princess Adelaide. During the course of the conversation Louis Philippe asked Hortense what was her motive for going to England.

'I am going to England,' she replied, with feminine logic, 'because I have said I was going there, and because I don't know whether I can go anywhere else. But I do not wish to remain there long; and what I have to beg of you, sire, is the permission to traverse France on our return to Switzerland. I also much wish that we should reside there under the protection of our country's government. For, after all, we are French; and it is cruel that we should be abandoned without intermission to the vexatious persecution of other governments. My son, having taken part in the recent movement in Italy, cannot hope for protection except from France. For years past we have been completely at the mercy of foreigners.'

Louis Philippe promised all she desired, and even seemed disposed to grant more than was asked for; but circumstances that occurred either by ill-luck or design prevented the fulfilment of his good intentions. Although the *incognito* was strictly observed the ex-queen was doubtless recognized—to which she possibly had no strong objection—and the journals let out the secret of her presence. Then came the 5th of May, the anniversary of Napoléon's death—a singular date coinciding with a singular neighbourhood. Souvenirs of the Empire were not utterly extinguished.

'Even in their ashes live their wonted fires.'

That day the base of the Colonne Vendôme was covered with flowers. Shouts in honour of the great conqueror made the ears of the nephew tingle, ill as he was and confined to his bed. No matter who instigated those demonstrations, they could not fail to cause the Government uneasiness. We cannot call it a harsh or an uncalled-for measure, if Casimir Perier, in obedience to Louis Philippe's orders, went in all haste to

beg the Duchesse de Saint-Leu to quit Paris without delay. No choice was left them but to obey. Young Troublesome was best sent out of the way. The prince, still suffering from fever, was lifted into the carriage, and they started for England, where he remained a few months, which were not spent unprofitably.

Looking back, and knowing the adventures which followed, we are inclined to regard this sudden dip into Paris as Louis Napoléon's first attempt to feel the pulse of the people of France. For so far-looking a young man, it must have been an encouragement to discover that the Napoleonist party, though sorely wounded and crushed, had still a pulse, instead of being a cold and lifeless body. This singular visit, we cannot help suspecting, might suggest the enterprises successively undertaken at Strasburg and Boulogne, and which, no doubt, complete as their failure appeared to be, led the way to, and prepared men's minds for, eventual success under a more favourable combination of events.

Of her residence in London, Hortense wrote: 'Every day I went out with my son. Unattended, and on foot, we walked as long and as far as our feeble health allowed us. The admirable foot-pavements, the magnificent lighting, and the well-kept gardens of this enormous city, display a luxury which is the property of all. Neither palaces nor monumental public buildings are to be seen; everything suggests the existence of easy circumstances and equality.'

'I sometimes went into a shop to rest; if recognized, I found myself more the object of interest than of curiosity. Frequently a simple artisan shook my son's hand, saying, "We are now your friends." Another refused remuneration for a service rendered, glad to have been useful to the nephew of a great man.'

Louis Napoléon and his mother had scarcely returned to the Château d'Arenenberg, when he was solicited to put himself at the head

of the Polish insurrection, with the offer of the crown as the reward of his services. We briefly mention this incident, because he was sufficiently wide-awake to decline the offer with best thanks. Fighting single-handed with Prussia, Austria, and Russia was a different speculation to fighting a political party backed by the adversaries of that party and supported by years of brilliant history, which dazzled the nation's eyes if it did not fill their pockets nor satisfy their stomachs. He refused the honour with the skilful remark, 'I belong, above all, to France.' About that time he wrote to Louis Philippe, begging to be employed in his country's service, and to be restored to his rights as a French citizen, of which the law of exile had deprived his family. Our readers will scarcely be astonished to learn that the king's reply never came to hand.

To occupy his compulsory leisure Louis Napoléon wrote his first three essays: 'Political Reveries, concluding with the Project of a Constitution'; 'Two Words to M. de Chateaubriand on the Duchesse de Berri,' and 'Political and Military Remarks on Switzerland.' The Helvetic Government conferred on him the title of Honorary Citizen of Switzerland, which does not imply naturalization, and consequently did not render him the less a French citizen. This honour had already been conferred on two illustrious foreigners; namely, on Marshal Ney, after the Act of Mediation, and on Prince Metternich in 1815.

A biographical sketch, however slight, loses in clearness if dates are altogether omitted. We therefore mention that this period of our story, 1832, was marked by the death of the King of Rome, Napoléon I's only child by Marie Louise, thereby raising to the position of the Emperor's heirs his elder brother Joseph, and after him Louis, ex-king of Holland, and consequently his son, now Napoléon III. It was natural that the possible contingencies thereby entailed should

cause Louis Napoléon to be regarded with more attention than had hitherto fallen to his lot. Louis Philippe took the trouble to set spies upon him; while the leaders of democracy in France tried to discover his secret hopes, opinions, and political views. It is no flattery to say that he met all this with a discretion almost beyond his age.

\* A description of the exile's residence, given by Chateaubriand in his '*Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*,' cannot fail to interest the reader:

'On the 29th of August I went to dine at Arenenberg, which is situated on a sort of promontory projecting from a chain of steep and rugged hills. The Queen of Holland, who was made by the sword, and whom the sword has unmade, built the château, or, if you will, the pavilion of Arenenberg. The view from it, extensive, but far from cheerful, commands the Lower Lake of Constance, which is nothing but an expansion of the Rhine over inundated meadows. Along the other side of the lake stretch sombre woods, the remains of the Black Forest. A few white birds flutter in the cloudy sky, driven along by cutting winds. There, after being seated on a throne, after being outrageously calumniated, Queen Hortense has taken up her station on a rock.

'Beneath, lies the Island of the Lake, in which the statue of Charles-le-Gros is said to have been found, and where at present some canary-birds are dying a lingering death, for want of the sunshine of their native home. Madame la Duchesse de Saint-Leu was better lodged in Rome. She has not, however, gone down in the world in respect to her birth and her early life; on the contrary, she has risen. Her abasement is only referable to an accident of fortune. It is not a fall like that of Madame la Dauphine (the Duchesse de Berri), who fell from the height of centuries.

\* After dinner, Madame de Saint-Leu sat down to the piano with M. Cottrau, a tall young painter with moustaches [not so fashionable then

as now], straw hat, blouse, turn-down collar, and altogether eccentric in his costume. He laughed, shot, and painted there, in rather an uproarious but clever style.

'Prince Louis occupies a detached pavilion, where I saw arms, topographical and strategical maps—objects which made me, as if by chance, think of the conqueror without his name being mentioned. Prince Louis is a studious, well-informed young man, full of honour, and naturally serious.'

In 1835, when the triumph of constitutional principles placed Dona Maria on the throne of Portugal, her friends had thoughts of proposing Louis Napoléon for her acceptance as a husband. He respectfully but decidedly declined, giving his reasons in a sort of public manifesto.

'Several journals have credited the news of my departure for Portugal, as a suitor for the hand of Dona Maria. However flattering to myself may be the supposition of a union with a young, beautiful, and virtuous queen, the widow of a cousin who is dear to me, my duty is to refute such a rumour, since no part of my conduct has given any foundation for it.

'Persuaded that the great name I bear will not always be a warrant of exclusion in the eyes of my fellow-countrymen, since it reminds them of fifteen years of glory, I calmly wait, in a free and hospitable land, until the people shall recall those who, in 1815, were exiled by twelve hundred thousand foreigners.'

In fact, neither the mother nor the son for a moment doubted their restoration to fortune. They were even buoyed up in their hopes by no trifling amount of superstition or fatalism. One day, at Arenenberg, the conversation turned on somnambulism, clairvoyance, and other like means of divining the future, in which some people believe, and some do not. As a professed animal-magnetiser, one Dr. Bailly was present, Hortense was curious to see the curtain lifted which usually conceals all coming events.

The doctor chose for his medium a negress in the illustrious lady's service named Malvina. He magnetised her, sent her to sleep, and then put her in communication with the ex-queen, who asked the somnambulist whether she saw her son—that day on duty at the Camp of Thun.

'I see him,' replied Malvina, 'surrounded with soldiers. They are crowding about him, shouting, and brandishing their sabres in token of enthusiasm.'

'In Switzerland?'

'No; not in Switzerland; but the people speak German.'

'What do you see besides?'

'Mon Dieu! It is all over. They have taken him prisoner!'

'And where do they lead him?'

'To America.'

'Shall I follow him there?'

'No; you will be prevented by illness.'

'And then? After that? Do you see nothing more?'

'Oh, yes! What do I see! Mon Dieu!' exclaimed the somnambulist, as if dazzled by a sudden burst of splendour. 'Behold him all powerful, the sovereign of a great people!'

'Of what people?' eagerly asked Hortense, struck with surprise, and almost mad with joy. 'Of what people? The people of France, is it not?'

'Yes, really, of France!' replied Malvina, in answer to this very leading question.

We do not discuss the authenticity of these predictions, but merely elucidate them by the note that two months after Malvina's fit of clairvoyance, Louis Napoléon went to Strasburg, where he was caught, and transported to America, unaccompanied by his mother, who was seriously indisposed.

This expedition, which was considered Quixotic at the time, and can hardly be looked upon otherwise even now, was determined upon in principle at the beginning of 1836, in conversations which took place at Baden, between the Prince, Colonel Vaudrey, and M. de Persigny. They believed the dis-

content in France to be so general and deep-rooted as to warrant an attempt to upset the government, and to show the nation that the representative of another dynasty, and of different principles, was ready to take its place. If unsuccessful, the attempt would at least be an advertisement of the pretensions and readiness of the Bonaparte family. Certainly, the advertisement might be costly; its expense might include a life, perhaps several lives. But we cannot help thinking that its authors and executors counted much on Louis Philippe's forbearance and clemency, perhaps something on his contempt for such would-be rivals.

When the enterprise was fully decided, Louis Napoléon returned to the Château d'Arenenberg, and there carefully and calmly drew up the documents and proclamations for the decisive day. As our readers will hardly care to see them, we do not take the trouble to translate even extracts. With the exception of M. de Persigny, Colonel Vaudrey, and the Commandant Parquin, almost all the men who had promised Louis Napoléon their assistance were obscure, young, and inexperienced. Very few had any acquaintance with politics. Several generals who had served under the Emperor had been invited by the young pretender to Baden, but not one of them appeared at the rendezvous. They possibly remembered the fate of Marshal Ney.

Louis Napoléon left Arenenberg on the 25th of October, 1836. He was then eight-and-twenty years of age. Completely ignorant of her son's destination, yet doubtless suspecting, or feeling a presentiment of some important step, Queen Hortense, when he took his leave, slipped on his finger the wedding-ring of Napoléon I. and the Empress Josephine. 'Should any danger threaten,' she said, 'look on this as a talisman.'

He arrived at Strasburg at about eleven o'clock at night of the 28th, and held a consultation with Colonel Vaudrey. It was agreed that the conspirators should meet in a house

in the Rue des Orphelins (close to the barracks of Austerlitz, in which the 4th Regiment of Artillery was quartered), during the night of the 29th. We omit the speeches made to pass the time until six in the morning, the moment of action. The clock struck. ‘Never,’ said Louis Napoléon, afterwards, ‘did the sound of a bell make my heart beat so violently. An instant afterwards the trumpet of the Austerlitz quarters increased the rapidity of its throbings.’

The brave little band sallied forth, very much, we now think, like boys playing at soldiers, the prince in the uniform of an artillery officer, M. Parquin in that of a general of brigade, and M. de Querelles costumed as a chef de bataillon. They soon entered the barrack yard, where Colonel Vaudrey had drawn up his soldiers in battle array. At the prince’s entrance, the colonel drew his sword and cried:

‘ Soldiers of the 4th Artillery, a great revolution is being accomplished at this moment. You see here before you the nephew of the Emperor Napoléon. He has come to reconquer the rights of the people. The people and the army may count upon him. Round him ought to rally all who love the glory and the liberty of France. Soldiers, you will feel as thoroughly as your chief the grandeur of the enterprise you are about to attempt, the holiness of the cause you are about to defend. Soldiers! Can the Emperor’s nephew reckon upon you?’

‘ Vive Napoléon! Vive l’Empereur!’ shouted the whole regiment.

‘ Resolved to conquer or to die,’ said the prince, ‘for the cause of the French people, I chose to present myself first to you, because between you and me there exist grand souvenirs. In your regiment the Emperor, my uncle, served as captain . . . yours be the glory of commencing a grand enterprise, yours the honour of first saluting the eagle of Wagram and Austerlitz.’ Then taking from M. de Querelles the eagle he carried, ‘Behold the symbol of French glory,’ he continued, ‘destined also to become the

emblem of liberty. For fifteen years it has led our fathers to victory; it has glittered on every field of battle; it has traversed all the capitals of Europe. Soldiers, will you not rally round this noble standard, which I confide to your honour and your courage? Will you not march with me against the traitors and oppressors of our country to the cry of *Vive la France! Vive la Liberté!*?’

‘ Yes! yes!’ enthusiastically shouted the men.

Everything was going on smoothly. One colleague was sent to print the proclamations, another to gain the bridge-keepers with whom he had an understanding, another to seize the camp-marshal and the commandant of the 3rd Artillery, another to arrest the prefect of the department, M. Chopin d’Arnouville. They issued from the barracks with the band playing, and proceeded straight to General Voirol, whose attachment to the empire was notorious. On the way there Louis Napoléon was several times saluted by the acclamations of the people. A post of gendarmes shouted ‘*Vive l’Empereur!*’

‘ General,’ said the prince on presenting himself, ‘I come to you as a friend. I should be grieved to raise our old tricolor flag without a brave militaire like you. The garrison supports my cause. Make up your mind and follow me.’

‘ Prince,’ replied the general, ‘you have been deceived. The army knows its duty, and I will prove it to you in an instant.’

‘ The garrison no longer obeys your orders,’ interrupted Colonel Vaudrey. ‘ You are our prisoner.’

Leaving M. Parquin with a picket of artillery to take care of the general, Louis Napoléon next betook himself, through fresh demonstrations of popular favour, to the Finckmatt barracks, occupied by the 46th regiment of infantry of the line. Two roads lead to it, one passing by the ramparts, very wide, the other so narrow that only four men can walk in it abreast. It had been agreed that they should reach the barracks by the first of these two roads, so that the prince would

make his appearance on the ramparts in front of the barracks at the head of a complete regiment ranged under his standard; but by an unlucky fatality the head of the column took the wrong direction and entered the narrow lane. The process of defiling thus became, if not exactly passing a camel through the eye of a needle, at least draining a lake through a one-inch pipe. The result was that the prince, instead of being backed by a whole regiment, entered the barrack-yard with an escort of four hundred men, at the very most. *Perhaps*, good-natured critics suggest, it was this mistake which caused the enterprise to fail.

The soldiers of the 46th, who were busy in their wards with their morning occupations, were completely taken by surprise when they saw the artillerymen rush into the barracks shouting 'Vive l'Empereur'; but they very soon fraternised with them. The prince addressed them in a short speech, and then they shouted 'Vive l'Empereur!'

It is remarkable that this rash attempt to obtain possession of Strasburg, and through the possession of Strasburg to gain the rest of France, should have been instantaneously foiled, not by its own desperate imprudence, but by a stupid mistake if not a gross lie. When Lieutenant Pleignier, who lodged in the barracks, heard the noise, he ran to see what was the matter. At the first glance he had taken his decision.

'They are deceiving you,' he shouted to the soldiers. 'This is not the Emperor's nephew, but an adventurer trying to make fools of you and get you into trouble.'

'Certainly it is not the Emperor's nephew,' cried Colonel Tailandier, who arrived at that moment, 'but it is Colonel Vaudrey's nephew.'

'To be sure it is, I know him well,' said a captain on the staff who accompanied him.

Confusion became worse confounded; swords were drawn, bayonets glittered. The artillerymen still remaining in the narrow street pressed towards the barracks to join their comrades inside; but Colonel

Tailandier closed the gates and made the drums beat the attack. The infantry soldiers shouted threats of death. The assailants were completely caught in a trap. The few artillerymen who had been able to enter the barrack-yard put the prince in the middle of their little party, but retreat was impossible. Louis Napoléon was made prisoner and conducted to the guard-house, where M. Parquin was already shut up.

'Prince,' said the old soldier, 'we shall be shot, but we will die well.'

'Yes,' replied Louis Napoléon, 'we have failed in a worthy and noble cause.'

After a week's imprisonment the prince was taken in a post-chaise to Paris, which he reached at two in the morning of the 11th of November, stopping at the Préfecture de Police. M. Delessert, then Prefect of Police, told him that he was to be conducted to Lorient, a seaport town on the coast of Brittany, to be thence transported to the United States on board a French frigate. Louis Napoléon vehemently protested against this course, declaring that he preferred to be tried by the justice of his country; and complaining that, by treating him in this way, the authorities prevented him explaining frankly to France his motives of action and his political views. He added that his presence was indispensable at the trial of his friends; that his testimony alone could enlighten the jury, and if not fully justify his companions, at least show that they were not so much in the wrong as would otherwise appear.

M. Delessert simply observed that they were treating him as they had treated the Duchesse de Berri.

Louis Napoléon replied that they had done as they pleased with the Duchesse de Berri, and it was no business of his; but that for his part he refused the false generosity which they were endeavouring to force upon him; that justice was made for all the world, for princes as well as for other citizens; that of two things they must abide by one, either he was innocent or guilty.

If guilty, it was the jury's duty to convict him; if innocent to acquit him.

All this was talking to the winds. The government had made up their minds. Louis Philippe was perfectly aware that Louis Napoléon would use the prisoners' seat as a tribune or a hustings from which he would address the whole of France; and that was not exactly what he wanted. The apparently mild course was taken not to oblige the prince, but for his own convenience. It was the only way of stopping Louis Napoléon's mouth; the *exilé* could say little or nothing, the *accusé* might say a good deal. Louis Philippe's house had too much glass in it to provoke any unnecessary throwing of stones. His Latin taught him *Quieta ne movere*; in England he had learnt not to kick up a dust. So expediency was substituted for law. Once again it was thought the best plan to send young Troublesome out of the way, without any fuss. After a two hours' stay in Paris he was taken to Lorient under a good escort, and thence to New York in the frigate *Andromède*.

It certainly was, on Louis Philippe's part, a clever stroke to get him out of the way, because, some time after his departure, his friends and accomplices who remained in prison at Strasburg were tried and acquitted by the jury, thereby implying their approbation of the attempt of the 30th of October, 1836. It has been stated that Louis Philippe's throne was more severely shaken by this verdict than it had been by the insurrections of June, 1832, and April, 1834. But what would have been the political consequences had Louis Napoléon, instead of being transported, been tried and acquitted by the Strasburg jury? His forced absence spared the reigning monarch a deep humiliation at the very least.

A word must be added respecting this transportation, as Louis Napoléon's honour has been called in question. The July government, alarmed at the Strasburg verdict, and fearing his speedy return to

Europe, spread the report that he had solicited, or at least freely accepted, the unusual measure of clemency applied to him, and that he had given his parole not to leave America within ten years. They hoped by this move to keep him there, because a return, effected by breaking his parole, would be a stain in the eyes of every man of honour.

The truth appears to be that they did really apply to Queen Hortense to obtain from her son the promise to remain ten years in exile on his parole; but she replied that she could not influence the determination of a young man who was fully master of his own actions. The matter went no further than that, and the subject was never mentioned to the prince, who, as we have stated, had protested against his compulsory voyage, and only asked to be put upon his trial. When M. Capefigue, in his '*Histoire de l'Europe*', repeated the accusation, Louis Napoléon wrote to him from London (10th November, 1846) a letter, from which it will suffice to translate a very few sentences.

' You believe that when, in 1836, I was expelled from France, in spite of all my protests, I gave my parole to remain in perpetual exile in America, and that that parole was broken by my return to Europe. I here repeat the formal denial which I have often given to this false allegation.

' In 1836 the French government did not even attempt to obtain any security from me, because it well knew that I greatly preferred a formal trial to being set at liberty. It therefore exacted nothing from me because it was not in a condition to do so; and I promised nothing because I asked for nothing.

' In 1840, you will have the goodness to remember, M. Franck-Carré, filling the office of Procureur General to the Court of Peers, was compelled to declare that I was set at liberty *without conditions*.'

Historians may discuss, although they will have a difficulty in determining, the exact degree of strength

or weakness of the July dynasty at that time—how far the ‘pear,’\* which constituted its head, was ripe and ready for a fall; but the Strasburg attempt had one important

\* The reader may remember that the caricaturists of the day persistently represented Louis Philippe’s head under the semblance of a pear. It is hard now to understand how so poor a joke can have caused such pain and excited such bitterness.

result—it made Louis Napoléon known to France. After the death of the Duc de Reichstadt, Napoléon I.’s own son, few besides professed politicians knew that the Emperor had left any other heir. Strasburg proclaimed it to the world. Everybody was then made aware that a legitimate pretender to the imperial succession had staked his life on an effort to regain it.













UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 096619918